

# GREAT RICHES

By Mabel Howe Farnham

James Stimson, 12, is being raised by his grandparents who are the "best people" of New Concord. James is expected to do many fine things and does his best to live up to the expectations. But there is one drawback, because he is an orphan and only his grandparents and all the family friends feel called upon to take a hand in his upbringing.

## Chapter Two GRANDMOTHER

NO LITTLE boy that ever lived loved his grandmother better than James loved his Grandmother Stimson.

Old Sarah was such a pretty dainty old lady that no one could help loving her. Sarah, her daughter, had much of the Governor's dignity, but she never could compare to her mother in looks.

The older Sarah's cheeks were as soft and kindly as her voice, and her eyes, even when she was close to seventy, remained as clearly blue as the first violets James used to gather for her each April on the river banks below the Mansion. Never in all his life did James hear her speak to him harshly or harshly—or to anyone else for that matter—and somehow she always understood him a thousand times better than anyone else did.

They, with the inborn tact of the negro, never said anything to distress him. So James was a big boy and going to school before he found out that he was an orphan.

Harold Meyers, the butcher's son, threw this up to him as somehow disgraceful and sent him home crying as if his heart would break.

His grandmother and aunt had gone that afternoon to Mrs. Jackson Crowell's knitting, so it was Aunt Lou who comforted him, by assuring him vehemently that he did have a mama and a papa, the very grandest mama and papa that ever had been borned and so common trash like no Meyerses. Indeed, his mama and papa had been so very high-toned that the Lord God on High had himself sent for them to come and live with Him, close to His golden throne.

"Are they sitting on golden chairs?" James asked.

"Setting on golden chairs and sleeping in golden beds with silken and velvet pillows and eating emerald food often golden plates stacked solid with emeralds and diamonds."

"WHAT'S emerald food, Auntie Lou?"

"You're the pestiferous child. It's what the Lord God on High and the angels eat. You ain't supposing the

## BREWERY WORKERS GIVEN SLAP FOR BOYCOTT ACTION

PORTLAND, March 16.—(AP)—With a firm hand the Portland central labor council dealt a slapping blow to the Brewery Workers' union and, as a result, Oregon and Washington breweries, against which boycotts have been called by the Brewery Workers' union, were declared fair to organized labor.

The decision of the Portland council unsets the Brewery Workers' union until it complies with the jurisdictional decision of the American Federation of Labor which gives the teamsters' union jurisdiction over brewery workers engaged in delivery of beer.

## HUSBAND ASKS ALIMONY FOR HIMSELF AND SON

LOS ANGELES, March 16.—(UP)—Charging that his wife frequented beer parlors with other men, Jacob C. Bailes, war veteran, sued her for divorce today, asking \$75 a month alimony for the support of himself and his 10-year-old son.

## MORE OUT-STATE CARS REGISTERED

SALEM, Ore.—(UP)—Registration of out-of-state cars in the first two months of this year has shown a substantial increase over that of the corresponding months in 1934, reported Secretary of State Earl Snell.

Over the two-month period, cars have entered Oregon from every state in the union with the exception of Vermont and Rhode Island.

## BLONDE DIVA TO GIVE MEN A REST

AMARILLO, Texas, March 16.—(AP)—Mary McCormic, opera singer and erstwhile Princess Midway, is after wider fame.

OAKLAND, Cal., March 16.—(AP)—A plane took off from here today for Maryville, where 400 pounds of fresh meat and 300 pounds of canned goods will be loaded aboard for 18 miners snowbound in the Cascade mines, 25 miles northeast of Oroville.

## PRE-SEASON BASEBALL

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

Gets out his baseball equipment to get it ready for spring.

Feels pretty good to have a baseball in his hands again. Bounces it off wall in hall until mother stops him.

Finds old ball is unraveling. Gets living room emmeshed in string.

Takes a few practice swings with bat, narrowly missing clock in mantelpiece.

Leaves bat on sofa and goes up to get mitt to oil it.

Has trouble getting cork out of bottle of oil, spilling oil on living-room table.

Leaves mitt, bottle and oil on table and gets tools to mend his catcher's mask.

Drops everything and goes out to see how soon diamond will be fit to play on. Mother, sighing, hopes baseball weather will come soon.



James was a big boy before he knew he was an orphan.

but Grandmother understood the working of his young mind and mind in a truly marvelous way.

Grandmother, like her mother, was an almost inexhaustible source of stories. But while Grandfather told of the big things, told of stirring epoch-making circumstances and events, Grandmother, filled in the gap by telling of the little things.

With his grandmother's help the past of the fifties and early sixties became more real to little James than the eighties and nineties of his boyhood. As a result, James III, his whole life long, was to keep his roots fresh and green in the rich loam of his grandparents' past.

James and Sarah Stimson's first home was a small brick cottage, still standing on North Second Street, just a block from the wharf at which the struggling town began.

For many years the Mansion, as it was called, remained the show place of New Concord and visitors in the town were driven out and shown its stately exterior and spacious grounds and, in nine cases out of ten, entertained within its hospitable walls.

Though the taste of the period ran to Mansard roofs, cupolas and fretted balconies, James built his house on simple Georgian lines. It was of common native brick, which mellowed to a lovely ash rose, with huge chimneys at either end, and a fan-windowed doorway and white pillars facing the river. Sarah had wanted awfully to have a tower, but James would not hear to it.

Living so far from other white children of his own age and condition the third James Stimson's first playmates were little colored boys.

what you and I eat is fitten for the Lord God on High and His Angels?"

"Maybe," cried James happily "maybe it's like caramel ice cream with marshmallows in it."

Aunt Lou agreed that it might be something like caramel ice cream and marshmallows, only a million thousand times better.

James gave a heartfelt sigh. "I wonder," he said wistfully, "whether my mama and papa wouldn't like to have me come and live with them! I should think they might get lone some sometimes for their little boy."

Aunt Lou had come with Molly Ewing from Kentucky. Now she was ironing James' little frilled shirts and a tear fell with a sizzle on the hot iron.

"I reckon they do get lonesome, honey," Aunt Lou sighed. "I shouldn't wonder but what your mama cries her eyes out time and again when the Lord God has His back turned. A corse she wouldn't let Him catch her anyhow but smiling after all He done for her. It wouldn't be manners."

"Why wouldn't it be manners, Auntie Lou?"

"Well, dearie, when the Lord God sent for your mama to come and live with Him in Heaven she weren't hardly more'n a girl and so wrapped up in your papa she thought the sun rose and set in him. When the angels tried to make her eat she explained she was so lonesome for your papa she was all choked up and couldn't swallow a bite."

"When night come and they put her inter her golden bed she jest tossed around till morning with her eyes wide open, moaning and throwing the silken covers this way and that. The angels tried playing to her on their harps and singing soft and sweet like a thousand little birds. They tried reading to her outter the Bible and they tried telling her stories."

## S-MATTER POP

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Crazy Decides

## BY G. M. PAYNE

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Ben's Plea

## THE NEBBS—In Information

## OREGON FARM INCOME SUFFERS SLIGHT DROP IN MONTH OF JANUARY

SALEM, Ore.—(UP)—Oregon's farm income showed a slight loss in January this year as compared to January, 1934, an estimate by the United States department of agriculture reveals.

## BRINGING UP FATHER

## OPPOSE ORIENT MARRIAGE

PORTLAND, Ore., March 16.—(AP)—The opinion that the United States can gain nothing by opposing Japan's moves on the continent of Asia was expressed here today by Payson J. Treat, professor of history at Stanford university and author of two books on Asiatic problems.

## FACTORY STRIKE

Factory strike workmanship in water and velocity repairing at the lowest possible prices, Johnson the Jeweler.