

# GREAT RICHES

by Mabel Howe Farnham

**SYNOPSIS:** All New Concord's best people are trying to take James Stimson, III, away from Leslie Harris and hand him over to the wealthy Jane Northrup body and soul. Jane has engineered matters until she has been asked by James' Aunt Sarah to his service at a dance of the Stimsons. While James is trying to "square himself" with Leslie, Sarah tells him that "that drunken Mr. Harris has arrived—not seeing Leslie standing behind James."

## Chapter 19 MR. HARRIS, TIGHT

JAMES fairly leaped forward and caught his aunt by the arm, turning her abruptly about and away from Leslie.

"Is he here?" he asked, urging her impetuously forward.

"Oh, yes, and in a terrible state. He's come for Leslie and he says..."

James did not wait for more, but dropped his aunt's arm and ran. When he reached the dancing platform at the further end of the lawn, he found the music stopped and the dancers crowded together at one end of the platform whispering and giggling and watching John Harris who stood just below them on the lawn, wearing his old-fashioned frock coat and bell crowned hat and swaying tipsily to and fro as he leaned heavily on his gold topped cane.

If you will conduct me to my daughter, young fellow, I will wipe the dust of this household off my boots and guarantee to withdraw myself and any member of my family from a cannille which has dared to look down upon us."

"Come on, Mr. Harris," interrupted Sam Fletcher, who chose this moment to appear from the shadows. "You know I never looked down on Leslie. Come along with me and we'll hunt her up."

"I'm here," said a little strained voice and Leslie stepped forward, her eyes red but her head held high. "Come, Father, come along with Sam and me and we'll all go home."

Mr. Harris' high-handed manner suddenly forsook him and he began to cry.

"You've been insulted, Leslie," he sobbed, "insulted by a bunch of riffraff your grandmother wouldn't have wiped her feet on. My God, Leslie, when I think of your grandmother..."

"NEVER mind, never mind," coaxed Leslie urging him forward and out of earshot. Sam had his other arm but James stuck valiantly to their heels, insisting that he and no other should drive them home.

Miss Sarah, who stuck as persistently as James to the dance, was

# JACKSON COUNTY TURKEYS SCORE HIGH IN MARKET

With over 90 per cent of their turkeys in the prime grade, a number of members of the Southern Oregon Turkey Growers association, made exceptional records during the past season, according to J. C. Leedy, manager of the Oregon Turkey Cooperatives, Inc., who recently spent several days among the turkey growers of Jackson county.

Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Abbott of Central Point delivered a total of 189 turkeys to the growers' cooperative marketing association with 162 birds in the prime grade and four in the choice grade.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Esch of Eagle Point marketed 509 turkeys of which 488, or 95.87 per cent, were placed in the prime grade; 16 birds, or 3.13 per cent, in the choice grade; and but five birds, or one per cent, in the commercial grade. The Esch flock averaged 16.83 pounds each when dressed for market as compared with an association average of 14.5 pounds, and showed the beneficial effects of liberal feeding of scientifically balanced rations.

A total of 485 turkeys were sold from the farm of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Ousterhout of Medford, route number 3, and of this number, 422 birds, or 92.75 per cent, were placed in the prime grade. The Ousterhout flock averaged 16.33 pounds each when dressed at market time.

# HANDSOME SUM TO SUZANNE HINTED

NEW YORK, April 6.—(AP)—Chic Colette Francois, 21-year-old Parisien whose \$100,000 breach of promise and seduction suit against Erthur M. Loew was dismissed yesterday, called for home today with her mother, Mme. Suzanne Francois.

The blonde daughter of a bureau chief in the Paris police said she was "tires satisfied" with the outcome of her suit against Loew, who she charged was her four-year-old daughter's father.

Armand Bar, her friend and interpreter, said a "handsome settlement" had been made, but he declined to reveal how much it was.

Nab Check Artist

H. L. Reed, former salesman in this territory, who allegedly passed several bogus checks on merchants here and in Ashland last year, has been apprehended in Seattle, according to word received by the state police here. Reed, who is also wanted in Josephine, Lane and Deschutes counties, will be returned to Josephine county for prosecution.

# BURGESS TO DIRECT AND ASSUME ROLE IN FORTHCOMING OPERA

As director of the light opera, Fra Diavolo, Ralph Burgess, has a job of considerable magnitude but no one could have been chosen with a wider background of experience for this responsibility. For years Ralph has been identified with the theater; in fact, he was really born into the atmosphere of the stage, his father and mother both having achieved fame in opera and in the drama.

Added to his responsibilities as director, however, he will essay the role of Beppo, one of the robber cohorts of the bandit chieftain, Fra Diavolo. But here again experience stands him in good stead for, with the Boston English, the Dunbar and the American Light Opera companies, Ralph has played this comedy part numberless times, receiving flattering press notices from critics wherever the various companies appeared.

Giacomo, the companion cutthroat to Beppo, will be portrayed by none other than W. F. Quisenberry, now a sedate business man of Medford, but formerly associated for years with the old Boston Ideal Opera company, a troupe that made operatic history throughout the east and middle west. As a comedian "Quis" is without a peer and his impersonation of the tatterdemalion brigand puts a lot of laughs into the show.

St. Mark's Altar Guild, which is sponsoring the performance, has set the date definitely for the second week in May which, appropriately enough, is National Music Week. Fra Diavolo will be Medford's contribution toward its observance.

# CLOTHES ON CHAIR

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



"Have no fear," said Harris. "My blood has cooled."

But Howard and Jackson Crowell stood one either side of him vainly urging him towards the house. The whispering and giggling stopped abruptly as James came forward.

"Good evening, Mr. Harris," he said pleasantly. "Won't you come into the house with me and have some supper?"

"Good evening, Mister... Mister Stimson," answered his uninvited guest, speaking at first slowly and distinctly and meticulously dividing his syllables. "There is nothing, sir, you can offer me now or at any other time. I have come, sir, for my daughter Leslie, a rumor having reached my ears late this evening that she was not a welcome guest in this peculiar provincial assemblage that makes itself a laughing stock by trying to ape its betters of the great world and calls itself society. Society!"

Here he laughed, a great boisterous shout and then calmed himself and frowned. "But I must apologize to the ladies present. I do apologize from the bottom of my heart. It is, I assure you, sir, a matter rather for tears than for laughter, but alas my sense of the ridiculous sometimes betrays me. The first families of Kansas!"

AGAIN he laughed, laughed while the tears ran down his cheeks and he could barely stand, while he kept repeating between paroxysms, "I do apologize. I do apologize. But it really is side splitting."

"No doubt," said James somewhat grimly, "but suppose we go up to the house and talk it over. I am afraid we are delaying this dance."

"In a moment, my young sir, in a moment. And in the meantime please be so good as to take my hand off my arm. It happens that I have a great aversion to being pined. In my youth, when there were still a few men left in this country who might properly be called gentlemen, I would have run a man through for less affront than yours." (James hastily withdrew his arm.)

"But have no fear. Have no fear. My blood has cooled with my years."

Of course it had to happen at his party. Of course it had to be the mutt who had the good luck to be chosen as Leslie's prop and staff instead of one who would have given ten years of his life to have spared her one moment of humiliation.

But he would see her tomorrow. He would show her as tactfully and delicately as he knew how just how much he respected her and looked up to her. None but a little thoroughbred would have faced that giggling crowd as Leslie had and gone off with her head held high and not a suggestion of apology. Oh, he would tell her, he would show her...

Damn the miserable old dance anyway! Damn the miserable heartless brutes who had laughed at Leslie's shame. They were dancing again, gay and excited and happy as if they had not just watched a girl's heart break and her fine courage in bearing it—a girl so much finer than the whole pack of them that there wasn't a single one fit to tie her shoe lace.

He could not face them. He would not go back and dance and listen to their snickers and insinuations. The least he could do to show his loyalty to Leslie would be to go off some place by himself and suffer with her.

(Copyright, 1935, Mabel H. Farnham.) James hides out, tomorrow.

# JUNIOR HI GLEE CLUB PLAY GOOD

All members of the cast of "Don Alonzo's Treasure," an operetta in two acts presented by the glee clubs of junior high school Friday night, exceeded themselves in the most successful musical production, financially and from an entertainment standpoint, the school has yet presented.

The story is set in Spain and concerns the lost treasure of the house of Gonzalez, which is located after many trials that give opportunity for good music and comedy situations.

Jeanne Selade, as Elaine, and Franklin Jones, as Billy McNoodle, gave especially commendable performances and shared the applause with Ray Huson and John Prentice,

two sailors who were the comedy characters.

The cast follows: Spanish Nobelman—George Gates; Suzanna, his wife—Barbara Dorris; Deiores, their daughter—Rebecca Chaney; Josephine Bullis; Manuel, a man of all work—Ted Marshall; Paula, a dull witted servant—Catherine Conroy; Ajax Wallop, an American sausage king—Avin Thorbus; Mrs. Wallop, his wife—Huldah Rose; Elaine, their daughter—Jeanne Selade; Slim Malone, a sailor on shore leave—John Prentice; Shorty Simmons, his companion in adventure—Ray Huson; Billy McNoodle, a slow-way hero—Franklin Jones.

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