GREAT RICHES

by Mabel Howe Farnham

SYNOPSIS: James Stimson III, has had the good fortune to be born into the Stimson family in New Concord. Kits But he is an orphan being reared by doting grandparents, and petted by all the family friends—except one. She is Miss Julia Pratt and Miss Julia and Judge Holcomb, James' greatest admirer outside the family, are having an argument. The Judge believes James cannot help but succeed; Miss Julia, maybe to be contrary, cites his disadvantages.

Chapter Four

ON THE STAGE

"I'D be the last one to deny that the Stimsons are mighty fine people," said Miss Julia. "But a body might think to hear you going on that James never had a mother. I liked little Molly Ewing.

"She was as sweet a young girl as ever came to this town to visit. But I mean to go on believing that it takes more than sweetness to make a fine character. Why Molly was so shy and timid she used to cry every time she had to go to a party She couldn't even produce a child without dying of it.

"That may be your idea of a good inheritance, but this is a free country and I guess I have the right to differ with you without being called names."

"Have it your own way!" shouted the Judge. "Have it your own way! The Stimsons are fools, the Ewings dolts and little James has dementia praecox. Now that you've won the argument and reduced me to dust I am going home and associate for the good of my soul with my hound.

"Caesar, being a dumb animal, still believes I have sufficient intelligence to know something, not much but something, of human nature and the simple laws of heredity. But perhaps I'm wrong. Perhaps I ought to thank God Almighty that Caesar can't answer back and tell me in words just what he really thinks of me."

THE Judge went home in a half huff and for several days was uppish with Miss Julia whenever he met her. His belief that little James Stimson was no common or garden child predestined to success was strengthened rather than diminished by Miss Julia's opposition.

And when about this time James emerged briefly into the limelight and had a small public triumph this belief jelled into a certainty. It was no longer arguable.

This small triumph took place in the Congregational Church at a benefit for the Heathen given by the Missionary Society. James' grandmother was responsible.

She as a very little girl had been taken by her mother to hear Marcus Whitman's appeal for help for his struggling mission in distant Oregon. Tucked away in an old Bible was the printed slip containing the farewell speech of an Indian who had made the long journey from Oregon to Saint Louis seeking to learn of the white man's religion, which Marcus Whitman himself had placed in little Sarah's hand.

Fifty years later Sarah Stimson found the faded slip and read it to her grandson. After the second reading James was able to repeat it with gestures the afternoon the minister's wife came to call.

A week later James, in a black velvet Fauntleroy suit with a wide lace collar, which went not at all with his uncompromising straight red hair and freckles, stood on the top stair leading to the pulpit of New Concord's Congregational Church and thundered forth in a not unaffecting childish way the speech of the unknown Indian warrior.

James was used to grown people, used to attention, so he started his oration gaily enough. But when he came to the words, "They were tired in many moons and their moccasins wore out" his voice broke.

Thereafter to the end he was that Indian brave; and an Indian brave must be stoical and speak his words calmly and slowly. His voice carried to the very end of the auditorium and no one coughed and none of the children wiggled or stuck out a jeering tongue.

At the end there was a little hush and then James, glancing at his grandmother, saw that she was crying and was suddenly overcome by confusion and embarrassment. He ran to his grandmother and hid his face in her arms.

People crowded around them congratulating him; the minister among others said it was a remarkable performance, but James would not look up or speak. Afterwards James was in great demand as an entertainer, but the Governor soon put his foot down. He said James was getting spoiled.

James relapsed into obscurity; or into such obscurity as was possible for Dr. Jim's son and the Governor's grandson.

People crowded around them, congratulating James.

James' oratorical powers were forgotten soon enough. But Judge Holcomb never forgot. He crowed over Miss Julia until that long-suffering lady told him tartly that he reminded her of a rooster who had laid an egg.

The Judge took this good-natured ly. He was always good-natured when he felt he had proved his point. And then he knew that in her heart of hearts Miss Julia was almost as pleased at little James small success as he was.

JAMES was a little over sixteen when his grandfather, trying out a successor to Dan, his riding horse who had reached the age of honorable retirement, was thrown and suffered injuries from which he never recovered. The Governor spent most of his last summer reclining in a wheeled chair on his side veranda watching through half closed eyes the great river which began its graceful mile-wide bend just below him.

At first everyone said and thought that he would soon be on his feet and himself again, but as the leaves on the trees and undergrowth which embowered the river banks turned from every shade of emerald and olive to gold or russet or crimson and old James' face took on more and more the ivory transparency of alabaster, those about him knew that the old man was nearing the end of his journey.

Old James knew it too, but what his thoughts were no one guessed—except possibly Sarah, his wife. The two would sit together hand in hand for hours at a time scarcely saying a word, but apparently in perfect accord.

Old James died with his eyes repeating to old Sarah the promise his lips could no longer speak—not to go far without her. And Sarah, her head bent over James' cold thin hand asked but one boon of her God—soon to be allowed to follow after.

The night of his grandfather's funeral was the last day of young James' boyhood, though he did not know it until the following morning.

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Tomorrow, James, III, enters a new life—unwillingly.

MELON, TOMATO COMMITTEES TO AID QUOTA FIXING

To prevent overproduction of melons and tomatoes, and in an attempt to get cost of production, growers of those two commodities have voted to voluntarily control acreage during 1935, according to Morton Tompkins of Dayton, Oregon, chairman of the joint control board of the Oregon-Washington melon and tomato marketing agreement. This plan of acreage control was voted at a series of meetings held in growing communities during the past several months.

"Those who exceed their quota will be penalized by a heavy tax which will not be returned to them; those who have not exceeded their quota, will get a refund almost immediately," Tompkins pointed out. "Here's how it works: Each crate of cantaloupes will be taxed 25c, but 18c will be returned to the grower who is within his allotment. To the grower who has planted more than his quota there will be a penalty of 18c because he will get no money back. On each crate of tomatoes the tax will be 10c with a refund of .07c. Each ton of water melons sold will have a tax of $5, with a $3 refund.

"Money which is collected as penalties will go into a surplus stabelizing fund. All other money collected through taxes will go to pay costs of enforcing the agreement," Tompkins said. "New growers will be allowed to plant one-half an acre each of cantaloupes, watermelons and tomatoes, without being penalized by the agreement. Such steps are necessary to prevent a huge increase in acreage this coming season because of a fair price for melons and tomatoes during 1934."

Local committees have been appointed in each producing section to assist growers in determining quotas. Those appointed for this section are: Bob Fields, Central Point; Tod Fish, Phoenix; Geo. F. Putnam, Eagle Point. These men will meet March 25 and 26 at the office of the county agent here, for the purpose of receiving applications for quota allotments. They will make recommendations which will be forwarded to the joint control board of the marketing agreement for final approval.

This is declared to be the first time in the history of the two states that growers have attempted to get cost of production for their crops by means of acreage control. The enforcement of the marketing agreement on melons and tomatoes will be much easier under the new agricultural adjustment acts, recently passed by the legislatures of Oregon and Washington, Mr. Tompkins said.

AAA FRUIT CODE TERMED ILLEGAL

YAKIMA, Wash., March 20.—On the grounds that congress exceeded its authority in delegating legislative authority to the Henry A. Wallace, director of agriculture, Federal Judge J. Stanley Webster has held the agricultural adjustment act to be unconstitutional.

The decision was handed down in federal court here Monday and Judge Webster ruled that the government cannot enforce the AAA and its codes on northwest fruit industries.

Judge Webster dismissed a government injunction suit against E. S. Small, Yakima fruit broker. The government had sought to prevent him from operating after his AAA license had been revoked.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

A GLASS OF WATER IN BED — By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

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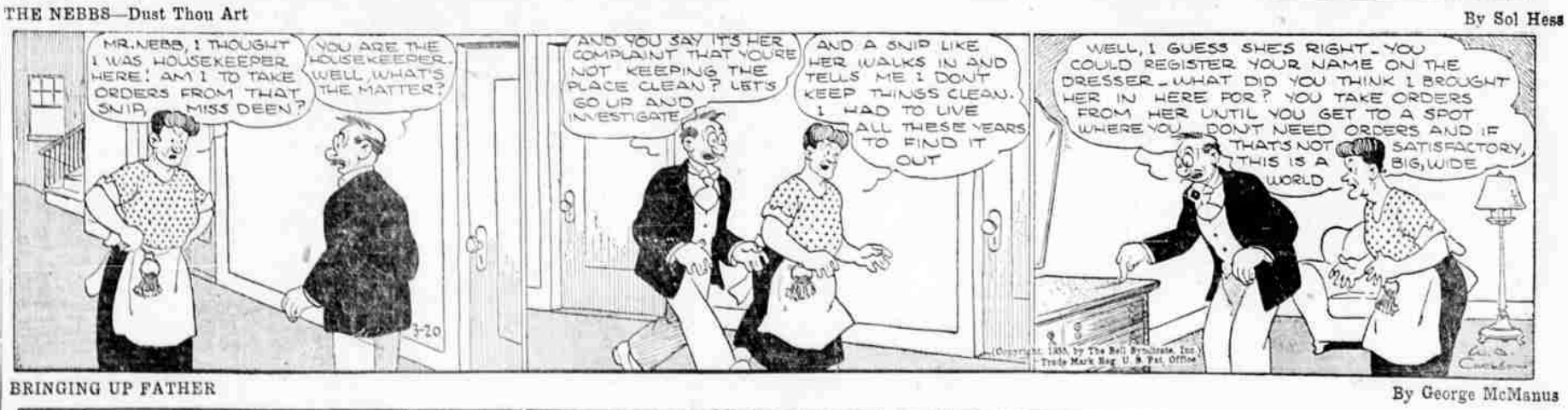

BRINGING UP FATHER By George McManus

SMOOT WARNS ON FEDERAL SPENDING

SALT LAKE CITY, March 20.—(AP)—A warning that the federal government must cease its present rate of spending to preserve its "financial fabric" was sounded by former United States Senator Reed Smoot in an address here today.

Speaking before a meeting of associated retail credit men, the former Republican stalwart declared "things can't go on as they are. Blame no one, but if we continue to spend as we have been doing, I see nothing but a failure of our financial fabric.

"If we should cease spending after promising that no man shall go hungry, I fear bloodshed and property destruction would result. I pray some answer can be found."

ALYCE McHENRY GETS ROOSEVELT BOUQUET

FALL RIVER, Mass., March 20.—A large box of white roses and carnations, sent direct from the White House by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt reached Alyce Jane McHenry today at the hospital where she is recovering from an operation for an inverted stomach.

The little patient was thrilled to discover that the box bore the White House seal. She said she would cut the seal out and put it in her scrap book.

German Dye Magnate Dies.

BERLIN, March 20.—(AP)—Carl Duisberg, 74, founder and president of the powerful German dye trust which is playing a prominent part in the German armament program, died today.