

GREAT RICHES

by Mabel Howe Farnham

Chapter 48
SCANDAL

BUT James did not spend all his time before his marriage with Leslie. He realized only too well that he had to bestir himself if he was ever to succeed in fulfilling the fine promises he had made on a certain summer afternoon on a Kansas hill top.

As yet James asked for no favors, but he started edging in at political gatherings, both state and local and lined up with the progressive and bawky younger Republicans—those determined to kick free from the domination of the "Old Guard" and start a new deal for others and themselves.

He took an active part in the fall primaries. He began, under cover, to pry into the use and disbursement of the city and county monies. He found them shamelessly misused. The local bosses discovered that Jim Stinson was sniffing around the Court House and laughed at him brazenly. They had laughed at him for years.

"Of course, I may not be able to prove a thing," James explained to Leslie. "They're rotten as hell, but they've got everything sewed up tight. Going through with it may mean political suicide. It's certain to mean a big loss of business; they're already blackballing me right and left. But if you're willing to take a chance, to live on half my present income..."

Leslie was not only willing but stirred and excited. James promptly went to work in earnest and in a short time uncovered one of the ugliest scandals in all New Concord's history. James got nothing out of it in a money way. In fact, as he predicted, for a while he lost money. But before James got through an erstwhile county attorney was in the penitentiary and several eminent citizens were frozen with terror lest they be sent to keep him company. And the big boys, although they distrusted James, began to conciliate him.

And then just a few weeks before the date set for his second wedding the American Legion held a national convention in Kansas City and James, to his delight and surprise, was invited to make the opening speech. The announcement came on the heels of James' rather spectacular success in cleaning up local affairs in New Concord.

The newspapers, even the Kansas City newspapers, chose to reprint this. One paper sent a reporter up to New Concord to interview James. James had gone with Leslie to call on a number of his former clients. The reporter, not wishing to waste his day, decided to interview the old timers who remembered Governor Stinson.

There were not many old timers left. One of them, by the grace of God, sent him to call on Miss Julia Pratt. Miss Julia gave him a wonderful interview. Later, she took him out to see Miss Sarah and the reporter photographed the Mansion, photographed Miss Sarah and Aunt Lou. The result was a full page in the Sunday paper. Other papers printed bits of it. A graduate used much of the heat of it. And so it happened that James had his first taste of the potent wine of publicity.

IT went perhaps a little to James' head. Leslie, radiant with pride and joy made the most of it and insisted that he be proud of himself. It was splendid preparation for the day when he was to make his momentous speech and prove to his home town that he, "poor James," was after all worthy of their confidence and worthy of their votes.

For James had made up his mind to run for Congress in 1928. James knew that he had to make good in Kansas City. New Concord was non-committal. If he succeeded they were ready to make much of him. If he failed there would be a chorus of I-told-you-so's.

Practically every man attending that convention would be the son or grandson of a pioneer. James decided to make the pioneers his subject.

If James idealized those earlier times he was not aware of it. James believed with his whole heart and soul in every word of his speech.

It was not long; James was not to be the principal speaker. Finally he committed it to memory. But after he had it all by heart he suddenly turned shy and could not bear to let Leslie hear him speak it aloud. In the early mornings or late afternoons, alone in the fields or the Mansion grounds, he repeated his speech again and again

to the somewhat puzzled robins and wrens and red birds who were not in the least interested. But as the great day grew nearer and nearer James' courage and confidence began inching out of him. "It isn't that I don't know my speech," he explained to Leslie, "but that I'm not certain it's a good speech."

"But I'm such a damned sensitive fool that if I catch sight of one person in the audience yawning or sneering I'll lose my grip. I remember once out in Nortonville at a Grange meeting I had a corking speech and I caught sight of... of someone in the front row just looking superior... as if I wasn't such a much... and I went all to pieces."

Leslie knew all about Nortonville. It had at one time been common talk in New Concord. It was Jane who sat on the front seat looking superior. Well, Jane, thank God, thank God, was in New York. Leslie assured James that his audience would probably have dined well and be in a good humor.

SO James went down to Kansas City on a moment uplifted in an ecstasy of pride and confidence and the next sunk in a chill of despair. Leslie, of course, went with him. Leslie was to hear the speech from the back wings of Convention Hall, as James was afraid that even the sight of her dear face might upset him.

Leslie ate her dinner alone in a hotel that night as James was dining with his comrades. She met him afterwards back stage and found him in reasonably good spirits. "I'm all right. I think I'm all right." Leslie pressed his hand and left him.

She slipped into the wings where she could watch the audience, watch her beloved in his moment of triumph or failure. She clenched her hands and demanded rather than prayed, "Help him God. He's had such an unhappy life. You know."

She opened her eyes, choked back a sob. And could not believe what her eyes showed her. It couldn't be... it just couldn't. It was.

There on the aisle in the fourth row in a beautiful glittering gown of blue sequins sat Jane Northrup-Stimson. Where James could not look up with her superior smile... with its hint of a sneer... And in ten minutes... five minutes, James was due to walk out on that stage...

A hand began playing. There were shouts and cheers. Leslie did not hear them. She had to save James. God had failed her. He had forgotten James. He allowed Jane to come there... sit there... and hadn't struck her down...

Leslie never remembered just how she got around the stage and out at a side door. But a minute or two later she found herself on the floor of the hall clutching the shoulder of a boy scout usher. "Do you see that lady in blue, in the fourth row?" she asked breathlessly.

"Yesum."

"If you'll deliver a message, bring her to me quickly, just where I tell you I'll give you five dollars... no ten. Will you? Will you? It's a matter of life and death almost... terribly important."

The boy scout, amazed and pleased, promised faithfully to deliver the message. "You say to her," Leslie went on, "that Mr. X" (here Leslie used the name of the very very august personage who was to be the main speaker of the evening) "Mr. X begs Mrs. Northrup-Stimson to come back stage for a few moments as he has something of the utmost importance to say to her."

"Then bring her to that little cloak room... the third door down the stairs under the stage." Leslie described the location of the cloak room explicitly. The boy fortunately knew it.

"Now go. Here's your ten dollars. Hurry. Hurry."

"Yesum."

In the small littered cloak room under the stairs lighted by one dim dirty electric bulb, Leslie waited and waited. She had time now to notice that the band was playing "Over There, Over There," and that a thousand masculine voices were lifted in lusty and hilarious song. Minutes, hours... eons went by. There was the sound of distant clapping and cheers that shook the rafters. And then a sudden clap of thunderous silence. James was already under the stage...

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Monday, a Boy Scout does his daily good turn.

CANADA RELAXES LAWS GOVERNING TOURISTS

OTTAWA, Ont.—(UP)—The Canadian Government is relaxing its customs regulations affecting tourists entering Canada in an effort to attract more visitors. In future, the government will allow free entry to a number of articles, such as camping outfits, wearing apparel and other personal effects, heretofore admitted subject to deposit. It has extended the time limit during which tourists from abroad may stay in Canada without a permit from 24 to 48 hours. Household furniture and other effects brought in by a non-resident for the temporary equipment of a summer residence and to be exported within the season, will be admitted upon reporting them to the customs office and depositing a sum of money equal to the duty and taxes on the articles.

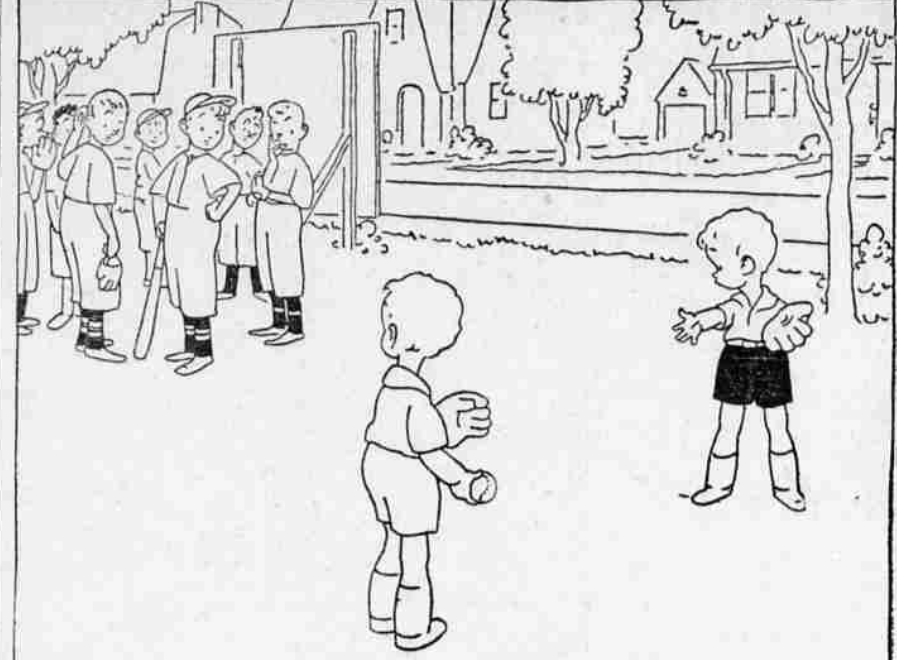
STATE WORKERS MAY TRY DAYLIGHT TIME

SALEM, May 10—(AP)—State officers and employes may observe daylight saving hours during the summer months. The board of control, at the suggestion of State Treasurer Rufus C. Holman, today requested a survey be made of departments for expressions on the daylight saving recommendation. If and in favor, such an order would be made. The rule would go into effect May 15 and continue until September 13. Work hours would be from 7 to 12 and from 1 to 4. The clocks would not be changed. Use Mail Tribune want ads.

FORBIDDEN GUN COSTS 13-YEAR-OLD BOY LIFE

TRILBY, O.—(UP)—Thirteen-year-old Chester Christmas wanted to hunt crows so badly that he couldn't resist his father's warning not to use his revolver. The forbidden weapon cost him his life. The boy's mother, Mrs. Pauline Christmas, said his father had forbidden him to use the gun and that he showed so much disappointment when she relayed his father's order to him after the parents had talked it over. "But that afternoon, he was in the yard with his younger brother and me," the mother said. "Several crows were flying about and apparently attracted his attention. He ran into the house. Next, I hear a noise as of someone falling upstairs. I found him on the floor, his father's gun nearby. I ran for a doctor. When he arrived, Chester was dead."

THE MINUTE THAT SEEMS A YEAR



YOU SEE THE BIG BOYS, WHO HAVE LOST THEIR BALL DOWN A GUTTER DRAIN, CAST A SPECULATIVE EYE AT YOUR BALL

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

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5-10

TEXAS MASONS PLAN LODGE'S CENTENNIAL

BRAZORIA, Tex.—(UP)—Texas Masons will celebrate the centennial of the founding of the lodge in the state. A giant live oak under which John H. Wharton, James Phelps, Alexander Russell, Anson Jones and J. P. Caldwell stood as they drew up the charter of the state's first chapter, still stands here. The massive tree is called the



S-MATTER POP



By C. M. Payne

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TAIL SPIN TOMMY—Del Segundo Is Bombed



By Hal Forrest

HAL FORREST

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Luke Is Certain!



By Edwin Alger

By Sol Hess

THE NEBBES—Noxage



By Sol Hess

BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

By George McManus

OLD BASEBALL STAR JOINS MILLIONAIRES

SALINAS, Cal.—(UP)—Cyrus "Ox" Townsend, former Salinas "bush leaguer," has joined the select list of the game's millionaires—but not by playing baseball.

Years ago, he held the homerun record in the Pacific Coast League. Then he went to the "bushes" and eventually became a storekeeper in the desert village of Mojave.

One day, he happened to grubstake several prospectors for a 40 per cent interest in their strike—if any. They found the fabulously rich Silver Queen Mine, which was purchased by the South African Goldfields, Ltd., for \$5,500,000—making Townsends square better than \$1,000,000.

CAKE BAKED IN 1879 IS FAMILY HEIRLOOM

LAGRANGE, Ind.—(UP)—A cake baked in 1879 and presented to Cyrus F. Fillmore, brother of former President Millard Fillmore, is owned by Sitas Riley, Lagrange.

It was baked in honor of Cyrus Fillmore's 77th birthday by a Mrs. Thompson of Orleans, Ind.

The cake is a model of the old Fillmore home which still is standing in Greenfield township, Lagrange County. It is a fruit cake seven inches in diameter and two and one-half inches high. Riley keeps it in a board under a large glass cover. The icing has turned to cream color. Originally it was white.