

Sherman County Journal

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 18, 1933.

COMING UP

With harvest in its final stages in this county and with information about the yield complete enough to justify a reasonably close prediction as to the yield, it is most cheering to realize that the county income is again on the way up.

Since 1927 when the wheat income of the county was \$3,768,190 to 1931 when the total wheat crop brought but \$644,640 was a terrible period when nothing went right and everyone had cause to be discouraged. Few industries could have stood a comparable reduction and stayed alive at all and the fact that wheat was grown in this county at all in 1932 and 1933 is a compliment to the tenacity of the farmers who went ahead in spite of difficulties.

The 1931 income from wheat was only about a sixth of the 1927 income caused by both lowered price and lowered yield, neither of which were the fault of the farmers themselves. It is time for the hand of fate to even up the luck.

It appears probable that the 1933 crop income for the county will be twice the \$790,200 it was last year. We turned the chart upward last year from the 10 bushels crop and 51 cent price of 1931 and this year we will give it another boost to within a half million dollars of the average.

This does not mean that we will return to the good old days. Debts must be paid. But a crop like that of this year can go far in that regard when, as is the case, only a little of it has been spent for production. It looks like we are coming out of it. And like all wheat countries we will do it fast.

F. R. A.

As information about the farm recovery act as applied to wheat gradually becomes available it is apparent that the government is going to demand an actual reduction of acreage from the farmer in payment for the compensating payments. The plan could be successful in no other way for if domestic allotment of wheat merely that a wheat farmer had to raise something else on a part of his land it would soon result in surpluses in other crops that would be as bad as the one in wheat.

The payments are made to farmers so that they can afford to cease production on a part of their land. We believe they can profitably leave the land idle or till it to keep the weeds down and still receive a larger total income than by growing as much wheat as they can on all the land.

Even if the reduction is 20 percent, which is the very highest it can be, farmers will receive payments large enough to return them \$15.12 per acre on their abandoned land if their average production has been 20 bushels per acre. That is considerably more than they have made per acre for some time and it is well worth while. Also payments will be made for three years for two years reduction.

There has always been a rather hardboiled element among the farmers who maintain that wheat prices can never go up except by the law of supply and demand. So far their arguments have withstood the test of time with the exception of the periods when the price pegged to relieve the farmers for a short time. The domestic allotment plan now in process of trial gives the law of supply and demand a chance.

If farmers refuse to cooperate and continue to produce as much wheat as they can there is nothing in the bill that will help them. If they reduce acreage and wheat stocks they will be helping themselves by reducing the supply. The government is offering to assist them by paying for the acreage taken out of production. The Deity, it is said, helps those who help themselves and the government is adopting the same policy for the farmers.

Back in St. Louis a restaurant keeper was beaten for serving low priced meals and failing to observe the N. R. A. code. Last winter he could have posed as a public benefactor.

The south sister was merely following the styles and shedding some surplus coverings in honor of the season.

According to reports this General Johnson is doing the work of a dozen men himself. Is that any example to set?

Germany has forbidden the vivisection of all animals, but surely the edict does not include Jews.

At five cents per day it won't take wheat long to get to the bottom again.

"Anyway," says the pessimist, "this is good training for the hereafter."

Grass Valley

Phone in your order for fresh Meats Fruits, Berries and Vegetables at the Grass Valley Market. Special prices for harvest meats. Ice 75 cents per 100 pounds. Eggs taken in trade. Earl Olds.

Isabelle Fortner is home from a visit with her grand parents who live near Heppner.

Stanley Krurow was taken to Portland this week with what was pronounced to be a severe case of sinus trouble.

Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Smith and Mr. Smith's sister, Mrs. Rogers, were here this week from Hood River.

Mr. Littleton, assistant manager of The Dalles branch of the U. S. bank, was here this week meeting prospective customers.

Joe Morrison, father of Mrs. Geo. Wilcox, was here from his farm near Arlington this week. His harvest is over.

Don Cox has been having a seige of the intestinal flu that has kept him in bed several days.

Miss Ottollia Wassemiller is visiting her sister, Mr. Dean Olds.

Gus Smith has dug him a brain new well and is going to install a pumping plant for his own use.

S. L. Boyce and wife have been to Beaverton for a few days. They returned Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Eslinger and son Marcus spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. Eslinger's sister, Mrs. L. D. Eakin. Marcus remained for a few days visit with his aunt.

George Simon and wife, former residents of this section, were here this week for a short time while on a trip from their home in Eugene to Idaho.

Mrs. Helene Lemley entertained Tuesday afternoon for Miss Lorene Heath a house guest of the Lemleys. Miss Heath will teach in Baker county this winter.

Mrs. Beulah Wickstrom and Mrs. Theresa Shippe of Fresno, Cal., visited here for a few days with their cousins Tom and Ed Alley. They left Monday and word was received Tuesday evening that Mrs. Wickstrom's brother had died at his home in Fresno while they were still absent.

R. H. "Bob" Guthrie and wife were looking over their Sherman county wheat land Tuesday while on a visit from Portland.

Angus Kuck is at the Eaton ranch for a few days.

John Hays and wife are home again from a visit to the Feely family near Ione.

Ivan Gervais suffered a broken leg last Friday when with a group of other boys he fell on the skating floor. He was taken to the hospital the next day and it was found that the main bone in his leg had been cracked in several places. He is home again.

Dean Olds came home Friday after spending harvest on the Chas. Harper ranch east of Wasco.

Mrs. Matt Simon and three daughters are spending a few of the hot days encamped at Hansen's resort on the Metolu.

Rodell Schasen was here last week having drove up from Portland bringing Herman Peters home from his trip to a Portland hospital. Herman is getting around again.

George Witter was working on wells on the Bill Walker place and on the Robert Rhode place last week, returning home Saturday night.

Miss Cora Bayer took the stage for The Dalles Saturday evening.

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"He is a strange man, Mrs. Ganby," she said at last. "I have never met his kind before. I do not know what to make of him—whether to like him or dislike him, to fear him or to trust him. He killed my uncle and then, masquerading under the name of Jim Higgins he induced me to accept the hospitality of Jaime Higuenes. Where I come from one doesn't do that sort of thing, you know. How long have you known him, Mrs. Ganby?"

"Since three days after he killed your uncle. I am a trained nurse and I came down here to tend his wounds, although he would have recovered without my aid, for he is as healthy as a horse. Later he asked me to be his housekeeper, but since he does not appear to regard me as a servant, I imagine I am a sort of paid hostess. I think he had a hope that you might visit the ranch some day, and of course you would never have been invited unless he had a duenna here. He is very punctilious in matters of social propriety."

"And Robbie?"

"When he discovered I had a little crippled son he sent his general manager to El Paso to bring the boy here. He knew I'd want him with me, of course."

"I understand. Innocence and helplessness. Of course his heart went out to Robbie."

"Children, understand, Miss Antrim. I think Don Jaime is a man who likes a fight—any kind of a fight. He is tremendously interested in that atrophied leg of Robbie's. Lately he has started massaging it, stretching it, studying it. He has been sending for medical treatment on infantile paralysis and talks of sending Robbie East to be treated at the Rockefeller Institute."

Further confidences were interrupted by the return of the host. He called something in Spanish to the singer and she came and handed him her guitar, received the thanks of her audience and departed covered with embarrassment.

"Now, then," gooth Don Jaime, "we'll have a little old Anglo-Saxon minstrelsy from the boss himself. He smote the strings with a firm, assured hand and in a perfectly thunderous basso began. "The Yellow

"For a Moment I Had Forgotten I Had Killed Your Uncle Tom!" He murmured.

Rose of Texas. To his great delight Roberta joined in the song. He cocked one lazy eye at her inquiringly; at a half-rest in the music he demanded:

"How come?"

"Uncle Bill," she replied, and he nodded comprehension. Yes, of course Uncle Bill would know that one. But Don Jaime played how while Roberta sang.

The song ended and Don Jaime looked up, a fleeting gleam of sadness, of resignation in the lazy eyes. "For a moment I had forgotten I had killed your Uncle Tom!" he murmured.

"Oh, please, Mr. Higuenes—"

"Oh, please, Jaime," he corrected.

"I had forgotten, too, Jaime."

"Now that you have made up your mind not to dislike me or the task of trying to like me, I have a confession to make."

"I'll try to bear up under it."

"A few days after I shot it out with your uncle, his man, Bill Dingle and five others came over here with the intention of doing me great bodily harm—lynching me to one of the cross-pieces in that heavy trellis in the grape arbor yonder, as a matter of fact. I captured Dingle and his idlers and confined them in my private stable here for thirty days. Before turning them loose I had my foreman dog them all."

"Oh, Jaime!"

"That's the sort of bad egg I am, senorita. That's why I was wearing two guns today. By the way, can you sing Gounod's 'Ave Maria'?"

"Why, yes!" she answered a little breathlessly.

"Oh, grand, wonderful! Let's go inside and practice it with a piano accompaniment. I want you to sing it at mass tomorrow for my people. You will, of course. I know you will. Poor devils. They'll love it so! But first send your telegrams. The office in Los Algodones will soon be closing."

CHAPTER VIII

Mr. William B. Latham smiled fatuously and rubbed his old hands together in pleased anticipation, as he noticed the telegram beside his plate at breakfast. He read:

"The man who first called you Crooked Bill knew his onions stop I have your Texas record stop You permitted me to walk into a situation that is perfectly and monstrously unusual and I am horribly embarrassed stop Jim's father shot you in the foot with a forty-five caliber revolver and the impulse to be careless with deadly weapons still runs in the family only the present representative uses a bow and arrow and shoots for the heart stop. Nor is the Connemara half blood bred out of the tribe stop Believe it or not he has erected a headstone over Uncle Tom stop It is an angel weeping and on the base of the monument he has worked in a bas-relief of a shepherd and a sheep presumably the one that was lost stop Spanish art and Irish devilry stop When I compare him with Glenn I am torn between a desire to weep and to laugh stop Glenn is so respectable so proper so mindful of all the things we have been raised to admire and respect while this fellow stops at nothing and consults only his own desires stop My plan is to secure the court's permission to get rid of the sheep promptly and return to Hillcrest so I can bite you on the ear."

"BOBBY."

Harms, the butler, in the act of dropping the customary two lumps of sugar into Crooked Bill's coffee cup froze in the act and regarded his master with amazement and concern. It appeared to Harms that the old gentleman was about to have some sort of seizure, for he had closed his eyes, thrown back his head, opened his mouth and gasped.

"Anything wrong, sir?" Harms demanded.

"Har!" yelled Crooked Bill. "Har!" Two bursts of manic laughter!

"Good news, sir?" Harms suggested politely.

"Harms," said Crooked Bill, "did you ever hear of Pandora?"

"Oh, yes, sir! You are referring to the lady of mythology who unlocked the box of troubles?"

"Exactly. Well, Miss Roberta has unlocked a similar box. Harms, get Mr. Hackett on the telephone."

He read Hackett Roberta's message and waited for a hearty laugh. It did not come. "Dog your cats, Glenn," he protested, "where's your sense of humor?"

"I see no humor in the situation, Mr. Latham. I can only sympathize with Roberta. There she is, the guest of the man who killed her uncle, and who has had the hardihood to make a jest at the expense of his victim. Not satisfied with that exhibition of bad taste he has, apparently, commenced to pay his court to Roberta immediately, which is most embarrassing and distressing to her. She will be forced to leave his house, of course, and decline to permit him to continue to serve her in the matter of conserving those damnable sheep."

"You farnation monkey, you. Isn't that exactly what I planned should happen? Roberta practically admits it already. She's anxious to clean up on those sheep and return—and when she does, boy, you'll certainly look good to her."

"I wish I could be as confident as you, Mr. Latham. Roberta has one weakness, and that is her sense of humor. Like yours, it's a bit—er—diabolical. I wish I had never joined in this conspiracy with you."

"Faint heart never won fair lady. My boy, don't you realize you have a

chance to be a hero?"

"I do not."

"You're singularly dull. My stock is still climbing and you need more money to protect me. So you've decided that those sheep should be sold to get ready cash. Consequently you've had two important cases continued, which will enable you to go to Texas and arrange the sale of the sheep."

"Who will I sell them to?"

"To me, fool, to me. I'll give you more money for them than anybody else and the more money you realize on them the stronger you'll be with Roberta! Also, you'll arrive on the job in time to put a crimp in the sentimental aspirations of Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes. You'd better jump to Texas my pronto."

"Well, in order to make good on your deceit you've rented Hillcrest, so why not go to Texas with me? Shave your whiskers and dress like a rancher and play the part of the sheep buyer?"

"By golly, I'll do it, Glenn. It's a good idea. When can you start?"

"In one week."

"Fine. Meanwhile I'll keep you advised if anything new turns up—Hey, don't hang up yet. Harms has just handed me another telegram . . . It may be from Bobby. . . No, it's from Higuenes. Oh, Lord, oh, Lord, oh, Lord! Glenn, will you listen to this? And he read over the telephone:

"When you see your ward again I should be a proud man to hear you address her as Mrs. Higuenes or Higuenes whichever suits you best stop To that end I request your permission to pay my court stop I know the going will be hard but I have never been accustomed to getting anywhere without a battle so I will take a chance stop You know my people so I do not have to furnish social references stop Can furnish financial credentials to please any save most exacting."

"He's a direct-actionist," Glenn Hackett growled.

"He's his father's son. Just imagine the nice courtesy that induced him to seek the permission of Bobby's responsible relative before commencing work."

"What are you going to say in reply, Mr. Latham?"

"I'm going to encourage the boy, of course."

"Why do that?"

"To make him work. Remember, Glenn, there is one thing Roberta will never forgive, and that's bad taste. You can't kill a girl's uncle and then expect to rush her off her feet, even though you killed in self-defense and in so doing performed a public service. I tell you this man Higuenes doesn't know any better than to walk into straight lefts and rights."

Crooked Bill hung up and immediately dispatched the following telegram to Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes:

"You have the nerve of a lion-tamer stop Thanks for the compliment implied in your telegram but I have nothing to say about it stop However you have my best wishes and I will even give you some good advice stop Pile on the high romance and sound the old castilian note your good old father knew so well stop If there is anything in Mendel's law you should be dark-haired and dark-eyed like Mike and, with these assets a fair singing voice and a guttural some moonlight and a pachyderm hide I should say that you stand slightly more chance than a celluloid dog chasing an asbestos cat through the infernal regions."

"LATHAM"

"And now," he murmured, "having done my full Christian duty by all concerned, I think I should return to my breakfast."

Well had he been nicknamed Crooked Bill!

Mignon awakened Roberta at seven o'clock next morning. "It's Sunday," she reminded her discreetly. "What will you wear, miss?"

Roberta had given considerable thought to that very subject the night previous. "That sports suit I bought just before leaving New York," she answered promptly.

Breakfast was ready on the gallery when Roberta came out looking for her host. The table was set for two and Don Jaime was waiting for her. His lazy dark eyes swept her in one glance—from her white kid pumps to her Titian head.

"You are as beautiful as an army with banners, Miss Antrim," he announced in the matter-of-fact tone in which one proclaims that two and two make four or that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. Not so much a compliment or the natural desire of a man to flatter a woman, as a definite statement of fact.

Roberta flushed—and hated herself for it, because it was not her habit to exhibit such apparent pleasure at compliments from men. Had the words come from any other man she would have had a careless retort; in all probability she would have told another man that he wasn't looking so very beautiful himself. But again that strange sense of bafflement, of stupidity, almost, held her speechless.

"I suppose he'll ask me if I slept well," she decided. "The usual banal query."

He did not. He tucked her into her seat, sat down opposite, looked at her casually and said: "I see you had a good night's rest in the gigantic bed of my ancestors. You appear much refreshed and I am very glad of it. And you arrive for breakfast promptly at eight. Punctuality is a paramount virtue, particularly in women, so just for that you win a rose." And he leaned back and plucked one from the vine that clam-

bered around a pillar of the gallery. "You're too red for red roses," he rambled on, handing it to her, "so this lovely mauve rose is just the right shade."

"I'm not red, I'm auburn. Thanks for the rose, however. It's lovely."

"Well, whatever it is, it suits me fine. You and I are going to be the best of friends, Roberta."

"Well, I like them fast on their feet—and you're a whiz-bang, Jimmy. I've been trying very hard to dislike you but I must concede it's an up-hill job."

"Of course, it's very unethical to like me," he admitted demurely.

"Let us say it is unusual and let it go at that."

His eyes devoured her. "Roberta, you're mighty sweet. I think, if I may, I'll call you Bobby."

"My friends all do, Shamus. I'm away, old-timer."

She saw him swallow something—and it was not food. The fire died out of his eyes, and the sudden, wistful, little-boy look faded and was replaced by gravity, sternness, masculinity. "He's nice," the girl thought. "He wouldn't take advantage of the fact that I'm his guest to appear to rush me."

Oh, yes, Roberta knew men. She could read their faces and, conversely, their minds. For had not Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes just assured her she was as beautiful as an army with banners!

"You're a very happy man, aren't you, Jimmy. It seems to me that with you, life must be one glad sweet song."

"Oh, it is," he assured her. "The singing started last night. Again his eyes burned into hers for a split second, and again she felt her face flushing hotly. To cover her confusion she said lamely: "I do wish you knew my Uncle Bill."

"Not interested in the old reprobate, although if he should take a notion to show up at Valle Verde I wouldn't mind the dogs on him. Have some bacon and eggs, I cured that bacon myself and am personally acquainted with the hens that laid the eggs."

Had he noticed her confusion, and was this gay, frivolous banter merely his kind way of helping her cover it? Roberta had an idea it was. His two sisters slouched apologetically to the table and he appeared to forget Roberta, to become absorbed in the dogs, feeding them strips of bacon and little pieces of bread steeped in bacon grease, talking affectionately to them the while as if they were human. Roberta reminded herself that Don Jaime was the first young man who had ever neglected her to curry favor with a pair of English setters, and was interested to discover that she did not resent his action.

"What are you going to do about Robbie?" she inquired presently.

"Oh, Robbie. Nothing very much wrong with him. I suspected the fix he was in and, in order to verify my suspicions, I had Mrs. Ganby bring him here. He's been kept in the house because his mother, despite the fact that she is a trained nurse, mother-like considered him too delicate to be allowed out very much. She had to make a living for the two of them, so necessarily she has been forced to neglect the boy."

"He requires sunlight and lots of it. Every day he lies out in the sunlight mother-naked. I gave it to him in small doses, so he wouldn't sunburn. Now he's tanned. Not very and one leg is affected but not very badly. With increased general health he will gain strength and the desire to be more active. Nobody ever exercised without wasting energy, and those who have no energy to waste do not care to exercise."

"He adores you, Jimmy."

"Well, if children and dogs do not like a man that's a sign he had better begin to take stock of himself. I like Robbie. I like all children, even terrible children. I'm godfather to one hundred and eighty-seven and after mass this morning I'll take on the one hundred and eighty-eighth."

"Why are you so popular, Jimmy?"

"For two reasons. If I'm godfather to the child of one of my people then, while an Higuenes lives at Valle Verde, that child will always dwell under the mantle of the Higuenes philanthropy. He can't be fired off the ranch, if he's a male, and he'll get something in the way of a hope chest if he's a female."

"You strange man! Of course as a godfather you have to promise that if the parents neglect to give their child a religious upbringing you will attend to the matter."

"Haven't I built a little church and haven't I a padre on my payroll? I imported him from Mexico. The archbishop of this diocese doesn't know he exists, so the old boy's as free as air. I'm strong for freedom myself."

"Is that why you have never married? Or have you?"

"I haven't. When an Higuenes marries it takes. And I haven't married because you've been such a long time showing up at my ranch."

"Why, Jimmy?"

"I thought for a while I'd surely have to go to Hillcrest, Dobbs Ferry, Westchester county, New York, and point out to you the error of your way, but thanks to your Uncle Tom I was spared that expensive journey. Then, too, I probably wouldn't have showed to such good advantage in your country, because of the competition. I loathe competition. It makes me just a little bit jealous."

To be continued.

Doctor's wife—So you told that patient to diet?

Doctor—Yes, I ordered him to eat only the very plainest of food, and very little of it.

EAT what you can, and can what you can't. We have fruits and vegetables for canning at the proper season—Economically priced. H. Zeigler's Quality Store Grass Valley :: Oregon