

# GREAT RICHES

By Mateel Howe Farnham

SYNOPSIS: James... has had a very bad wedding day. He has decided he does not want to marry Jane Northrup after all for one thing and his sister was not improved by the petty malice of Model Webster in keeping candies off the altar, and the hysterical resentment that caused in the family of his bride. But after the ceremony, at the wedding supper, James decides he is very happy after all.

## Chapter 27 HONEYMOON

THERE was but one smallest blot on the blissfulness of the honeymoon. That came toward the end after the arrival of a certain Louis Bradford of New York City.

It was not because Mr. Bradford was so perfectly poised and polished and manured or because he made such apt remarks or wore such beautifully tailored clothes or even because his hair lay so gloriously sleek. No, it was his lordly assurance in the presence of the waiters that James envied and Jane desired to have James emulate.

If the waiters had happened by any chance to have been of African descent then Mr. Bradford might have envied the brilliant ease with which Mr. Stimson handled them, but at this particular hotel, the waiters, unfortunately, were as white as their hearts were black and they spoke a strange and unknown lingo that Mr. Bradford understood and James didn't.

Both the head waiter and his minions took one look at James, labeled him, docketed him, despised and neglected him thereafter. James' tips were quite as lavish as those of Mr. Bradford, but he got only the most obscure ill-placed tables, the most transitory service.

This naturally enough irritated Jane, the loveliest and one of the best-dressed young women in the hotel. She kept urging her husband to assert himself and copy Mr. Bradford's masterful ways. James, alas, could do no better than to bribe the head waiter by a gift of ten dollars into promising better tables in the future—a promise sometimes fulfilled and sometimes not. Jane's remarks when they were not made James tingle all over with shame.

"You like masterfulness in a man?" he asked once, crumpling his bread in nervous fingers.

"Yes, of course, to a certain degree. Every woman does," said Jane impatiently.

"Then I don't altogether see, if you admire that sort, how you ever happened to marry me," answered James miserably. "I'm not masterful. I never was. I never will be. Didn't you know that until now?"

"You can be if you'll just assert yourself a little and don't let everyone walk over you who wants to," said Jane a little unkindly. "It's only a question of making up your mind to be."

"I think there is more to it than that."

Someone came up to their table then to speak to Jane, and the subject was dropped.

James returned from his honeymoon a thoroughly happy but slightly puzzled young man with a determination to assert himself more frequently in the future and to take up on the first possible occasion the study of the art of masterfulness—and to cultivate on the side a darkly sinister gleam in his eyes.

A FEW days after the return of Mr. and Mrs. James Brewster Stimson III from their honeymoon and while they were still happily engaged in what is called in New Concord, "settling down," Judge Holcomb dropped in to see Miss Julia Pratt.

The Judge had spent the previous evening with the Roger Bennetts and while there had overheard Loretta Bennett and some of her young crowd laughing over the account of the Stimson wedding in the Daily Globe. It had been written up in the society reporter's best and most flowery style, but what excited the derision of the young people was the line which spoke of the bridegroom leading the bride to the altar.

caught him. There's nothing new about that. Women have been dragging men to the altar and marrying them in spite of their screams ever since the days of the cave men."

"It's a pity all you men can't be locked up in glass cases," sniffed Miss Julia.

"Now, Miss Julia," said the Judge pleasantly, "you know more in a minute than all the women in this town in a million years and you needn't try to pretend to me that James ever so much as looked in Jane's direction until she made up her mind she wanted him to. It's Thackeray, isn't it, who says that any woman, unless she has an actual bump on her back, can marry any man she picks out, easy as easy. Why, I believe you put Jane up to marrying James in the first place though I don't expect you'll ever admit it."

"I wouldn't say I did and I wouldn't say I didn't," snapped Miss Julia rocking vigorously back and forth, "but I do say that young folks don't know their own minds to speak of, and it is a blessed good thing for a flibbertigibbet like James to marry a sensible practical girl like Jane."

"I suppose Jane didn't know her own mind."

"Well, for pity's sake, what do you want for your precious James? It's my opinion that he could have looked a lot farther and fared a lot worse. It wasn't so very long ago I heard you saying that Jane Northrup was the best-looking girl in this county and a catch for any man. Now what have you got against her? I believe you're jealous."

"SHE looks too much like her mother," said the old man meditatively, "and I don't like the set of that woman's jaw. Jane's fairly plump now and pink and white and her eyes are so bright and sparkling that, like an old fool, it never occurred to me to look at her jaw. But only yesterday I saw her walking up the street with James and it came to me all of a sudden that she was her mother over again, jaw and all."

"Mrs. Northrup is an awful hard worker and them that does the work generally gets the running of things. I guess you men lot old Bill Clancy run the Bachelors' Club year in and year out and never say boo yourselves. And you mark my words. If James hadn't married Jane he would have married that flighty little Leslie Harris. I suppose you would have liked that better?"

"I don't know. Leslie's sweet as a peach and I wouldn't mind marrying her myself, but I don't like the breed. I reckon that I'm as hard to suit as a fussy old rooster with one chicken. But, Miss Julia, if you could have heard James speak to the Republican convention in Topeka last month your eyes would have popped out of your head. They cheered him for a quarter of an hour when he got through—and him just twenty-four. They called him silver tongued but he's more than that."

"You think he's made of pure gold, don't you?" jibed Miss Julia good-naturedly.

"Well, I don't know. He's made of something pretty fine. But he's temperamental as a young colt that hasn't been hitched. Do you know that that boy remembers every man he meets and his name and where he met him? Presidents have gone into the White House for less. What he lacks is conceit—just natural everyday conceit such as every young pup of his age is bursting with. Miss Julia, are you sure Jane knows how to handle him right?"

Miss Julia was very sure and gradually convinced the Judge. Later the two old gossips talked of Leslie Harris.

"Seems to me I don't see Sam Fletcher cluttering up her side porch as much as he did," said the Judge.

"No, I don't believe he does, come to think of it. But Bud Howard is there a lot and I like him much better than I do that uppity Sam Fletcher. Leslie never lacks beaux. I do believe that if there were eighty girls in this town and one man that Leslie would have him."

## NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICAN UNITY STRESSED BY F. R.

WASHINGTON, April 16.—(AP)—"essential unity of interests" of the nations of North and South America was stressed Monday by President Roosevelt in sealing a pact rendering inviolable the cultural monuments in the Americas in case of conflict.

The treaty was signed in the White House by representatives of the United States and 18 Latin American countries.

Surrounded by diplomats and officials, the President turned the signing as "a step forward in the preservation of the cultural achievements of this hemisphere," and in effect invited the other countries of the world to join in it by adding:

"In opening this pact to the adherence of the nations of the world we are endeavoring to make of universal application one of the principles vital to the preservation of modern civilization."

He characterized the instrument as "but one of the many expressions of that basic doctrine of continental responsibility and continental solidarity which means so much to the present and to the future of the American republics."

Home portraits of family groups and children at special prices. Shangle Studio Phone 1308.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

## Heywood Brown Is Asked for Apology To Pres. Roosevelt

PHILADELPHIA, April 16.—(AP)—An apology to President Roosevelt and to the American Newspaper Guild is asked of Heywood Brown, guild president, by the executive council of the Newspaper Guild of Philadelphia and Camden for a remark attributed to Brown.

By resolution, the Philadelphia and Camden Guild council "regretted" the statement Brown was quoted by the Guild Reporter, this organization's periodical, as making. The statement was given as: "Labor's public enemy number one is Franklin D. Roosevelt."

Surrounded by diplomats and officials, the President turned the signing as "a step forward in the preservation of the cultural achievements of this hemisphere," and in effect invited the other countries of the world to join in it by adding:

Home portraits of family groups and children at special prices. Shangle Studio Phone 1308.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

## NEBRASKANS OPEN M'CARL CAMPAIGN

LINCOLN, Neb., April 16.—(AP)—A boom of midwestern progressive Republicans for John R. McCarl, comptroller general of the United States, for president, took on formidable stature today with the announcement of Nebraska progressives that supporters would be organized immediately.

George W. Kline, chairman of the Nebraska Progressive League, said the first step would be organization of local "McCarl for President" clubs, followed by the organization of state clubs. Kline said he had been urged to support McCarl for president in 1936 by friends of Senator George W. Norris.

The comptroller general, a graduate of the University of Nebraska law school and for many years Senator Norris' secretary, will retire on July 1, 1936, after a 15-year term.

High Court Upholds Bankers' Sentences

WASHINGTON, April 16.—(AP)—Sentences of eight years' imprisonment and fines of \$10,000 imposed on Z. D. Bonner, John H. Cunningham and June B. Marrow following their conviction of embezzling funds of the Commercial National Bank of San Antonio were permitted to stand today by the supreme court.

Bonner was president of the bank, Cunningham its attorney, and Marrow had possession of five \$100,000 United States government bonds.

## SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



FRED PERLEY RATHER STARTLED THE NEIGHBORHOOD BY HIS SOLUTION OF THE DIFFICULTY OF TAKING A GOOD BRISK WALK WITHOUT HAVING TO KEEP STOPPING TO REFUSE A LIFT

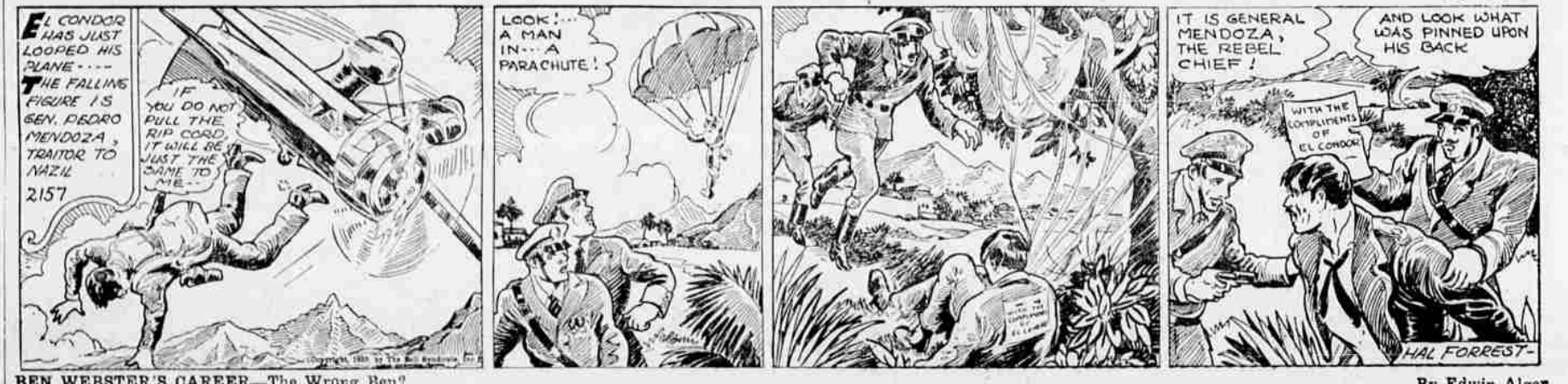
4-16 (Copyright, 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

## S-MATTER POP

By C. M. Payne



TAILSPIN TOMM—Ed Connor's Tailspin Trailer Number One—Via the Mail!

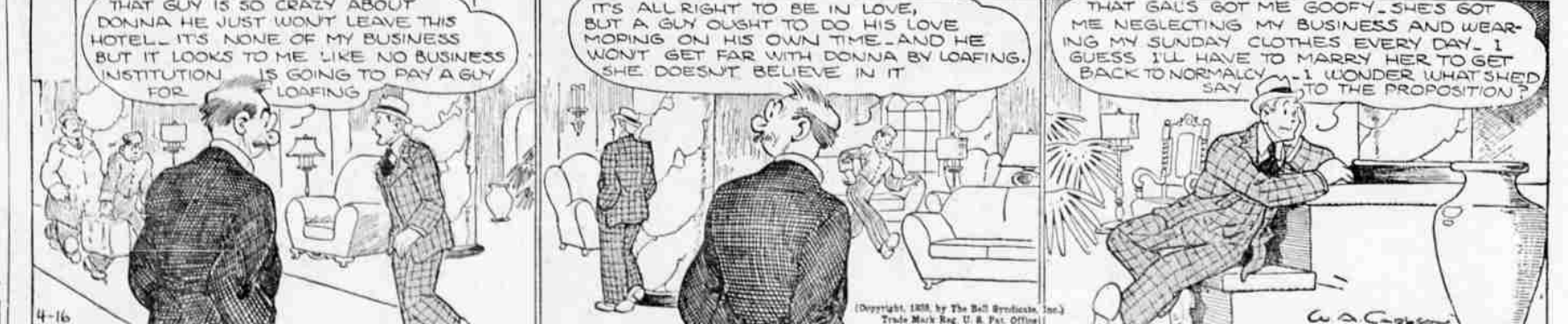


## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Wrong Ben?

By Edwin Alger



## THE NEBBS—Between Love and Duty



## BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



## ZEPHYR SETS RECORD ON RUN TO ST. PAUL

ST. PAUL, Minn., April 16.—(AP)—Blazing a new speed trail into the northwest, the Burlington railroad's new twin streamliner Zephyr arrived here at 1:46 p. m. today from Chicago, clocking off the 431 miles across Illinois and along the Mississippi to the Twin Cities at an average speed of more than 75 miles an hour.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

## LONGVIEW LUMBERMEN TAKING STRIKE BALLOT

LONGVIEW, Wash., April 16.—(AP)—Eyes of the Pacific northwest lumber industry will be focused on Longview Wednesday night when the local sawmill and timber workers local No. 2504, announces the result of a strike ballot taken last week.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.