

GREAT RICHES

by Mabel Howe Farnham

SYNOPSIS: It won't be long, New Concord feels, before the brilliant match west of eligible New Concord had a hand in making the marriage of James Stimson and Jane Stimson, will come to disaster. James does not make enough money for Jane, and although James has been seen put away all thought of Leslie Harris, he must admit that Leslie, wife of James, might have been the wife for him.

Chapter 38 LESLIE'S QUESTION

LESLIE HARRIS had never married, to Miss Julia Pratt's keen and continued disappointment. About the time of the birth of the Stimson twins she had gone to Kansas City, and as the local paper put it, "accepted" a position in Kansas City's largest department store.

There, to New Concord's amazed surprise, she had in five or six years worked up from a humble clerk in the basement to the assistant to the head of the department of women's wear, and twice a year went East with the buyer to help select gowns and frocks.

All of the feminine half of New Concord who could afford it, except Jane Stimson, bought their gowns and frocks from Leslie as a matter of course. It was decided that this not inconsiderable patronage was responsible for Leslie's success. How else could a simple little dear like Leslie have attained to such business eminence?

Leslie, as a dressmaker's daughter, had imbibed a natural pattern about lines and colors and styles from her babyhood and she did know how to wear her clothes, but of course she was not really clever. It was said that she made seventy dollars a week, but New Concord did not believe this. How could she? Not half the professional men in her home town made so much.

Leslie continued to spend every other Sunday with her mother and father. She came one warm April afternoon to bring Miss Julia some yellow and lavender tulips. "Seems like your flowers always do better than mine," Miss Julia grumbled as she arranged her gift in a vase, "even though you're not here to look after them properly."

"They know how much I count on them," Leslie laughed. "I tell them I cannot bear it in the city unless I know they're here blooming for me. And then of course Father does take wonderful care of them. He's a better gardener than I ever was."

"It's a fine thing for your father for any man, digging and planting in the good warm earth." "It keeps him busy," Leslie said. And changed the subject. A little later she had drifted over to the table where the vase stood and by pulling a tulip here, loosening another there, had changed a stiff unhappy bunch of suffering blooms to a lovely group that relaxed gratefully in the sunshine.

With her nose buried in the tulips, Leslie said, "Miss Julia, what's the matter with Jimmy... with James Stimson?" "Matter? I don't know that anything's the matter. What do you mean?"

LESLIE turned and seated herself on the edge of the table, facing Miss Julia. "He's so changed. You must see it. I sat behind him in church. He looked so... so dispirited. And there are such deep lines... bitter lines around his mouth. Is it Jane who's done this to him? Or what?"

"I don't know. I don't think so. Jane's made him a fine wife. Everyone says so. I suppose the trouble is, if there is any, that we all expected too much of James in the beginning. He expected too much of himself. And now he's old enough to realize that he's just... just another run of the mill and nothing out of the way. I dare say it hurts."

"I don't think that's fair, Miss Julia. It seems to be the fashion in New Concord to belittle every thing James does. He's only thirty-one or two and already he's made a name... a small name, but a name... all over this section for his sound sense and trustworthiness and his real ability as a leader in court. Mr. Ellison hears all the newspaper gossip. He says James has won cases that would do credit to any city lawyer of twice his age. And he's made a living, a fine living for a country town. Why then does New Concord laugh at him? Why do they dare refer to him as 'poor James'?"

"Because James doesn't value himself enough, I suppose. If a man

doesn't think any too well of himself I've noticed that nobody else does."

"James thought well enough of himself before he was married, Miss Julia, you know as well as I that it's Jane. I only see him at long intervals. And every time I can notice the change. Jane is murdering him by inches."

"Yes, I mean just that. It's nothing short of murder to kill a man's self respect, his belief in himself. Miss Julia, can't you do something? Talk to Jane. Make her see that what she does to James she does to herself. If James' life is a failure, Jane's life is a failure, too. She doesn't seem to realize that, though it's so obvious. Someone must wake her up, point it out to her."

"There may be something in what you say," Miss Julia said uneasily. "Jane isn't always as tactful as she might be. Perhaps she doesn't handle him just right, though I know she means the best in the world."

"And you will talk to her?" "I'll try. I'm afraid it will be difficult."

Miss Julia went to call on Jane and as Jane had expected her they had tea in the back parlor. Jane was in a good humor. It always pleased her to have an occasion to use her beautiful silver tea service.

Miss Julia in her embarrassment ate five sandwiches and a large piece of chocolate cake before she could gather courage to broach the subject which had inspired her visit. At last she put down her cup, pushed back her plate and plunged in head foremost.

"JANE," she said, "I've come here to talk to you frankly about James and I'm scared to death. I've been interested in James since before he was born. It occurred to me the other day that we, you and I and all of us who love James, haven't been quite fair to him. Because we expected so much of him, expected miracles perhaps, we've got into the habit of making light of the very substantial things James has already accomplished."

Miss Julia went on to quote Leslie, enlarging on James' past and present achievements. Jane listened impatiently, studying Miss Julia's embarrassed face curiously. "Certainly James has made a living," Jane said, dryly, when Miss Julia paused. "So have most of the men of his age and condition. With the Judge to push him and his grandfather's name behind him I don't see how he could have helped it. But I confess I expected more from James than a bare living."

"I hardly call this exactly bare," commented Miss Julia tartly with an appraising glance at the richly furnished room. "You know perfectly well Father gave me this house. If I had to depend on what James made I'd be living in a dump."

"You'd be living in James' own house... one of the handsomest houses in town."

"Yes, out in Niggerville with darkies for neighbors. No thank you."

"Jane, I didn't come here to quarrel with you and I don't mean to. I'm fond of you and I admire you. But as an old woman twice your age I've naturally learned a few things you haven't yet got around to."

"One of them is that men are a lot more sensitive and a whole lot more vain than women. If you hurt that vanity and that sensitiveness they never amount to much. Women are tougher. They can stand a good deal of beating. But a man can't... and be anything of a man."

"Are you implying that I beat my husband?" "Not consciously, my dear. But every time you remind him that your father supplies your luxuries it's a lash of the whip. And every time you say what you just said to me, that if you were dependent on James you would be living in a dump, you make other people think less of him. That's only common sense, my child. You've got plenty of common sense. Think it over and you'll find that I'm right."

"Has James been complaining to you? Or is it the Judge? That doddering old idiot always has hated me, always has been jealous of me. I suppose James whines to him and he passes it on to you."

"You know how James was brought up? Fed with a silver spoon, waited on, deferred to like a little king."

FILM NIGHT CLUB PAYS CUSTOMERS; NIGHTLY RATE \$15

By ROBBIN COONS

HOLLYWOOD.—(P)—At the Cafe Marguerita, where Grace Moore sings and grand opera scenes are done in style, one can feed the body with chipped beef gravy on hot biscuits for forty cents, or get such homely provender as Manhattan clam chowder, ten cents (with meals 55c).

So a perusal of the prop menu reveals, and it is decidedly incongruous with the cafe setting unless the "popular prices" have something to do with the story of "Love Me Forever" (as well they might). The story is about a gambler who plunges a fortune into a swank cafe so that people can hear the heroine (Miss Moore) sing. He loses money—perhaps because of the numerous 40-cent meals suggested—but he doesn't mind, so long as people come to hear his artist in the kind of songs she wants to sing. His aim for her is the Metropolitan.

But more likely, the menu is like that because only a portion of it will show on the screen, that part in large type at the bottom which says: "No service while La Marguerita sings."

Your reporter spent a part of a morning on the cafe set waiting for the time when there would be no service, or rather for La Marguerita to sing. The time came in fact it

stayed—but still Marguerita did not sing. That is the way of pictures. But today the cameras were turned toward the audience. Director Victor Scherzinger was eliciting enthusiasm from the diners and sippers formally attired. Gaetano Merola, conductor, was conducting, quite authentically.

The director was working hard. Waiters must be placed properly, gay conversation must be sustained, chairs arranged so that each \$15 face will heighten the effect of a dull house. (Scherzinger was lamenting that he had no more dress extras to contribute to that effect.)

With everything finally set, the camera "rolled." The orchestra began to play—softly, for the real music was coming from the "playback" record—and Cheer Leader Scherzinger led the applause, timed its dying off, and evoked its resumption. Extras are obliging folk. They clapped and clapped, laughed and laughed, at the wares of Scherzinger's hand.

A few moments later, one heard La Marguerita. They played the final strains of Miss Moore's aria, to give the extra something to cheer about.

They cheered. But it was only the recording. Sitting there, smiling, Miss Moore listened critically and seemed to approve. But it was disappointing. The waiters did not serve, but La Marguerita—except on a record—did not sing.

Old Southern Custom
WASHINGTON, April 27.—(AP)—Endless, monotonous talk—the kind known only to filibustering senators—was the open throat hurled by southerners today into the face of an apparent senate determination to vote on considering the Costigan anti-lynching bill.

Dam Excavation Hits High.
COULEE Dam, Wash.—(UP)—Excavation at Grand Coulee Dam on the Columbia river has reached a new high record of 1,000,000 cubic yards of dirt and rock in two weeks. Removal totaled 3,500,000 cubic yards April 1.

Girl 14, Minister.
LITTLE ROCK, Ark.—(UP)—Eugenia Hilton, 14, is an ordained minister of the Nazarene church here.

Fine For Digestion

Fine For Teeth

LESS NOISE, PLEASE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

FULL-THROATED GAME OF TAG IS GOING ON IN ONE OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD BACK YARDS

HEARS MOTHER CALLING TO HIM

SHOUTS WHAT DID SHE SAY, HE CAN'T HEAR?

MOTHER REPENTS

SHRIEKS AT HERBIE AND BUD TO KEEP QUIET FOR GODNESS' SAKE, SO HE CAN HEAR HIS MOTHER

THIS PRECIPITATES A THREE-CORNERED BED-LAM, HERBIE AND BUD SCREAMING THAT THEY WEREN'T BEING NOISY

IN LULL, DUE TO EVERYONE BEING OUT OF BREATH, MOTHER CALLS NOT TO MAKE SO MUCH NOISE, THINK OF THE NEIGHBORS

GOES ON PLAYING, SHRIEKING MORE OR LESS STEADILY FOR EVERYONE TO BE QUIET

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S-MATTER FOR

DID POP GIVE YOU THE DIME?

NO

HOW DID YA ASK HIM?

I TOLD HIM WHAT A NICE BOY I AM!

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SKETEER AND ZORRO, THE SWAMP FOX

YOU NO LIK GOMEZ?—I NO LIK HEEM—'EES-A GREAT OX WEETH BRAIN LIKE GNAT—

WAN TIME 'EES SAY 'EES PROMIS TO RID COUNTRY OF EL ZORRO— I NO LIK THAT—

SAY, MISTER FOX, HOW'D YOU LIKE TO TAKE GOMEZ FOR A RIDE—ER, I MEAN KNOCK 'IM FOR A GOAL LOSS?

FOR NADA, 'AT 'YO MEAN— 'THOSE LOST GOLD?

I DIDN'T SAY GOLD— I SAID— WELL— LET IT PASS— WHAT I MEAN IS— I KNOW HOW YOU CAN CAPTURE GOMEZ, AN' HIS WHOLE OUTFIT—

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BEN'S

NOW BOYS, WHEN I TOLD YOU TO PLAY DUMB I MEANT IT—I WOULDN'T HAVE YOU RUN AROUND OF LOCOMOTIVE FOR ANYTHING— BUT YOU CAN HELP ME!

HOW, CHUCK?

FATE GAVE YOU THE CHANCE, BEN, WHEN IT BUMPED OFF THE OTHER BEN IN THE ACCIDENT AND SENT YOU, WITH THE SAME FRONT HANDLE, TO THIS RANCH!

LOCOMOTIVE DON'T KNOW HIS BEN IS DEAD AND THE BIRDS BRINGING UP THE CATTLE TONIGHT NEVER SAW THE OTHER BEN—

AND IF I'M JUST BEN TO THEM, I MAY LEARN SOMETHING, EH?

YOU MAY LEARN EVERYTHING BEN! WILL YOU DO IT?

YOU BET I WILL!

HEY, BRIAR! WHERE'S YOUR MANNERS?

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THE NEBBS—What Now?

I WIRED MY DADDY THAT WE WERE MARRIED AND THAT WERE STOPPING HERE— ON HIS BURDEN OF FINANCIAL DIFFICULTIES I HAD TO THROW THE LAST STRAW.

LISTEN, PLEASE, DON'T TAKE ON LIKE THIS— EVERYTHING WILL TURN OUT ALL RIGHT.

MY DADDY WAS ALWAYS SO PROUD OF HIS BUSINESS— OF HIS POSITION IN THE COMMERCIAL WORLD. HE'LL NEVER STAND THIS BLOW.

WE'LL LOOK AFTER YOUR DADDY— HE CAN HAVE A HOME WITH US— HE MAY NOT HAVE EVERYTHING HE'S USED TO BUT HE'LL HAVE THE BEST WE'VE GOT.

I SUPPOSE I WAS WRONG WHEN I GAVE HER A JOB? I KNEW SHE WAS CLASS— IT TAKES CLASS TO TELL CLASS!

OH, I SEE— YOU KNEW SHE HAD CLASS— YOU NATURALLY WOULD TAKE YOU OUT OF GRADE SCHOOL BECAUSE YOU WERE ALWAYS SO LATE— IT TOOK YOU SO LONG TO SHAVE.

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BRINGING UP FATHER

MY YOUNG BROTHER WAS ARRESTED LAST NIGHT, JUST FOR TAKING A VAN FULL OF FURNITURE. HE'S ONLY 19. COULD YOU PLEASE HAVE MR. JIGGS GET HIM OUT?

I'LL SPEAK TO THE JUDGE.

YOUR HONOR— I'VE KNOWN THE BOY A LONG TIME— AND IF YOU LET HIM OUT I'LL MAKE HIM AN ASSOCIATE OF MINE.

NO! HE STAYS IN JAIL! THAT WILL KEEP HIM OUT OF BAD COMPANY.

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SALES TAX TOKEN SHORTAGE LOOMS

OLYMPIA, Wash., April 29.—(AP)—A shortage of tokens—and a great surplus of legal troubles—today faced the state tax commission, as it looked toward the initiation of the new two per cent sales tax on next Wednesday.

THE GRANGE

There will be a chamber of commerce chicken dinner at the Eagle Point Grange hall Thursday, May 2 at 6:30 p. m.

Prize will be served by the Home Economics club of the grange, after which members of the chamber will have charge of the program. Preparations are being made by the committee to serve at least 200 and that number is really expected.

All members of the chamber and grange are cordially invited. A nominal charge will be made.

At Fourteen Eggs in 15 Minutes.

TABER, Alta.—(UP)—Herschel Robinson, 13, won \$1 on a wager that he could consume 14 eggs in 15 minutes. The guest measure he downed 17 in the required time limit.