

GREAT RICHES

by *Mabel Howe Farnham*

SYNOPSIS: James Stimson, III, the catch of New Concord, has his relatives and friends nobly in their attempt to marry him off to Jane Northrup, the richest girl in town. He loves Leslie Harris, whose father occasionally gets very drunk. James and Leslie are on the verge of getting things straightened out and Mr. Harris arrives very drunk and very insulting. He is led away by Leslie.

Chapter 20 OPEN BREAK

HERE came Aunt Sarah, calling him again, and Jane headed straight for him. A moment more, and he would be caught.

Abruptly he dodged behind a big lilac bush, and disappeared into the night. Alone, until almost morning, James waited in the woods. Who took Jane home he neither knew nor cared. And his aunt, warned by some rare intuition, never mentioned his absence to him.

James sent Leslie a great box of white roses next morning and went that afternoon to see her.

He saw, instead, Mrs. Harris, who said that Leslie was out and insisted nervously upon apologizing for her husband's behavior the evening before—to James' profound and acute embarrassment.

Leslie was out next day when James called—and the next and the next. When he happened to meet her casually a week or two later he found a different Leslie entirely, a proud, cold, aloof little Leslie he found it impossible to reason with or comprehend.

At first he tried—tried desperately—and probably would have been trying yet if his self-confidence had not suddenly forsaken him and a sick gnawing doubt whispered to him that perhaps after all Leslie never had cared for him in the least, had indeed rather welcomed a chance to break off with him.

Sam Fletcher still went there and Bud and Jack and half a dozen others. She did not refuse to see them or to answer their letters. And certainly it wasn't his fault that her father drank too much and made a scene.

He, himself, had done nothing—not a thing that he could think of to deserve such punishment, although he searched his conscience hour after hour. Surely, if Leslie liked him even a little bit she would not treat him so cruelly for nothing at all except worshipping the ground she walked on.

Leslie, meanwhile, after a week of retirement, went everywhere she was asked, laughed even more than usual and never once mentioned James or his party or made any excuses for her father.

However, not even her mother knew of the scene she had gone through that night at home after Sam had gone when she faced a half sober, half maudlin and thoroughly repentant father and forced from him bit by bit the reason that had sent him to bring her home.

"What was it, Father? You've got to tell me," insisted Leslie, standing over him and shaking him now and again into wakefulness. "I won't go to bed or to sleep until you tell me what it was."

John Harris took refuge first in haughtiness and finally in self-abasement. Leslie got it out of him finally that Dill Hawks had told him that Mrs. Dill had heard that Miss Sarah Stimson had told Miss Laura Thornton that Jennie Sears that in her day young ladies were accustomed to let the young men do the pursuing, but that nowadays it seemed the other way round, and that she was thinking of having her telephone taken out because that flighty little Leslie Harris was forever calling her nephew on the 'phone and insisting that he go to see her when he wanted to stay at home.

LESIE remembered that she had called James on the telephone once or twice some weeks earlier and that Miss Sarah had answered it each time. "Oh," she said, "oh," and her color flamed. "Is that all? Was there anything else? She demanded almost fiercely. "Did Miss Sarah say anything else?"

"According to Dill, it's common knowledge that . . . old Sarah Stimson thinks it would be unspeakably degrading for a Stimson to marry a Harris. I've been a bad father, Leslie, a damned bad father, but I'd rather see you dead than married into a family that looks down on you. Why, if your grandmother . . ."

"Yes! Tell me about my grandmother," said Leslie quickly. That evening was the first time in all her life Leslie had heard her father mention his mother.

John Harris rose and aside from a slight unsteadiness seemed perfectly sober.

"Your grandmother was a gentle woman," he said with more dignity than Leslie had believed possible. "She has been in her grave many years and it seems best under the circumstances to leave her there in peace. She was a proud woman and suffered a great deal before she died. I must ask you in all kindness never to mention her to me again. It brings back many memories I have spent a lifetime trying to forget."

"I'm sorry," said Leslie gently. "I'll never speak of her after tonight. But Mother told me once she thought you had named me for her. Is that true?"

"Yes."

"Am I like her? Am I at all like her?" persisted Leslie.

"In your tact and social gifts, yes. In your lack of pride, no. It has occurred to me occasionally that you were rather lacking in proper pride. Aside from that . . ."

He stopped suddenly struck by what he was saying and shrugged his shoulders in a half Gallic, half futile gesture.

"God knows you haven't much to be proud of," he said mournfully and broke down and cried. Leslie had to call her mother finally and between them they got him to bed.

But before she slept that night Leslie vowed that she too would be a gentlewoman, that she too would acquire a proper pride. She would die, oh, she would die a thousand times before she would let Miss Sarah Stimson say she was running after James.

Let James marry Jane Northrup if he wanted to. She would show Miss Sarah, she would show James, she would show New Concord! James would have to sue in his knees and his aunt with him before she would take him back.

NEVER had New Concord been so gay as during that summer. There were other dances, many suppers and dinners and picnics. Nine times out of ten James found himself partnered on these occasions with Jane while Leslie continued to be freezingly polite to him and made much of Sam or Bud or Jack—but particularly of Sam—under his very eyes.

James never saw Leslie alone now and gradually had ceased to try to force himself upon her, turning naturally enough to the comfort of Jane's presence. Jane at least was always stimulating and entertaining. Jane made his evenings bearable and got him out of himself.

Nevertheless, James looked so forlorn and wretched and was so evidently pining to rush back and throw himself at Leslie's feet at her first sign of softening, that Mrs. Millard, after a conference with Miss Jullia and her cohorts, took the bull by the horns and invited Leslie to spend the month of August with her at her cottage on Lake Michigan, offering to pay all the girl's expenses there and back.

Leslie, a little white, a little thin, her head held high met James by chance one afternoon on Commercial Street and told him.

"Mrs. Millard has invited me to visit her at Harbor Beach," she said smiling happily. "Isn't that lovely? I've been crazy to go there and can hardly wait to start."

"Why, yes," agreed James uneasily. "That's fine." And added as an afterthought, "Will you be the only one?"

"No, Mrs. Millard expects her niece and nephew—he's just graduated from Harvard Law School. And Sam is planning to come up for his vacation, but of course he will stay at a hotel."

If Leslie had lingered a moment she might have noticed how white and sick James looked, but she had caught sight of someone she knew across the street and hurried off.

Standing alone in the shade of Moyer's drug store awning, James quite definitely abandoned Leslie then and forever. She must love the mutt—she must. And he had been so sure once that she cared for him.

It had been someone else, someone more worthy who could have appreciated and understood her, it would not have been so hard to bear. But Sam wasn't a gentleman. He was coarse, common, supremely unfit to own so beautiful and rare a being as Leslie. It was as bad as a Fiji islander owning Venus de Milo.

It was weeks before he could bear to hear Leslie and Sam's prospective engagement commented upon. It was months before he could say without his voice trembling that Sam was certainly one lucky man!

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Tomorrow, Jane takes an unusual interest in her "poor father."

KINDNESS WEEK FOR ANIMALS IS OPENED SUNDAY

The twenty-first "Be Kind to Animals Anniversary" was inaugurated Sunday throughout the United States with the observance of Humane Sunday. The anniversary will continue throughout next Saturday, with daily ceremonies in large and small cities and towns in all parts of America. Nationally the event is under auspices of the American Humane Association, which coordinates the work of more than 500 member societies in the humane field. The Jackson County Humane Society, S. P. C. A., is among the member societies participating.

"Be Kind to Animals Anniversary" is not a fund raising appeal, though a very large per centage of societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals have been handicapped since the start of the depression because of a lack of funds. The appeal, however, asks only a more kindly consideration of all animals for the ensuing year. Local societies want too, to advise people without funds how best their pets may be properly cared for. Funds have been expended in adding these cases in the past, but most society treasuries are now so depleted that only advice can now be given those who appeal for it.

Hundreds of ministers in all parts of the United States devoted all or part of their services Sunday to the kindness cause. During the coming week there will be a series of national broadcasts over the Columbia and National systems in which prominent stars of the screen and the Broadway stage will appeal for more sympathy to the animal cause. School children everywhere will also observe the anniversary, whose activities this year promise to be more extensive than in the twenty years since its inception in 1915.

Oddly enough "Be Kind to Animals Anniversary" was conceived by an obscure and retired printer, who at the time had no connection with humane societies. He is Henry F. Leitch, a former linotype operator of Charleston, South Carolina. His suggestion for the kindness week was first presented to humane societies in 1914, and the anniversary became effective on a national scale in 1915.

Interest has increased in the movement each year, and this year hundreds of thousands of people will be active participants. Millions of animals are treated and cared for annually by humane societies.

Oregon Weather.

Unsettled with rain tonight and Tuesday; snows over mountains; no change in temperature; fresh west and northwest wind off the coast.

FREE SILVER FOR BONUS ADVANCED

WASHINGTON, April 8.—(AP)—The long dormant senate inflation block roused itself today for a drive to put more money in circulation by cashing the veterans bonus and re-monetizing silver.

At almost the same time in the house, advocates of a central monetary authority, which would have full control over currency issuance, forced the reopening of house banking committee hearings on the omnibus banking bill.

The senate bloc offered modifications to the Patman new money bonus bill which its members contended would make the measure more acceptable to the administration. It also organized to demand action on the Wheeler bill for free coinage of silver.

Fine For Digestion

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

THE PERFECT GUM

Fine For Teeth

DELAYED START

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

HUNGRILY WATCHES FATHER CARVE THE CHICKEN

RECEIVES HIS PLATE AT LAST AND GRABS KNIFE AND FORK

REALIZES FATHER HASN'T SERVED HIMSELF YET AND THAT HE SHOULD NOT BEGIN EATING UNTIL BROWN UPS DO

SEES MOTHER PICK UP FORK, AND GETS ALL SET HIMSELF

MOTHER LAYS FORK DOWN AGAIN, HAVING NOTICED THAT COUSIN ELSIE HASN'T GOT A NAPKIN

COUSIN ELSIE'S NAPKIN BEING DISCOVERED ON THE FLOOR, FAMILY SEEMS ABOUT TO BEGIN

AT THIS MOMENT AUNT SUSAN ASKS COULD SHE HAVE SOME MORE WATER, AND HE IS SENT TO FILL HER GLASS

AS MOTHER PICKS UP FORK AGAIN, FATHER CALLS FOR UNCLE HORACE'S PLATE, BECAUSE HE FORGOT TO GIVE HIM ANY STUFFING

AT LAST FAMILY BEGINS TO EAT. DIPS IN AND MAKES UP FOR LOST TIME

TENNESSEE TABOO ON FILMS EASED

NASHVILLE, Tenn., April 8.—(AP)—The ban on Sunday movies in Tennessee was lifted Saturday and each city given the right to decide whether they are to be shown when Gov. Hill McCallister signed a bill providing a "local option" plan.

HOW TO PRONOUNCE 'CABELL' PROPERLY

PORTLAND, April 8.—(AP)—The nam of Henry Felling Cabel, new chairman of the state highway commission, is on many tongues these days but most tongues go awry on the pronunciation of the family name. It's like this: Cabell, the 'a'

WHITE ROBIN REPORTED BY WAGNER CREEK MAN

WAGNER CREEK, April 8.—(Sp.)—H. H. Goddard reports seeing an albino robin at close range near his home recently. Mr. Goddard, who is 75 years old, says this is the first albino robin he ever saw. He gives the wonderful climate of Wagner creek credit for both the robin and also his own seventy-five active years.

Spout Rate Quiz Set

WASHINGTON, April 8.—(AP)—The interstate commerce commission today announced the dates and places for hearings to be held on an application of various railroads for permission to increase freight rates on potatoes and vegetables from the west and southwest.

Phone 542. We'll help you refuse. City Sanitary Service.

S-MATTER POP

GOH! I'M SO TIRED THAT IF I SIT DOWN I'LL NEVER GET UP!

AW-W!

YOU JUST SIT DOWN AND REST AN YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

HONEST, MAW, I'LL NEVER HAVE ENOUGH ENERGY TO GET OFF THE CHAIR AGAIN!

TAILSPIN TOMMY

LET US FOLLOW THE COURSE OF BETTY AS SHE FLIES OVER THE DENSE NAZILIAN JUNGLE. HER EYES ANXIOUSLY PROBE INTO THE THICK UNDERGROWTH BELOW FOR SOME TRACE OF TOMMY'S PLANE.

HEAVEN HELP ME TO FIND THEM—ALIVE!

BUT OTHER EYES ARE UPON BETTY—KEEN EYES OF A GRIM FACED PILOT, WHOSE FINGERS ARE GAIPED TENSELY UPON THE TRIPS OF A MACHINE GUN—

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER

WELL, HERE WE ARE AGAIN—I HOPE WE'LL GET THROUGH THIS TIME—

ME, TOO, BUT I'LL SURE GET THE WILLIES CROSSIN' THAT BRIDGE!

BEN, I WONDER WHO THAT POOR BIRD WAS? THE PAPERS ALL CARRIED YARNS OF THE ACCIDENT, BUT NO ONE CAME FORWARD TO IDENTIFY HIM—I'M FIGURIN' WE AINT HEARD THE LAST O' THE CASE—

THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A REASON FOR HIM NOT CARRYING ANYTHING THAT WOULD TELL WHO HE WAS—

YOU'RE DEAD RIGHT! WHY, JIM DONAN SAYS WE'LL BE THE FIRST RESIDENTS ON THIS ROAD IN FIFTEEN YEARS!

THIS IS IT, LUKE!

HUMPH! IF WE HAD SOME CATTLE WE COULD HAVE A RANCH, IF WE HAD SOME HORSES TO LOOK AFTER THE CATTLE!

THE NEBBS

IF SHE ISN'T A GORGEOUS CREATURE I'M NO JUDGE. SHE CERTAINLY TOOK MY MIND OFF THE WASHING MACHINE BUSINESS. THERE ARE A LOT OF THINGS TO THINK ABOUT BESIDES HER—BUT I CAN'T THINK OF ONE OF 'EM.

MR NEBB, JUST WHO IS THIS MISS DEEN, YOUR FORELADY OR WHAT EVER HER TITLE MAY BE? WHERE DOES SHE HAIL FROM?

JUST WHY ASK ME? WHY DON'T YOU GO DIRECT? I NOTICE YOU HAVE A SPEAKING ACCQUANTANCE WITH THE LADY—IF SHE WANTS YOU TO KNOW, SHE'LL TELL YOU AND IF SHE DOESN'T WANT YOU TO KNOW, WHY SHOULD I TELL YOU?

BRINGING UP FATHER

WILL YOU HAVE SMOKED HAM OR SMOKED HERRIN' FER YOUR LUNCH?

IF YOU MENTION THE WORD 'SMOKE AROUN' HERE AGIN, YOU'RE FIRED!

JUS' WHEN I GIT ME MIND OFF SMOKIN' SOMEONE'S GOT TO REMIND ME OF IT. I'LL LISTEN TO THE RADIO THAT'LL KEEP ME FROM THINKIN' ABOUT CIGARS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—THIS IS STATION O-I-C LOCATED ON TOP OF DOYLE'S SHOVEL FACTORY. WE'LL BROADCAST THE BALL GAME BETWEEN THE 'CASS AVENUE SWIPES' AND THE 'KERRY PATCH RED-HEADS'—BUT—

AH!

BEFORE WE START THE GAME, LET US REMIND YOU THAT THE WILITE CIGAR IS THE BEST CIGAR YOUR MONEY WILL BUY. IF YOU HAVE ANY MONEY.

By C. M. Payne

OH!—ANOTHER PLANE—IT'S— FOLLOWING ME—

I—I WAS NAILIN MY KITE, AW—

By Hal Forrest

OH!—ANOTHER PLANE—IT'S— FOLLOWING ME—

I—I WAS NAILIN MY KITE, AW—

By Edwin Alger

OH!—ANOTHER PLANE—IT'S— FOLLOWING ME—

I—I WAS NAILIN MY KITE, AW—

By Sal Mess

OH!—ANOTHER PLANE—IT'S— FOLLOWING ME—

I—I WAS NAILIN MY KITE, AW—

By George McManus

OH!—ANOTHER PLANE—IT'S— FOLLOWING ME—

I—I WAS NAILIN MY KITE, AW—