

GREAT RICHES

By *Matthias House Farnham*

SYNOPSIS: Since the death of his parents and grandparents, James Stimson, 17, has been head of the Stimson family in New Concord, Ore., and has received the attention and position of a head-in New Concord. But now he is at school in the East, and being a New Concord Stimson amounts to nothing at all. Nor can James do anything to help his family which has sunk to a low level.

Chapter Nine THE SPEECH

THERE was in a place called the "Fem Sem" a few carefully chaperoned feminine young things who occasionally made surreptitious eyes at the young gentlemen of the Academy when they passed on the street, but it was considered beneath the dignity of these latter to notice the Fem Sem.

Now and then a few servant girls, arm in arm, fearfully self-conscious and rather aghast at their daring, strolled about the campus in the twilight and might possibly have been talked to.

James scarcely noticed them before they were shooed away by watchful guardians, the boys being most carefully looked after by the higher powers.

James was much used to the society of his elders and he would have gladly made friends with his teachers. However, the latter were busy hard-driven men and were either indifferent or never noticed his shy advances.

One of his masters indeed, the physics prof, proved actively inimical. This gentleman finding it painfully easy to render James inarticulate with embarrassment, varied the monotony of his classroom by making game of this tongue-tied young bean pole of a Westerner.

"Well, Mr. Stimson," he would say snarling, "you seem to be fairly bursting to express your valuable ideas. Suppose you give us the benefits of your opinion on this subject."

Mr. Stimson would thereupon unfold himself and rise blushing to his feet and stammer a disjointed reply while the class tittered and the master goaded him into further incoherence.

At the end of the term James turned in so good an examination paper in physics that his professor practically accused the boy of cheating and thereby all but broke his heart.

James could scarcely reply to this monstrosity so near was he to blubbering, but he stammered something an offer to take an oral examination at a grading half apologetic.

James left school at the end of his first term with his self-confidence and self-esteem crushed and shattered beyond mending. Back in New Concord they began to revive somewhat, but he never after believed quite so firmly in himself as he had and was for years vaguely though unconsciously expectant of rebuffs from strangers.

His summer was happy enough after a fashion though he missed his grandmother constantly and his grandfather acutely at intervals. Perhaps it was his pride that kept him from confiding to the Judge or Aunt Sarah how unhappy he had been at school or how he dreaded to go back.

However, before James left home that autumn he enlisted the aid of Judge Holcomb and got the promise of a regular and more adequate allowance as well as two suits of extremely smart tailor-made clothes made in Kansas City.

(This latter concession caused Miss Sarah many qualms of conscience and quite ruined her peaceful communion with her Maker for many, many Sundays as Mr. Davis, the New Concord tailor, passed her the plate in church and never failed to look reproachfully at her.)

JAMES, however, as one of his classmates assured him, appeared almost human that term. Perhaps this fulsome praise went to James' head for the first thing he did afterwards was to buy the paper on the wall from a departing upper classman whose room he was taking over.

His predecessor explained that he had been put to great expense in repapering and painting the room the previous term and it seemed reasonable to James that, since he himself was to enjoy the results, he should recompense the other in part.

James was truly no wizard in finance but how anyone with a New England ancestry could lack so utterly a bargaining sense it seems hard to comprehend—but then James was only half a New Englander. And, of course, as his Aunt Sarah often pointed out, James did not come from a line of shopkeepers. His ancestors were college professors, clergymen, judges and the like.

James' last year at school was actively unhappy. He was in a military now and had a roommate and besides a senior with all the privileges and prestige that implies, but he would have left school without making more than the most shadowy of impressions if it had not been for his graduating essay.

He chose Kansas then for his theme, his beloved, misunderstood, sneered at, jeered at Kansas and worked for weeks collecting pages and pages of the most beautifully deadly statistics destined solely to annihilate any and all who doubted for a moment that that particular bit of Eden was not only the richest, the most favored, and God-endowed, as well as the most cultured state in the Union.

Then he wrote them all down in order, first, secondly, thirdly, etc., major premise, minor premise, argument and conclusion until he had before him a very masterpiece of unanswerable facts, and burned to make use of it.

But when the moment came for James to read his essay and he rose to face the hundreds of indifferent, slightly bored faces that were gathered there from every state in the Union a certain sixth sense suddenly whispered to him that his statistics would be only so many numbers in their disinterested minds and forgotten before they were comprehended.

The same sixth sense made him realize that to reach that vast crowd he must first stir their imaginations and touch their hearts. If it were only possible to paint for them the glory of his state, its splendid independence, the very essence of Americanism, its originality, its steadfastness, the romance of its beginning, the love it inspired in its children... and all at once James felt that he could do all this.

It was altogether a new sensation—this consciousness of power—and it frightened him a little even while it thrilled him. His voice trembled and broke and his knees threatened to betray him.

But this sudden fine ardor, this something that came to him from somewhere, after the first sentence or two, made him quite forget himself and swept aside all self-consciousness.

His voice ceased trembling and gathered richness and volume. He could be heard to the very ends of the hall and the hundreds of mothers, fathers, sisters, and aunts who had come to hear one boy's great effort and no other's ceased fanning or whispering or fidgeting on their seats and James knew that they were listening to him and waiting to hear what he had to tell them.

James had other great moments afterwards in his life but probably none quite reached that moment when he first knew that he held the audience in the hollow of his hand and could do with it as he pleased. Fortunately he pleased to be brief.

His written speech which he still held he never once glanced at, though he quoted from it occasionally from memory, and he delivered so stirring, so moving an address that when he sat down there was a dead silence before the rafter rang with enthusiastic cheers.

Miss Sarah, who had come East to witness James' graduation was so moved she broke down and cried and Judge Holcomb, who had come for the same purpose (but not by the same train, for that would not have been proper) all but did.

Even the head of the Academy and the professors, including the hated physics prof, were greatly impressed at James' sudden display of oratorical powers and made much of him, while strangers crowded about him and said kind words of praise. Miss Sarah cried partly from pride but more because James' grandmother and grandfather were not there to share in his triumph.

Judge Holcomb, however, was proud enough to serve for half a dozen sets of parents and grandparents.

The first Friday after James' triumphant return from school the walls of the Stimson mansion showed the stuff they were made of by standing up stoutly under the roars the Judge catapulted at them in his argument with Miss Sarah and James over the latter's choice of a future career.

The argument had been brought about by a casual remark by Miss Sarah at the dinner table that her nephew planned to study medicine.

"But he's got a Heaven sent gift of oratory," thundered the Judge. "It's rarer than horns on a rooster." (Copyright, 1935, *Matthias H. Farnham*)

Tomorrow, disaster strikes Miss Sarah.

\$230,000 IN SERA WORK FOR OREGON GIVEN APPROVAL

PORTLAND, March 26.—(AP)—In a program covering an expenditure of \$230,000 of SERA money, the Oregon emergency relief administration today approved several large work relief projects, some of which will run over a period of weeks and into months.

One of the larger jobs calls for flood control work in Salem, in widening, deepening and correcting alignment of Shelton ditch from 12th street to the Willamette river.

Other work approved today included: continuing project for making comforters for relief families at Klamath Falls; well drilling in Harney county, grading streets of Dallas; raising old school building and salvaging materials in Klamath county; improving school grounds at Merrill, Bonanza, dairy, Fort Klamath, Fairhaven, Poe Valley, Summers, Henley, Chiloquin, Algoma, Altamont, Rhasta and Crescent, all in Klamath county; providing work for Lane county relief families by cleaning up or eradicating abandoned or neglected fruit or nut orchards where they menace agricultural industries; and special survey on fruit trees and berry census in Douglas county.

Bring in your old gold. I pay the top cash price. Government License. Johnson the Jeweler.

PIONEER SCHOOL RECORDS SOUGHT

The Medford board of education today received a flattering communication from Oscar F. Phillips of Needles, California, asking that the school records be checked to show that Mr. Phillips was a student in the Jacksonville school in 1872, '73 and '74.

Medford was started when the railroad first went through this district, and was incorporated as a town in 1883. The thought that the office would have records of school attendance in another city before this city was discovered is flattering enough, but Mr. Phillips is going to be disappointed when he finds that the Medford records run back only 20 years, according to City School Superintendent E. H. Hedrick.

Mr. Phillips says that he was born in 1857, and will be 78 in April. He is submitting an application to the railroad retirement board, and must submit along with it a verification of his age. A check of the records is being made.

ROYAL ARCH MASONS WILL CONFER DEGREE

Crater Lake Chapter, No. 23, Royal Arch Masons, will confer the Royal Arch degree on a class of three candidates at the Masonic temple to-night. All Royal Arch Masons are urged to attend. Refreshments will be served after the lodge. Otto Horner is in charge of the committee.

When it comes to radio, remember "Fruit" can do it. Phone 22.

SHEILA M'DONALD PORTLAND VISITOR

PORTLAND, Ore., March 26.—(AP)—Unknown to the crowd that packed the courtroom, Sheila MacDonald, youngest daughter of Ramsay MacDonald, prime minister of England, attended a murder trial here today.

She is a law student in England. The case was the trial of Joseph J. Osborne, former special policeman, accused of having beaten to death an elderly retired merchant, Simon Miah.

Miss MacDonald said she had never before witnessed an American court proceedings, and found the trial "most interesting." She was to leave tonight for San Francisco. She reached Portland yesterday from Vancouver, B. C., on a world tour and is traveling alone. From the courtroom she went to the Portland Museum of Art.

JACKSONVILLE DANCE PROFITS AID SCOUTS

Proceeds of the dance in Jacksonville Saturday night, March 30, will be applied to the boy scout fund to send a member of that troop to the jamboree in Washington, D. C., according to announcement.

As a special feature of the dance, mothers of Jacksonville boy scouts are planning to serve refreshments at no charge in addition to admission price.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By *GLUYAS WILLIAMS*



IN ABSTRACTING ONE RAISIN YOU UNDERMINE THE FRUIT CENTREPIECE JUST AS THE DOORBELL ANNOUNCES THE ARRIVAL OF THE DINNER GUESTS

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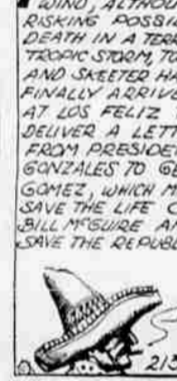
S-MATTER POP

By *C. M. Payne*



TAILSPIN TOMMY—Suspicious!

By *Hal Forrest*



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Sad Farewells!

By *Edwin Albert*



THE NEBS—The Lady Killer

By *Boj Jess*



BRINGING UP FATHER

By *George Mehanus*



OREGON INCOME TAX RETURNS UP

SALEM, Mar. 26.—(AP)—Collections of 1935 personal income, intangibles and corporate excise taxes up to Saturday night had shown a 34 per cent increase over the corresponding period in 1934, the state tax commission reported today. A total of \$388,937 has been collected this year compared to \$287,946.21 over the same period last year. Tax returns must be filed with the commission by April 1, or penalties and interest will be imposed. Tax commissioners estimated that \$1,990,000 would be collected in 1935 as against \$1,800,000 last year.

PORTLAND C. OF C. TO FIGHT WITH FISHWAYS

PORTLAND, March 26.—(AP)—Immediate state-wide activity to save the \$25,000,000 Columbia river salmon industry from extermination by providing adequate fishways at Bonneville dam was inaugurated by the chamber of commerce today. Arguments have been made that present building specifications for fishways do not provide sufficient lodgers for fish migration. Congress will be memorialized for an additional \$1,000,000 for the fishways. "Factory style" workmanship to watch and jewelry repairing at the lowest possible prices. Johnson the Jeweler.