

# GREAT RICHES

By Mabel Howe Farnham

Chapter 49  
GLORY

LESLIE shrank back into a convenient closet among the dust pans and mops as she heard a swish of skirts coming along the corridor.

"Right in here, ma'am. He's waiting for you. I'll have him here in two minutes," Leslie heard her knight errant say.

Jane was in the cloak room . . . at last . . . at last. The boy scout had, Jane turned round to see the door close behind her, heard the key turn in the lock. She rattled the door knob, pounded on the dirty panel.

"What does this mean? Who's out there?" Jane cried frantically. The key was removed. "It means," Leslie all but hissed through the roomy key hole, "that you are going to stay where you are until James makes his speech. You can kick and scream and howl if you like. No one can hear you. I'm on guard . . . to see that no one comes near. It won't be long. I advise you to sit down and make yourself comfortable. But you're not going to ruin James a second time. I won't let you."

"Ruin James! How ridiculous! Is that Leslie Harris? Of all the absurd melodramatic . . . Let me out of here at once. You she-devil!"

Leslie leaned against the door shaking and trembling. Could anything be more undignified, more debasing than for James' ex-wife and his future wife to spend the most momentous half hour of James' life hissing insults at each other through a key hole? If James knew . . . If James guessed . . .

Abruptly Leslie began to laugh hysterically, laughed and laughed. Jane was again pounding on the door. Was threatening arrest, scandal, disgrace . . . Leslie did not listen. She had caught the sound of applause from above.

Then silence . . . a shout of laughter . . . more silence . . . more applause . . . quiet . . . a long, long quiet. And suddenly cheers, a mounting crescendo . . . cheer upon cheer . . . on and on and on . . .

Leslie inserted the key in the lock, turned it quickly and ran. They were still cheering when Leslie stumbled up the stairs and to a dark and deserted corner of the wings. There she collapsed in a heap and cried and cried.

To the extreme disappointment of New Concord James and Leslie decided to be married very quietly. Only their immediate families, a few intimate friends and Leslie's youngest dancing class were invited.

The wedding ceremony took place out of doors under a tree in the Harris' back yard in the warm sunshine of an April afternoon. The tree was a gnarled old apple in full pink and white bloom. The sunshine crept softly down between the blossoms and spread a glory of golden light about the little group of friends gathered there that this man might be married to the woman he had chosen by himself and of his own free will.

To James the golden light was like a benediction. Leslie was a gift of God as truly as the sun itself. She was in white, but wore no veil and her pale blonde hair seemed to her lover to glow about her head like a halo.

When Doctor Brown, the Congregational minister, said the factual words that made them man and wife, James drew a deep breath and waited. He wanted Leslie to turn to him, to hold out her hands, to smile up at him.

Instead she just stood there meekly, her head drooping a little, patiently waiting his pleasure. Seized with a sudden panic lest she might shrink from him, might already have repented, might not want him as he wanted her, James forgot that anyone else was present and took her face in both his hands and lifted it up.

What he saw in her eyes must have satisfied him for he drew her into his arms and kissed her a dozen times. This seemed the signal for everyone present to burst into tears. Even Leslie cried a little.

James, however, was far from crying. He was instead joyously, radiantly happy and showed it. Nor did Nappy, who had been invited to open the front door for the guests and who was looking on from the back porch, add to the solemnity of the occasion.

"What you all crying about? This ain't no funeral," he said in what was meant to be a low whisper to Aunt Lou, but which was plainly audible to everyone within twenty feet. James laughed, Leslie laughed.

Later, James laughed again, this time a little tremulously, as he picked Leslie up as she stood on the front porch saying goodbye and carried her to the brand new automobile which was to carry them off on their honeymoon.

"You're mine now," he growled jealously. "They've had you long enough."

"All yours . . . forever and ever. Darling, darling," Leslie whispered in his ear.

AND so the story of James Brown Stimson III, as far as it can be told for the present, is ended. There is a postscript, however, for anyone who may be interested enough to read it. Miss Julia Pratt, for one, would be fearfully disappointed if it were left out. For there are still those in New Concord who say that James Stimson threw himself away when he married little Leslie Harris. This makes Miss Julia so mad she snorts.

Not long ago Miss Julia was sitting comfortably on her front porch reading her evening paper and talking to Melissa who was inside clearing the supper table when the Stimsons went by in their automobile and stopped at the Harris cottage. Lem Rhodes, who lives up the street "a piece" from Miss Julia, was leaning lazily against her fence talking to a visiting Topeka cousin. They were within earshot of Miss Julia but the vines screened her from sight.

"Lem, who are those mighty nice looking people who just went by? Are they natives?" inquired the cousin.

Lem answered proudly. "That's United States Congressman Stimson and his wife and children. According to the papers he's one of the best talkers in Congress. But they do say around here he's coming home to run for governor. He'll get his eye on the Senate. They tell me that he's made them smart boys in Washington sit up and take notice. Well, none of us around here are surprised. We knew he had it in him from the time he was a kid."

The cousin, as Miss Julia could see, was enormously impressed. He had read about Congressman Stimson he said.

"My wife has a sister in the Pension Office," he went on. "She came from Topeka and naturally is interested in Kansas. She writes my wife that Mrs. Stimson has made good socially in Washington. She says it is most unusual for a congressman's wife to be noticed in Washington society at all."

"Oh, Leslie's all right. She's a nice little woman and of course she is bound to be popular as Mrs. Stimson, but she can't hold a candle to his first wife. There is a smart woman, daughter of old man Northrup who owned those elevators alongside the railroad and a million or so besides. It was a great pity they split up and got a divorce, for with her brains and her money and all she would have been a great help to Jim."

"How long has he been married to this one?"

"Oh, quite a while—the kids are all here. For my how a smart man like Jim can't pick her out. She was an old maid, too, when he married her, but the women say he was kinda sweet on her before he married her."

"My wife is always telling me that the wives of most of the famous men make them," said the cousin, who was a meek-looking little person. "I judge you don't think this wife of Congressman Stimson made him?"

"Leslie make Jim? What an idea!" laughed Lem. "Do you think women ever do make or break men?" persisted the cousin wistfully.

"Now," said Lem, yawning, "never except in books. Come on down the street and I'll introduce you to Jim."

"Did you hear that, Melissa?" asked Miss Julia wistfully. "I surely did, Miss Julia. Ain't men the bestest?" All I got to say is that I ain't nothing but a ole black nigger woman without no learning, but if I didn't know more'n some of the men in this yere town I'd blush myself white."

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THE END

Mrs. Ida M. Wilson  
Carnation Club Hostess  
Carnation club met Thursday evening at the home of Ida Wilson, for the regular monthly meeting. The members were presented with red and white flowers in honor of Mother's Day. More plans were made concerning the district convention which is to be held at Klamath Falls May 28. Most of the officers are planning on making the trip.

Guests of the evening were Mrs. Young, Mrs. Hewitt, Mrs. Haas, and Mrs. Drawa, of Portland. At the table, decorated in keeping with Mother's Day, a gorgeous bouquet of red tulips made the centerpiece, surrounded by large white candles. Edith Elliott poured, Katherine Smith served the dessert, while Alice Kempke, being honor guest, cut the birthday cake.

A lovely gift was presented Alice Kempke in honor of her birthday. Assisting the hostess was Frances Bentley.

The next meeting will be held June 18 at the home of Edith Elliott.

Mrs. Ira D. Canfield  
Hostess at Card Party  
P. F. W. Auxiliary to Grater Lake Post No. 1833 held another of their public card parties at the country home of Mrs. Ira D. Canfield, Aloha ranch, Coleman Creek road. Bridge and Five Hundred were played. In bridge high prize was won by Mrs. Alice Lewis with Mrs. Nellie Bowles low. First in Five Hundred was won by Mrs. George Averill with Mrs. Cass Wynore low. Delightful refreshments were served by the hostess.

Merritt Circle Plans  
Meeting Tuesday at One  
Merritt circle of the Presbyterian church will meet in the church parlor Tuesday afternoon at one o'clock for a covered-dish luncheon. Members of the circle are requested to bring guests.

Mrs. Conner Will  
Entertain Bridge Club  
Mrs. J. F. Conner will entertain members of the Building Bridge club at her home, 720 Park avenue on Thursday, according to an announcement made Saturday. Dessert will be served at 1:30 o'clock.

Olive Rebekah Lodge  
Met Monday Evening  
Olive Rebekah lodge No. 28 held its regular business meeting Monday evening at I. O. O. F. hall. The degree staff under the direction of Mrs. Minnie Bryant, captain, initiated Miss Helen Williams into the order.

A large delegation of Rebekahs from Grants Pass were guests of the evening.

The social hour was in charge of Mrs. Lona Bergman and her committee, who presented the following program: vocal numbers, "An Old Water Mill," "Love's Old Sweet Song," sung by Miss Margaret Hageman, accompanied by Miss Caroline Leffers, vocal numbers, "The Spring Has Come," and "A Mother's Crown," sung by Mrs. Hubler, accompanied by Mrs. Alice McKinstry. Refreshments were served by the committee in charge.

Alpha Sigma Class  
Has Covered Luncheon  
Friday evening, at the First M. E. church, the Alpha Sigma class held a covered dish luncheon. Mrs. A. E. Fisher was hostess assisted by Mrs. Katherine Satterlee and Miss Myrna Barrett.

Following the luncheon several projects were taken up by the class and in the near future an evening entertainment consisting of music and short plays will be given. Announcement will be made later of the entertainment.

Sunny Sisters to  
Meet Clement Home  
Sunny Sisters circle of the Presbyterian church will meet for 1 o'clock luncheon at the home of Mrs. A. R. Clement, 1223 West Main, on Tuesday, May 14. Ladies are asked to bring their own table service and sandwiches. The committee is Mrs. Work, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Cochran, Mrs. Leggett, Mrs. Oliver and Mrs. D'Albint.

Mistletoe Club Has  
Meeting on Wednesday  
Mistletoe club met Wednesday with Neighbor Grace Wakefield at her home, 18 Almond street. Dessert luncheon was served to twenty-four members and nine guests. The hostess was assisted by Neighbor Clara Hodgkins and Ruby Downing. Following the business routine a very pleasant social hour was enjoyed, during which the company were entertained with vocal solos by Mrs. Hodgkins and Mrs. Juniper.

The quilt blocks which the members have placed were awarded Neighbor Nora Glascock, who put 250 pieces in her block twelve inches square. Several blocks have not been turned in and it is desired they be brought to lodge meeting next Thursday evening or given to Neighbor Ruby Downing, 901 North Central street.

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## NUMBER HUNT

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

DRIVES SLOWLY ALONG HILLDALE AVE. LOOKING FOR NO. 122. WISHES HOUSES WOULD SHOW NUMBERS

THINKS 122 MUST BE ALONG HERE SOMEWHERE. GETS OUT, TIPS TOES UP ON A PORCH AND LIGHTS MATCH. FINDS IT'S NO. 36

AT THIS MOMENT LADY OF HOUSE LOOKS OUT TO SEE WHO IS AT DOOR. STAMMERS EXPLANATION AND RETREATS TO CAR.

DRIVES ON, AND AT LAST SPOTS NO. 116. FIGURES 122 MUST BE THIRD HOUSE FROM HERE.

DRAWN UP AT THIRD HOUSE, RINGS BELL, AND DISCOVERS THAT FOR SOME UNACCOUNTABLE REASON THIS IS NO. 148

URNS AROUND WITH DIFFICULTY AND FINDS 122 AT LAST. AGREES WITH WIFE IT'S TOO LATE NOW TO PAY A CALL.

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## S-MATTER POP-

YA SEE IT WAS THIS WAY, POP- AMBROSE AN' ME STARTED TO FIGHT-

AND- AND AMBROSE, HE STARTED TO RUN TO BEAT THE BAND!

BUT IF HE RAN, HOW DID HE HAPPEN TO HIT YOU ON THE NOSE?

OH- H, I FELL DOWN!

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## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Captain Smith Is Shot Down!

THESE BASS MAKE AN EXCELLENT TARGET-

IF YOU HIT HIM I'LL MAKE YOU A LIEUTENANT!

AN EEF I DON'T, I'LL MAKE YOU A SERGEANT, OR CAPTAIN!

STRANGE! I'VE LOOKED ENOUGH DIRECT HITS TO-

THAT BURN- MUST-HAVE GOT ME-- FEEL-- LIKE-- SOMETHING-- BURNING-- INSIDE--

JHAL FORREST-

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## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Ben's Proposal

NOW LISTEN, LUKE--WHEN CHUCK CHAPIN OR THE GRAY GHOST, AS HE'S CALLED IN THE SERVICE, COMES HERE TONIGHT, YOU LET ME DO ALL THE TALKING-

YOU THINK I CAN'T HOLD ME TONGUE, EH?

NO, IT ISN'T THAT AT ALL, LUKE, BUT IF YOU AND BRAR AND I COULD GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS THING FIRST--

--WE COULD BE OF SOME REAL HELP TO THE GOVERNMENT, RIGHT NOW WE HONESTLY DON'T KNOW A THING TO TELL CHAPIN--WHY, NEITHER OF THOSE COWBOYS HAS EVER SEEN LOCOMOTIVE!

OH, NO! BUT THEY'LL TAKE US TO THE STEERS THAT DIED IN THE CANYON-

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## THE NEBBS—Just a Wise Guy

SAN JOHN, DO YOU KNOW THIS IS A PLACE AND THE WATER'S GOT ME FEELING LIKE I'D LIKE TO KICK A HOLE IN THE SKY

I FEEL THE SAME WAY-- I WISH I KNEW WHERE WE COULD GET SOME MARBLES, I'D CHALLENGE YOU TO A GAME-- LET'S STAY HERE ANOTHER WEEK

NEBB, WE'VE DECIDED TO STAY ANOTHER WEEK IN THIS PLAYGROUND OF YOURS-- YOU'RE A LUCKY FELLOW TO BE HOOKED UP TO THIS PROPOSITION!

EVERYBODY TELLS ME I'M LUCKY-- I MIGHT HAVE STARTED LUCKY BUT YOU CAN'T BE DUMB TO STAY LUCKY

NO, I DON'T THINK ANYBODY COULD ACCUSE YOU OF BEING DUMB-- ANYONE CAN SEE INTELLIGENCE STICKING OUT ALL OVER YOU

I'M NOT BLOWING MY OWN HORN BUT OPPORTUNITY DOESN'T HAVE TO KNOCK AT MY DOOR-- I GO DOWN TO THE GATE TO MEET IT

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## BRINGING UP FATHER

YOU LISTEN! WHEN WE GET TO EUROPE, I WANT YOU TO UNDERSTAND I'LL NOT GO AROUND WITH DINTY MOORE

MAGGIE! WILL YOU LET ME TALK TO YOU?

SHUT UP! HERE COMES THE DECK STEWARD. GET THE TICKETS OUT. WE MUST FIND OUT WHERE OUR CABINS ARE

OFFICER! WHAT DECK ARE OUR STATE-ROOMS ON?

WELL! THEY ARE ON DECK 'C, BUT NOT ON THIS SHIP. YOU ARE ON THE WRONG SHIP

I'VE BEEN TRYIN' TO TELL HER THAT FER THE LAST TWO HOURS

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## Society and Clubs

### Disabled Vets To Install Tuesday

The Disabled American Veterans of the World War, Jackson county chapter No. 8, will hold their meeting Tuesday evening, May 14 in the Eagles hall for the purpose of installing new officers, elected at last meeting.

Following the chapter meeting the Ladies of the Auxiliary will serve a plate lunch. All disabled veterans are invited.

### Chrysanthemum Circle Will Meet on Wednesday

Chrysanthemum circle No. 84, Neighbors of Woodcraft, will meet Wednesday evening, May 15 in regular session after which a benefit card party will be held. Contrast, Progressive and Auction Bridge, 600 and Pinchell will be in play. Playing will start at 8:15 and prizes will be awarded winners in each. The public is cordially invited to attend.

### Pochontas Lodge Enjoys Dance Friday

A dance was held Friday evening at Redman hall sponsored by Pochontas lodge. A very enjoyable evening was spent with the Dickey orchestra furnishing the music.

The committee in charge consisted of Vera Thomas, Gladys Deems and Mattie Luman. Refreshments were served by Evelyn Stagg, Mary Lundell, Norma Martin, Frank Martin and LeRoy Stagg.

### Executive Meeting of Washington P-T-A Called

A Washington school P-T-A executive meeting has been called by the president, Mrs. James Hoey, with Mrs. A. E. Brockway of Stewart avenue at 2 p.m. Wednesday, May 15. As this will be the last meeting of the year all members are urged to attend, and the new officers and chairman are especially urged to be present so that the work for the coming year can be outlined.