

The Hermiston Herald

Published every Thursday at Hermiston, Umatilla County, Oregon by Joseph S. Harvey, editor and manager.

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A LETTER FROM THE SHERIFF

The Herald is in receipt of the following letter from R. T. Cookingham, sheriff, in which he comments on an editorial carried by this paper in its issue of July 7.

July 8, 1927

In the E. O. of this date I discover under caption "What Others Say" taken from the Hermiston Herald what I am considering an injustice to me as sheriff of this county.

In the first place you quote a prisoner of the jail as saying the jail is locked at 5 o'clock P. M. and no one is around until 7:30 A. M.

It is true we have no night guard and I will take no blame for that.

Senator Steiwer is an entrant in the South Umatilla Gazette's lying contest, as is also a clergyman of those parts.

sheriff takes the Herald is not so concerned, other than to let it be known that the statements were made in good faith.

In last week's editorial no effort was made to "put a shirt" on any individual, or official, back, but the fact remains that responsibility rests with someone for this condition of affairs.

With the sheriff firmly, almost angrily, refusing the shirt, and the county court undoubtedly pleading against having its individual and collective shoulders draped with the garment on the grounds that it has been making every effort to keep down expenses that taxpayers must meet, isn't it about time for that powerful force, public opinion, to be introduced as a factor in this matter.

Is it right or just to have men locked in jail over night without an attendant in easy reach in case of fire, fights, sickness or attempted jailbreaks? Furthermore, is it good business? One fire resulting in the cremation of a dozen or 15 prisoners undoubtedly would result in one or several civil actions for damages that might set the county back financially enough to amount to a hundred years' pay for a night jailer.

The fact is that Umatilla county locks its prisoners up at night, and for all practical purposes forgets them and trusts to chance that they will be safe and alive the next morning.

The county has no business doing such a thing. Undoubtedly it is violating the established law of the state in so doing.

SENATOR STEIWER TELLS ONE

Senator Steiwer is an entrant in the South Umatilla Gazette's lying contest, as is also a clergyman of those parts.

Near Hermiston some years ago the carp, always inclined to graze, became avid for alfalfa and gradually deserted the streams and ditches to devastate the fields.

This is Senator Steiwer's story and he will stick to it. But we protest against it as weak and inadequate and deceptively too.

Now Joe, I wanted you to know these things as I do not believe you wish to do me an injustice, or reflect any discredit on this office when we are trying to do our best.

WHOSE SHIRT?

This issue of the Herald contains the letter written by R. T. Cookingham, sheriff, in reply to the editorial carried last week.

Washington, D. C.—Claims totaling \$6,027,396.66 already have been certified for payment to 17 counties in Oregon, and Clark county in Washington, under the Oregon & California land grant tax refund act by the secretary of interior.

The RECLUSE of FIFTH AVENUE By WYNDHAM MARTYN

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fortune." He smiled at his daughter. "I have, and that's a fact. She has been living with her aunt in England."

"I'll I couldn't stand it any longer," Nita informed them. Her father was greatly troubled. Circumstances, as he would presently explain to Mr. Milman, had compelled him to bring his long-lost daughter back.

"I wonder," he said innocently, "whether Mr. Malet would mind showing you the Japanese garden. You'll be simply crazy over it, especially the 'Stone of the Unfortunate Burglar.' Mr. Malet understands these things so much better than I do."

"Neither beggars nor outcasts for three months—at least—" Peter Milman said cheerfully. "Of course, your daughter must remain here. It will be pleasant to have someone young and beautiful with us."

"Barnes looked at Bradley when the door was closed. "Outside here," he said, "in the world which calls itself society, Peter Milman has the name of being a squire and a disgrace to his name."

"We've got to get the money out of Raxon," Barnes went on, "even if I'm the goat and end up in Sing Sing. Frankly, Bradley, I'm not much of an original thinker. I can carry out another man's conception absolutely and add a few improvements of my own, but I look to people like you and Malet to do up the plans first."

"I'm afraid you must not look for much help from me," Bradley said. "Milman has assured me absolutely that it is to Raxon I owe my downfall. He has literally stolen my existence. Yours, too, and poor Malet's also."

"That scoundrel Lippsky drove every flea from my mind," Barnes confessed, "but we have plenty of time. He stopped short as his daughter came in with Floyd Malet. What a beauty she was, he thought. Motionless, and how gracefully she carried herself. Breeding in every line of her! Then the thought of his financial inadequacies came to him like a dull pain."

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ous, slow processes soon wearied him. Nita slipped her arm into that of her tall, handsome father.

"Don't look so gloom," she chided. "You're in very good spirits. The shock of the Lippsky episode had been forgotten when she entered this unique home. She could associate neither failure nor poverty with any of the men beneath its roof. She was curious to know what had brought them together here."

"How interesting!" she cried. "As it happens, I know a lot about oil companies and their way of doing business. You see, my last position in London was as secretary to Sir John Crowhurst, chairman of the Persian Bagdad Oilfields, Limited."

"Yes, Mr. Really it was tremendous luck, but I was the only girl in the business school that sent me there who could write as well in French as in English. We had a great many stockholders in Paris. It was rather jolly being his secretary. Sir John was one of those quiet, clever men, like Mr. Milman, who deal in millions."

"Later, I see we shall have to take you into our confidence," Mr. Milman said, smiling. "At present we do not want anything known. You understand the need for caution?"

"When he had lighted a cigarette and was sitting in a big chair in the girl's room, he thought there would be many to offer themselves. She had her mother's slim figure and unforgettable eyes added to the vivacity and cheerfulness of the women of his own family.

"My dear Nita," he said, "was it fair to keep pumping us?" "Why not? I was certain you knew nothing about oil, and I wanted to make sure the rest didn't. The only thing I could assume was that they were trying to swindle you. It was horrible to imagine poor Mr. Milman as a swindler."

"Most emphatically he is not," her father exclaimed. "Needn't Barnes groaned. It was going to be very difficult to put Nita off the scent. She was half Fessenden, and the Fessendons invariably got what they went after. Pertinacity was theirs in a large measure. The idea of imagining Bradley and Malet trying to swindle him brought a smile to Barnes' face. Literally, he had not one cent in the world."

"Nita," he began earnestly. "I put you on your honor not to repeat what I am going to tell you to anyone on any pretext whatsoever." "All right," she said. "Agreed. Go on."

"I have not a nickel in the world. Bradley and Malet have a hundred dollars apiece, maybe a little more. Peter Milman will have to sell this house and its contents in three months' time. All his money was tied up in International Motors. We are four gentlemen from the chorus of any beggars' opera. It's true we aren't here on any oil promotion business, but we have come together for a very serious business. We are trying to stage a comeback."

"Nita was silent for a moment. It was not easy to readjust herself. "What sort of a comeback?" Her father hesitated a moment. "I don't think you'd understand. Can I help you?"

"No, Nita; it isn't work for women." "You mean there's danger in it?" He was afraid to say too much. He dreaded to be entrapped by her seemingly innocent questions. He knew she was mentally much quicker than he. The Fessendons again.



"What Sort of a Comeback?"

drag information from me which is not mine to give. You are deliberately trying to make me betray my friends."

"I had risen to his feet. She could see he was not pleased with her. "Indeed, I'm not," she said earnestly. "Daddy, I came over here because something told me you needed looking after. It isn't that I'm trying to make you betray your friends. I want to be sure that they are being honest with you."

"I have never met squarer men," he answered. "Then I'm on their side, too. My father and his friends, right or wrong?" Barnes did not know what to say. But a daughter of his could not be associated with anything irregular. He shook his head.

"I cannot accept your assistance," he told her. "Very well. I shall tell Mr. Milman I am leaving after luncheon tomorrow. I came over here equipped, specially equipped for a certain sort of position, and I'm going to get it."

"Skilled secretarial workers and stenographers are drugs in the market," he assured her. "I am not going to be a stenographer," she retorted. "I did that to earn money to come here. I shall take the other position, so you won't have to live on a stranger's charity."

"That is a hard thing to say," he answered, flushing; "and it's not altogether true. Mr. Milman sought me out because he thought I was able to help him. I am not living on charity."

"What is it you are trying to do?" she asked. "You must not expect me to tell you. My dear, don't be hasty and leave us yet. Promise me that?" She kissed him good night. "I won't go yet," she said. "I can't lose you as quickly as that."

When she was alone her face took on a worried aspect. She had thought of many things in order to be with him, and she determined to find out what the mystery was that enveloped this strange household. Although she was not yet twenty-two, she had traveled widely and met innumerable people. In Milman and his associates she recognized men of charm and culture who had made her father their firm admirer. And they were all holding back from her any mention of their real ventures. In order to deceive her they had clumsily invented and acted a falsehood. It could only be because they were plotting something of an illegal nature.

They had played on her father's emotions and earned his gratitude and co-operation by a few hundred dollars. For so small a thing it had been possible to enlist his sympathy and aid. They had been clever enough to create the illusion that she was welcome when in truth they might be embarrassed by her presence and already planning to get rid of her. She decided she would not be driven out. Her father needed his daughter even if he did not yet know it. The thought that three dangerous men might be plotting some crime for which Neelan Barnes would ultimately bear the blame drove her to action.

Her room was at the rear of the house. Four iron bars protected its windows. Almost five feet below she could see the iron grating which roofed in the Japanese garden. When she leaned down from her open window she could hear, faintly, the sound of voices.

NOTICE OF HEARING UPON FINAL REPORT

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Umatilla County.

In the Matter of the Estate of Joseph W. Craik, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of Joseph W. Craik, deceased, has filed his final report with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and that the Judge of said Court has designated Saturday, the 6th day of August, 1927 at 2 o'clock in the afternoon as the time, and the rooms of the above entitled Court in the County Court House at Pendleton, Umatilla County, Oregon as the place when and where hearing is to be had thereon.

Dated this 7th day of July, 1927. RAY C. GOODE, Administrator.

44-51ev

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, June 17, 1927.

Notice is hereby given that John E. Mason, of Hermiston, Oregon, who on Jan. 29, 1924, made Homestead Entry under Act June 6, 1912, No. 024549, for NW 1/4 Section 20, Township 4 North, Range 23 East, Williamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before W. J. Warner, United States Commissioner, at Hermiston, Oregon, on the 5th day of August, 1927.

Claimant names as witnesses: James G. Pearson, of Hermiston, Oregon, Jacob L. Stork, of Hermiston, Oregon, Charles E. Lewis, of Stanfield, Oregon, Howard Avery, of Hermiston, Oregon.

J. W. DONNELLY, Register.

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I. M. Hughes, Land Com., Northern Pacific Railway Co., St. Paul, Minn. Drawer 164. Without obligation on my part please send all information about Redwater Valley Country.

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