

GREAT RICHES

by Mabel Howe Farnham

ANSWERING Jane and James' question as to how they were getting on, she said she was very happy at the beginning of their married life, although she had had her ups and downs since then. But after two years there has been a definite change of fortune, for one thing Jane lacks the wonderful spirit of her mate, for another James is a little better at his work. Jane is a little better at her work, and she is a little better at her work. Jane is a little better at her work, and she is a little better at her work.

Chapter 31 CELEBRATION

AT THE end of their second year of married bliss Jane and James gave a little dinner to celebrate the occasion. As usual at Jane's dinners everything was beautifully and elaborately done.

There were squabs, champagne, a new fandangio called an artichoke which nobody but Jane knew how to eat. The artichokes were the hit of the party, though the ice cream in the shape of wedding rings made quite a sensation.

Nappy with great grace and ceremony opened the front door and waited on table. Jane wore her wedding gown and three of the available bridesmaids their made over primrose frocks. The guests were almost hysterically gay (due perhaps to the champagne).

answered Jane telly. She was not very well, for very good reason, and her nervousness made her careless of James' feelings.

James flushed but he managed to control his temper. "I made twenty-five hundred dollars last year and that's pretty good for a man my age in this town—the Judge says."

"The Judge says, the Judge says," mimicked Jane angrily. "You care more for his little finger than you do for all of me. Now, just when I don't feel well and won't be going out at all after a few weeks you set yourself against every single plan I make for having a good time."

James felt that this latter remark was both unjust and uncalculated for, so he said nothing and Jane went ahead with plans for the dinner. Of course she made up later—James could not bear to dwell in a state in which Jane withheld from him the favor of her approval—and he admitted he might have appeared unreasonable and selfish.

So the host greeted his guests as happily as did the hostess and seemed to enjoy himself during the first two courses as much as anyone present. Then the champagne was served and Bud Howard unfortunately remarked that the law bustness must be picking up.

VISITING DOCTORS GIVE INTERESTING TALKS TO KIWANIS

Between 40 and 50 members of Kiwanis, their wives, and Jackson County Health association were deeply interested at their noon meeting at the Hotel Medford today by the talks of Dr. Richard Dillehunt, dean of the Oregon Medical school, and Dr. Harry Dixon, prominent psychiatrist of Portland.

Dr. Dillehunt's message, delivered as preliminary remarks to those of Dr. Dixon, were on the subject of public health, and the importance of a proper maintenance of health standards, particularly in times of stress such as these. He pointed out the danger of losing advantages already gained if the standard is lowered now.

The medical school dean also pointed out that 45 years ago, the life expectancy was 41 years. Now it is 58, with the ravages formerly caused by epidemics of scarlet fever, small pox and diphtheria greatly reduced. Dr. Dixon pointed out the relation of sickness to mental condition, stating that the lack of mental security is the basis for many ailments. Criminals are made, not born, the doctor said, their inability to adapt themselves to their surroundings finally proving more than they can stand.

The two medical talks were pronounced the best of their kind ever given before the club.

Topsy Turvy Boy Proud Owner Of Babe Ruth Ball

FALL RIVER, Mass., April 20.—(AP)—Jimmy Neilson, California boy recovering from a diaphragm operation at Truesdale hospital, today was looking forward to the time when he will be able to romp about a baseball diamond with his playmates back in San Jose.

It is likely, however, he won't use the ball he fingered proudly as he lay in his hospital bed. Fall River friends gave it to him yesterday, and on it is written: "To Jimmy Neilson, From Babe Ruth and Rabbit Maravilla."

6-FOOT BLOOD SPURT CLAIMED BY WITNESS IN TRIAL OF LAMSON

SAN JOSE, Cal., April 20.—(AP)—A defense witness in the second wife murder trial of David A. Lamson testified today that he was injured by a bathtub fall and that blood spurts six feet or more.

The witness, Dr. H. A. Abbott, San Francisco physician, said he was hurt in a bathtub accident recently. He testified his head was injured and a small artery in the temporal region of his head was severed.

The blood, he said, spurts all over the bathroom and he lost about 14 ounces of blood. Dr. Abbott described the maximum spurts as six feet or more.

His testimony was designed to counteract the prosecution's contention that blood does not spurt great distances.

Barber Examiners Board Appointed

SALEM, April 20.—(AP)—A complete new board of barber examiners was appointed by Governor Martin today following acceptance of the resignations of members of the old board.

The new members are E. Z. Baxter of La Grande, A. H. Zastrow of Grants Pass and Samuel D. Gaunt of Portland. They will succeed J. F. Paradise of Baker, W. H. Gilmore of Albany and M. E. Rogaway of Portland, respectively.

THE FAMILY ALBUM—HOME EXERCISE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



THINKS WIFE WOULD FEEL BETTER IF SHE GOT MORE EXERCISE. PERSUADES HER TO GO OUT FOR A WALK IN THE SPRING AIR.

GETS UP TO ANSWER DOORBELL—A MAN WANTING TO KNOW WHERE ELM STREET IS.

RETURNS TO NEWSPAPER, BELL RINGING AGAIN. BOY ACROSS THE STREET IS LOOKING FOR JUNIOR.

A LITTLE LATER GOES TO TAKE IN A PACKAGE, FINDING IT BELONGS AT NO. 228. CHASES AFTER DELIVERY MAN.

SITS DOWN AGAIN, BELL RINGING IMMEDIATELY. DISCOVERS IT'S A BOY LEAVING ADVERTISING HANDBILLS.

GETS UP AGAIN TO LET JUNIOR IN, WHO WANTS A DRINK OF WATER.

ANSWERS BELL AGAIN, FINDING A YOUNG MAN SELLING TICKETS TO THE HIGH-SCHOOL PLAY.

CREEPS WEARILY BACK TO CHAIR, DECIDING THAT WIFE GETS PLENTY OF EXERCISE AT HOME ANSWERING THE DOORBELL.

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Jane was in great form and told some of her funniest stories and everyone agreed afterwards that it was a wonderful party—everyone, that is, except James.

In the first place James had opposed the dinner, said they could not afford it, claimed that it was an unnecessary extravagance and suggested instead that they spend the afternoon picknicking in the Stinson woods.

"If we can't afford to ask our friends to the house occasionally it seems to me you'd better stay down at the office and work," said Jane lightly. "Besides I'll charge the dinner to Father. He never minds."

An accusation of extravagance was to Jane like a red shirt to a bull for she prided herself on knowing how to buy and what to buy and in never wasting a dollar. If she spent more largely than James' income warranted it was because her father encouraged her to do so.

Mr. Northrup was reputed to be worth at least two million dollars and one of his greatest pleasures was in indulging his only daughter. He liked nothing better than to have her perch on his knee and explain that she hadn't a penny to her name or a rag on her back and needed dozens of things her poor young husband could not afford and her dear smart old daddy could.

Mr. Northrup always wrote her a check on the spot and assured James, if he were present, that Jane knew exactly how to twist the men round her little finger. He was fond of saying that Jane was a chip off the old block, and that she had twice the brains of most of the men in New Concord.

"BUT I mind," said James grimly in answer to Jane's taunt that her father would pay for their anniversary dinner. "He paid for our last party and the one before that. I don't believe there is another young couple in town that entertains as often as we do."

"If you'd spend less time taking cases for shiftless dinkies who never pay you a cent instead of turning down every chance you get to make money perhaps I shouldn't have to ask Father to pay for things."

"Or the grain business," said Jane quickly. Mr. Northrup dealt in grain. Everyone laughed, James included, in spite of the fact that he felt keenly humiliated. He told himself that Jane did not mean anything and that he was a fool to be hurt. A little later they began to chafe him about his budding moustache. This was all good-natured raillery and James enjoyed it.

"It makes you look older and fiercer some way, but I think it's becoming," said Julia Millard who sat on James' right. "How do you like it, Jane?"

"Has James grown a moustache? I never noticed," was Jane's mocking answer and of course this brought a nother laugh. James flushed a little and it occurred to Julia that Jane's tongue was beginning to be more than a little pointed. She wished Jane would be more careful. Of course she didn't realize, but it was a shame to hurt James that way.

Jane, however, went on shining. She mimicked with great gusto the manners and conversation of an acutely embarrassed farmer guest James had brought home for dinner the week before; and won her triumph of the evening by describing the dresses and behavior of certain wives and daughters of various small town and country representatives who had been present at the reception in Topeka given by the wife of the governor, which Jane attended with James.

James, during this recital, squirmed and wiggled, coughed and tried unsuccessfully to change the subject. Some of the women Jane was mentioning by name were wives of men who wielded enormous political influence—men whom James had taken the greatest trouble to win as friends.

James made up his mind then and there never to take Jane over to Topeka with him again—if he could get out of it. He was relieved and more than a little cross when the evening was ended and the guests were gone.

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James endures a small punishment, tomorrow.

REBELS HAVE HELPED UP THE TRAIN IN WHICH DOLORES GONZALES, DAUGHTER OF THE PRESIDENT, IS A PASSENGER



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Dolores in Danger!



REBELS HAVE HELPED UP THE TRAIN IN WHICH DOLORES GONZALES, DAUGHTER OF THE PRESIDENT, IS A PASSENGER



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REBELS HAVE HELPED UP THE TRAIN IN WHICH DOLORES GONZALES, DAUGHTER OF THE PRESIDENT, IS A PASSENGER



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Ben's Bombshell!



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THE NEBBES—WHILE DO YOU THINK OF 1937



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FALL FATAL FOR INDIAN SCOUTER

COLUMBUS, Neb., April 20.—(AP)—Captain Luther H. North, 80, Columbus pioneer, leader of the Pawnee Indian scouts in frontier days and last member of G. A. R. post here, died last night after a fall from the back porch of his home.

He suffered a skull fracture. North was one of the last of the sturdy group of scouts who played an important part in the winning of the west to civilization. He was one of the five white men commanding the famous Pawnee scouts when they guarded construction crews during the westward building of the Union Pacific railroad line.

A resident of Nebraska from the time he was 16 years of age, he was considered an authority on events connected with the early west.

OSCAR HAYTER HEADS BUS, TRUCK COMMITTEE

SALEM, April 20.—(AP)—Oscar W. Hayter of Dallas will head the committee named by Governor Martin today to study bus and truck legislation and make recommendations to the next legislative assembly, an executive announcement stated.

Other members of the committee will be Frank C. McCulloch, public utilities commissioner, and R. H. Baldock, state highway engineer.

The appointment of the committee followed passage of the big truck and bus law by the legislature which was filed with the secretary of state without the signature of the governor.

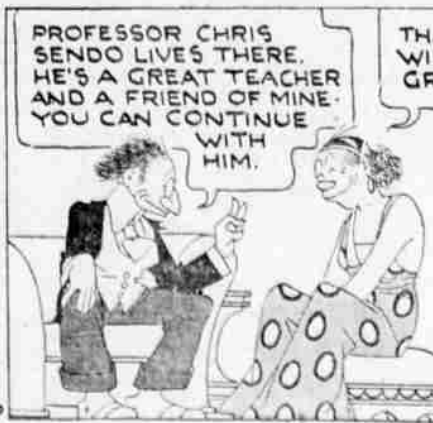
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