

# GREAT RICHES

by Mabel Howe Farnham

**SYNOPSIS:** James and Jane Stinson have returned from a honeymoon in which there was only one untoward circumstance—James was not masterful enough. And Lucia Harris, whom James probably would have married but for Jane's efficient scheming and the help of the town busybodies to James to live up to the "gentleman" Jane's father and mother have given him and Jane.

## Chapter 25 ROUGH CORNERS

JAMES and Jane, meantime, were spending most of their evenings arranging or re-arranging their brand new furniture and three hundred and twenty-six wedding presents, or at least Jane was arranging and re-arranging while James was admiring each succeeding effect.

"Lord," James groaned one evening in mock despair, "I don't believe that anyone outside the Vanderbilts and Astors ever had so much truck."

Their plate rail, their tables and

to hang up his hat, to put away his umbrella, not to strew papers and parcels and God knows what all over the back parlor table.

He remembered one day and forgot the next. Just as he forgot important and vital matters like hours for meals.

"I don't see," he protested vigorously, "why the stars should stop in their courses because I am ten or fifteen minutes late. Why do we have to have dinner anyway at half-past six exactly?"

"For one reason because I have only one servant. A house is a little factory. It has to be run like one or a single girl cannot get through her work."

Jane bore it for a time with exemplary patience. She told herself that she had married a genius. Geniuses could not be expected to behave even as you and I. Still, it did seem sometimes that James was displaying more selfishness than temperament. And she had no intention of encouraging selfishness.

AS the weeks went on James developed a succession of irritating habits. Jane was soon complaining to her mother of her husband.

"What's the matter? You seem worried," Mrs. Northrup said one morning when Jane dropped in for



James was admiring each succeeding effect.

mantels and bureaus and book cases could scarcely hold all their valuable bric-a-brac. Clocks ticked in every room, picturess crowded the walls, fancy covers adorned the tables, mirrors gleamed in every available nook.

"I'll never be able to live up to it," James went on. "If ever two people started housekeeping in champagne style on a beer income it's us."

"Well, I wasn't brought up in bear style and neither were you. I've long prided myself on being able to make a dollar do the work of two. Don't you worry. Anyway, there's always Father to fall back on."

"Your father's heaped up with obligations already. I don't mind him giving you an allowance to spend on yourself, but I'd prefer to pay the house bills... live on what I make."

"All right," Jane replied cheerfully. "Father has done an awful lot. It's up to you now to hustle around and bring home the bacon."

"I'm trying to do just that," James said humbly.

"Of course you are. Of course I expect you to. Making a living is the very least of what I expect of you."

Jane smiled at him brightly and James kissed her. He did wish, however, that Jane did not accept the making of a living so casually.

OTHER young couples in New Concord started housekeeping in small cottages with the brides doing their own work. He did not, of course, expect Jane to do without a servant. Even in the Mansion they would have had to have a servant. Jane expected him to compliment her frequently because she managed to get along with one. And with all the dusting...

The servant question loomed large on the young Stinsons' horizon. Jane had already tried out two and lost them. Later she lost others. But this Jane claimed was more James' fault than hers and Jane probably was right.

In spite of all his good resolutions, James proved himself far from a model husband. Jane often said that five minutes after he came through the front door the house looked as if a baby elephant had been rampaging through it. James tried to remember

her usual daily enat. They were in the upstairs sitting room. It was extremely hot and Mrs. Northrup had closed the heavy wooden shutters leaving one pair slightly open to let light. Mrs. Northrup was hemming napkins and Jane had brought her crocheting. Neither believed in wasting the daylight hours by sitting with idle hands.

Though they wore light summer dresses, Mrs. Northrup's of black and white percale and Jane's of blue swiss dotted in white, they were heavily and tightly corseted. Jane's face was framed in little damp black curls. Her cheeks were flushed and there were tiny beads of perspiration on her perfect upper lip.

"My, but you are a pretty thing," Mrs. Northrup went on affectionately. "But you mustn't frown, dearie. It will make lines on your forehead. Tell me what's bothering you. Perhaps I can fix it."

Jane was seated in a low rocking chair close to her mother's. She immediately ceased to frown, smoothing away with her fingers any shadows of the threatened lines. "James wants a dog," she said ruefully. "He talks of nothing else—dog, dog, dog from the time he gets up in the morning until he goes to bed at night."

"But James has a dog, hasn't he? Two or three as I remember."

"Two. But he left them at his Aunt Sarah's because they were old and used to the place. Now he actually wants to buy a great big hulking puppy and raise it by hand. Naturally all of the raising and bother would fall to me. I tell him I won't have a dirty whiney noly brute messing up my house and breaking all my bric-a-brac. And I will not."

"I should think that would settle it."

"Settle it? You ought to be married to James for a week or two. When he wants anything, no matter how unreasonable, he thinks it ought to be my greatest pleasure to tear myself to pieces to get it."

"I'd soon disengage his mind of that idea," Mrs. Northrup jabbed viciously with her needle into the damask. (Copyright, 1935, Mabel H. Farnham.)

Tomorrow, the Stinson message sustains its first major calamity.

# SPANISH PRISONER AGAIN SEEKS HELP OF U. S. 'SUCKERS'

The old bunco game, whereby a person claiming to be in a prison, usually a foreign one, writes to a well known person in the United States, claiming he was "railroaded" into prison, and that if he can get out he will richly reward that person responsible for his release, has again put in an appearance in Medford.

A well known Medford business man recently received one of the letters, which he turned over to the state police. The letter is reproduced:

"Dear Sir: Due to a person who knows you and who has spoken very highly about you, I have made up my mind to entrust a matter of such delicate nature to your goodness which depends the future of my dear daughter as well as my existence. I am in prison and sentenced for failure and I beg you to inform me, whether you are willing to help me save a sum of \$185,000 Dollars which I possess in bank bills inside of a trunk that is deposited at a custom house of North America. After I send you some undeniable evidence it is necessary for you to come over here and pay the expense incurred in connection with my prosecution so the embargo on my trunks can be lifted and thus be able to recover a trunk which contains a secret and which cancels the baggage check that

was given to me on checking my other trunk for North America and which is indispensable to withdraw the said trunk from where it is at present.

"By way of compensation I would give you the third part of the said sum. Fearing that this letter should not reach you I shall not sign my own name until I receive your reply and shall then entrust to you all my secret. For serious reasons which I will explain to you send me an air mail letter. I beg you to be absolutely discreet."

"Due to the fact that I am in charge of the instructions of the inmates of this prison I am able to write as I do with entire liberty."

"For the time being I am only signing 'L.'"

"I cannot receive your reply to this at the prison but in case you accept my proposition you can send an air mail letter to a person of my confidence who will safely deliver it to me."

The bunco artists at the old prison game have spread their nets for several Oregon people, the state police said, and added that a surprisingly large number of people who receive

such communications swallow the bait freely.

The artist generally manages to find himself incarcerated in a Spanish prison, but the Mexican variety has sprung into popularity of late, as well as the American variety. A possibility that American prisoners can really be made to accommodate the "artists" would be enhanced if more people would turn such communications over to the proper authorities, the police stated.

# W. F. ISAACS ELECTED AS DIRECTOR OF C-C

Through mechanical error the name of W. F. Isaacs was omitted yesterday in the published list of newly elected directors of the Jackson County Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Isaacs, whose long identification with civic affairs makes him a valuable man in the chamber of commerce, was among the first nominated and elected for two year terms in the recent election.

## Fine For Digestion

# WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

## THE PERFECT GUM

### Fine For Teeth

# SHOWING OFF

IS INSTRUCTED TO TAKE SMALL GIRL WHO IS VISITING, OUT INTO YARD TO PLAY

PICKS UP SMALL STONE AND ANNOUNCES HE CAN THROW FARTHER THAN ANY BOY IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD

THROWS STONES UNTIL HIS ARM GETS TIRED, GIRL REMARKING THERE IS A BOY AT HOME CAN THROW FARTHER

SAWS HE'S AWFULLY STRONG, AND, WITH CONSIDERABLE EFFORT, LIFTS HEAVY ROCK TO PROVE IT. GIRL YAWNS

TURNS HER TO WATCH HIM TURN A CARTWHEEL AFTER SEVERAL FAILURES TURNS SOMETHING RESEMBLING A CARTWHEEL

FINDS SHE WAS MY WATCHING. SAYS HE CAN STAND ON HIS HEAD LONGER THAN ANYBODY SHE EVER SAW

STANDS ON HEAD, GETTING VERY RED IN THE FACE

TOPPLES AT LAST AND FINDS SHE HAS GONE BACK INTO HOUSE. SWEARS OFF WOMEN

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# S-MATTER POP

WHAT DO YOU MEAN ONE-WAY, POP?

THAT MEANS A MAN MUST DRIVE HIS CAR ONLY IN ONE DIRECTION ON THIS STREET

POP, HOW COULD A MAN DRIVE HIS CAR TWO DIRECTIONS?

GIVE ME A MINUTE, THAT'S GONNA TAKE THINKING!

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# TAILSPIN

LET'S RETURN TO TOMMY AND LOANNY. WHAT'S HAPPENING TO HIM-- YOU WILL RECALL THAT HIS HORSE STUMBLER AS HE ATTEMPTED TO CLEAR A SADDLE-- AND HE WAS CAPTURED.

CALLESSE! SO YOU THOUGHT TO ESCAPE? WHERE IS YOUR COMPANION?

I'LL GIVE YOU THREE GUESSES.

AND IF MY HANDS WERE FREE, GOMEZ, I'D GIVE YOU SUCH A WALL-OP THAT YOU'D THINK YOU WERE UP AGAINST THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION.

YANKEE PEEG! YOU MAKE THE RIDICULOUS WITH ME, ROJAZ MANUEL JOSE GOMEZ-- FOR THIS YOU HAVE COMMIT SUICIDE!

FOR LA CABEZA DE SAN JUAN, TAKE HIM AWAY-- GIVE HIM FIFTY LASHES IN THE PLAZA-- THEN I SHALL SEND HIM TO EL LIBERATOR.

2158

HAL FORREST

# BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER

LUKE, I'LL BET TEN TO ONE THAT THE POOR FELLOW KILLED IN THE AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT WAS NAMED BEN! AND THIS WAS FOR HIM!

LEMME READ IT!

Dear Ben-- Sorry to have been so delayed but we had difficulties at the border. First shipment will be within 48 hours. Have plenty of water available and check number with greatest of care. Locomotive

NOW WHAT IN THE NAME OF ALL THAT'S HOLY DOES ALL THIS MEAN? FIVE HUNDRED WHAT? AN' WHO'S LOCOMOTIVE?

I CAN'T ANSWER ANY OF YOUR QUESTIONS, LUKE, BUT I'LL TELL YOU ONE THING: WE'RE HEAD OVER HEELS IN A MYSTERY!

BE DAD, AN' I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF IT, NEITHER!

# THE NEBBES--Miss Deifier

MISS DEEN, THERE'S SOMETHING I'VE GOT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT-- IT'S VERY ESSENTIAL TO MY FUTURE AND MY BUSINESS SUCCESS.

YOU'VE JUST GOT TO MARRY ME TO MAKE A SUCCESS OUT OF ME-- WITH YOU AS MY WIFE, I'D GO TO WORK WITH A SONG ON MY LIPS-- I'D LAUGH AT FAILURE-- NOTHING COULD STOP ME!

MY GOODNESS, IT'S TERRIBLE TO THINK THAT I STAND BETWEEN YOU AND SUCCESS AND HAPPINESS-- JUST WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF I SAID NO? I'LL TELL YOU WHAT-- YOU'D SUK FOR A LITTLE WHILE AND THEN YOU'D FIND SOMEONE ELSE WHO WAS VITAL TO YOUR HAPPINESS AND SUCCESS-- YOU'RE A FAST WORKER!

4-17

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# BRINGING UP FATHER

BY GOLLY! I'M TIRED-- I DON'T THINK I'LL GO TO THE OFFICE TO-DAY. I'LL JUST LOAF AROUND THE HOUSE.

MAGGIE-- I NEED A REST AN--

I GUESS YOU DO NEED A REST-- NOW WHERE SHALL WE GO?

BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO GO ANYWHERE-- YOU SEE--

PLEASE DON'T DISTURB ME-- I'LL DECIDE WHERE WE'LL GO-- I'LL LOOK AT THE RESORTS IN THE RESORTS--

NOW I'VE GOT MESELF IN A NICE JAM--

4-15

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# 'BALLOONED' AUTO VICTIM SUCCEUMBS

PORTLAND, Ore., April 17.—(AP)—Fred Gates, 42, who became afflicted with generalized emphysema, or a "pneumatic" condition when injured in an automobile accident here last month, died Tuesday from an internal hemorrhage. Physicians did not know whether the hemorrhage was traceable to his injuries.

The "pneumatic" condition was caused by air leaking into the body tissue through a lung injury. The swelling "ballooned" his entire body from ears to wrists, including both arms to the wrists. Under ministrations of physicians the swelling had gone down and it had been believed Gates was out of danger.

# 32ND FATALITY IN PORTLAND TRAFFIC

PORTLAND, April 16.—(AP)—Auto traffic fatalities here this year reached 32 early today with the death of Mrs. Inez B. Miller, 78, struck down by a car March 6 as she was crossing a street.

Mrs. Anna L. Whitestone, 48, died last night from injuries she suffered when she fell from the moving automobile Wednesday. The door of the family car opened suddenly on a curve.

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