

GREAT RICHES

by Mabel Howe Farnham

SYNOPSIS: The Great War served, at least, to postpone what seemed an inevitable break between James and Jane Stinson. It took James out of New Concord, Ore., and away from the late business that his miserable home life was slowly destroying. James could have a minor "accident" at his home by an apparently pleasant Jane—and found that he didn't have anything whatever he wanted to say to her. Now he is home, and has simply walked out on Jane after their first luncheon together.

Chapter 42 JAMES' WALK

JAMES had left the mansion with every intention of walking as fast as his legs would carry him the two miles that separated him from his waiting dinner, at Oak and North Fifth Streets. He was late already. Jane would have a right to be sore as hell.

He came to the lane that dipped abruptly down to the River Road. Almost involuntarily his feet turned into it. He was a coward, a cur, a contemptible ass. But he had not, he could not find the courage to go back and face Jane.

He knew, nevertheless, that sooner or later he must go back. It was impossible, being what he was, just to walk out of her life and never see her again, as he desperately longed to do.

Well, this was his last day in uniform, the last hours he had left to feel himself a man and not just a husband. Wasn't he entitled to spend these hours to suit himself? The Northrups, mere and mere, were certain to put in an appearance that evening.

If he had to listen another half hour to more of Mr. Northrup's slobber there surely would be murder done. God! How he would enjoy squeezing that fat purple throat, grinding his hob-nailed heel on that blotched overfed face!

James ate his "welcome home" dinner out of a can beside a camp fire. It consisted of stew, baked potatoes, coffee and raw corn whiskey.

His host was an extremely dirty but engaging member of the I.W.W. who had been thrown off the Kansas City local a few miles north of Leavenworth. James saw the camp fire from the road, made for it and was invited to dinner.

He stayed until after ten, arguing the merits and demerits of the capitalist system. He had a glorious time. So did his host. By the time James had drunk his full share of the quart bottle he had pledged himself solemnly to a war of extermination of the capitalist class.

Shooting was too good for them. He'd begin in the morning. And he knew just who he'd begin with. But first he had a little matter to settle which could not be put off any longer. If his friend, his dear friend Bill, would look him up in the morning.

James heaved himself unsteadily to his legs, wrung the hand of his new-found comrade and started northward. The first mile or two he sang, he danced, he capered. Afraid of Janet's afraid of the Northrups? He laughed long and loud. He hadn't been afraid of the Germans, had he?

He hadn't been afraid to tackle a nest of machine guns? Well, yes, he had. He had been damned afraid. He'd even been sick at his stomach. But he'd kept on going, hadn't he? Just as he'd kept on going now until he'd had it out with Mrs. James Stinson and told her a thing or two that needed telling. One thing was that her paunchy nitwitted old bore of a father should never step foot over their threshold. The damned old capitalist! His friend Bill was right.

BY the time James came to Commercial Street his head was a little clearer. He was not so anxious now to face Jane and have it out with her. Jane had a nasty way of getting under his hide and putting him in the wrong, no matter how guiltless his actions, how virtuous his motives.

It would be like her now to say that he was drunk. He had never been so sober in his life. Let her say what she liked; he wouldn't listen. After she had finished he would have his turn. He kept doggedly on.

When he came to the house at Oak and Fifth Streets he saw that the lights were on. Crossing the lawn cautiously James peeked under a blind. Jane and her father were in the back parlor. Mr. Northrup was asleep in his chair. Jane was sitting bolt upright with a red spot on either cheek. She looked as if she had been crying.

But he'd bet his Sam Browne belt against the chances of the Germans at the Peace Conference that Jane wouldn't do any crying when she saw him. She'd be too busy flaying him alive. James pulled his cap down over one eye at a jaunty angle, straightened his tie and marched manfully up the front steps.

Step by step he felt his courage oozing down his spine, down his legs, out of his lagging toes. But it was too late now. They must have heard him. He gulped and opened the front door.

Jane stood in the archway between the hall and the front parlor. James closed the door behind him and took off his cap. One glance at Jane's angry contemptuous face, at her tightly compressed lips and James' eyes fell.

Mr. Northrup stirred in the next room. James looked this way and that, anywhere but at Jane. He found himself glaring at the inoffensive tables and chairs, glaring at the walls.

There was a large photograph of Jane on the mantel. It seemed to James that those pictured eyes were looking down at him and sneering... as Jane was now sneering. Those eyes said to him that he was a coward and a failure. They knew that he could talk big to a drunken tramp, could talk big to himself. But talk was cheap.

"Where have you been?" Jane spat at him.

"Nowhere. Just walking around."

"I don't believe you. Why, you've been drinking. You're drunk. You loathsome, disgusting beast! On your first night... after two years... you leave me here, frantic with anxiety, and go off and get drunk! You dare to come home drunk!"

She beat her hands together frantically. Mr. Northrup appeared behind her blinking sleepily. His hair was rumpled, his tie askew. When he caught sight of James he was suddenly fully awake.

"You," he said, "you... contemptible good-for-nothing drunk! You ought to be horsewhipped, yes, horsewhipped. If it were not for the scandal, I would do it myself."

"YOU had better go home, Father dear," Jane said evenly. "I can deal with James drunk or sober. I have a few things to say to him that I'd rather say to him alone." She smiled, an ugly thin-lipped smile.

There was anticipation in this smile and... and pleasure. It would be a pleasure to Jane to goad and sting him. Horror of Jane, horror and loathing engulfed him. He stared at her a long moment. Why, he wasn't afraid of Jane. By God's mercy he wasn't the least afraid of her. James abruptly laughed loud and long.

"It may seem funny to you," Jane said, thrusting her face close to his across the table, "but I confess I fall to see anything funny in a drunken lout coming home to his wife, horrible, filthy... God, if you could see yourself!"

James stopped laughing as suddenly as he had begun. He leaned even closer to Jane, his hands on the table. "It isn't funny," he said soberly. "I only laughed to keep from crying. We ought to be crying, both of us. It's a mercy that you ought to thank God for on your knees that you cannot see yourself... as I see you... as you are."

Mr. Northrup, who had been fairly dancing up and down in impatience, broke in. "You'll hear from me in the morning, young man. Yes, you'll hear from me. If you say a word more to my daughter in your present obscene condition I warn you that..."

"Shut up. Another blast from you and I'll throw you out of that door. Just you open your pig sty of a mouth again..."

Mr. Northrup had already opened his mouth. He closed it hastily. James turned to Jane.

"May I ask you one question before I go? It's a question that's haunted me for a long time."

Jane, clinging to her father, nodded but did not speak. James asked, "Did you love me when you married me?"

Jane amazingly shook off her father's restraining arm and came forward, came around the table. "Of course I loved you, my dear. Of course I loved you," she said and put a timid hand on James' shoulder.

"But I never loved you, so I am the one most to blame. Forgive me. And forget me. Goodbye." (Copyright, 1935 Mabel H. Farnham)

Monday, James goes home again.

GERMAN WEDDINGS FALL FAR SHORT OF OFFICIAL GOAL

Nazi Eugenics Experts View With Alarm Failure of 300,000 Couples to Wed — Hard Times Blamed

By Rudolf Josten
BERLIN (AP)—Nazi eugenics experts are viewing with alarm the failure of 300,000 couples to marry.

They consider the world war as partly responsible for a hitch in the "be fruitful and multiply" program because a great decline in marriages is expected after 1936.

One of them, Dr. H. Burgoeder, says the low birth rate during the war is an "unconquerable obstacle" in maintaining the present "record trend to marriage registry offices."

Many Thousands "Missing"
This trend led to 366,174 marriages between May, 1933, and the end of 1934, with the aid of matrimonial loans inaugurated by Adolf Hitler as a main pillar of his repopulation scheme. The figure is cited as proof of the plan's success.

But Dr. Burgoeder finds that another 300,000 couples are "missing"—they "should have married, but didn't."

Adverse economic conditions are

blamed: "These marriages were due in 1933 but had to be postponed because of the depression," he maintains.

He expects the run on the registry offices to continue until the second half of 1935, "when the pre-war resources will be exhausted" and a rapid decline in weddings will set in.

Try to Forestall Drop
Unable to fill the gap of the war years, during which births dropped from an average of 2,000,000 annually to fewer than one million, racial experts now are concentrating on encouraging fruitfulness among newly-weds.

Their idea is to forestall another serious drop in the birth rate after 1936 when "the few war children" will begin to marry.

It seems their efforts have not been vain. For the first time since the war, birth registration passed the million mark last year, official figures placing the number of 1934 babies at 1,169,918, some 213,000 more than in 1933.

The report emphasizes that 157,881 children were born in 1934 to couples who married under the matrimonial loan plan. Couples who marry with a government subsidy can deduct 25 per cent of the amount of the loan for each child born.

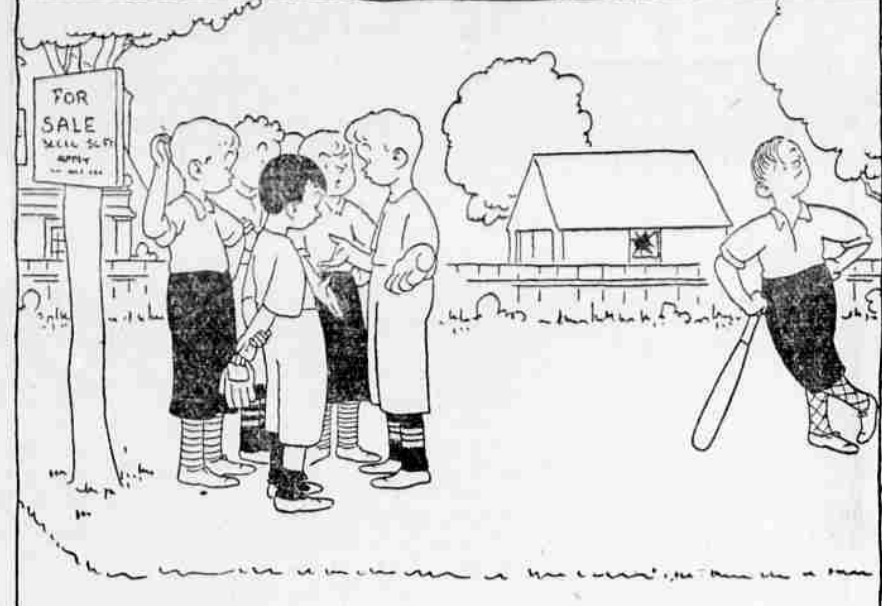
Cupid Felt Depression.
LOGAN, Utah—(UP)—Cupid found a real depression here: not one marriage license was issued the last half of the week, said the county clerk. The first time in history such a period has passed without issuing or making out application for marriage license.

"Baby Ruth" Still Fat Girl.
SARASOTA, Fla.—(UP)—"Baby Ruth" Pontico, circus fat lady, is recovering at her home here after a 30 weeks' illness. Baby Ruth has lost 100 pounds during her long illness, but she still hasn't the girlish figure. You see, she dropped from 650 to 550 pounds.

Auto Shooting Record Set.
LANTHA, Mo.—(UP)—Some sort of record was set by Jack Lawrence, farmer-marksman, who brought down a wolf at 75 yards while riding in an automobile traveling 40 miles an hour.

DIFFICULT DECISIONS

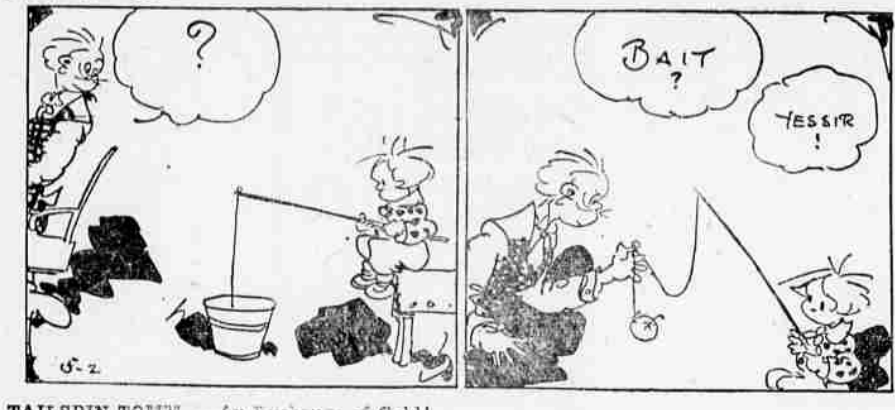
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



THE TEAM DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO ABOUT THE HEAVY HITTER WHO HAS JUST MOVED INTO THE NEIGHBORHOOD, BECAUSE WHILE HE'S SURE TO LEAD THE LEAGUE BATTING, THE TEAM IS RAPIDLY GOING BANKRUPT PAYING FOR THE WINDOWS HE BREAKS

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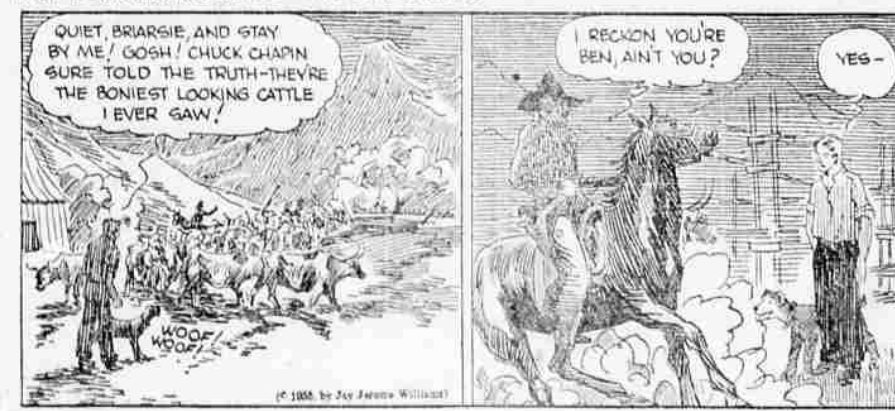
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BRINGING UP FATHER



By C. M. Payne

By Hal Forrest

By George McManus

Mink Attacked Woman
NEWCASTLE, Me.—(UP)—A mink invited trouble for itself when it entered Mrs. Howard Cushman's kitchen here. After hearing his wife's screams, Cushman came to her rescue and the mink jumped at him. He was able to strike the animal on the nose and kill it before it touched him. The pet brought the Cushmans a few dollars.

Pet Snake Expensive
ST. LOUIS, Mo.—(UP)—A pet snake proved an expensive item to Charles Siefel, manager of a packing company retail store here. It cost him \$400 in circuit court when a jury returned a favorable verdict to Jennie Jefferson, wife of a policeman, who charged Siefel with frightening her with the reptile.

Gold Tooth Sold for Spire
BATTLEBORO, Vt.—(UP)—Two CCC boys, whose names were withheld, paid for their run through the teeth. They entered a jewelry store to raise funds. All they had that was valuable was a gold tooth in the upper jaw of one of the youths. The tooth was sold for \$1.50 for the gold and the boys disappeared.

Snook Divorce After 26 Years
ALBANY, Ore.—(UP)—After 26 years of married life, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Campbell, parents of six children, decided they were not suited to each other and could not make their marriage a success. Mrs. Campbell filed suit for divorce on grounds of desertion. Three of the Campbell children are married. The other three are minors, the youngest being a boy of 8.

Spurs Shine Machinery
BOSTON—(UP)—For 63 years Antonio Hoelling, 77, has been repairing shoes and not once during that period has he used any machinery. He takes pride in his fine work by hand. After learning his trade in his native Germany, he opened his shoe repair shop in Buttercup row, Roxbury, in 1872.

Ashes Scattered in Square
MEMPHIS, Tenn.—(UP)—Before Christopher C. Wagner, 80-year-old Memphis pioneer, died he requested his ashes be scattered in Court square, a city park. This was denied by city officials, however. A had precedent, they decided. So his remains will be buried in Memorial cemetery.

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