

# GREAT RICHES

by Mabel Howe Farnham

**SYNOPSIS:** James Elmsom III, is to be married tomorrow to Jane Northrup, the rich girl picked for him by all the best people of New Concord, Ore. He cannot be sure that it is the memory of Leslie Harris which makes him dread the ceremony, he knows however that he would rather marry Jane than live in the expensive but ugly home furnished by her father instead of in the lovely old Elmsom mansion. Will he decide to tell Jane the marriage must not be but he knows he dare not.

## Chapter 24 TEAPOT TEMPEST

JAMES fell at last into an exhausted sleep. He was still sleeping soundly at nine next morning when Aunt Lou awakened him. "Miss Northrup's calling you on the telephone," Aunt Lou said. "She seems terrible upset and wants that you should come right over there quick as you kin make it."

James' heart leaped high with hope as he hurried into his clothes, gulped down a cup of coffee and ran for a street car.

Jane didn't want to get married. Jane had the courage he lacked, the courage to save them both. He pushed the slow-moving car all the way down South Fifth Street and up North Fifth and jumped from it before it halted at Oak Street. Mrs. Northrup was waiting for him on the porch.

"You look very happy, young man," she said grimly and led the way into the front parlor.

"What's the matter? What's happened?" James asked, and stilled the feet that wanted to caper. He'd have to pretend of course to be sorry

... terrified, and he wasn't good at pretending. Trust that old Harry to see through him. He'd better insist on seeing Jane alone. Good old Jane he and she ...

"It's the altar guild," Mrs. Northrup snapped, "or rather that hateful Mabel Webster. She won't allow Jane to have candles on the altar and we've got such beautiful ones, hand-dipped. Jane was in hysterics I had to give her a bromide. It does seem after all our work ..."

"The altar guild?" James interrupted stupidly. "What's the altar guild got to do with it?"

James was a Congregationalist, the Northrup Episcopalians James made out finally from Mrs. Northrup's confused explanation that the present Episcopal rector was high church and Mrs. Northrup low church. A year before the rector, then new, had the effrontery to install candles on the altar and Mrs. Northrup unavailingly had fought the innovation tooth and nail.

Now the Janus-faced Mabel Webster had called up that very morning to say that the altar guild, knowing that Jane would not want to have her vows desecrated by candle light had sent the dedicated candle sticks to be replated and refused absolutely to produce them in spite of persuasions and threats. Mrs. Northrup fairly bounced with rage.

"But ... but is it so important?" James stammered. He was so disappointed he wanted to die.

"Not important to have Jane stabbed in the back? You of all people ... of course it's important. The candles are an integral part of the decorations. A more heartless, cruel ... I should think you could see that without being told."

"It doesn't seem very Christian," James said weakly.

"Christian? I should say it wasn't Christian. If Mabel Webster after this is admitted to a Christian Heaven ..."

MRS. Northrup had a great deal to say about Mabel Webster, about all the altar guild in fact. James looked so miserable that even Mrs. Northrup was satisfied.

At that moment the telephone bell rang shrilly. Mrs. Northrup hastened to answer it. James heard her cry sharply, "It simply isn't possible I will not, Mr. Northrup and I will not allow it." A silence. Then, "This is the last straw, I shall certainly appeal to the bishop."

Jane hung up. Mrs. Northrup had left the room red-faced and defiant. She returned white-faced and trembling, broken and suddenly old. James got out of her finally that it was the society reporter calling up to point out to her that the wedding, scheduled to take place that evening at eight thirty o'clock, conflicted with the weekly prayer meeting hour. No one had thought, no one had remembered about prayer meeting.

And now the society reporter said she had been reliably informed that Dr. Morton had stated that he would delay the prayer meeting until after the ceremony, but that he could not refuse admission to the church to any member of his congregation who assembled for prayer meeting at the regular hour.

Monday, the twins puncture the pretty, pretty bubble.

Jane's wedding list had been carefully gone over and expurgated. Many had been invited, but more had not. Admittance was by card. Now, the entire riff-raff of the town was free to force its way into the church. Mrs. Northrup, for the first time in years, burst into hysterical tears.

It was a terrible hour. Mr. Northrup was sent for. Beyond vowing that the Reverend Dr. Morton should shortly be forced to resign or he would leave the church, Mr. Northrup offered no suggestions. "It was," he said over and over, "an outrage, yes, an unforgivable outrage."

Mrs. Northrup turned to James. "You must do something," she commanded sternly.

James, with a sudden flash of spirit, refused even to try to interfere. He said that the only dignified thing to do was to ignore the whole row. After all a few candles, a few uninvited guests, were of small moment unless they were made so. His advice was to assume a bold front, laugh it off—or be forever laughed at.

After long and acrimonious argument, in which James, to his pain and surprise, found himself cast unaccountably in the role of the culprit, his advice was accepted.

The Northrups would do nothing, except keep the last horror from Jane. James was dismissed in ignominy, not even allowed a sight of the stricken bride. He walked home slowly, a puzzled and abysmally gloomy young man. God, if he'd only had the sense to fall in love with an orphan.

When Jane had barely managed a measure of calm, James telephoned her at six o'clock, ostensibly to ask how she felt and in reality to tell her callously that she was not to mind about the candles, that it would be all the same in a hundred years and that she was to cheer up and forget all about it.

WITH the whole town laughing, with even her bosom friends she had honored as bridesmaids running in and out all afternoon, twittering and whispering and pretending to be sympathetic, and actually blatant with pleased excitement, with Mabel Webster triumphant and Dr. Morton lifting from a just and awful wrath, James actually dared to take the whole shocking insult as a joke!

Jane could have screamed at him over the telephone that he was a heartless fool. If it had not been so late, if the governor and the senator and the justices were not already there across the street at Judge Holcomb's ... the bishop due at the Union Station ... all those thousands her father had spent ... and Leslie Harris cooling off to Sam Fletcher, now that he had failed of his purpose of arousing James to active interference ... that sat Leslie eager and anxious to snatch at James ...

Jane hung up the telephone receiver and went slowly upstairs. She must calm herself. She must breathe softly and regularly and still that awful thumping of her heart. Of course she loved James. It was only hysteria that fathered that sudden desire to beat him savagely in the face. All she asked from him was a little human understanding; and he had failed her.

This was to have been her great hour, the supreme climax of her girlhood. She had thought herself loved and admired. And she was laughed at—she, Jane Northrup! And James thought it funny.

At the head of the stairs her mother said firmly, "I've sent for Miss Minnie to come and give you a massage. Take a hot bath first and relax. I'll bring you your supper on a tray. You must relax."

Jane was only too glad to be taken in charge. As she lay in the scented water she managed somehow to make her mind a blank. Afterwards, competently massaged and rubbed with alcohol, her heart stopped its ominous pumping. She was able to eat her creamed chicken and drink the glass of sherry her father brought her. It was pleasant and comforting to be fussed over, babied as if she had been a child.

Jane came of no weeping breed. "I'm all right now," she told her mother at seven o'clock. And she was. Slim and white and virginal, a little wistful and pathetic, but reasonably tranquil, she sat herself dressed in her wedding dress.

Jane sat still for a short while. Then rose and walked slowly to the long pier glass that stood by the window. Not even Leslie Harris and Mabel Webster could truthfully deny that she was beautiful.

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## FIRST LADY ENJOYS COUNTRY DANCING AT RELIEF HOMESTEAD

WASHINGTON, April 12—(AP)—How she encumbered the gates of called-off country dancing was described today by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

It happened exactly a week ago, in an "off the record" trip to the subsistence homesteads near Reedsville, W. Va. Those who danced with the president's wife kept it "off the record" until she told it herself, pronouncing the entire experience most enjoyable.

When Mrs. Roosevelt, accompanied by her son, John, suddenly appeared, a community dance was immediately arranged.

At first, the president's wife sat with the onlookers, who occupied chairs ranged around the wall. But the rhythm proved irresistible; the figures not too baffling.

Soon she was joining in a set, and she said today she had several of the homesteaders for partners before her first lesson in square-dancing was over.

## PIE SOCIAL AT TALENT HIGH SCHOOL TONIGHT

TALENT, April 12—(Sp.)—A pie social, program and fish pond will be given by the Talent P. T. A. in the auditorium of Talent high school Friday starting at 8 p. m. Proceeds of the affair will be used to help in making up the deficit in the hot lunch fund.

## COPCO INVESTIGATION FORMALLY CLOSED BY UTILITY COMMISSION

SALEM, April 12—(AP)—An order, formally closing the investigation against the California-Oregon Power company for an indefinite period, was issued here late yesterday by Frank C. McCulloch, public utilities commissioner.

"It is the opinion of the commissioner that a continuance of this investigation and the expenditure of large sums of money under present economic conditions, are against the public interests," the order stated.

McCulloch said the investigation to date had subjected both the company and state to unwarranted expenses.

The order followed a recent announcement by McCulloch that the utilities department would limit itself to pending court actions growing out of rate investigations and to the completion of investigations which were nearly finished. He had indicated the California Oregon Power company probe would be dropped.

## ARTILLERY FOR OREGON WHEN FREIGHT IS PAID

SALEM, April 12—(AP)—Governor Martin received a letter today from Harry H. Woodring, assistant secretary of war, stating that a shipment of artillery located to Oregon was ready to be sent, but no provisions had been made to pay for its transportation.

Recently the federal government allocated to the various states certain lots of railroad artillery. Oregon's share was to go to Port Stevens.

Woodring's letter indicated that the state would have to pay the transportation charges.

**Fine For Digestion**  
**WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT**  
THE PERFECT GUM  
**Fine For Teeth**

## SUBURBAN HEIGHTS



NOT WISHING TO GET HOME IN THE MIDDLE OF A TEA-PARTY, AND UNABLE TO TELL IN FRONT OF WHOSE HOUSE THE CARS WERE PARKED, CERTAIN RESIDENTS HIRED A SCOUT TO GO AHEAD AND PEEK IN WINDOWS AND SIGNAL WHICH HOUSE WAS TO BE AVOIDED

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WHATCHA DOIN', WILLYUM?  
NUTHIN'!  
HOW KIN YA TELL WHEN YA GET FINISHED, WILLYUM?  
WHEN I START DOIN' SUMTHIN'!

TAILSPIN TOMMY—El Condor Strikes!  
IN THE LITTLE VILLAGE OF SANTA SAGUAS A TROOP OF REBEL CAVALRY COMMANDED BY COLONEL ESTEBAN MENDOZA, HAS HUNTED FOR THE NIGHT. HE COMMANDS AND HIS OFFICERS ARE RELAXING IN A CANTINA ...  
"PERO! BUT THEES MESSAGE YO' AVE RECEIVED FROM EL CONDOR 'YOU ARE NEXT'—WHAT DOES HE MEAN?"  
"BAH! AN IDLE BOAST—I SHALL SOON CLIP THE WINGS OF THIS MASKED AERONAUTA."  
BUT—ONLY YESTERDAY THEES EL CONDOR ATTACKED A SUPPLY TRAIN—AN ...  
I SHALL ATTEND TO EL CONDOR MANANA, BUT ESTA NOCHE—TONIGHT WE PLAY—COME, CARLOTA, DANCE FOR ME ...  
DONT MOVE—ANY OF YOU—COLONEL MENDOZA—I WANT YOU—COME THIS WAY—

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Another Strorise  
BEN, ME BOY, YOUR FINDIN' THAT NOTE, PLUS THE FACT THAT SOMEONE'S COMIN' TO THIS VERY RANCH IS JUST ABOUT GIVIN' ME THE WILLIES!  
WELL, IT IS GROOKY, BUT IF SOMEBODY COMES MAYBE WELL SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THE DEAD MAN'S IDENTITY—  
WHAT'S WORRYIN' ME IS HOW THAT BIRD, WITH NO FOOD IN HIS CAR AN' NONE AT THE RANCH, WAS EXPECTIN' TO LIVE HERE WHILE AWAITIN' FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS!  
SPEAKING OF FOOD WE'D BETTER BRING IN THAT BOX OF CANNED STUFF YOU LEFT OUTSIDE THE BACK DOOR—  
ME?! BE DAD, BEN, THAT MUST BE GRUB THAT WAS STAKED HERE FOR THE DEAD MAN!

THE NEBBES—  
MR NEBB, ARE YOU TOO BUSY TO GIVE ME A MINUTE OF YOUR TIME?  
BLESS YOUR HEART, NO—TEN MINUTES IF YOU WANT IT  
YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT ME BUT YOU HAVE BEEN TRUSTING AND KIND—AND TO ME YOU'RE A FATHER—AND I WANT TO ASK YOU IF I SHOULD ACCEPT A DINNER INVITATION FROM MR. RAMLOSE  
HE'S A FINE CHARACTER, MR. NEBB, BUT I JUST WANT YOUR JUDGMENT AS TO HOW IT WOULD SET WITH EVERYBODY HERE  
YOU GO AHEAD AND REMEMBER IT DOESN'T HAVE TO SET WITH ANYBODY BUT ME IF YOUVE GOT AN IDEA IN YOUR HEAD THAT YOU CAN PLEASE EVERYBODY, BANISH IT AND MAKE ROOM FOR ONE THAT'LL GET YOU SOME PLACE

## WOMAN HELD AS FRIEND'S SLAYER

## 13 SAILORS DROWN IN MYSTERIOUS SINKING

## BRINGING UP FATHER

FORER, Wash., April 12—(AP)—Frank Lindsay, one of the proprietors of the Furks hotel, was shot and fatally wounded here last night and Mrs. Gertrude E. Hoag was being held in Port Angeles after police said she admitted shooting Lindsay with a rifle.

Mrs. Hoag told Sheriff Charles Kempt and Prosecutor Joseph H. Johnston she shot Lindsay when he attempted to break into her home about 11 p. m. Her husband, Elmer O. Hoag, an automobile mechanic, died only last Tuesday and was to be buried today.

She said she and Lindsay had been "friends" for some time but that

recently she had become afraid of him because he had "threatened her life and proposed a suicide pact," the prosecutor quoted her. At another time she said Lindsay chased her with an open jack knife.

KINGSTON, Janes, April 11—(P)—Thirteen men drowned when the Norwegian freighter Barmoy foundered 20 miles southwest of Portland point Tuesday. Five survivors rescued today reported.

The five survivors, who were picked up by patrol fishermen this morning and brought to Kingston, said they could give no cause for the sinking of the freighter, which occurred at 3 o'clock Tuesday afternoon.

## BRINGING UP FATHER

I'VE GOT TO GO IN AN' GIT THAT DOG—HE'S GONNA BE A BIG HELP TO ME.  
FER GOODNESS SAKE! HERE HE IS—OUT AGIN—AN' HE'S GOT A PRETZEL.  
HE MUSTN'T BE SEEN WITH THAT IN HIS MOUTH—  
COME HERE—DON'T TAKE THAT HOME.

By George McManus

By Hal Forrest

By Edwin Alper

By Hal Forrest

By Hal Forrest