

The Hermiston Herald
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MODERN DAY LITERATURE
 The county is flooded with literature of a questionable nature. Obscene and suggestive articles and stories of every description are contained in periodicals broadcasted throughout the length and breadth of this country. Some of them are illustrated with photos and drawings that would make a south sea island queen blush with modesty and add another bead to her raiment.

A few days ago a magazine called True Confessions fell into our hands. It was alleged that the narratives therein contained were based upon actual experiences of the authors. In this issue a writer was relating an incident which he claimed happened to him personally. It was a masterpiece of sensuous literature. In the introduction of his story he made the statement that he blushed when he thought of the events he was about to chronicle, and after reading the story you would blame him one bit. Magazines of this nature seem to find a ready sale as is evident by the hundreds of them that may be seen displayed at various newsstands.

So far we have seen but one excuse that they offer for their existence. They claim that people should not be kept in ignorance of sex matters. This is quite true. But there is a better way to impart this knowledge. The source of information upon this subject should come direct from the parents and not form the theme of a suggestive story. Men publish such trash because of the dollars and cents that is received in return. They are not concerned about the character and morals of our boys and girls. These men have unclean minds and thoughts, and people seem willing to recompense them for their expression.

It used to be that people who had inclinations to read this trashy literature kept it a secret. But now days the fellow who can repeat the greatest number of stories from "Whiz Bang" is at once voted the life of the party. This is what they want and just so long as they are willing to pay for it the source of supply will be unlimited.

There is a goodly number of the present day generation who think Poe's Raven is a treatise on how to feed and care for birds.

Under the present conditions it is impossible for the present generation to produce another Longfellow, Emerson or Lowell, for the publishers are aware that the masses are clamoring for literature of a sensational nature and are unwilling to put before them a production unless it savors of this kind, while a literary genius has to turn his attention to some other line of work or starve.

SPENDING YOUR DOLLAR WITH THE HOME TOWN MERCHANT

If people who buy from mail order houses would stop to reason we are inclined to believe that the hundreds of dollars which at present are spent with these houses would stay at home where they are made.

These foreign firms bombard the prospective buyer with catalogues and other literature setting forth the idea that you can save money by ignoring your home merchant and trading with them.

Perhaps you have noticed that as a rule mail order houses offer for sale commodities that bear brands which you are unfamiliar with, while the local merchant protects you and strives for your patronage by stocking his shelves with articles that are nationally advertised and which the manufacturers are not ashamed to put their names on. The catalogue prices may be a fifth cheaper than those of your merchant but the article you get in return is in keeping with the price—keep aloof.

We know a man who sent an order to a mail order house for a case of peas. When the shipment arrived he found it contained canned spinach. He notified them of their mistake but they refused to exchange the spinach for the peas which he ordered. Can you imagine your local merchant making a mistake of this nature and not correcting it. You live with him in the same community and see him perhaps every day. His interests is your interest and in order to get and hold the business he must make good his merchandise and his word. With the mail order houses it is entirely different. You are only one of the many thousands of customers. They have nothing in common with you or the community in which you live. If you were going to build a church, library or hospital you wouldn't think of asking a catalogue house for a donation towards its erection. You would go to your local merchants and ask them to contribute towards the worthy cause and in most every instance he will do so. Don't you think that it would be only fair for you to return the favor or by giving him your support? He has helped to make your town a better place to live in; spending his time and money to promote the factors that go toward putting a town on the map. Can the same thing be said of a mail order house?

Hermiston is where you make your dollar and if you spend it at home it may some day return to you. But if you send it away it is gone forever. Remember that catalogue prices are but a bait to sell cheap goods. Be honest with yourself, the community in which you live and the local merchant by giving them a chance at the dollars which you spend.

THE OLD HOME TOWN

It is but a village situation on some jerk-water branch and company's who publish and compile maps have a habit of ignoring its existence. Road shows list it as a one night's stand, while the knight of the grip who drops off between trains dubs it a "tank" town. There are people who tell you it is a good place to shun, but to you it's one of the best spots on earth—the old home town.

Back there is where the folks live and a host of old-time friends who clasp your hand with a sincere welcome when you return. Back there is the old swimming hole, the first sweetheart, and the long shady road, with trees lined on either side, where oft of a summer's eve you strolled arm in arm with a coy maiden, whispering meaningless vows, when love was young.

No matter how far you may wander from the old home town there is always a cozy corner in your heart for it's memories and some day—in the after-while—you promise yourself that you are going back for a visit—back to the place where hearts are true and hand-clasps are a little stronger—a man's old home town.

APPROVAL VOICED

Since our last issue in which we published an article under the head "A Bad and Unsafe Crossing" there has been a number of people who have commended us for the stand we took in regard to the crossing where the highway intersects the railway tracks at Hermiston.

During the course of a conversation with a farmer who lives near this city he informed us that he had twice narrowly escaped death at this intersection. In both instances box cars had been "spotted" in such a manner as to obstruct from view the approach of a locomotive. Each time a fast freight happened to be passing through Hermiston as he neared the crossing. If his brakes had been the least defective he would have met a horrible fate.

Is it necessary that the public take such chances? There is a commission whose duty it is to see that railway crossings are made safe for the traveler who must necessarily pass over them. Let us demand that something else besides a mere sign designating it a railway crossing be added.

Hermiston can lay claim to having one of the oldest men in the state as a resident. He says that he can remember when it wasn't a penitentiary offense for a man to wear a celluloid collar.

There are two kinds of men who

have a right to smile—one who has his income tax made out—and the man who doesn't have to pay any.

If you see a man wearing a Parker and Davis for president button it is a safe deduction that he is behind the times.

A woman never gets a man's goat. It has always been in her possession.

O. A. C. FARM REMINDERS

Lime Sulfur Controls Scab
 Apple scab and peach scab are likely to cause much more damage this season than last, reports the O. A. C. experiment station. Winter or dormant sprays will not control these diseases. Two sprays of lime-sulfur applied in early spring before blossoming time are necessary to get the cleanest fruit and greatest profits. The first application should be made just after the winter buds unfold and the second just before the first blossoms open. Use one gallon of concentrated lime-sulfur to 30 of water for the first spray and one to 40 for the second spray.

Bridge grafting is a simple method of grafting that may be used to cover girdling of fruit trees by mice or other animals. The work should be done when the sap is beginning to flow as the bark peels better. It is preferable to cut the scions for the graft before that time although it is not necessary that they be dormant.

Oil sprays alone will not control fungous diseases such as scab anthracnose, brown rot, leaf curl, peach blight or mildew. Oils are of advantage only for the control of certain insect pests and cannot be used as a substitute for the proper fungicide.

Sashes for protecting young plants in a cold frame can be made at low cost from a material called "glass cloth," a calico material which has been treated with paraffine, linseed oil, and turpentine. The cloth a yard in width and the proper width for a 3 by 6 foot sash, can be purchased in any length. The frame to support the cloth can be made of dressed 1 by 1 inch strips braced in the center vertically and horizontally. Full information concerning these sashes can be obtained from the department of vegetable gardening.

Fifty years ago north Borneo was inhabited by head-hunters and pirates. Today the descendants of these people are fishermen and farmers, and many have joined the native police force. More than one hundred miles of railroad have been constructed and many good highways are in the making.

Perfumes which still retained their odor more than 3000 years, were found in four alabaster vases in the tomb of King Tutankhamen in Egypt.

The gannet, a bird living on fish in Northern Scotland, is frequently caught by means of herring tied to flat boards. The fisher bird sees the fish but does not notice the board. Diving from a great height it strikes its head against the plank, killing itself instantly.

Forty "huskies" or wolf dogs passed through Edmonton recently on their way to Banff, Alberta, where they will be used by an American motion picture producing company in the filming of a number of northern pictures.

The turken, a cross between a turkey and a chicken, is a new development in the poultry line. For four years this hybrid has been propagated by a California breeder. The male bird has a gobbler neck and resembles a turkey. The female has a turkey head, but otherwise looks like a chicken. When full grown they weigh 10 to 14 pounds. The eggs weigh 25 ounces to the dozen and hatch in 21 days.

English as It is Spelled
 A stranger in our land was he:
 He tried to learn our spelling,
 He thought it would be easy be,
 As buying or as selling.

He tried to write, but couldn't quite learn when to write or right.
 He couldn't tell just where he stood,
 When using cood or wood or shood.
 He had to stand a lot of chaffing
 When cruel people started laughing.
 Then other things confused him so,
 As dough and do and roe and row,
 And mall and male and sall and sale,
 And many more that turned him pale.
 Said he, "I left my wife and daughter
 In other lands across the woughter,
 I wanted much to bring them here,
 But they will hav to stay, I fere,
 And I must leave you." With a sigh
 He added, "Else I'll surely die."
 —The School.

And Then the Fun Began
 For their first dinner in their new home the bride had made pie. "I am afraid," she said as she helped her husband to a slice, "that I have left something out, and that isn't very good."

The husband tasted it and said, "There is nothing, my dear, you could have left out that would make a pie taste like this. It's something don't give a damn." —Sale, Sense.

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