

# GREAT RICHES

by Mabel Howe Farnham.

**SYNOPSIS:** James Stimson, III, has been lucky enough to be born with a New Concord grange. But with his luck has come a great deal of attention from his relatives, and from family friends. He is, they all feel, "bound to succeed," although Miss Julia Pratt calls attention to certain things looking to his background. Now his grandfather, the former governor of Kansas, has died, and James finds himself suddenly head of the family—at sixteen.

### Chapter Five MR. STIMSON

JAMES and his aunt and grandmother had just seated themselves at the breakfast table—the ladies only making a pretense of eating—when Tom, after bringing a load of wood for the fireplace, came to the dining-room door and lingered there, rap in hand.

Tom bowed to the two ladies in order of their seniority. "Good morning, Missus. Morning, Miss Sarahy," he said and then turned to James. "Good morning, Mister Stimson," he added impressively.

James jumped in his chair and gave a hurried involuntary glance toward his grandfather's empty place at the table. To be sure Tom had never called his master anything

him on her own breast, taught his manners, smacked him, tucked him in bed until the last year or two. James gave a sudden nervous giggle and the two ladies smiled wanly.

They got through the breakfast somehow, but after that James' place was always laid opposite his grandmother's and James always sat there in the big carved high-backed oak chair with the maroon leather seat.

That chair typified then for James and forever after more than he could have put into words. It was in a way his throne and scepter, the symbol of all his grandfather stood for and had passed on to him as a trust.

He had the weight of a thousand worlds on his shoulders that winter while he learned only too surely that grief and suffering and loneliness were no more to be spared a Stimson than the lowliest of dependents.

For James had no more than begun to realize that his grandfather would never again come striding through the wide front door of the house he had built from his grandmother suddenly had a stroke.

THEY thought for one whole night that she was gone from them. Doctor Fox pulled her through, much to the old lady's undisguised



Sarah had made other plans.

but the Governor in James' remembrance but there was no other "Mister" present.

"Who are you calling Mister—me?" asked James rather gruffly, partly to break the loud silence and partly to hide his perturbation. It was all he could do to speak at all.

"Yes, sir," answered Tom. "Me and Aunt Lou been talking it over and we have jointly come to the decision that it ain't fit for us to should go on calling you James same as we did when you was a baby." Tom stopped for a moment to steady his voice. "You're the head of the family now," he added wistfully.

James turned a bright red and fidgeted in his chair. He had to fight to keep the tears back, but at the same time he felt a sudden rush of pride warming something frozen inside of him. He turned appealing, half-frightened eyes toward his grandmother, not knowing just how she would take this.

Grandmother, with a pitifully brave little smile saved both the occasion and Tom's feelings.

"Tom is right," she said gently. "He always looks out for you. You are the head of the family now, dear, and I believe your grandfather would like it. . . . If you would take his chair . . . at the head of the table."

JAMES turned even redder and might have sufficed if Tom, whose manners were patterned after those of his beloved master's, had not stepped forward and drawn back the empty chair with a grace and dignity that even the elder James could not have surpassed.

Aunt Lou, coming in with the biscuits, found James seated at the head of the table, and all three Stimsons and Tom as well on the verge of tears. James, however, felt that as he was now a man and the head of his family it was up to him to assert himself at once and save the situation.

"Look here, Aunt Lou," he asked briskly. "Are you in on this Mister business, too?"

"Yes, indeed, Mister Stimson," answered Aunt Lou gravely and as Aunt Lou had cradled him, rocked

indignation. When the doctor, during his third visit, sat down by his patient's bed and assured her heartily that he would soon have her up and about, Mrs. Stimson regarded him almost spitefully.

"I had made other plans," she said with much injured dignity and turned her face away from him.

Sarah was permitted to carry out those "other plans" a few weeks later. "She was tired in many moons and her moccasins wore out." James and his Aunt Sarah, with breaking hearts, laid her to rest between the husband she had loved so tenderly all the days of her married life and her son, the beloved Doctor Jim, who had gone before her to make the way plain.

A week or two after the second funeral someone sent Miss Sarah Stimson a great bunch of fragrant English violets. It was Saturday and James was in the library ploughing through "David Copperfield" as if his life depended upon finishing it, although he had already read it twice.

Miss Sarah came in and seated herself on the opposite side of the fire, the lavender florist's box making a splash of color on her black lap. James looked up, said "Hello," and went on reading.

"James, look," said Miss Sarah timidly. "I can't go to the cemetery today because of my cold. I thought perhaps . . . just this once you would go in my place."

"I'd rather not."

"But you've never been, not since Mother's funeral, it's so peaceful there and it would make a nice walk. You stay too much in the house and it's a lovely day . . . almost like spring."

"I'd rather not," James repeated gruffly, his eyes still buried in his book.

"Mother was so fond of violets," Miss Sarah got out. "I can't bear . . . I can't bear her not to have them."

James raised his head "Aunt Sarah," he said sternly. "Grandmother isn't out in that cemetery. You've got to stop talking and thinking that she is. You've just got to stop it."

Copyright, 1935, Mabel H. Farnham. James capitulates, tomorrow.

Lilly Morton, a girl from the city. Dorothy Wall. Mrs. Sanderson, let's widowed mother. Genevieve Wally. Director, Harry Love.

### DANCE AT BEAGLE WILL HELP TOWNSEND PLAN

An old-time dance for the benefit of the Townsend recovery plan will be held at Beagle store hall, one-half mile west of Astoria school, on Saturday night.

The Mt. Hood Mountaineers will furnish the music and those who like the old-time dances are especially invited to come early and dance late.

Lawnmowers—time to get them sharpened and repaired: called for and delivered, Medford Cycles, 23 N. E. Boone St.

MARVIN GRONDE and his band. Oriental Gardens TONIGHT.

## BRILLIANT CLOUDS SEEN ABOUT MARS

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., March 21.—(AP)—The observation of exceptionally brilliant white clouds on the planet Mars by Dutch astronomer, and by Dr. William H. Wright, of the Lick Observatory in California are reported in a communication made public by the Harvard college observatory today.

The announcement received from Dr. R. G. Aitken, director of the Lick Observatory, said: "Exceptionally brilliant white clouds have been observed here on Mars, between longitudes of approximately 90 and 180 degrees. These were first seen visually by Kuiper in a casual observation of the planet on the morning of March 12 and have since been photographed with the use of color filters by Wright."

"They are very conspicuous by ultraviolet light but fade in the usual manner of such objects when colors of a longer wave-length are employed."

## THE GRANGE

Live Oak Grange. Live Oak Grange met in the girl scout hall in Rogue River, March 18, Master Perry Wait presiding.

The first part of the meeting consisted of a delightful program with St. Patrick day as the theme. Lecturers roll call was Irish stories, jokes and a reading, "The Legend of St. Patrick." Edward Carter, a guest, sang two solos, with Miss Phyllis Miller accompanying on the piano. A special feature was a skit entitled, "Miller Drammer," a very amusing play which brought a good round of applause.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Greenwood gave a black face rendition of a negro song which everyone enjoyed.

Otto Fuhrman gave an interesting paper on the "Flax Industry in Oregon."

Officers and members of the new Gold Hill grange were guest visitors and were greatly interested in observing the manner in which the grange work was put on.

After business meeting several lively games were played, both young and old entering into the spirit of the games and thoroughly enjoying themselves. After the games the refreshment committee served coffee and cookies.

Plans for the big spring carnival on March 29 at Rogue River are nearly completed and the public is invited to attend.

"They are very conspicuous by ultraviolet light but fade in the usual manner of such objects when colors of a longer wave-length are employed."

## NO FINANCES FOR TIMBER PURCHASE

WASHINGTON, March 21.—(AP)—Although the Oregon legislature has authorized the purchase of Oregon timber under the Weeks act, the United States forest service has no definite program for such action and no money is immediately available for such use.

One responsible source in the forest service said there appears to be some question whether the Oregon act meets the requirements of the Weeks act.

In any event, congress appropriated no money for timber purchases under the Weeks act and plans for acquiring available timberlands will await such appropriation. Even then, the money may not necessarily be spent in Oregon. It will be allotted in lump sums and the forest service will use it "where the terms are the most advantageous to the United States."

## SNOWMAN HILL CAFE PROPRIETOR MURDERED

DUNSMUIR, Calif., March 21.—(AP)—The body of A. L. Angermeyer proprietor of the Snowman Hill restaurant near McCloud, Calif., was found here today, shot through the head.

Police said two youths had been apprehended at Bend, Ore., in possession of Angermeyer's automobile.

"Factory style" workmanship in watch and jewelry repairing at the lowest possible prices. Johnson the Jeweler.

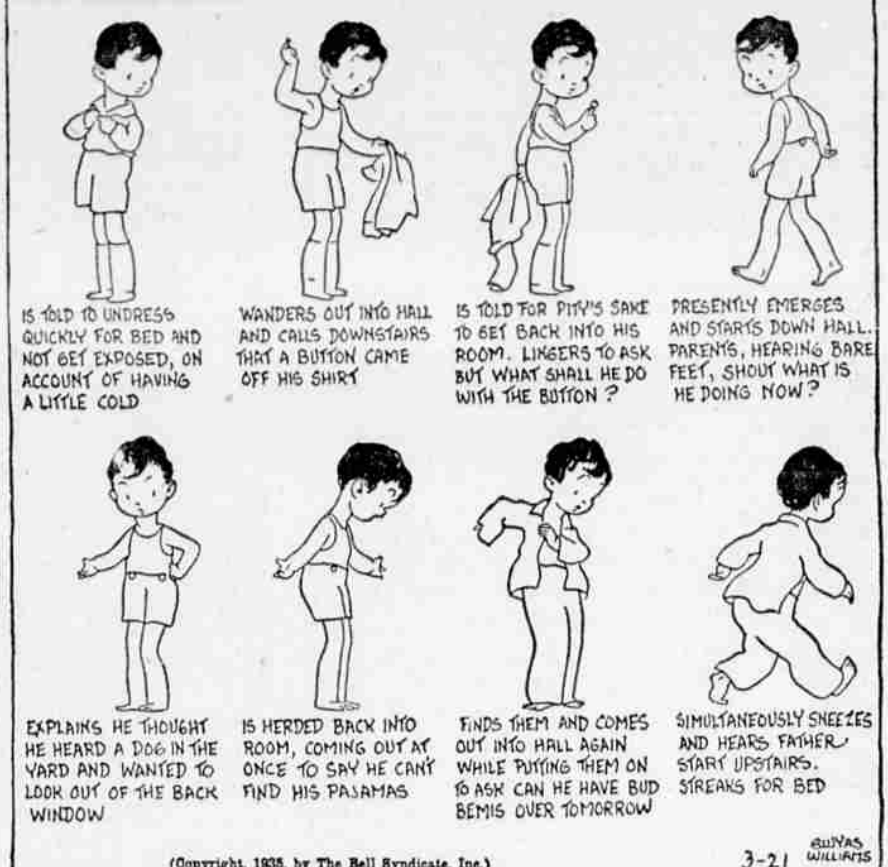
## WOULD MAKE 1935-36 'SEE AMERICA YEARS'

WASHINGTON, March 21.—(AP)—Representative Gearhart (D-Calif.), today introduced in the house a joint resolution which would authorize the president to declare 1935 and 1936 "See America Years."

The object would be to stimulate tourist travel. The resolution is supported by the national park service.

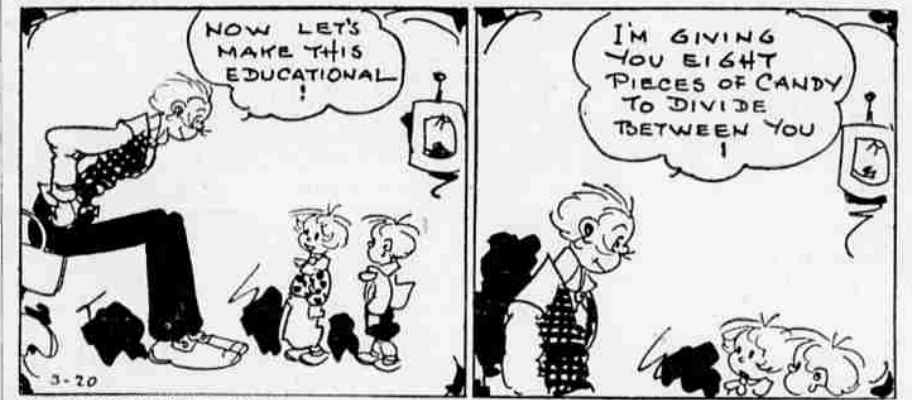
Ask the customers who have their watch repairing done here. Johnson the Jeweler.

## OVEREXPOSURE



By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

## S-MATTER POP



By C. M. Payne

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—War!



By Edwin Alper

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Visitor



By Sol Hess

## THE NEBPS—Thank You Mr. Nebb



By George McManus

## BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

## TALENT LEAGUERS WILL PRESENT PLAY FRIDAY

TALENT, March 21.—(AP)—Talent Epworth League will present a four-act comedy-drama, "The Road to the City," Friday, March 22, in the Talent high school auditorium at 8 p. m. Many laughs are promised by the good cast. The show will be given to provide funds for repairs to the church.

A small admission will be charged. The cast is as follows:

Robert Darrell, a country physician. Ed Deaming.

Richard James, a man from the city. Clarence Houlbridge.

Jud. Jukins, a young farmer. Ben Webster.

John James, Richard's invalid father. Homer Clinton.

Duke, a man of mystery. Heath Lowery.

Jet Anderson, at the crossroads. Lucie McAllium.

Toto Lee, her cousin. Bonell Jones.