



GREAT RICHES

By Mabel Howe Farnham

SYNOPSIS: James and Jane Stinson are not getting along well. It is obvious to all New Concord. Usually, after a conversation with Leslie Harris, whom James once loved, Miss Julia Pratt takes it upon herself to try to reason with James, who is destroying all her young husband's confidence in herself by her overbearing and not too well bred tactics. But poor Miss Julia finds she has only landed a torpedo of wrath upon herself.

Chapter 33. GREAT NEWS

"YOU know as well as I do, Miss Julia," Jane almost shouted at her guest, "that the Judge and old Grandpa Stinson were always stuffing him with drive about his being the original boy wonder, certain to set the world on fire.

"Naturally, he objected when I treated him like a human being instead of a pampered poodle who just had won a ribbon at a bench show. It's been nothing but object, complain, object, complain, ever since we were married.

"But I did think he was man enough to confine his complaints to me. I did think he was gentleman enough not to go on in the highways and byways and spatter his own wife with mud. It seems, however, that I was mistaken."

Miss Julia said simply, "Jane, I am horrified." She got to her feet and marched to the door. There she said, over her shoulder: "As far as I know, James has never complained of you to anybody. But if he did, God knows I should never blame him."

And that was the end of Miss Julia's attempt to set matters right between her two favorites.

James that evening stayed downtown to dinner at the new Rotary Club, and Jane had time, with her mother's help to indulge herself in an orgy of self-pity, which culminated, when James got home, in near hysteria.

Jane sobbed that she was sick of New Concord, sick to death of being laughed at and jeered at because of James' continued failure. He had promised her when he married her to take her away from New Concord. He had asked her to be patient, to give him a little time.

Hadn't she been patient? Hadn't she? For eight years she had smiled and endured and worked her fingers to the bone, putting up a front, making a penny do the work of a dollar, entertaining his friends, pretending, pretending, until she was worn to a shadow, that he was successful.

And all the time James was content to stand still, to do nothing, be nothing but a small-town lawyer... just a country lawyer, making a miserable three thousand a year. He was supposed to be an orator. And the only ones he could corral to listen to him were a lot of bumpkins at the Rotary Club. If he were a man...

James listened patiently, with bent head. At last, when Jane was sobbing quietly, he said, "How would you like Topeka for a change?"

"Topeka? I'd prefer Topeka to this ghastly little town."

James explained that the Judge had decided that afternoon to let him run for the state legislature. His candidacy had been announced at the Rotary Club dinner.

JANE stared at him blankly. "You might have told me... but of course, I'm only your wife. Naturally, I should be the last to know."

"McCullough only told the Judge today he wasn't well enough to make the race. I could have telephoned you, but I wanted to tell you myself."

Jane went to bed that night a crushed and injured soul, but by morning she was cheered and elated. What might have happened between the Stinsons if James had won his first political goal will never be known. Certainly Jane was both charming and stimulating and very patient with James during the next few weeks. She was correspondingly cast down and irritated when James failed of the nomination by one vote.

James failed of that vote, and others, because it was told all over New Concord and New Concord County that Mrs. James Stinson had said that, while Andy Plumber from Donphan was a perfect dear, his old trump of a wife ought to be locked in at home or else tied up in the back yard, instead of being allowed to tag him to political conventions.

Mrs. Plumber was one of the most popular women in the Donphan neighborhood, the kindest of neighbors, the greatest hand in sickness. James knew the reason for his de-

feat; everybody knew it except Jane herself. James had not the courage to blurt out the truth to Jane. What good would it do? Jane was half sick with disappointment and disliked him enough as it was. He shrank from adding fuel to her growing dislike.

But her brothers were neither afraid of Jane nor tender of her feelings. The twins, home for their Thanksgiving vacation from Kansas University, remote as ever and usually silent, made a point of mimicking Jane in James's hearing:

"Yes, old Andy Plumber is a dear, a perfect dear," Norris informed Nate in a high falsetto voice. "I do believe the old goat's actually got sex appeal!" And tittered.

"You don't say!" Nate contributed, in equally high falsetto.

"I do say. But, my dear, you should see his frump of a wife. She must have got her clothes at a rummage sale. And James actually expected me—me, who's been East to school and had a year in Urope—to invite the old rag-bag to dinner. Can you imagine it?"

"But, my dear, you are of course the wife of the candidate. It would have been poisonous, naturally, but we women were made to suffer. And even old frumps and old frump's friends have votes."

"I would die first; yes, I assure you, my dear, I would die first. I said to Jennie Dodson (Jennie was the greatest gossip in town), 'I said, 'Jennie, Andy Plumber will never be anything socially until he locks his old frump of a wife in dog kennel.' Jennie was so amused. I thought it was rather good myself."

"HE HE! Very good. Very good indeed. I have no doubt Jennie repeated it everywhere. I have no doubt that even rilly it got to Andy and Mrs. Andy herself. She must have been crushed, yes, my dear, crushed. That witicism of yours must have assuaged James his nomination. Naturally, the Plumbers and the Plumbers' friends would never have dared lift their heads aghast you had put them in their place!"

Jane did not give her devoted brothers the satisfaction of the angry trade they were expecting, but slipped noiselessly out of the side door and went home. She was choking with hurt and mortification.

She had never in her whole life been so bitterly wounded in her pride, her self-esteem. Safe in her bedroom, she paced back and forth for hours, assuring herself that it was not true, that it was James' fault, not hers, that he had lost that nomination.

In her heart of hearts Jane knew that the fault was hers. And since it is a common characteristic of all but the highest human nature to hate whomever one has injured, Jane came close in the next few months to hating James.

Everything seemed to go wrong for Jane that next year or two. She was fretful and unhappy and not very well. Her tongue grew sharper and sharper, her square little chin, which had been rounded by soft white flesh, became more and more aggressive as she lost weight.

She "fell off" in her looks, too, as Nappy said, "something scandalous." Most of the friends of her own age were by this time married and having babies, and all were too busy to listen often to Jane's complaints or even to her funny stories, which now seldom failed of their sting. Jane ceased after a time to be popular.

The younger crowd, while they came to her parties, openly left her out of theirs. She tried church work and tired of that. She tried getting up a country club and failed, partly because she chose to be sarcastic at the wrong moment to Nan Hudson, whose husband had offered to give a thousand dollars.

She tried running the Junior League, and made so many enemies in a few months that the members held an unofficial meeting behind her back and afterwards voted down on black everything she suggested, no matter how meritorious. More and more convinced was Jane that she had outgrown New Concord, and for days at a time she would barely speak to James.

They might by now have been in Topeka. They might have been in Topeka! Oh, if she had married a man and not a mink sop. Why, even Leslie Harris, working for a living in Kansas City, had a richer life, a better time.

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James loses his best friend, tomorrow.

MORE DISCIPLINE FOR CHILDREN IS ADVICE OF PASTOR

Speaking Sunday morning from the topic "Parental Religion and Discipline" at the Church of the Nazarene, Fred M. Weatherford, pastor- evangelist took his message from the second chapter of 1st Samuel.

His remarks follow in part: "The scripture we read discloses the failure of Eli in the exercise of parental discipline over his two sons, who through their moral and spiritual failure, brought the priesthood of their father into disrepute.

"Discipline is the basic fundamental in character building. Solomon gives us the measure and secret of discipline—Prov. 13: 24. He that spareth his rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes. And again in 29: 15 The rod and reproof give wisdom; but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame."

"Never in the history of our nation has there been a time when discipline was so much needed as at present. At just such a time when America needed the fruits of moral and spiritual discipline and a profound loyalty to its principles of governmental democracy there has been a decided slip. Education that does not give due recognition to moral discipline is as likely to produce an Al Capone as a Calvin Coolidge. That kind of education which has substituted free thought among the im-

LAKEVIEW JUDGE IRKED BY NOISE PORTLAND COURT

PORTLAND, April 30.—(AP)—Circuit Judge Arthur D. Hay of Lakeview wants quiet in his court room and he's going to have it.

Judge Hay is here assisting local judges in trial work. A set of pneumatic drills and steam roller engaged in street repair work under the court house window had created such a din the court and jury could not hear the witnesses. Judge Hay sent for Sheriff Pratt.

"My court," he said, "is being disturbed by the noise of a steam roller and an automatic riveting machine. I can see no reason why they can't do this work when it will not interfere with the court. I now order you to cease these men to cease operations where they are sufficient; near to stop the orderly operation of the court."

Sheriff Pratt said, "I'll do my best."

"Well, you'll do it," Judge Hay replied. "The court has the power to stop that noise and I am now ordering you to do it. I could rope off the street if necessary but I don't want to do that."

The foreman of the street repair crew agreed to cease operations.

Kentucky's 1934 burley tobacco crop brought the farmers \$14,000,000 more than they received for 1933 production.

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

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

FORMER MARINE CORPS QUARTERMASTER DIES

WASHINGTON, April 30.—(AP)—Brigadier General Charles L. McCowley, retired, quartermaster general of the marine corps from 1916 to 1929, died Monday of heart trouble at his home here.

General McCowley, a native of Boston, was 69, a veteran of the Spanish-American war, the Philippine insurrection and the world war.

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SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



WHEN MRS. PERLEY GETS A FISH BONE STUCK IN HER THROAT, FRED FINDS THAT THE QUICKEST WAY TO DISLodge IT IS TO DRIVE UP AND DOWN THE ROAD BY THE NEW REAL ESTATE DEVELOPMENT

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TAILS IN TOMMY—SKEEL



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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Luke's Advice



THE NEBBS—Forgive Me



BRINGING UP FATHER



SINCE CASEY GOT THAT NEW BUSINESS, HE'S HIGH-HAT AN' HE'S BEEN SAYIN' YOU'RE NO GOOD!

IS THAT SO, MIKE?

I'LL GO DOWN AND GIVE CASEY A PIECE OF ME MIND!

I'M ACHIN' FER A FIGHT—I HAVEN'T THROWN A BRICK THIS YEAR

YES, THEY'RE HANDY THINGS

I GUESS I MISUNDERSTOOD WHAT MIKE SAID—

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NOTED DIAGNOSTICIAN, DR. TAMIESIE, PASSES

PORTLAND, April 30.—(AP)—Dr. J. Philippe Tamiesie, 79, Portland diagnostician, died suddenly here today. He had not been in good health the past month.

He was a member of the first graduating class of University of Oregon medical school in 1899. He studied extensively in London, Paris and other European centers after going abroad in 1912.

He is survived by his widow, two children and four brothers, among them J. C. Tamiesie of Eugene.

The coastal section of South Carolina, once a heavy producer of rice, quit commercial production about 30 years ago.

The Rev. Mr. A. W. Altenharn, pastor at Hultshausen, Kas., prepares copies of each sermon for those in his flock who do not hear well.

LIQUOR COMMISSION TO STAY IN SALEM

PORTLAND, April 30.—(AP)—Arthur K. McMahon, chairman of the Oregon liquor control commission announced at a meeting here Monday that none of the work of the commission that has been done in Salem will be transferred to Portland.

There had been some discussion of moving the Salem office of the commission to this city as a result of the loss of quarters when the state house burned. The commission has found quarters, however, in a Salem office building and will remain there until a new statehouse is built.

Anton H. Dorheim of Charleston S. C., who learned watch-making as a youthful apprentice in Germany, has been working at his trade for 43 years without interruption.