

GREAT RICHES

by Mabel Howe Farnham

SYNOPSIS: James Stinson, III, the "patron" of New Concord, has done well in Judge Hiscorn's law office. And the ladies of New Concord have picked out the future wife for him—Jane Northrup, daughter of the richest man in town. But James unconsciously prefers Leslie Harris, the printer's daughter. Mrs. Northrup tells Jane that Leslie undoubtedly has told James something that makes him think Jane no longer cares for him.

Chapter 16

LESLIE, WILLIAM!
"I DON'T KNOW THAT I ever did," Jane answered proudly. "And now that I know his taste in women, I care less than before."

"A common little thing like Leslie... it's impossible that James should be in love with her! I never did trust her. You'd think to meet her that butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, but she's a sly, double-dealing little minx."

"Look how she acted when you brought those army officers up here from Fort Leavenworth! She always has been jealous of you. Mark my words. She's said something to James to prejudice him against you."

The mention of the army officers was unfortunate. A few months before Jane had managed to wangle an invitation to a hop at Fort Leavenworth and promptly and triumphantly corralled four of the most attractive and eligible young bachelors at

from Fort Leavenworth. Jane was able to get another officer for herself—not one of the four who had visited her—and as he was a Southerner and a natural flirt, Jane managed to put on a good show at her end of the table.

But between laughter and gay sallies she kept her eyes on James and Leslie. Up to this moment Jane had believed that Leslie had deliberately ensnared James for no other reason than to spite her—Jane.

Leslie did not neglect the man on her left, if anything talked more to him than she did to James. But Jane caught the look that Leslie gave James when he was turned away from her. So the printer's daughter fancied herself in love with Governor Stinson's grandson!

No doubt she actually aspired to marriage in a family that would no more have thought of recognizing her father and mother than they would have thought of inviting their garbage man to their table. If the girl had any sensitiveness, any decent pride...

"Child, you're not doing your duty to the stranger within your gates," drawled the young captain who sat on her left.

"DUTY? Do you think it's a duty?" laughed Jane. She looked no more at Leslie and James. She had believed in James, believed that he

SENATE GALLERIES CLEARED TO HALT CONTINUAL NOISE

WASHINGTON, April 3—(AP)—Public galleries in the senate were cleared Tuesday for the first time in many years after the senate had been unable to find its sergeant-at-arms to maintain order.

Senator Pittman (D-Nev.), president pro tempore of the senate, ordered the public galleries cleared when Senator Robinson, Democratic leader, complained debate could not be heard.

A few minutes earlier, the senate had suspended business while attendants searched for Chesley W. Journey, sergeant at arms, but he could not be located.

Actually, the complaint at that time was that senators themselves were making too much noise, and Journey was sent for to make senators keep quiet.

When the confusion continued, however, Pittman suddenly ordered that the public galleries be cleared.

His order did not include the private gallery filled with spectators specially invited by senators nor the press gallery, in which the newspaper correspondents were reported the proceedings.

Later, on the motion of Senator McNary, the Republican leader, the public galleries were re-opened. Senator McNary said it had been his experience that there was more

MORATORIUM ON HUEY URGED ON NEWSPAPERS

WENATCHEE, Wash., April 3—(AP)—The Okanogan Independent, leading weekly of north central Washington, in its lead editorial today urged a "moratorium on Huey Long."

It said: "Right now there seems to be only one way in which Long can effectively be squelched before he does any more damage, and that is by simply banishing him from the news columns of American newspapers. If eastern writers would simply ignore him for six months or so Huey would be completely forgotten and American journalism would have contributed another great service to suffering humanity."

9 RUSSIANS EXECUTED IN BATTLE ON CRIME

MOSCOW, April 3—(AP)—Nine robbers and killers were executed by shooting today here and at Leningrad. The condemned included two motor-men who robbed women street car conductors.

The executions were carried out swiftly after the convictions were obtained as a part of the nation's anti-crime drive. One man executed had slain a guard who intervened while he was stealing sausages and cheese from a restaurant in the park of culture and rest.

STRIKE BY PACIFIST STUDENTS IS APPROVED

WASHINGTON, April 3—(AP) The proposed student strike against war, scheduled for April 12, was endorsed today in a statement by Senator Bone of Washington.

FATHER IN CHARGE

TAKES CHARGE OF HELPING JUNIOR TO FINISH HIS CEREAL.

JUNIOR SHOWS NO INTEREST IN THE PROFFERED SPOONFUL, BUT MAKES A DIVE FOR SOME SPOONS ON THE TABLE.

FATHER PICKS THEM UP, AND SEES THE CEREAL SPOON GO OVERBOARD.

PICKS IT UP AND, A LITTLE DISCOURAGED, CALLS FOR A CLEAN SPOON.

JUNIOR BRANDISHES SPOONS, MAKING FEEDING IMPOSSIBLE, FINALLY DROPPING THEM ON FLOOR.

GETS BACK ON THE JOB JUST IN TIME TO PREVENT A MAJOR CATASTROPHE. DECIDES JUNIOR HAS HAD ENOUGH CEREAL.

GLUYAS WILLIAMS 4-10 (Copyright, 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)



Jane caught the look Leslie gave James.

the Post for a week end of unprecedented and lavish entertainings. Her guests had repaid Jane by dancing around Leslie, dancing with Leslie, flirting with Leslie, slipping off to call on her every time Jane's back was turned. And now it was Leslie who was continually pressed to come down to the Post and very very seldom Jane.

Jane stabbed her mother to the heart by bursting into passionate sobs... Jane who even as a child almost never cried.

"There, there, dearie," Mrs. Northrup said soothingly. "It isn't worth crying about. I'll see that your father gets you that diamond and pearl bracelet. I haven't a doubt that poor James is secretly eating his heart out and running around with Leslie only to spite you. Why, you have only to lift your little finger to get him back."

Jane had already lifted more than a finger, but she could not tell her mother that "I don't want him back," she sobbed. "I despise him. But it's all so humiliating... I wouldn't marry him if he was the last man in the world, but I can't bear to have that miserable stinking Leslie crowding over me and snatching away the only... only really eligible prospect in this... this miserable little hole."

Mrs. Northrup's mouth trembled, but there came a dark vindictive gleam in her eye. Jane, for all her brave pretense, was in love with that wretched weakling, James Stinson. Mrs. Northrup never altogether forgave James for that moment when her darling broke down and cried in her arms.

JANE was proud. And extremely jealous of her dignity. She had few secrets from her mother, but she felt she would rather die than let anyone else guess that James meant any more to her than Nappy, his office boy.

So she gave a dinner and included James and Leslie and seated them next to each other at the extreme end of the table. By inviting one of the army wives and her husband

was made of finer stuff than the other village clodhoppers. Already he had shown his feet of clay.

Good thing for her she had found out in time that he was after all just a country bumpkin. With his ugly red hair, his gawky way of standing and sitting—well, he was all arms and legs. He had no air, no polish. He blushed if anyone so much as looked at him abruptly.

He had about as much chance of being an ambassador...

All the while Jane was conscious, she could not have told how that James and Leslie were holding hands under the table. That was the finishing touch. Of all the rude, ill-bred, gauche exhibitions...

Jane was aware that a strong bony masculine hand was seeking hers. And presently found it and held it and pressed it warmly. There was comfort in that warmth and masculine strength.

She blushed and did not for a moment or two withdraw her hand. After all there were as good fish... better fish...

But after Captain Henderson had gone and had sent her no more than a perfunctory note of thanks, without seeking out the further meetings he had talked about so ardently, Jane found it was not so easy to remain contemptuously superior. If the twins would only leave her alone... If she dared complain to her father...

Jane had been an only child until she was twelve years old when her amazed and somewhat irritated mother presented her with twin brothers. The twins, Norris and Nate, literally almost from their babyhood, had made it clear that their twinship erected a sort of impassable barrier between them and the rest of the world; their family included.

And the barrier was highest between Jane and the twins. She could not even understand them.

"Only a bird with a wounded heart," sing the twins, tomorrow, bers of commerce and officials. Activities already carried on by parents and teachers in other parts of the country have resulted in lowering considerably the death rate among children, she declared. School boy patrols and safety lessons in the class rooms have been among the greatest phases of education of children.

"There is still much to be done," the county organizer said. "And we will attempt to do all that is possible to keep our county record clean."

EX-KLAN HEAD DIES
DENVER, April 3—(AP)—Dr. John Owen Locke, 63, former grand dragon of the Ku Klux Klan in Colorado and once a dominant figure in state politics, was dead today, stricken with a heart attack as he attended a political conference.

S-MATTER POP—

MUD ALL OVER YOUR CLOTHES! REMIND ME TO PUNISH YOU WHEN I RETURN!

WHATCHA DOIN', WILL YUM?

TRYIN' TO FORGET SUMTHIN' POP TOLD ME TO DO!

OH-H-H-H! YA SHOULDN'T DO THAT!

HERE! TIE THIS STRING AROUND YER FINGER!

NO!

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Captured (Copyright, 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

SURRENDER!... I, LIEUTENANT MANUEL GARCIA FLORES, MANUENA DOZA MIGUEL, AND ANTONIO ROBULLERO, PLACE YOU UNDER ARREST!

MONSEÑOR DEL DIABLO... MOVE SO MUCH AS A FINGER, AN I HAVE YOU SHOT.

TO THE CARCEL! WEETH HEEM—GENERAL GOMEZ WEETH CHEESE THEES SPY!

ALL RIGHT—BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO STICK ME WITH THAT CHEESE KNIFE!

LUKE, I'VE A POCKET FLASH AND SOME ROPE IN THE CAR—WE'VE GOT TO GET DOWN TO THAT FELLOW—

BE DAD, BRIAR, I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR BARKIN'—THE SOUND O' THAT HORN WAILIN' DOWN THERE IN THE DARKNESS GIVES ME THE WILLIES, TOO!

WOOF! WOOF! WOOF!

COME ON, BRIAR, YOU LEAD THE WAY—IF THERE'S A PATH DOWN THERE YOU'LL FIND IT QUICKER THAN WE CAN—

LISTEN, BEN! THE HORN'S STOPPED—MAYBE THE POOR BIRD HAS SEEN OUR FLASH—HELP IS COMIN'—

NO, LUKE—THAT HORN FADED AWAY BECAUSE THE BATTERY HAS GONE DEAD!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Too Late? (Copyright, 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

IN THE MIDDLE OF A CONVERSATION WITH MISS JONES, MISS DEEN SUDDENLY EXCUSED HERSELF CLAIMING A HEADACHE.

THE REAL REASON FOR HER SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE SEEMS TO BE THE ARRIVAL OF THE JONESES. JUST WHAT POSSIBLE CONNECTION COULD THEY HAVE WITH HER?

THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL— I THOUGHT WHEN I CAME HERE THIS WAS AN OUT OF THE WAY PLACE—THIS IS A GREAT PLACE—HAS WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITIES BUT NOT FOR ME.

HELLO, YES, GIVE ME THE CLERK...HELLO, WILL YOU SEND SOME FLOWERS UP TO THE JONESES' ROOM—WHAT? THEY DIDN'T REGISTER! JUST HAD A DINNER AND WENT ON? THAT'S TOO BAD.

AND THE CLOUDS SHROUDED THE SUN AND EVERYTHING SEEMED DARK AND DREARY AND ALL OF A SUDDEN THE SKY CLEARED AND THE SUN SHONE THROUGH AND EVERYTHING WAS BRIGHT AND CHEERFUL.

THE NERDS—Everything's O.K. (Copyright, 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

WHY DON'T YOU GIVE UP THAT HORRIBLE HABIT OF SMOKING? YOU CAN'T! BECAUSE YOU HAVE NO WILL-POWER—

I GUESS IT'S THE GIPSY IN ME—

I'LL SHOW HER I HAVE GOT WILL-POWER—I WILL GIVE UP SMOKIN'!

I KIN CONQUER ANYTHING WHEN I MAKE MY MIND—I'LL STOP SMOKIN' RIGHT NOW—

AN' YET—IT'S A SHAME TO WASTE THAT MUCH OF A CIGAR—I GUESS I'LL FINISH IT—

BRINGING UP FATHER (Copyright, 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

PARENT-TEACHER UNIT ORGANIZED AT MEETING OF BT. FALLS MOTHERS

Parents and teachers in Jackson county, believing traffic accidents are caused by remediable human habits, are planning to launch an intensive safety campaign under the direction of Ray Conway, state chairman of the Oregon Congress of Parents' and Teachers' safety week.

Mr. Conway has asked Mrs. Walter Young, county president and organizer, to handle the campaign in this county, and she is asking the parents and teachers to work with her in the schools.

The work of parents and teachers, Mrs. Young said, will be in line with the "Let's Quit Killing" campaign carried on throughout the state by the Oregon Motor association, cham-

ber of commerce and officials. Activities already carried on by parents and teachers in other parts of the country have resulted in lowering considerably the death rate among children, she declared. School boy patrols and safety lessons in the class rooms have been among the greatest phases of education of children.

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THE DALLIES Ore., April 3—(AP)—The first river cargo of fuel oil ever transported from Portland to the Columbia to The Dalles reached here Monday aboard the steamship "Linnah," of the Stevedore-Wharfing company. The shipment included 2,600 gallons.