

GREAT RICHES

By Mabel Howe Farnham

SYNOPSIS: James Stimson, III, is not only the paragon of all virtues in the office of Judge Halcomb, in whose law office James works, but one of the most desirable catches in New Concord, Kas. The Judge is taking care of James' law career; the New Concord women are trying to marry him to the wealthy Jane Northrup. But James just has left the house of Leslie Harris, feeling able to help the world. Leslie's father is a drunkard.

Chapter 15
ONLY HEARTBREAK
JAMES was in the midst of delivering a speech before the assembled Congress and Senate, with Leslie looking proudly down from the visitor's gallery (a speech which the "interests" had not only offered him a cool hundred thousand not to make but had threatened bloodthirstily to "get him" if he persisted in) and had just moved his vast audience to thunderous cheers when he was brought abruptly down to earth by the sight of the father of his divinity making uncertain progress up the street in his direction.

It was Saturday night and John Harris always celebrated the close of the week's work by going on a glorious spree.
Kansas was a dry state, of course, but that was a minor irritation when one's town was so fortunately located that a short walk across the bridge brought one to a more enlightened community where a man's liberty was not interfered with.

James waited in the shadows until John had passed him and then turned and followed him, keeping out of sight as much as possible until John presently lost heart and sat down on the curb and began an oration to a staid lamp post, which he evidently thought lonely and in need of entertainment.
"I am thy father's spirit,
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,
Till the four crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest part
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Thy countrymen thy rights do conn, who dearest Mr. Harris while James hovered uneasily in the background perplexed as to his next move.

He was afraid to leave the orator alone and he knew from experience that before long Leslie would come seeking him. Not to save his soul from all the horrors John was picturing so eloquently would James have let the girl know that he was witness to her shame.
In a short time he saw her coming swiftly along, hatless and looking like an angel in her little white dress, calling softly to the neighbors might not hear, "Father, Father!"
James dodged behind a bush and presently Leslie came to her father and he looked gently to his feet and not him started homeward somehow. James, from his hiding place, could see the tears on her cheeks and hear the sob in her voice, but found never a scolding or complaining note there—only heartbreak.

Young Mr. Stimson continued his journey home cursing saloon keepers, cursing brewers, cursing laws, cursing politicians, cursing weak-minded drunken fools who broke their daughters' hearts.
Just wait till he was a little older and got into politics! He'd make them all sit up and take notice, the dirty skates! Before James slept that night not only Kansas and Missouri were bone dry but the nation as well, thanks largely to the bitterly opposed and frequently misunderstood efforts of Mr. James Brewster Stimson III.
John Harris was the reformed (and grateful) owner of the Daily Globe. Mrs. Harris had given up sewing and lived a life of elegant leisure in her renovated cottage.
And Leslie, her blue eyes swimming with happy tears, Leslie the unattainable, the pearl among women, had come close to him, and impulsively holding out both hands, was saying tremulously, "O, I owe it all to you, Jimmy dear. If I can ever repay you..."

THERE was more, much more and even sweeter. . . . It was dawn and the birds were singing before he dropped into happy slumber. To Jane Northrup and her wealth of charms or of her amazing desirability as a wife he never gave a thought. There was room in his heart at present only for one small yellow-haired girl.
Why in the world should he bother with Jane? Or for that matter why in the world should Jane bother with him? What had it to do with each other, anyway?

Meanwhile what of Jane Northrup? Was she or was she not in love with James Stimson? Had his sudden defection caused her only a little natural chagrin or wounded her deeply? Was she going to take it lying down or make a fight to save James from complete disaster?
Tomorrow, Mrs. Northrup tries to bolster up Jane's self-respect.

Miss Julia asked herself those questions a hundred times daily and discussed them endlessly with her intimates. Jane for the moment gave no sign.
Wherever Jane was there was always certain to be movement and excitement. She liked life spelt with a capital and expended a boundless energy in keeping herself from being dull.

Jane's two years in Boston and one year in Europe had made New Concord seem insufferably provincial and insignificant. In her heart of hearts she was certain that she was destined for far bigger things than a commonplace existence in a country town, but she was clever enough to keep such thoughts to herself and make the best of what she had.
At the turn of the century in New Concord girls who left home and entered the business or professional world, unless driven to it by financial necessity, were almost unheard of. Jane had never even thought of any career except matrimony. Therefore, she must marry and marry well. Jane was no flirt, as was so often claimed, and not altogether unjustly, of Leslie Harris. When she had been home a few months she told herself that it was time to think seriously of her future.

It was after looking the ground over thoroughly and considering matters from every possible angle that Jane came to agree with the good ladies of New Concord that she and she alone in the town was eminently fitted to make the ideal wife for a rising young politician with unusual talents.
Whether she was or was not in love with James Stimson, Jane was not yet positive herself. Certainly there was no one else. But there was no hurry about deciding. She and James were barely twenty-three.

JANE, for all her boasted common sense, was yet young enough to believe that there was some alchemy in the very dreaming of dreams that made them come true. She spent many a halcyon hour that spring and early summer building her castles in Spain.
From the age of sixteen Jane had longed secretly to have a "salon" in Paris. And if the Judge was right and his protégé the wonder he claimed, an ambassadorship was not utterly out of the picture. It would be easy to love an ambassador. . . . even a future ambassador. . . .

James, who seemed the most likely candidate, became more and more glamorous in Jane's eyes. Her dreams became less selfish. She longed quite honestly to help James and to further his career in every possible manner.
And she was very certain that she could. Hadn't she read of dozens of famous men who asserted that their wives had "made" them? It was an enticing allure.
James, to be sure, was far from measuring up to Jane's ideal. He lacked altogether that grand manner which had been his grandfather's, lacked self-assurance, lacked indeed most of the things that Jane had once thought indispensable.

But James was. . . well. . . adaptable. He could be polished and smoothed and groomed. . . . by the right woman. Yes, she would marry him. With all the ardor of a convert to a new faith Jane longed to begin making over James.
And then. . . . and then. . . . to be dropped so abruptly and unceremoniously for Leslie Harris! With all the town looking on, prying, snooping, conjecturing. . . . and watching her like a hawk! It was hardly to be borne.

James would have been horrified and aghast if he had realized for a moment that he had given Jane Northrup any reason to think that he wanted to marry her. He was as yet in no position to marry anyone.
But aided and abetted by her mother, Jane always took it for granted that any young man who came more than occasionally to the house or took her out was in love with her. The most casual compliments, repeated to Mrs. Northrup, were assumed as declarations of an undying passion.
Twenty years later, even the most lukewarm former admirer, no matter how happily married, would be spoken of in the bosom of the Northrup family as "poor" Tom or Harry or Dick.

But now, with the entire town ringing with tales of James' open infatuation for Leslie Harris it was a little hard for even Mrs. Northrup to go on saying "poor James" convincingly. She managed it by assuring Jane and herself that "Leslie Harris undoubtedly has made up some lie to make James think you care nothing about him."
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OREGON VIOLINIST GETS CAPITAL BID

EUGENE, April 2.—(AP)—Frances Brockman, University of Oregon violinist, has been invited by Senator and Mrs. Charles L. McNary to play in recital at Washington, D. C. Preceding her appearance in Philadelphia April 23-25 as representative of the Pacific northwest in the national contest of the federated music clubs of America.

The date for Miss Brockman's Washington recital has been set for April 22 and among the guests invited to hear the Oregon girl will be Hans Kindler, director of the National Symphony and many noted patrons of the arts.

SIXTH RABID DOG FOUND BY PORTLAND OFFICIALS

PORTLAND, Ore., April 1.—(AP)—The sixth dog to fall a victim of rabies since the hydrophobia outbreak here two weeks ago, was picked up by the city veterinarian today. Dog quarantine conditions on the east side of the city must be rigidly enforced, Dr. E. E. Chase, city veterinarian, said. Several children bitten by dogs in the past few days have received precautionary treatment.

PROPERTY REDEMPTION LAW DECLARED INVALID

WASHINGTON, April 2.—(AP)—An Arkansas law extending from two to four years the time within which owners could redeem property sold

Recse Creek

REESE CREEK, April 1.—(Sp.)—Mrs. John Foster has returned home after several weeks in a Medford hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crawford spent Friday and Saturday of this week in Medford, Charles Humphries is hauling land plaster from Medford.

OSBOURNE TAKEN TO STATE PENITENTIARY

PORTLAND, Ore., April 2.—(AP)—Joseph J. Osbourne, former special policeman, was taken to Salem today to enter Oregon state prison for a life term.

He was convicted Friday of the murder of Simon Mish, elderly retired merchant, who was beaten to death in his home the night of December 11, last. An \$500 diamond ring Mish wore has never been found.

Rail Pension Case Waits

WASHINGTON, April 2.—(AP)—The supreme court adjourned today until next Monday without passing on the constitutionality of the railway retirement act, providing a pension at the age of 65 for more than 1,000,000 employees.

For Hoses that Wear buy GOLDIE & HOBBS Ethelwyn B. Hoffmann

BLOOD PRESSURE RELIEF IS FOUND

SAN FRANCISCO, April 2.—(AP)—Discovery of a new method of nerve surgery to cure essential hypertension, the most common form of high blood pressure, was revealed today by Dr. H. C. Naffziger, head of the surgical department of the University of California.

The operation involves division of the splanchnic nerves and the sympathetic chain supplying the various organs to relieve over-stimulation of the organs to a point where the body can no longer stand the strain. Return to normal or nearly normal blood pressure has resulted from a majority of the operations, Dr. Naffziger reported. Reduction of the death toll from heart and kidney disease and apoplexy was foreseen from the new operation.

ADDITIONAL JUDGE HAS APPROVAL OF SENATE

WASHINGTON, April 2.—(AP)—The senate judiciary committee today approved the Ashurst bill which provides two additional federal judges for southern California and one each for New Mexico, South Dakota, Kansas and Oregon.

WASHINGTON, April 2.—(AP)—The right of federal courts administering the reorganization of railroads to prevent the reconstruction corporation and other holders of railway notes from getting their money by selling collateral was upheld today by the supreme court.

DIFFICULT DECISIONS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



IN TRYING TO HELP A SMALL BOY AFTER A FALL BY PICKING UP HIS VELOCIPED, YOU REALIZE THAT IF YOU LET GO OF IT NOW, HE'LL TUMBLE OVER BACKWARDS INTO THE GUTTER, AND IF YOU DON'T LET GO THE WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD WILL SOON BE ON HAND, PROBABLY SHARING THE SMALL BOY'S OPINION THAT YOU'RE TRYING TO STEAL IT

S.MATTER POP



TAILORS TO GO



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Tragedy?



THE NEBBS—Oh, Excuse Me



BRINGING UP FATHER



RUSSIAN WOMAN SETS NEW PARACHUTE MARK

MOSCOW, April 2.—(AP)—Vera Fedorova, wife of a red army officer, today claimed the woman's parachute jumping record after an asserted leap of 6,850 meters—22,455 feet—from an airplane near Leningrad yesterday. She made the jump without oxygen apparatus.
Mrs. Fedorova was reported to have been in the air 22 minutes after she left the plane, which was piloted by the Russian high altitude jumper, Kaitanoff, who, himself, on March 6, claimed the world record for men without the use of oxygen with a jump of 22,100 feet.

SACRAMENTO RADICALS GUILTY OF CONSPIRACY

SACRAMENTO, April 2.—(AP)—Returning its verdict after nearly three days of deliberation, a superior court jury today found eight Sacramento communists guilty of "conspiracy to violate the criminal syndicalism act." Prohibition was recommended for two of those convicted.
Six of the 14 defendants in the four months long trial were freed. Not one of the defendants was found guilty of actual violation of the criminal syndicalism law.
Lawnmowers—time to get those sharpened and repaired, called by and delivered Medford Cyclery, 23 N. Fir. Phone 291.