

GREAT RICHES

by Mabel Howe Farnham

SYNOPSIS: The Great War has at least one good deed to its credit. It ended an impossible situation between James and Jane Stimson, who finally were growing to hate each other, and it took James out of New Concord, Ore., just when he was beginning to doubt his capacity to succeed. Now he has returned a major, with a lion of which he is proud, and has marched with his men in a great parade at St. Louis.

Chapter 41

HOME TO JANE

TWO weeks later James was mustered out and came home in earnest. It was probably the proudest hour of his life, when he limped up Commercial Street at the head of the men of his county and New Concord cheered itself hoarse. New Concord was his own beloved town once more. He had not faltered when his moment called.

When "the General" returned home Nappy was so immensely relieved and so blissfully happy that he was for once almost speechless. All he could say was "Dawg gone! Dawg gone!" over and over while tears ran shamelessly down his face. It was noticed in New Concord that Nappy thereafter limped a little when he walked. He was never able to walk quite straight again any more than was James.

Jane had not been idle during James' absence. With a husband at the front James' sharp speeches of the past were tolerated and forgiven. Jane helped organize and run the New Concord chapter of the Red Cross, helped sell Liberty Bonds, helped raise money for home relief for the Y.M.C.A.

She proved so efficient both as a speaker and as an organizer that her fame spread. She was asked to go to Saint Joseph and make speeches there. She went and remained to help with the Y.M.C.A. hut and canteen at the railway station. Fully occupied at last, her natural energies and undoubted organizing abilities finding for once an outlet, Jane forgot to be sarcastic, forgot all about her health, became what she was meant to be, a happy and efficient youngish woman, even a charming youngish woman. She seldom had time to think of James, but when she did she thought of him kindly, even fondly; that is until she met Mrs. Benson.

MRS. BENSON was one of the Wymans of Saint Joseph, so was not only born with a golden spoon in her mouth, but acquired a full golden service on her marriage. Left a widow in 1917 Mrs. Benson decided to forget her grief in "service."

A cousin in New York suggested that the "man" a fully equipped ambulance with women nurses, women doctors, women drivers and place it at the disposal of the French government. The suggestion was acted on, the French government accepted Mrs. Benson, meeting Jane and taking a great fancy to her, asked her to go with the ambulance as alternate driver to herself.

Never in her whole life did Jane so passionately want to do anything as much as she wanted to go to France. And she could not. She was not allowed to go because she had a husband there. Nina Butterfield went in her place.

Jane, who seldom cried, cried herself sick. James had been glad enough to have James enlist. Now she accused him bitterly of hideous and unforgivable selfishness.

He was a married man. Married men had no right to volunteer until all the unmarried men had been enrolled or conscripted. The way he fairly ran from her to throw himself into the army was a slap at her. He had no right, he had no right.

Jane tore the gold star flag she kept in her bedroom to shreds and stamped on it. For once she admitted to herself, openly and unashamed, that she hated James.

In a day or two Jane got hold of herself. A second and larger flag with a gold star still hung over the front steps of the house on Fifth and Oak Streets. When the flag grew stained and the star tarnished, Jane bought a new one and nailed it into place herself.

She did not criticize James outwardly, not even to her mother. She dared not, for fear of the ugliness that might escape and betray her. After a little she grew almost ashamed, almost contrite, for that moment of self-frankness when she had admitted she hated her husband.

Of course she did not hate James. She despised his weakness, his incapacity. But even though she did not love him she did not hate him.

would not allow herself to hate him. A smaller woman, a woman less fine might easily . . . but of course she did not and would not. Because it was expected of her, because other women from New Concord were going, Jane went to Saint Louis for the big parade and to welcome James fittingly. They met after the parade was over in a small wired enclosure around the Saint Louis city hall, with an admiring multitude pressing against the wire and making audible comments concerning the fervor of each hero's embarrassed embrace of his nearest and dearest.

Jane was beautifully, even exquisitely, dressed in a new dark blue suit and toque of velvet violets. James kissed her awkwardly, told her she looked like a bride, asked her a few questions, and found he had nothing whatever to say to her. The hour they had together before he left for camp James spent in introducing his wife to his comrades. Their evident admiration of Jane was a pleasant fillip to James' pride.

"YOU'LL soon be home," Jane said at parting. "I'll soon be home," James answered and tried to smile. He knew, and Jane feared that he knew, that she did not want him back.

Two weeks later James came home to stay. After the second welcome, the second parade in New Concord, which took place fairly early in the morning, Aunt Sarah had a family luncheon at the Mansion. There had been during James' absence a semi-reconciliation between Sarah Stimson and the Northrups.

Mr. and Mrs. Northrup went with Jane to the luncheon. Mr. Northrup did most of the talking. The Northrup twins had both enlisted in the aviation corps, and though they did not get to France Mr. Northrup made it plain that in his opinion the flyers had taken all the risks that were worth anybody's mentioning. A flyer faced death daily, took his life in his hands every time he went aloft. While a mere infantryman . . .

The luncheon could hardly be called a howling success. After it was over and the Northrups were impatient to depart, James said brusquely that he meant to stay awhile with his aunt. He had to see to a lot of things about the place.

"I'll take Mother and Father home and come back for you in an hour or two," Jane suggested brightly. It was evident to her husband that Jane was schooling herself to endure patiently and with wifely sweetness the stings and exasperations of their renewed relationship.

With a sudden swift intuition James realized that Jane was one of those women (and there are more than anyone guesses) to whom marriage becomes inevitably a galling bond. She was not sexless, but under-sexed. Sooner or later any husband, James particularly, but any husband, would have annoyed and exasperated her.

"Jane just naturally doesn't like men much," was the way James put it to himself. To be sure she was fond of her father; but he was an old woman if there ever was one. She had never cared for her brother, never liked the Judge, had never been interested in what James called "man talk."

James refused decisively to allow Jane to come back for him. He needed exercise, was spilling for exercise. He'd follow her after a while. The Northrups drove off in a huff in the shiny brand new car which was Mr. Northrup's gift to Jane as a thank offering (or consolation) for James' safe return. James spent the afternoon lolling about the Mansion or the yard, basking in the admiration of Aunt Sarah and Aunt Lou and the adoring Nappy or to swapping yarns with the latter. It was late in the afternoon when he left.

Jane telephoned at six o'clock with a second offer to come after James. She was informed that he had just gone.

She telephoned at seven to say that her carefully prepared dinner was spilling in the oven. She telephoned at eight to say haughtily that she was at her mother's and that her husband would find her there.

Nappy answered the final call and told Jane that the last he had seen of the General he was streaking it down the River Road toward Leavenworth. Looked to him like the General was good for a good ten or fifteen miles.

James meets an i. w. w. tomorrow.

BIRTH OF BANTAM BRINGS BLISS TO HEART OF PARROT

LOS ANGELES, May 2.—(UP)—Jacqueline, a lady parrot—who used to be "Jack" until she laid an egg—was a mother tonight, but her offspring will never talk.

That's because "Chickie," the child, is not a parrot at all, but a bantam rooster.

This strange confusion in the Jacqueline family limb came about through a series of unintentional misunderstandings, certain delinquencies of nature, and the kindly tendencies of Mrs. Ida Marsh, Jacqueline's owner.

For 12 years Jacqueline was called "Jack" and she responded to the name with very dirty looks. Nobody was able to figure out what was wrong, since "Jack" was a perfectly good parrot name.

Then "Jack" laid an egg. "Goodness gracious!" Jacqueline exclaimed—something she never said as "Jack."

So she promptly sat on the egg. For days she sat, her eyes aglow with the beautiful bliss of motherhood. But nothing happened to the egg. Jacqueline became querulous, and finally openly suspicious.

Mrs. Marsh, to allay Jacqueline's motherly doubts, decided to supplement the ways of nature. She substituted another egg.

The result was a surprise, both to Jacqueline and Mrs. Marsh. The egg, which she thought was a parrot egg, turned out to have been fertilized from a hen's nest. Chickie, the bantam, was the issue.

But Jacqueline, who is no stickler for biological distinctions, apparently figured that eggs is eggs, and immediately began to lavish on her microscopic offspring all the affection of long-repressed motherhood.

"Sometimes when she pecks, I have to grab Chickie away," Mrs. Marsh explained. "Jacqueline means well, but a macaw's bill isn't exactly the thing with which to caress a little chick."

"But Jacqueline gets so mournful when I take Chickie away I always have to put her right back. She always welcomes it back, and mothers it as if it were a real parrot."

"I really don't know how it is all going to turn out."

More than 27,000 Kentucky school children have been given free lunches daily since last fall by the Kentucky emergency relief administration.

Bleeds To Death After Falling On Open Knife Blade

BAKER, May 2.—(AP)—Kermit Knutsen, 16, was fatally injured this morning when he fell on an open knife he was carrying as he ran along the green chains at the Stoddard Lumber company plant in South Baker.

The knife severed an artery in the chest and the boy apparently bled internally. Kermit, who was born in Regina, Canada March 12, 1919, is survived by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Knutsen, two sisters and a brother.

ARMS TRADE BAR TO WORLD PEACE

LONDON, May 2.—(AP)—Viscount Cecil of Chelwood today denounced the armaments trade as a bar to peace.

He declared it was wrong in principle that in any country there should exist great interests which must depend for their prosperity on war preparations, saying they were almost bound to be in opposition to the general peace policy of the country.

"Whenever you get a state of tension in international affairs," he asserted at the first sitting of the royal commission investigating private manufacture and trade in arms, "the values of shares of armament firms go up."

"There have been cases in which active steps have been taken by armament interests to prevent the conclusion of disarmament negotiations. The most striking of these were the efforts of Mr. William B. Shearer for certain firms in America to prevent the conclusion of the disarmament conference at Geneva."

Portland Cops Watch For Beer War Flareup
PORTLAND, May 2.—(AP)—Police were on the alert here today to prevent further outbreaks of difficulties between two union organizations, members of which clashed here last night in a flareup of the prolonged "beer war."

The groups are the Brewery Workers' union and the Teamsters' union, which for months have quarreled about jurisdiction over certain brewery employes.

THE FAMILY ALBUM—EXPLICIT DIRECTIONS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Skeets Receives Compensation



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Cattle a Comin'



THE NEBBS—That's Telling 'Em, Kid



BRINGING UP FATHER



IMPROVEMENT VET HOSPITALS OKEHED

WASHINGTON, May 2.—(AP)—The veterans' administration has announced approval of construction and improvement projects in its hospitals throughout the country. Projects approved included:

- Roseburg, Ore., \$156,000, including \$127,000 for recreation building.
- Portland, Ore., \$55,000, including \$25,000 to convert the neuro-psychiatric building for general and convalescent cases.

The funds will be obtained, in some instances, the veterans' administration said, from the regular veterans' administration appropriation. In other cases, the administration hoped to obtain the necessary funds from the new relief fund.

2000 ACRES YOUNG TREES LOST IN FIRE

VANCOUVER, Wash., May 2.—(AP)—Forest service employes said today that more than 2,000 acres of young timber was devastated by fires which burned last week in widely scattered sections of Clark county.

Although weather conditions have been favorable since the heavy shower Monday night, the fire menace still remains, according to George Heeger, district state fire warden. Should winds shift to the west and warm weather again prevail, the situation would be almost as bad as it was Sunday when fifty fires broke out, he said.

Sea scallops, heretofore believed rare in North Carolina waters, recently were found in great numbers 20 miles off shore.

By George McManus

