Sherman County Journal

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 4, 1933.

A BANK

There is every possibility that this county will have a bank again within a short time. Large banks, able to establish branches, will not long pass up a county with the income of Sherman county. This is our sincere belief.

Any serious consideration of the resources of this county will convince the student that here is an opportunity. Here is a county with approximately 3000 people that has for the last ten years produced $2,195,312 dollars of wheat per year on the average. It produces a crop that is stable, necessary and that may be sold any day in the year. Wheat may be kept indefinitely; it doesn't rot in the warehouse and have to be dumped if not sold.

The county might, in normal times, have deposits of over a million dollars in a local bank. In 1927 in the five banks we had at that time the deposits were in excess of that sum. Guarantee of bank deposits and general betterment of economic conditions will make this possible again soon, for this county will recover rapidly from the depression.

Of those counties that divide their tillable and non-tillable lands for assessment purposes Sherman connty has the largest number of tillable acres It has more acres under plow than has huge Harney or mighty Malhuer. It has twice as many used acres as Washington and nea ly twice as many as Yamhill. Sherman county has 93,437 more tilled acres than has Wasco county or over one and one-half times as much We are small in size; large in productivity.

Wasco county in 1929 produced a total of $2 423,343 worth of field and orchard crops, vegetables and farm gardens, according to the census of 1930. Sherman county produced $2,090,198 worth in the same year. There is no reason why Wasco county should have thrre or four banks while Sherman has none and it will not long be so.

We say this county can have a bank. It can. But it must make an effort to interest those locating banks in the counties. We ourselves may be surprised at the comparative position of this county with the counties of the state. It is very high. We need not fail in this matter if we put our case simply and fairly. Its merits are sufficient to warrant success.

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ACCURACY, PLEASE

One Sunday, a short time ago, the Oregonian published a map which thev advertised as a work of art worthy of the country it portrayed. It showed highways and mountains and through little pictures scattered here and there was supposed to give an idea of the products and sports of different parts of the area pictured.

There was one serious fault with it from the Sherman county point of view. The artist threw in a couple of sharp pointed mountains where some of the best wheat land should be and she left blank the route of the best highway in eastern Oregon Either mistake was enough to arouse the ire of a patriotic Sherman countian.

It apparently is a never ending job to educate Portlanders that there is a federal highway through this county. Also it seems to be difficult to convince writers for daily papers that Sherman county is not a desert, inhabited by jack rabbits, rattle snakes, and coyotes. Let it be remembered that Sherman county has the largest percentage of tilled acreage of any county in the state

When lesser papers err in accuracy we may pardon them. It is harder to do so in the present case for the Oregonian has been a part of Oregon history for so long, has watched the state develop so long, that it should be able to get it's geography straight.

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The prophet who said that we reap what we sow may not have been thinking about world conferences, but his remarks applies just the same.

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The east has had and is having a hot dry year with many deaths and poor crops. Oregon has a cool year with very fair crops.

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Legionnaires are eyeing Klamath Falls this week. Hopefully, not expectantly.

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The government is asking industry to raise wages and increase employment while following the reverse method itself.

—o—

What this country n eds is a first class triangle murder case Everyone is talking to much about something they don't understand.

—o—

"Better than expected", is a pretty cheerful crop report.

People's Column

To the Editor of the Journal.

"Do you love me for myself alone," has always been a very serious question with lovers or friends with an attraction for each other. Folks are like that. They want to know whether they, themselves, as an individual are liked and appreciated or whether their worldly position and finances are the element that attracts.

If you don't think that folks like to be liked ask Dorothy Dix or Marion Miller. It is a universal feeling, like it or dislike it.

This sentiment was uppermost when the following excerpt from a newspaper was read—and re-read: "Merchants of The Dalles were highly pleased at the report coming from the sister county this week, inasmuch as Sherman county farmers have been among the most valued patrons of local stores and, until their buying power was impaired by low returns, were among the heaviest purchasers of local merchandise."

"Oh," gushed the amorous lady to her stalwart escort, "I love you, John. I love you, and I hope that soon you will be able to buy me a diamond pendant and a fur coat."

Catty Clarence.

Grass Valley

Hereafter drunken prowlers found yelling around my house after night will be found there in the morning.
T. M. Rolfe.

Mrs. Alva Stone returned home Wednesday after visiting in Umatilla county for several weeks while recovering from an illness in the hospital.

George Witter is home again from Portland.

Miss Cassie Holmes is at Antelope caring for the Brogan family.

W. R. Olds and wife are here from Knightson, Cal., for one of their infrequent visits to their old home town.

Mrs. I. N. Lemon and E. B. Lemon and family were here the first of the week looking over their land south east of town and visiting with friends.

Dr. C. L. Poley and daughter, Rachael, were in Portland to receive medical treatment for Rachael this week.

George Wilcox and children spent one of the hot days of this week in The Dalles.

Henry Tetz finished the summer school course at University of Oregon last week and returned home Sunday all ready for the winter's teaching to begin.

Earl Olds and Dick Human will work in the warehouse during the illness of the two injured men Les Peterson and Herman Peters.

Miss Eva Perry is visiting here from Condon this week.

The city pump refused to work one day last week and the city fathers have a crew of men repairing it.

Harold Hughes is through teaching for the summer and may rest until school begins at Grass Valley this fall.

Mrs. Venater, mother of Mrs. W. S. Holmes, is visiting her daughter and family for a few weeks.

Vern McGowan returned from Corvallis last week. With his family and Miss Dorothy Olds he will return to the valley and visit at Forest Grove and Independence.

Harvesting was started on most of the farms around here with results gratifying to the farmers. Crops of 16 to 20 bushels are the normal with some of them better.

No baseball game was played here Sunday as The Dalles team was unable or unwilling to come up and meet the boys.

Howard Hines was here Sunday from Wasco.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Ritner moved to Condon last week where Joe is employed on the section at that place.

Highest Prices Paid For
BUTTERFAT
Newberg Creamery Inc.
Vancouver, Washington

They have to EAT——

Those men who pitch hay and work summerfallow from dawn to dusk ——

Let us provide the foods, Staple Groceries—Fresh Vegetables all reasonably and fairly priced.

H. Zeigler's Quality Store
Grass Valley : : Oregon

"Do be careful, Miss Roberta. He's so desperate—"

"I'll reduce him to pulp. I'm not afraid of his guns. I intend to protect my foreman. That is the duty of an employer. We can testify to his effort to kill Mr. Dingle. I shall have him arrested and tried for attempt to commit murder. The bloodthirsty wretch!"

The station door swung open, and Don Jaime Higuenes limped out, stood as erect as his damaged underpinning would permit, bowed from the hips and all but swept the station platform with his sombrero. Then he straightened and said: "Mees—I mean Miss Antrim—I am devastated to think—"

"How dare you presume to address me?" Roberta cut in icily. "I am not aware that I have the dubious honor

"How Dare You Presume to Address Me?" Roberta Cut In Icily.

of your acquaintance, sir, although I believe you are my uncle's slayer, Jim Higgins."

He stared at her without rancor, nor did the pleasant smile that had crinkled his undeniably good-looking countenance fade the slightest. Roberta made swift appraisal of him. He was about six feet tall, strongly built, lithe and graceful. His complexion was a reddish brown, a most agreeable color-scheme when taken in conjunction with crinkly jet-black hair and large, black, snappy eyes. "Black Irish," Roberta reflected, noting his thick, almost snubby nose, the broad upper lip and the square jowls. "The very worst kind of Irish!"

"Yes, I am Jim Higgins," Don Jaime admitted, without a particle of shame or embarrassment, and from the inflection of his voice, from a certain faint clipped manner of slurring his consonants, Roberta knew that Spanish was this man's tongue. "It was my misfortune to be the instrument of an inscrutable fate that wafted your delectable uncle to his mansion in the skies."

"Has anybody ever told you what a cool scoundrel you are, Mr. Higgins? Do you enjoy killing men?"

"Oh, no! Not even in self-defense."

Roberta had a feeling that she was not going to make much progress in the face of the man's debonair indifference.

"What do you mean by trying to shoot my foreman?"

"Why, it's the open season on sheep herders. We're allowed one a day, and old Dingle Bell is the first I've flushed in a week."

"He'll be the last you'll flush in many years if there is such a thing as law and justice in Texas."

"Oh, we're very law-abiding, indeed! Very few of us on this side of the Rio Grande kill for pleasure or profit. You're going to have me arrested, I presume."

"I certainly am."

"Well, when the warrant is issued the sheriff will telephone me about it and tell me to come in and talk it over. By the way, what are you doing around here, anyway? Is it your intention to camp all night on this platform or were you expecting somebody to call for you? Is it possible that in a moment of exuberance I frightened Dingle Bell away and thus deprived you of your transportation?"

"No, I'll excuse you of leaving us stranded. Mr. Dingle would have departed in a little while, but not so precipitately. I do not mind telling you that we are waiting for Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes to send a car over for us. Do you know Don Jaime?"

"I've known him all my life."

"What sort of man is he?"

"We-ell, average. I'd call him. Just a fair sample of a greaser. Folks in this country don't seem to mind having him around. Are you certain Don Jaime knew you were due here today?"

"Why, I wrote him a week ago."

"Well, the hair must have slipped somewhere or he'd have had a car here to meet you—yes, and a light motor truck for your baggage. One thing Higuenes prides himself on is his punctuality and hospitality. I'm very much afraid, Mees—I mean Miss—Antrim, that unless I get word to Don Jaime that you're here, the station master will have to take you in. And I know he isn't equipped for company."

Roberta's troubled gaze met the young man's with just a hint of tolerance now. "I suppose you have your humane moments, Mr. Higgins. Remember, however, I am certainly going to prosecute you for the attempted murder of Mr. Dingle, so don't tangle yourself up in rash promises to render first aid. You may send word to Senor Higuenes if you wish, but all it will avail you is my thanks."

"You may even omit the thanks," he replied brightly. "I am delighted to have an opportunity to withdraw from your peppery presence, so with your permission, senorita, I shall ride swiftly to the humble abode of this fellow Higuenes and tell him to beat it over here like the devil with his car."

Again his hat swept the platform, before he climbed down and limped to his horse, spoke a few words to the boy who was waiting there for him, and set off down the road at a smart gallop.

"There goes the handsomest, most cultured, most interesting ruffian any woman will ever meet," Roberta declared. "I do hope his lameness will not be permanent."

"He's marvelous, gorgeous," breathed Mignon. "I wonder why he doesn't go in the movies."

"Mr. Higgins ought to get along beautifully in that profession." Roberta sighed. "He certainly has admirable control of his temper. I couldn't seem to insult him."

In about an hour a handsome sedan appeared, accompanied by a speed wagon. Both were driven by youths of undoubted Aztec ancestry. Without a word they fell upon Roberta's baggage and stowed it in the speed wagon, whereupon the driver of the sedan approached, hat in hand and said:

"The senor Higuenes sends thees car and the compliments of heem to the senorita. Don Jaime tell to me to say to the senorita he ees ver' sorry he have make the bonehead play not to come before. Jus' now Don Jaime is ver' busy weeth wash heemself and make the shave for deener."

Roberta smiled at the naive youth's report and entered the car with Mignon. "I wonder what Davy Crockett saw in Texas," she mused. "He died for it!"

As the party reached the summit of a low range square mile after square mile of smiling green valley lay outspread before them. Evidently their chauffeur was aware of the beauty and comfort of the scene, for he stopped the car to give them opportunity to enjoy it.

"All thees," he said with a wave of his hand and a proprietary air, "belong to Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes. Maybeso I theenk two hundred t'ousand acres in all. Mira, senorita. On the mesa you see the beeg white hacienda weeth the red roof. That is the home of Don Jaime. He is my good boss."

"You are very fond of Don Jaime?" Roberta queried.

"If—I, senorita, I die for heem. My father she's die for heem!"

Roberta was impatient to see Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes for whom men died so gladly. She gazed across the lovely valley and thought.

"All those poor, simple people are sheltered under the mantle of his philanthropy. He is the master, the gentle despot whose slightest wish is their law. He is a feudal baron. Roberta, you're trembling on the brink of a great adventure. How I would enjoy having Glenn Hackett meet and know a man like Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes!"

The car rolled across wooden bridges over irrigation canals; and on the borders of a distant field Roberta saw a long queue of teams drawing mowers. Dozens of hay wagons were loading and stacking the new-cut alfalfa hay; perhaps a hundred men were raking and piling it. The fragrance of the harvest came pleasantly to the girl's senses and it occurred to her that this valley had once been dry and barren until metamorphosed into a vast garden by men of vision, courage and faith. To her it seemed a big, worth-while thing to have done—something Homeric. There was drama in it—poetry, too. She knew no little man had done this, and that none but a big man could carry on with it. And her impatience to meet Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes increased.

They swept up through the Indian pueblo and were barked at and pursued by incalculable numbers of dogs of assorted breeds. "If Glenn Hackett were the overlord here he would banish these curs," Roberta thought, "and justify his act on the ground of efficiency and sanitation. But these peones must have their dogs and doubtless Don Jaime realizes that. Let them have dogs—millions of them. What affair is it of his? I dare say he has dogs of his own."

Assorted brown children, in varying degrees of nudity, stared and shouted at them; fat brown women, seated on door-steps or hanging over fences in homely gossip, bowed or curtsied; then they were through the pueblo and rushing up a gentle slope, through an avenue of oleanders, past great white barns and on to the ancestral home of Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes. They halted under a red-tiled porte-cochere, and Mrs. Ganby came out to welcome them.

"Don Jaime begged me to present his excuses for his failure to meet you, Miss Antrim," she explained. "He has been working cattle with his men the past two days—they're shipping from Valle Verde station—and Don Jaime has only just gotten home and is busy making himself pretty. And this young lady with you is—"

"My maid, Mignon, Mrs. Ganby."

"You are fortunate to have brought her with you. Don Jaime has Mexican or Indian maids—I don't know which—to care for the house, but until I came he had nobody to train them and everything has been at sixes and sevens. I've been here about six weeks and am gradually getting order out of chaos. Do you speak Spanish, Miss Antrim?"

"Unfortunately, no."

"The servants understand nothing else. I am studying the language and am beginning to make myself understood. You have a modern bath with hot and cold water. Dinner is at six."

"Does Don Jaime dress for dinner?"

"He puts on his coat, even when we haven't got company," Mrs. Ganby laughed. "In this part of Texas men readily acquire the comfortable shirt-sleeve habit."

"What a lovely room!" Roberta exclaimed, as she entered. It was a large room, and furnished in an old-world elegance. In fact, Roberta, who knew something about such things, was satisfied that every article of furniture in the room had come from Spain and was at least three hundred years old. The windows opened onto the patio, and the scent of flowers filled the room. A cluster of roses occupied a vase on the dressing table.

"Don Jaime plucked these and placed them here himself," Mrs. Ganby informed her. "He was in great distress at having you arrive a day earlier than we expected you. I fear you didn't figure your time-table correctly, Miss Antrim. Yes, this is the nicest room in the house. It was formerly Don Jaime's mother's room. Dinner will be served shortly after you have tidied yourself up a bit. Don't hurry."

Roberta chose to wear that night the dress, shoes and stockings which had precipitated that unfortunate proposal on the part of Glenn Hackett, and was unusually critical of the manner in which Mignon prepared her bobbed hair. She wanted to look her best when she should meet Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes.

At last she was ready and made her way down the corridor hall. Mrs. Ganby led her into Don Jaime's spacious living room.

At a small sideboard, his back toward her, stood her host. He was arrayed in flannel trousers and white buckskin shoes, a soft white silk shirt, a black silk bow tie, and a blue serge coat. Roberta was impressed by the extreme youthfulness of his figure, for she had anticipated a very much older man and, for a reason she had no ground for entertaining, she had expected him to be short and portly.

Mrs. Ganby spoke: "Don Jaime!"

He turned. "This young lady is Miss Antrim, Don Jaime."

Don Jaime bowed. "You are welcome to my poor house, Mees Antrim," he said evenly, and advanced to take her hand.

"Jim Higgins!" she cried furiously.

"If you insist upon applying the literal translation of my monicker, James Michael Higgins is as correct as Jaime Miguel Higuenes. Dear me, can't you see the map of Erin on my face, Miss Antrim?"

Her eyes blazed at him. "You're a positive devil," she whispered as she reluctantly surrendered her hand to his. "Why did you deceive me at the station to day?"

"Dear Mees Antrim, I did not deceive you. You asked me if I were Jim Higgins and I admitted it. Then you started to work on me and I had a great curiosity to see how far you would go."

"If I had known you were Jaime Miguel Higuenes I would have had Dingle take me over to my late uncle's ranch."

"I feared the son of a gun was planning to take you there. You and your maid are the first women to get off at that station in a year, and when from a distance I observed you, I suspected your identity, suspected that for some reason you had arrived a day earlier than that named in your letter. So I started across to interview you—and then I saw Dingle Bell, as I call him, and instantly I was jealous. So I tried to kill Dingle Bell—according to you—although what I really tried to do was to puncture his tire. I thought if I could succeed in frightening him away before he had an opportunity to tell you too much—the things I wanted to tell you myself—I would be proving myself a very smart young man. Well, I succeeded, didn't I?"

Roberta's face went scarlet. "I'm so terribly ashamed — so — embarrassed."

"Nonsense. It was a grand joke—and I assure you grand jokes are few and far between in this part of the world. That rascal Dingle had been talking to you and telling you things that weren't so, and I saw at once that you were perfectly willing to believe the worst of Jim Higgins, while holding Jaime Higuenes in a measure of respect."

"I—I can't believe you're a bad man," Roberta faltered.

"I'm not. I'm a lovely young feller, and your cussed uncle did give me a flat tire and make a south-paw out of me for a while. And I did bust him, good and plenty, and have no regret for my action. I'm forgiven, am I not?"

Roberta eyed her host coolly. "I'll think it over. I'm sorry you deceived me—even by such innocent and undoubtedly amusing deceit. Your letters were so delightfully neighborly it seemed quite all right to permit myself to be under obligation to you. But if I had known that Jaime Higuenes and not Jim Higgins had killed my uncle I should not now find myself in the position of scolding my host.

"I—I Can't Believe You're a Bad Man," Roberta Faltered.

of regretting my acceptance of his hospitality."

"Say on, Miss Antrim. I would be the last man on earth to use his hospitality as a gag to free speech."

"My Uncle Bill will think it very, very strange of me to accept the hospitality of my Uncle Tom's—ah—remover. How shall I explain it to him?"

"Don't," Don Jaime suggested meekly. "I'll do it. Give me Uncle Bill's address and I'll send him a wire tonight. That will give him an opportunity to register his kick tomorrow. If it seems to you then that you ought to leave Valle Verde my car will be at your disposal."

He called Mrs. Ganby and when she entered Bobbie was holding to her hand. "I rode all the way home with Ken, Jimmy," he shouted, "and I'm not tired." Then he saw Roberta and removed his hat. Don Jaime formally presented the boy, then snapped his fingers at Robbie and the little chap limped over to him.

"Well, old hoss," Don Jaime greeted him, and scooped the boy up in his great left arm. "We had a fine ride today, didn't we? But you disobeyed orders, Robbie. I told you to ride home with the cook in the chuck wagon and lead your pony behind. You've overdone it, son. What are we going to do about that, eh?"

Robbie looked distressed. "But I felt so good, Jimmy—" he began.

Don Jaime shook him and set him down. "I put you on the payroll at ten dollars a month. At the end of the month you'll collect nine. You are fined a dollar for disobedience of orders."

The boy threw his arms around Don Jaime's waist and looked up at him almost tearfully. "Are you angry with me, Jimmy?"

To be continued.

Mae—I could never see why they always call a boat "she."

Tony—Evidently you never tried to steer one.