

# GREAT RICHES

by Mabel Howe Farnham

**SYNOPSIS:** James and Jane Stimson have returned from their honeymoon, still happy. They have arranged their 25th wedding presents in the house. James' father bought them and James is earnestly trying to live up to the exact style that imposed upon him. But he does want a pup and so for Jane settled by her mother has kept him from having one.

## Chapter 29 THE PUP

HOWEVER, in spite of Jane's firm stand, James brought home an engaging gangly-legged long-eared puppy bird dog about two months old, named Peter. James was fondly certain that once Jane had made his acquaintance she would succumb instantly to his manifold charms.

Peter was supposed to be house broken; and wasn't. Jane insisted that he sleep in an outhouse, where he howled all night. James got up early, comforted Peter, fed him, romped with him and left him in the kitchen in charge of the cook.

When he came home from the office the twins and Peter met him on the corner. It was a weak and wobbly Peter who crawled on his belly and whined abjectly instead of wiggling with expectancy and delight.

"Jane tied Peter to the back fence and left him there all day in the hot sun. He was almost dead when we found him," Nate burst out indignantly. James picked Peter up, hugging him close. He was all but speechless with rage and pity. "Did you... have you given him a drink?" he got out.

"Of course we have. And put water on his head and fanned him. We've worked over him for two hours," Norris answered.

A street car was approaching. With a grunt, "Thank you, I won't forget this," to the twins, James signaled it. As he climbed aboard one of the twins called after him, "I hope you beat her." "I'd like to," James all but said.

James gave Peter to Aunt Sarah and Aunt Lou, who loved him at sight. Peter would be happy with them. James had his dinner at the mansion and reached home at ten o'clock. He was in a towering rage and prepared to have it out with Jane. Jane, inwardly more than a little fearful, greeted him mildly, asked no questions, said she was going to bed.

"I'm going to bed myself. I want to read while I think I'll sleep in the front guest room," James said haughtily, and started toward the stairs.

"Aren't you going to kiss me good-night?" After a moment's hesitation James gave Jane a kiss on the cheek. He was so angry at the sight of Jane's serene equanimity that he was on the verge of blubbering. God knows what an exhibition he would make of himself if he had it out with her now.

They never had it out. James weakened first. He could not, literally could not bear, not so much Jane's disfavor as his own bitter disapproval of his beloved. After the first outraged anger had worn itself threadbare, James found himself making excuses for Jane.

ONE evening at the head of the stairs as Jane offered James her cheek for a goodnight peck, James put his arms around her and said humbly, "I'm sorry. I've been a brute."

Jane had been fearfully upset and enormously frightened that James might not give in and own her in the right. Several times she had been on the point of going after Peter and having him at the door to greet James when he came home from the office, but her mother insisted that she must not, arguing that if she weakened now James would have the upper hand the rest of their lives.

In her relief, Jane was both gentle and gracious. Making up their first quarrel was the sweetest hour either had ever known. For a week or two they remained drenched in the sweetness and the glory of that reconciling together. But by the third week Jane again found reason for complaint.

"James will not set an hour for Sunday breakfast," Jane told her mother. "He wants it at any hour he happens to wake up... one week at nine and another at eleven. It's maddening."

"I wouldn't put up with it for a minute. Training a husband is just like training a baby. It's simply a matter of breaking them in right at the beginning. Once they're thoroughly spoiled there's no doing anything with them."

"James was spoiled long before I ever got him. It's all I could do to

make him stop smoking in 6... still considers it a grievance because I won't let him read till all about when I am sleepy."

"Why not give him a room to himself? In my opinion separate rooms are better all round in numerous ways... for both of you."

Jane blushed. She evaded by saying that James was so sensitive, that she could not bear to hurt him.

The young Stimsons had their second quarrel about three months after their marriage. It was a terrible devastating affair and James did not recover altogether from it for weeks. It began on a Sunday, too, a hot Sunday morning and continued so bitterly that it kept them home from church. It started innocently enough as dreadful things so often do.

"Well," said James, yawning and stretching his arms inelegantly but luxuriously, as he pushed back his chair from the breakfast table. "I suppose Aunt Lou is starting freezing the ice cream about now."

"Yes we are, honey... surely this is Aunt Sarah's Sunday. We went to your mother's last week, didn't we?"

"But Mother is expecting us again today and I said we would come. You said nothing to me about going to your aunt's."

JAMES lighted his pipe carefully before he spoke.

"I just took it for granted that we were going home. I thought it was a sort of unwritten agreement, your folks one Sunday, mine the next."

"But I don't like establishing precedents," said Jane determinedly. "I hate to have every Sunday planned and given away without my consent. It's so binding—so final. Do you see what I mean?"

James got up and came around the table and kissed his wife just below a delectable pink ear. "I agree with you, dear," he said pleasantly. "I think we ought to have one Sunday occasionally just to ourselves. It's my only free day. Suppose we say one Sunday at your mother's, one at Auntie's and the third to do as we please."

But this wasn't Jane's idea either. It seemed she felt they ought to spend practically every Sunday afternoon at her old home, arguing that it was also her father's only free day. Moreover, in her heart of hearts Jane cherished a grudge against Miss Sarah for losing James' money and this grudge unfortunately increased rather than diminished as time went on and the expenses and needs of the Stimson household multiplied.

James remembered suddenly that Jane admired a masterful man and so, sitting on the arm of her chair and drawing her unyielding form close against him, he announced his ultimatum. "I will not go every Sunday afternoon to your father's and mother's, so we'd better come to a compromise."

Jane got up from her chair and refused all further caresses. She was not to be treated like a child she said, and walked determinedly up stairs. James followed her to their bedroom and there they argued, they battled; they found themselves suddenly enemies and almost hating each other.

In the end, Jane cried and James capitulated after a fashion. Every Sunday thereafter they ate their one o'clock dinners across the street with the Northrups. James, however usually left soon afterwards and spent the afternoons at his old home. This latter remained always a grievance. Why, James could never quite figure out, for he knew by bitter experience that he bored his wife's family as completely as they bored him.

Mr. Northrup had just two interests—his family and the making of money. James was interested in ideas. In people, in Jane, in himself, his clients, in points of law and in many foolish and unprofitable things, but he was never interested in money and its accumulation.

Talk of stocks and bonds, of interest and investments was to him but a dreary waste of valuable time. He was happier lounging about at his Aunt Sarah's, talking or reading or playing with his dogs. He was sorry Jane would not come with him, but if she wouldn't she wouldn't.

James, perhaps fortunately, did not realize until long after how much those peaceful restful Sunday afternoons in his old home meant to him or that he had been happier there, more his old self, without his wife.

James makes, tomorrow, two friends in the enemy's camp.

## GOVERNOR INVITES SCRIBES INSPECT ALL INSTITUTIONS

SALEM, April 18.—(P)—Inspection of all departments and institutions over which the state board of control has jurisdiction, "without fear or favor," will be made within the near future, Governor Martin announced yesterday just before the board members went into an executive session.

The governor declared the members would visit all places at unannounced times, with newspapermen invited as guests. At noon Wednesday the three members, with the state purchasing agent and several newspapermen visited the girls' training school near Salem.

The governor in his statement declared that "when inspecting these departments and institutions the governor will require the assistance of those responsible, and in all cases the newspapermen will be invited to accompany him. It is through the newspapers that he hopes to inform the citizens of Oregon as to the functions, problems, accomplishments, and the cost of operating each of the departments and institutions. The governor desires that all of our citizens be made familiar with the workings of the state government and its various divisions."

"It will require some time to make all of these inspections as only a few can be made each week. The

## GOVERNOR WILL NOT MAKE PUBLIC HIS ITINERARY, AS IT IS HIS DUTY TO VISIT EACH DEPARTMENT AND INSTITUTION WHILE IT IS IN NORMAL OR EVERYDAY OPERATION, AND IN ORDER TO BE SURE OF THIS, SOME DEPARTMENTS AND INSTITUTIONS MAY BE VISITED MORE THAN ONCE

## WM. YOUNG APPOINTED ON STATE COMMITTEE FOR NRA MOTOR CODE

Wm. A. Young, owner of Young's Auto-Service shop here, has recently received his appointment of membership on the Oregon state committee of the motor maintenance trade of the NRA, and has been appointed representative of Jackson and Josephine counties, known as district 10, with seven men under his direction.

Young has also been appointed on the state administrative committee, one of only seven members in the entire state. He returned yesterday from a meeting of NRA officials and all committee members in the state, held in the Benson hotel in Portland.

The motor maintenance trade had its code accepted and signed on January 13 of this year, and Young states that it is so nearly perfect that it is to be widely copied as an example in drafting codes for other industries. It is to be a rule of conduct for motorists and to the automotive trade alike, with no price fixing.

He announced that he will call a meeting of members of the trade within ten days or two weeks.

## RECOVERY SLOWED BY MEDDLING SAYS UTAH COPPER KING

SALT LAKE CITY, April 18.—(P)—Government interference was blamed by D. C. Jackling, president of the Utah Copper company, in a newspaper interview here today with hindering recovery.

"Congressional interference with private business—interference amounting in many respects to the assassination of private initiative—is not the way to restore prosperity," he said.

Declaring improvement in the heavy goods industries is necessary for permanent recovery, Jackling said government power projects are interfering with the power industry.

"Last year the public utilities bought only one-fifth as much copper as they bought in 1931, and 1931 wasn't a big year," he said. "If the government would help the utilities instead of harassing them, the Utah Copper company could double its production and Kennecott could reopen its three other properties, all now closed."

Jackling said the copper situation is a little improved over 60 days ago and considerably better than in the last half of 1934. Curtailment of foreign production will help the world situation, he said he believes, with an improvement in the domestic market. Failure to extend the excise tax on copper, which expires soon, would be "suicidal," he said.

## THE LAP

VISITOR ASKS WONT JUNIOR COME SIT IN HER LAP, JUNIOR SHAKING HEAD WIDELY

CAPTURES JUNIOR AS HE PASSES AND PULLS HIM PROTESTING UP ON LAP

CLASPS HIM FIRMLY SO HE CAN'T ESCAPE AND REMARKS CHILDREN LOVE TO SIT IN HER LAP

JUNIOR, BIDDING TIME UNTIL SHE RELAXES HOLD A LITTLE, THROWS HIMSELF SUDDENLY SIDEWISE

FINDING SHE HAS A PLEASANT LAP FOR SLIDING, NEXT HURRIES HIMSELF FORWARD

RESSES UP A LITTLE FROM MORE VIOLENT EXERCISES BY STANDING UP AND TRYING TO REACH FEATHERS IN HER HAIR

FALLING IN TART, DANCES UP AND DOWN IN LAP, UNTIL SET HASTILY DOWN ON FLOOR

DURING REST OF VISIT, MAKES VISITOR MISERABLE TRYING TO GET UP IN HER LAP AGAIN

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GLUYAS WILLIAMS

## SMATTER POP—

POP, I'M VERY SORRY!

## ABOUT WHAT?

I BUSTED A WINDOW!

## WELL, I'M GLAD TO HEAR YOU OWN UP TO IT

HERE'S A NICKEL FOR YOUR HONESTY!

## NOW I'LL TRUST ONE!

DON'T GO AWAY, POP!

## HEY!

HEY!

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Flooding!

THE FEDERAL ARMY HAS WON TWO DECISIVE BATTLES AND IS NOW HOLDING THE REBELS ON A WIDE FRONT PREVENTING THE MUCH THREATENED GRAND PUSH ON TO DEL SEGUNDO! MEANWHILE, LET US PEER INTO A CANTINA IN THE CAPITAL CITY, WHERE WE FIND TWO CIVILIANS TALKING IN GUARDED TONES—

## THAT IS THE ONLY CHANCE LEFT FOR US—WE MUST ACT PRONTO!

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## BUT THE RISK—IT IS—DANGEROUS!

IT WOULD BE... SI... IF WE PLANNED TO ASSASSINATE EL PRESIDENTE— THAT WOULD NOT AID OUR CAUSE—THE PEOPLE WOULD MARTYRIZE HIM—

## —AND THEY WOULD CONTINUE THE WAR—BUT THIS PLAN—AHH—IT IS PERFECT—AND I, LEANDER DOMINGO PORTOZA, PLANNED IT—

SH-H—DO NOT BOAST SO LOUDLY— LET US LEAVE THIS PLACE—I BELIEVE WE ARE BEING WATCHED—

## HAL FORREST

By Hal Forrest

## REN WEBSTER'S CAREER—An Interruption!

BE DAD, AN' NOT A NICKEL'S WORTH O' SLEEP DID I GET LAST NIGHT! ME OLD BEAN WAS TURNIN' OVER AN' OVER, TRYIN' TO DOPE OUT THAT NOTE—

## WELL, I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO FIGURE IT EITHER, LUKE— WONDER IF I OUGHT TO TELL SHERIFF BOYCE MORGAN ABOUT IT?

MAYBE YOU SHOULD, BEN—IT MIGHT BE LIKE RAIGIN' THE CURTAIN ON THE DEAD MAN'S PAST, AN' MAYBE MORGAN CAN TELL US WHO LOCOMOTIVE IS?

## SORRY TO INTERRUPT YOUR BREAKFAST, GENTLEMEN, BUT UNLESS MY EARS DECEIVED ME I HEARD SOME MENTION OF MY OLD ENEMY, LOCOMOTIVE!

## By Edwin Alcorn

By Edwin Alcorn

## THE NEBBS—Is That So?

HERE'S A HOT ONE— THAT MYSTERIOUS MISS DEEN IS RUNNING AROUND WITH THIS RAMLOSE FELLER. I THINK SHE SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF HERSELF!

## WHAT'S THERE TO BE ASHAMED OF?

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## WHAT SHOULD SHE BE ASHAMED OF, BECAUSE A NICE FELLER ASKS HER TO GO OUT? I'LL BET YOU'D LIKE TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF

IS THAT SO? I'M JUST A WAITRESS BUT I DON'T ACCEPT INVITATIONS FROM GUESTS!

## YOU CAN'T ACCEPT ANYTHING THAT AIN'T

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## By Sol Hess

By Sol Hess

## 17-YEAR-OLD GIRL MOTHER TRIPLETS

LOS ANGELES, April 18.—(AP)—Seventeen-year old Mrs. Estella Carranza today gave birth to triplets—two girls and a boy—in what attending physicians believed to be an extremely rare case for so young a mother.

At the county jail, Joseph Carranza, father of the triplets who is serving an 180-day sentence for disturbing the peace, exclaimed: "Well, I'll be darned."

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

Phone 542 We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

## APPLE PIE DAY IN CONGRESS CAFES

WASHINGTON, April 18.—(AP)—Today was "Apple Pie Day" in senate and house restaurants.

A recent boast by Representative Ewell of Oregon that his state produced the "most delicious apples in the world" affronted the pride of residents of western New York state.

WINDOW GLASS—We set window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Flowerbridge Cabinet Works.

ALL MAKES OF WATCHES repaired by expert watchmaker. Brophy's Jewelers.

## BRINGING UP FATHER

I WANTED TO STAY HOME TO-DAY AN' JU'S BECAUSE I TOLD MAGGIE I WANTED A REST, SHE DECIDED THAT WE SHOULD GO AWAY—I'M TIRED AN' I HATE TO THINK O' GITTIN' UP FROM THIS CHAIR—

## FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE! GET OUT OF THAT CHAIR. GO BRING THE TRUNKS DOWN. WE MUST PACK.

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## THIS IS A FINE WAY TO GIT A REST. I HOPE THIS IS ALL SHELL TAKE.

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## BRING ALL THE LUGGAGE DOWN SO I CAN DECIDE WHICH TO TAKE.

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## By George McManus

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