

# GREAT RICHES

By Mabel Howe Farnham

**SYNOPSIS:** James Stinson III and Jane Northrup are at the church, and in a few minutes they will be married. Both Anne and a friend of Jane's, Leslie Harris, are at the church. Mabel Webster and her husband are at the church. The pastor has just finished with her plans. Now Mabel Webster is disappointed, owing to the handsomely dressed crowd.

## Chapter 24 MAN AND WIFE

In a plain black and white street gown, open prayer book in hand, sat Mabel Webster, apparently studying the service and entirely oblivious of the gala clad crowd of the whippers and curious glances or the necks craning in her direction.

Bud and Nappy retired deeper into the shadows to laugh silently. "God, but Mabel's made history this day," Bud got out. "I hand it to her. I bet Jane..."

Mrs. Northrup was now advancing majestically down the aisle on Tom Mundell's arm, her violet blue satin skirts trailing after her. Just a step behind her walked the twins, for once subdued and seemingly under perfect control.

James held his breath while Mrs. Northrup passed so close to Mabel Webster she all but touched her. Mabel did not look up. Mrs. Northrup, by the Grace of God, was talking to Tom and did not see Mabel.

But the twins... the twins... The twins had stopped in their tracks and were staring at Miss Webster, up and down, down and up. A murmur, a ripple of suppressed excitement and laughter ran through the church.

Mabel Webster flushed, glared for a moment at the twins and dropped to her knees, hiding her hot face in her hands. The twins continued their unblinking stare. Mrs. Northrup, sensing the excitement, turned to see what was the matter, but the twins were already walking sedately down the aisle. She beckoned to them to hurry, herded them into the pew before her.

"Our cue for the sacrifice. Beat it, Nappy. Come on, lease," Bud commanded and James was pushed forward out of the safety and comfort of the darkness.

Here comes the bride! His bride... Jane. But where was the bride? Only girls, dozens of girls in yellow. They parted at last and made a flowery aisle. And there was Jane coming towards him in a glory of white satin and misty lace, her beautiful head half bowed, her lovely mouth a little tremulous, as if frightened, fearful, but coming steadily toward him, to give herself... give herself...

All the miserable doubts and clogging uncertainty abruptly took flight. James felt exalted, lifted above himself, his heart wrung by tenderness for this exquisite fragile girl who was trusting him with her life... more than her life. Impulsively he made a step forward so anxious he was to reassure and comfort Jane, but Bud put a hand on his arm just in time.

The bishop's deep sonorous voice hung for a moment over the heads of the congregation, and then dropped gently into their hearts and consciousness.

James tightened his hold on Jane's hand. To think that this exquisite creature had promised not only to love and cherish but to obey him!

James was almost light-headed with happiness as he walked down the aisle with his new wife on his arm, with Mendelssohn's wedding march thundering behind and before and above them. It was relief and joy almost beyond telling to be rid of that horrible clogging depression and those hideous gnawing doubts. He looked up and saw Aunt Lou beaming down from the gallery and just managed not to shout at her.

The double doors at the back of the church were opened by unseen hands. There was Nappy, as dignified as a statue on a monument.

Two of New Concord's three policemen, Bill Sturges and Johnny Sullivan, were on the sidewalk keeping the crowd in check. Ed Hines had his carriage in place and was managing somehow to make his wearied backs give an impression of pawing and prancing Nappy flew ahead, opened the carriage door, and bowed.

"Congratulations and best wishes of the day," Nappy said gravely. "Good luck, Jim. Good luck, Mrs. Stinson," called out Bill. "Three cheers for the bride," cried Johnny, not to be outdone. The carriage drove off to the accompaniment of lusty cheers with Jane withdrawn in a corner and James hanging out

of the window laughing and shouting his thanks.

"I wish," said Jane petulantly, "that you wouldn't be so familiar with common people. The idea of that policeman calling you Jim."

"Bill! Why, I've known Bill intimately since I was seven years old."

"You aren't seven years old now, but I must say you act like it."

There was a loud and uncomfortable silence for several minutes. Then James said stiffly, "We're married now, Jane, I hardly like to begin our married life... have our first words like... like this."

Jane was immediately put in the wrong and nothing so exasperated her. "I'm sorry," she said coldly, "but if you had gone through half what I have today, just one horrid disappointment after another on my wedding day... everything going wrong, and you thinking it was funny... And on top of it that horrid staring crowd calling you by your first name as if you'd been a shop-keeper!"

"New Concord is a little town, not a city. Most of that horrid staring crowd has known me since I was in short pants. You too. They were there to wish us well. In a way it's a tribute. If this were Europe and you a royal princess they couldn't have done more to honor you."

PRESENTLY James felt a little gloved hand fumbling for his. "James dear, you are sweet. And I'm a beast. Please, please, forgive me. I've been so upset..."

"Of course you have. And I'm the beast. Do you realize, Mrs. Stinson, that you've been five minutes alone with your husband and haven't yet kissed him?"

"Held close in James' strong young arms, Jane stammered out a confession. "Oh, James, I thought I didn't love you. I thought I didn't love you."

"Hush, beloved. Not another word. Trust your old James to know all about it. We're going to be the two happiest..."

"But how do you know? Did you think you didn't love me? Didn't you want to be married?"

Confession is sweet. For a moment James was tempted to admit his doubt and reluctance of the previous night. But a saving caution closed his lips. "I?" He laughed and kissed Jane again. "Didn't you see Bud yanking me back when I started down the aisle after you? I never saw so many girls in my life. I thought for a moment they'd forgotten all about the bride and I was starting to plunge my way through and find you."

"Love me?" asked Jane. "Love her? Love her? 'Oh, my darling!'"

When the bridal carriage drew up under the porte cochère of the bride's old home, it was noticed by the crowd of onlookers—chiefly colored—that the bridegroom waved his hand condescendingly in greeting to the Tyler house across the way.

James was telling himself how silly he had been to feel such a hatred for a mere pile of bricks and mortar. Of course they would live there a year or two because he had agreed to. But, hadn't Jane of her own free will promised in the presence of at least three hundred people to obey him as long as they both should live?

He had been wise, very wise, to give in as he had in the beginning.

Women had to be handled tactfully but firmly. Just wait till he got his hand in a little and he'd settle once and forever the matter of where they should live.

James had not expected to enjoy his own wedding reception, but to his delighted surprise no one there had a better time than he. Everyone was so kind. All the visiting notables predicted to the bride so wonderful a future for the bridegroom that James could see Jane's pride in him growing before his very eyes; and he was thrilled by Jane's pride as few things had ever thrilled him.

At supper there were toasts, one by Judge Holcomb, one by the governor in the name of Kansas' great-great-governor whose name the bridegroom bore.

This latter so moved James that when he got to his feet to reply he forgot his beautiful and carefully prepared reply and was only able to thank everyone for their kindness and good wishes and remark that he had already found marriage so remarkably pleasant a state that he was bowed down with regret that he had wasted so many years as a bachelor.

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Tomorrow, a small by lands in the honeymoon rapture.

# KERBY CCC CAMP HAS FINE RECORD IN FLAG WINNING

CAMP KERBY CCC, April 12—(Special)—Camp Kerby, P-47, Selma, Oregon, seems to be in a class by itself when it comes to winning Medford district "Best Camp" pennants.

In the past six months this camp has won the honor four times and been named the first three places in the district. Co. 1746 is composed of local experienced men who live in the vicinity of Grants Pass and Gold Beach. Although the members are older in years than the boys in the junior companies, they show by the way they respond to the leadership of the army officers and the foremen of the forest service in building roads, telephone lines, shop work and building construction, that they enjoy the thrill that comes as a reward for a task well done.

The company had its origin at Jefferson barracks, Missouri, on June 7, 1933, and the advance cadre of 35 Missouri junior enrollees arrived in Oregon, commanded by Major J. T. Murray, Inf-dol on June 20, 1933. Captain Harold E. Bow assumed command of the company on June 26, 1933, and remained with the company until October of that year at which time Captain Chauncey L. Pierce, Inf-Res., took over the command.

It was during the time Captain Pierce was in command that the company was made a "special company." At this time the remaining

# CO-EDS WILL TEACH CCC LADS DANCING

BALTIMORE—(UP)—Dramatics and dancing have been merged with the wood-chopping duties of Maryland Civilian Conservation Corps workers. Under an educational plan inaugurated at the University of Maryland, university co-eds will endeavor to teach the CCC youths how to act and how to dance the newest steps.

J. Earl Zuleck, educational director of two CCC camps at Beltsville, said he believed many of the youths would be interested in the new subjects. In addition to dramatics and dancing, classes have been arranged for about 350 CCC workers in most of the college subjects. Classes will be held at night.

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# THE CUP

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

IS OUT VISITING WITH MOTHER. IS GIVEN CUP OF CAMBRIC TEA AND HEADS FOR CHAIR

STARTS TO CLIMB UP, MOTHER SUDDENLY CRYING LOOK OUT, HE'S GOING TO SPILL!

SEES CUP DOWN AND CLIMBS UP IN CHAIR MOTHER SHRIEKING BE CAREFUL HE ALMOST STEPPED IN IT

TRIES TO REACH CUP UP NEARLY SLIDING OFF CHAIR WITH IT. MOTHER TELLS HIM TO WAIT, SHE'LL HAND IT TO HIM

DRINKS CAMBRIC TEA WITHOUT ACCIDENT

MIND BEGINS TO WANDER, A CRY BY MOTHER WARNING HIM THAT CUP IS SLIPPING. SAVES IT JUST IN TIME

DECIDES TO GET RID OF CUP AND SLIDES OFF CHAIR, CUP AND ALL, MIRACULOUSLY WITHOUT DAMAGE

SETS IT DOWN ON TEA TABLE TO THE RELIEF OF ALL CONCERNED

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# S-MATTER POP

POP! DID YA KNOW OUR DOG IS WORTH A THOUSAN DOLLARS?  
AWK!  
TWO KITTENS?  
A FELLAH OFFERED TO TRADE ME TWO KITTENS FOR HIM!

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Mendoza Warkons!  
EL CONDOR, MASKED, MYSTICUS PILOT, HAS JUST CAPTURED GENERAL PEDRO MENDOZA.  
ENTERING A CANTINA WHERE THE GENERAL WAS MAKING MERRY WITH HIS OFFICERS, EL CONDOR FORKED THE REBEL CHIEF AT THE POINT OF A GUN TO ACCOMPANY HIM OUTSIDE  
2156

# BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Strange Visit!

WHOA, SADIE! THAT YOU, BEN?  
YES—WHO ARE YOU?  
YOU'RE PRETTY YOUNG— I THOUGHT YOU'D BE OLDER— BUT IF YOU'RE BEN, AND YOU SAY YOU ARE, THIS IS FOR YOU AND YOU'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO—  
HEY WAIT A MINUTE!  
THAT'S ALL, BEN— THAT'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING— GO LONG, SADIE!  
WHAT'S UP, BRIAR? WHERE'S BEN? WAIT! VOICES! BE DAD, AN' IT'S VISITORS!

# THE NEBBS—What Now?

MISS DEEN DROPPED HER HANDKERCHIEF— I'LL GIVE IT TO HER  
IT'S MARKED WITH THE LETTER S... THAT CAN'T BE HERS  
MISS DEEN, YOU DROPPED YOUR HANDKERCHIEF  
OH, YES— YES— THANKS, MR. NEBB  
HER NAMES DEEN AND THAT HANDKERCHIEF IS MARKED 'S'— IF IT'S HER HANDKERCHIEF HER NAME IS NOT DEEN BUT THEN MAYBE IT'S NOT HERS— GOT MIXED IN THE LAUNDRY PERHAPS, BUT SHE ACTED SO FLUSTERED— LIKE

# BRINGING UP FATHER

THERE'S MR. C. LATER— I WISH HE HADN'T SEEN ME— NOW I HAVE TO SPEAK TO HIM— HE'S SURE TO GIVE ME THE LAUGH WHEN HE SEES THE DOG  
IT'S TOUGH FOR A GUY TO BE A NURSE TO A DOG— NO— MY WIFE DOESN'T  
? BUT I'VE GOT TO TAKE MY MOTHER-IN-LAW'S DOGS OUT EVERY DAY— YOU'RE LUCKY.

# 40-TON CRUSHER STARTED AT MINE

GRANTS PASS, April 15—(Sp.)—A 40-ton ore crushing mill was opened at full capacity last week by the Greenback Consolidated mining corporation of Portland near the old Greenback mine on Tom East creek, near Grants Pass. The structure was made in Grants Pass by Dr. B. B. Brandon of Portland, general manager of the concern, and Max Krueger of Portland, financial agent. The mill was recently completed for operation after construction about three months. Work is now being done on a supply of ore mined and stored by tunneling crews since February 21, the two men said.

Holdings of the company comprise a block of 2200 acres completely surrounding the 40 acres in the original Greenback mine lands. Starting at the southern boundary of their holdings, the group is tunneling to tap the discovered veins. At present, the two men said, they have built a drift tunnel for 325 feet west along the vein. Dr. Brandon said.

Textile Mill Closed  
ROSTON, April 15—(AP)—The closing of three New England textile mills employing 3810 workers was announced today while governors and congressional representatives at Washington appealed to the president for relief for the industry in this section.

Maiden Perkin's Flayed  
SANTA MONICA, Cal., April 15—(AP)—Frances Perkin's, secretary of labor, was accused by a speaker at a convention of women's clubs here today with being "not in the least interested in the cause of women."

By C. M. Payne

By Edw. Forest

By Edwin Alvert

By Sol Alvert

By George Brant