

# GREAT RICHES

By Mabel Howe Farnham

**SYNOPSIS:** James Simson, III, seems to be doing well enough in his line of work, but for the "catch" of the town he has to do as he is told. He is a rich man, but he is not a happy man. He is a rich man, but he is not a happy man. He is a rich man, but he is not a happy man.

## Chapter 18 MOON GODDESS

THE cotton led to much planning and plotting and contriving of expensive but original favors between the two leaders.

James found himself evening after evening, when he wanted to be with Leslie, on his way to the Northrup in answer to a peremptory telephone call to discuss some vital matter concerning the dance.

James appreciated that Jane was giving a lot of time and attention to helping his aunt and naturally he was grateful and had to be decent about it. Jane excelled in this sort of thing and gradually Fred James with her own enthusiasm and ambition to make this the most successful party ever given in New Concord.

James tried to explain all about it to Leslie and why he went so often to the Northrup, but for once he found Leslie incredibly difficult. She apparently was not at all interested in his movements or the why and wherefore of his not coming to see her.

Indeed she had been so busy it seemed she hadn't even noticed his comings and goings, James, aghast at the callousness of woman, was so unhappy he wanted to die.

It was a very beautiful party, danced on the Simson lawn to the soft music of violins with Japanese lanterns everywhere trying to out-rival the midsummer moon. Jane was the first arrival. She had a new dress, a filmy thing of white and silver, with a circle of brilliants in her dark wavy hair.

"You look like a moon goddess," James said to her as he greeted her on the porticoed front veranda, "like Diana herself."

"And you as the perfect host have played Jupiter and provided me with my chariot," Jane laughed, waving toward the moon.

"See how clear the lady is tonight. I am certain she is pleased with our party. Look, she is telling us we must be a little mad tonight, that we must search out a moonbeam and dance up and up. Will you go with me? Will you help me search?"

"To the ends of the world," James answered gallantly. And turned and saw Leslie Harris framed in the spacious doorway, the ubiquitous Sam Fletcher just behind her carrying her wrap.

Leslie was in flesh-colored organdie ruffled from waist to hem. How sweet she looked; as sweet as a tea rose, as sweet as his grandmother. But damn it, he wished she wouldn't smile up at Sam in just that particular way. With that smile he had thought she kept for him alone.

"I hope we are not interrupting," said Leslie coming forward. "I'm afraid we are a little early and I know you and Jane have a lot of things to talk over. We'll come back later."

"YOU'RE not early," said James hastily. "Jane and I settled everything a week ago. Here, let me have your cloak."

"I'll keep it," Sam answered grimly. "Leslie and I want to take a walk, to see the grounds. This is too swell a night to waste poking around indoors."

"I agree with you," Jane said lightly. "Hello, Sam. How lovely you look, Leslie. Did your mother make that dress? She's a wonder if she did."

"I made it myself," Leslie answered. "You're gorgeous tonight, Jane dear. James is right; you do look a moon goddess. The party can't help but be wonderful with Diana and," she paused and gave a little throaty chuckle, "and Jupiter in command. Come on, Sam. Let's go and explore. Perhaps if we're lucky we'll find a moonbeam ourselves."

She caught Sam's hand and ran with him down the steps out into the scented moon-drenched garden, her laughter floating behind her. Jane slipped her arm through James'. "I'm afraid," she said lightly, "that Leslie is making fun of us. I'm afraid I was a little sentimental about the moon. But it's a night for sentiment. I can stand it if you can. And perhaps we ought to go in and find your Aunt Sarah. As a matter of fact, she

sent me out here to bring you back. "Oh, Leslie didn't mean anything. She just likes to laugh." "Oh, didn't she? Well, perhaps not. Leslie's head is probably turned. It will be a step up for her, a big step, if she marries Sam."

There was a call then for James from his aunt. The guests were arriving and he must go inside and greet them. He was grateful he did not have to answer Jane. A step up for Leslie! That must! But she had no right to smile at him as if she... as if she... But of course she did not. Well, if Leslie wanted to dance on a moonbeam he'd find her one. Sam wouldn't know a moonbeam from a power station.

But James had reckoned without his duties as host. He did not see Leslie again until he was on the dancing platform leading the grand march with Jane. Afterwards he made many attempts to favor Leslie.

But she never seemed to see him or catch his signals until he was right before her. And by that time Sam or Bud or Jackson had grabbed her. When James finally danced with her he found her distraught and unresponsive, vehement in her praise of Jane's beauty, Jane's charm, Jane's cleverness.

"Look here. I don't want to talk about Jane. She's all that you say, but I want to know why you are treating me like this. What have I done? You've got to tell me. You know I'd rather cut off my right hand than..."

"Jimmy dear, don't be so tragic. You haven't done anything. And I'm not treating you any other way than I always have. But one cannot monopolize one's host."

"Monopolize? You call it monopolizing..."

THE waltz ended abruptly leaving Leslie just beside Julia Millard. Leslie linked her arm in Julia's, could not be pried away. Time and time again during that hectic and endless evening Leslie eluded James' attempts to get her alone.

James felt he never could have endured the sharp and continued disappointments if it had not been for Jane's gallant support.

Good old Jane never failed him. After every perfidious snub from Leslie there Jane was, calling him to some neglected duty, claiming a favor, laughing up at him gallantly, telling him how distinguished he looked... not handsome exactly but distinguished. She assured him that he was an aristocrat to his fingertips; no one could mistake it.

James, naturally enough, was diverted for the moment from thoughts of snide on the Harris' front lawn. Nevertheless, even while he glowed and purred under Jane's flattery, he never forgot for a moment that he meant to have it out with Leslie this very evening.

It was late and supper long over before James' opportunity came and Leslie was finally persuaded to cut a dance and stroll with him to the edge of the spacious lawn to investigate whether the far famed river view was living up to expectations in the moonlight.

But luck was against James that night. Hardly had they reached the edge of the shadows when James heard his name called.

"Your aunt wants you," said Leslie.

"Oh, no, she's calling Tom," lied James shamelessly.

"I distinctly heard her say James."

"That's because you wanted to hear it. And even if you did it's nothing more important than to dance with some wall flower or say goodnight to some dowager."

"But I tell you right now I am not going to let you out of my sight until you tell me why you have treated me these last two weeks as if I were some nasty little bug trying to crawl down your neck."

"Silly! I never..."

"Ssssssh! Someone's coming this way."

Hastily James pulled Leslie into the darkest shadow and stood in front of her to shield her light dress. As he did so his heart gave a great glad leap—the first in days—for his divinity did not protest but stood as obediently still and quiet as the great black oak that sheltered them. Nor did she move when James reached back and caught one hand and held it tight.

"James, James, where are you?" called Miss Sarah anxiously. "Oh, there you are. I am so relieved. That dreadful drunken Mr. Harris..."

James goes through a difficult scene, Monday.

# WINDS OF SPRING CARRY DANGER OF OVERHEATED FLUE

SALEM, Ore.—(UP)—Early spring, with high winds and sudden changes in weather, always brings large numbers of fires from overheated chimneys and flue fires, warned E. A. Taylor, deputy state fire marshal.

"Accumulation of soot in both smokepipes and chimneys during the cold winter weather arises from slowly moving smoke from slow-burning fires. By spring many chimneys are already for flue fires, even though they were cleaned in the fall," said Taylor.

"Particularly in western Oregon, where the fuel contains a large amount of pitch, the soot collection is large. Improperly constructed chimneys will also gather an undue amount of soot. When smoke pipes run level or without much pitch, or with numerous turns, they retard the smoke and cause more condensation and collection of soot."

"I have seen fires where soot burning in smoke pipes had made them white hot, causing them to sag and pull out of their connections. No matter how tightly a pipe seems to be when forced into the chimney it will loosen as soon as you have built a few fires. It isn't enough to merely wire a pipe to support its weight. It should be wired so that it will not pull out."

"As for terra cotta or metal flues, they are so dangerous that even careful installation and use cannot make them safe. The secretary of a large insurance company recently said that it would be impossible to figure a rate high enough for this type of flue, and that the acceptance of such risks was to be discontinued."

# VETERANS AT WORK ON POPPIES FOR LEGION

SALEM, Ore.—(UP)—Thousands of disabled world war veterans are already hard at work in hospitals and workrooms throughout the country manufacturing the 10,000,000 little red poppies which will be sold by the American Legion on May 25 on the annual benefit Poppy Day.

Only disabled men receiving little or no federal compensation, or those with dependent families are allowed to earn money by making the little mementoes of Flanders Field. Workers are restricted to making 300 flowers per day at one cent each. The lump earnings of the nation's veterans will total approximately \$100,000.

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# FISH FAIL THEM, SO ANGLING CLUB QUILTS

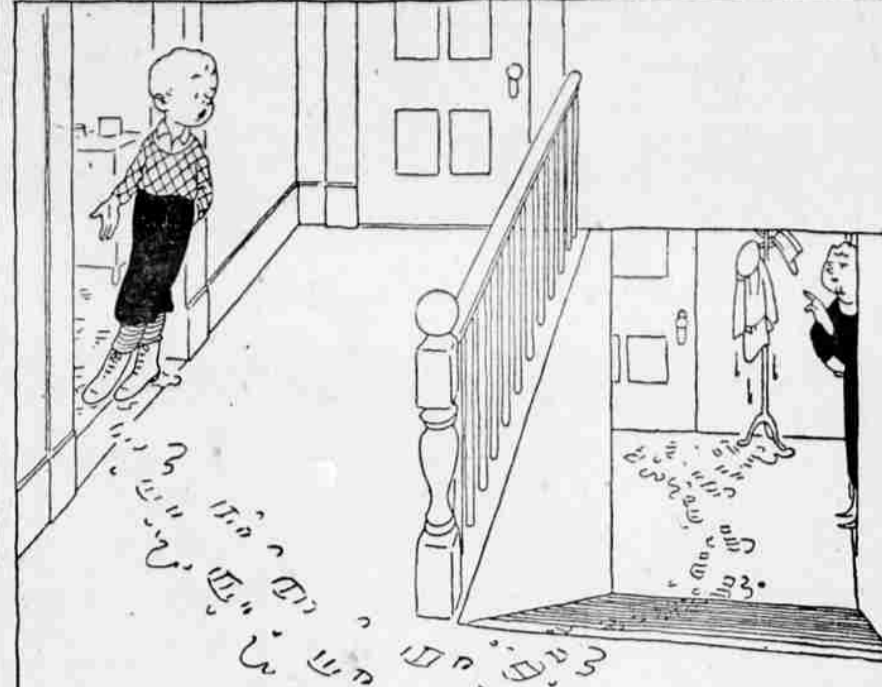
GREAT FALLS, Md. (UP)—A "for sale" sign has been tacked on the porch rail of the "Anglers Club," famous sporting rendezvous of Washington notables.

The club was organized for fishing on the Potomac river by a group of Washington sportsmen in the early '70's. The fishing, however, is no longer good, and the remaining members have decided to disband. Presidents Warren Harding and Woodrow Wilson were frequent visitors at the Anglers club. Harding was attracted there by "old fashioned dinners" served by a negro cook. Wilson liked the cold, clear water drawn from the club's well.

U. S. Webb, attorney-general of California, at 70, has been elected to nine consecutive terms for a total of 99 years.

# THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



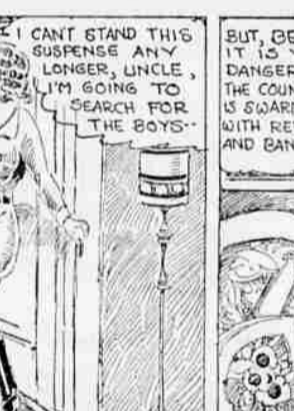
SMALL BOY, WHO HAS GOT IN AND UPSTAIRS WITHOUT BEING SEEN, ARGUING THAT HE DOESN'T NEED TO CHANGE HIS SHOES, AND WONDERING WHY HE ISN'T MAKING MORE OF AN IMPRESSION

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# S-MATTER POP...



TAILS IN... Betty Leung to Act



# BEN WEBSTER'S CAPEER—Reporting The News



# THE NEBBE—Just a Fresh Guy



# BRINGING UP FATHER



# POOR BOYS SCORE HIGH AT SCHOOL

SALEM, Ore.—(UP)—The most intelligent students at Willamette university are those who have to struggle to stay in school, announced Dean Frank Erickson after tabulating the results of an aptitude test given freshmen students.

The average score for the whole class was 177. The average for boys who are remaining in school by dint of SERA work was 188.

Of 34 boys in the class placed on probation in the first semester, only eight were SERA workers.

"The results would seem to indicate the boys who are willing to work for their education are better students than the others," said Dean Erickson.

SERA assistance is given students who would not otherwise be able to remain in college. The average monthly wage is \$0 or \$10.

# PINE BEETLE IS WORSE THAN FIRE

SALEM, Ore.—(UP)—The western pine beetle destroys eight times as much pine timber as forest fires, a survey of the United States forest service showed, for Oregon and Washington.

The estimate, over a five-year period, revealed that the beetle causes an annual loss of approximately 1,000,000 board feet. All the pine mills in that state of Oregon do not cut much more than half the amount lost due to the activity of the insects.

Areas most affected by the ravages of the pest are the forests of Klamath, Lake, Crook, Deschutes, Grant, Jefferson and Wasco counties. In the state of Washington, Yakima, Okanogan and Ferry counties are also heavily damaged by the beetle.

Timber attacked by the western pine beetle dies quickly, and is almost totally unsalvageable, due to the blue stains and checks.