

GREAT RICHES

By Mabel Howe Farham

Chapter 10
SARAH'S INVESTMENTS

I WANT to be a doctor," persisted James unhappily. It was hard for him to oppose anyone and especially the Judge. "I think my... my father would have liked me to be a doctor," he added gulping from sheer nervousness.

"I am sure there could be no career more pleasing to you than healing the sick and suffering," broke in Miss Sarah, "and while the law in my father's day was an honorable profession for honorable gentlemen it seems to me to be rapidly deteriorating—if one can believe what one hears."

"Nonsense!" roared the Judge. "Even a layman would know that it is not the profession which has deteriorated, but the caliber of the men going into it. Use your brain, woman, use your brain."

no value whatsoever, until after a little she ceased to consult him. She was especially triumphant and sure of her own acuteness after she had, against the Judge's advice, invested ten thousand dollars in Oregon prime lands and sold this land six months later at a thirty per cent profit.

Having tasted blood, Miss Sarah was no longer satisfied with a meager five and six per cent on her money. In Kansas City she found a sympathetic broker who assured her that her judgment in business matters was phenomenally keen and that it was as easy as rolling off a log to double one's capital provided one had the natural aptitude and courage.

Miss Sarah, easily convinced that she possessed both, sold her good farm mortgages and gilt-edged bonds and invested largely in Western fruit lands, in Rhoda Island railroad stock and in Mexican oil. James, whom she consulted after a promise of secrecy, was fired with his aunt's enthusiasm and thought it would be a fine thing to become a millionaire.

THEY spent many happy evenings that early summer planning their investments and spending the money which was to come to them in such unlimited quantities.



Sarah was bowed under her remorse.

"Can't you realize that James would be a thousand times more useful upholding the honorable traditions of the law, which is the foundation of our country and of all the freedom we boast, than in going about peering at people's tongues and deciding whether they had better take castor oil or lozenges?"

The Judge had long been famous in New Concord for "not being a politics talker," but Miss Sarah was bitterly offended not so much at his reference to a nincompoop as by the mention of castor oil.

She shuddered in a lady like way, and draw herself up and pointedly changed the subject and although the Judge stormed and protested he knew that his cause was lost and persisted not because his heart was in it but as a matter of principle.

He grumbled all the way home and avoided James for days afterwards, to his own distress as well as the boy's.

THE Judge had never been a patient man or reasonable or he might have reflected that James had four years of college before he could begin his study of medicine and that in that time many things might occur to change his determination.

As it turned out something very important happened that very summer. James was destined never to go to college or to learn to "cut 'em up quickly" as Aunt Lou put it. Strange to say, it was Miss Sarah and not the Judge who brought this about.

Miss Sarah had been her father's secretary during the last years of his life and in his fondness the Governor had grown to believe that his daughter showed an unusual aptitude toward the management of his affairs.

Therefore, just before he died, he changed his will and not only made her James' sole guardian but left her in full control of their joint estates until James was twenty-five.

Miss Sarah, unfortunately, had few things to interest her after James went off to school and she quite fancied herself in the role of a fortune teller. Judge Holcomb, however, waved aside her judgments and comments on investments as of

The story of Miss Sarah's investment is neither a long nor an unusual one. It was a golden dream, while it lasted, but it did not last long. Something, or rather a number of things, went wrong.

The sympathetic broker disappeared and could not be traced. When it came time for James to go to Harvard he and Miss Sarah woke up to reality and found to their horrified amazement that they possessed between them an annual income of only a little more than eighteen hundred dollars.

Miss Sarah was bowed to the ground under the burden of her remorse, and was only buoyed up and enabled to live at all because of her secret belief—which persisted for years—that the setback was only temporary and her investments were certain at some later day to prove the bonanza they had promised. She urged James to agree to sell the Stimson place and take the money for his education.

This her nephew steadfastly declined to do. They would have to sell the carriage horses and let Black Tom and Sally the cook go, but before long he would be earning something and they would manage some way.

Aunt Lou was as good a cook as Sally. Sally could get a place overnight and it was more than time that Tom retired and enjoyed the pension the Governor had left him.

Judge Holcomb, against his better judgment and although he had a widowed sister and her family to support, sent for James to come to his office and offered, if James' heart was set on it, to put the boy through medical college. His relief was boundless when James thanked him gratefully and declined.

"Well, then, what are you going to do? Have you made any plans?" asked the Judge.

"I found when I thought it over that I'd rather be a lawyer than a doctor," James explained a little diffidently.

James and the Judge arrange, tomorrow, a solution satisfactory to both.

with regard to a fair, impartial investigation of alleged violation of American rights.

By a "positive, determined stand" against a "creative investigation," the archbishop said, "the present administration is raised in definite opposition to the maintenance of one of the most prized principles of American life and international obligation."

Speaking of the "violation of fundamental human rights in Mexico," Archbishop Curley said:

"It is estimated that one million letters and resolutions on this subject have been sent to President Roosevelt and Secretary of State Cordell Hull. It is possible that silence and opposition will be the only response to these petitions."

Exchange Old Gold for cash or trade at Brophy's, Jewellers. When it comes to rubber stamps, Frutz's can do it. Phone 22.

THREE RINGS TELL PROGRESS MARCH OF PUEBLO TRIBE

By F. R. COLTON, Associated Press Science Writer.

WASHINGTON, March 27.—(AP)—A new page of American history of a thousand years ago has just been revealed by rings of trees that grew in the southwest from 800 to 950 A. D.

They show that the famous Pueblo Indian civilization, "sprung" to greatness in only 150 years, instead of slowly developing through many centuries as previously supposed.

The new finds, based on data filed by three growth rings in the timbers of old pueblo dwellings, disclose that the Pueblos developed their civilization between 800 and 950 A. D., then settled down and made little more progress for a thousand years, says Dr. Frank H. H. Roberts, of the Smithsonian Institution, in a report to the American Anthropological Association made public today.

The Pueblos, starting almost literally with nothing but "the shits on their backs," developed in 150 years a civilization that worked to the benefit of the "common man."

It began when Haroun-Al-Raschid of Arabian Nights fame was at the height of his power, and reached its peak when the Vikings were establishing their first parliament in Iceland.

The Pueblos built vast "apartment houses." Compared with the Euro-

MULTNOMAH COLLECTS MORE PROPERTY TAX

PORTLAND, March 27.—(AP)—A total of \$9,213,775 in property taxes, including \$8,163,775 on the current roll and \$1,050,000 on the delinquents roll, has been collected in Multnomah county since Jan. 1, Sheriff Martin Pratt announced today. The total was 61 per cent of the current roll of about \$15,286,000 and was an increase of about 10 per cent over the amount collected at the corresponding time last year.

Generally fair tonight and Thursday, but unsettled northwest portion; slightly warmer north coast tonight but frost or freezing temperatures elsewhere; gentle to moderate changeable wind off the coast.

Lawnmowers—time to get them sharpened and repaired; called for and delivered. Medford Cycler, 22 N. Fir. Phone 261.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

DOZEN RABBITS EQUAL TO SHEEP IN APPETITE

SALEM, Ore., March 27.—(UP)—Tests in Arizona show that 12 Jack-rabbits eat as much as a 120-pound sheep, and that 39 rabbits consume enough feed for a 750-pound cow, reported the United States department of agriculture.

With feed supplies reduced to an unparalleled shortage by the 1934 drought, jackrabbit control will be more than ever necessary. The federal bureau has been petitioned by 9500 Colorado farmers for aid in controlling the pests, which damage growing crops and in the winter attack haystacks and feed storage points.

WAITING FOR DINNER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

WAYS IN HIGH CHAIR FOR DINNER TO COME

WHILES AWAY TIME BY DRUMMING ON TRAY WITH SPOON

GETS TIRED OF DRUMMING AND THROWS SPOON OVERBOARD

FEELS HE MIGHT AS WELL BE GETTING READY BY PUTTING HIS BIB ON

FINDS IT A MORE COMPLICATED PROCESS THAN HE REALIZED

GIVES UP AND DROPS BIB ON FLOOR

DECIDES THERE'S NO USE STAYING HERE WITH NO DINNER AND STARTS EXTRICATING HIMSELF FROM HIGH CHAIR

IS GETTING NOWHERE IN PARTICULAR BUT IS HAVING A GOOD TIME WHEN DINNER COMES AT LAST

GLUYAS WILLIAMS 3-27 (Copyright, 1935, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

SMATTER POP

By C. M. Payne

AH, MAY I PRESENT TO YOU, MY WIFE, MISTER WIMPUS!

OH, I'M DELIGHTED, INDEED!

PSST!

YOU'VE GOT ONE ALREADY, POP!

TELLUM!

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Gomez Acts Mysterious!

By Hal Forrest

GENERAL GOMEZ BEHOLD SUSPICIOUS WHEN TOMMY AND SKETTER DELIVERED PRESIDENT GONZALEZ'S LETTER TO HIM COMMANDING HIM TO ATTACK SANTOS CALIENTE, THE STRONGHOLD OF EL LIBERTADOR

YOU ARE EXCITED, SENOR, BUT YOU MUST TAKE TIME TO EXPLAIN--

BUT WHY DON'T YOU READ PRESIDENT GONZALEZ'S LETTER?

I SHALL-- LATER

YOU CALLED ME MIA GENERALE?

YES, SHOW THESE SENECES TO THE RECEPTION ROOM-- I MUST BE ALONE FOR A FEW MOMENTS--

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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Westward Ho!

By Edwin Alger

WHAT'RE YOU GNIFFLIN' ABOUT?

I'M NOT, GNIFFLING, BUT IT'S ALWAYS TOUGH TO LEAVE GOOD FRIENDS--

ALL RIGHT! LET'S BE ON OUR WAY! LOST CANYON RANCH OR BUST!

THAT'S THE TICKET! YOU DRIVE!

IT'LL TAKE US FIVE OR SIX DAYS TO GET OUT THERE, WON'T IT? AND WHERE WILL WE STAY TONIGHT?

WE SHOULD WORRY ABOUT THAT-- I GOT ALL THE CAMPING THINGS NICISSARY!

YOU SEE, UNCLE NAT AIN'T BEEN USIN' ALL THE MONEY YOU'VE BEEN SINDIN' HIM, AN HE INSISTED ON OUTFITIN' US--QUESTS HE MUST'VE KNOWN YOU'D GO EH?

HE AT LEAST HAD A NOTION THAT WAY!

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THE NEBBS—Yes, Indeed

By Sol Hess

RUDY, THIS IS NOT PROMPTED BY LOCAL GOSSIP--IT'S JUST COMMON SENSE--JUST WHY SHOULD YOU EMPLOY MISS DEEN? I DON'T DENY SHE SEEMS A FINE PERSON.

BUT WHY SHOULD SHE COME HERE UNDER A CLOUD? AND JUST SUPPOSE SHE TURNS UP MISSING SOME MORNING TOGETHER WITH A DIAMOND OR PEARL NECKLACE--HOW ARE YOU GOING TO ALIBI YOURSELF TO THE GUESTS FOR HIRING A PERSON YOU KNEW NOTHING ABOUT?

YOU'RE RIGHT--I'LL TALK TO HER--I'LL MAKE HER GIVE ME HER PEDIGREE TOGETHER WITH REFERENCES AND I'LL PUBLISH IT IN THE LOCAL PAPER SO ALL THE "MIND-SOMEBODY-ELSES-BUSINESS" WILL HAVE ONE THING LESS TO WORRY ABOUT

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BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

FATHER-DON'T TALK SO SILLY THERE'S NO HARM IN SMOKING A CIGARETTE ALL MY FRIENDS SMOKE

I DON'T CARE WHAT ANYBODY ELSE DOES I'LL NOT STAND FER YOU SMOKIN' 'EM DO YOU HEAR?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE NEW GENERATION IS COMIN TO! THEY WON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO US OLDER FOLKS--

DAUGHTER WON'T MIND ME, SO I'LL GIT MAGGIE TO TALK TO HER--

YES--THIS IS MRS JIGGS--WANT TO ORDER A THOUSAND CIGARETTES--HAVE MY NAME--MARGUERITE--PRINTED ON THEM--

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ROOSEVELT CENSORED FOR REFUSING MIX IN MEXICO CHURCH WAR

WASHINGTON, March 27.—(AP)—The conservative involving the church-state issue in Mexico was brought to the attention of the cabinet by strong criticism aimed at the Roosevelt administration by the Right Reverend Michael J. Curley, archbishop of Baltimore.

"Let there be no doubt about it," the archbishop said at a meeting in Gonzaga hall, "the administration has given instructions to frustrate further efforts either on behalf of persecuted christians in Mexico, or