

The Hermiston Herald

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

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TRAIL BLAZERS

The results secured by Logan & Son, Hermiston district farmers, in raising approximately \$600 worth of Irish Cobbler potatoes...

To be sure the trail has been blazed by others in this district to a certain extent, but W. J. Logan and his son, William Logan, have been very consistently blazing the trail...

The Hermiston country will come into its own one of these days. Its real function, as well as it can be discerned now, is to serve as a small farm section on which a variety of crops shall be grown.

Back in the early days fortunes were to be made by the growing of fruit. That proved a dream. Some fruit is still grown here, and occasionally the fruit men get a return that brings big smiles across their faces.

Everyone agrees that a variety of crops with livestock kept to consume pastures and grain and grain and hay crops, some truck crops for cash income and poultry are the things that this country needs.

Logans are among that group that has plucked ahead and blazed the trail. Alfalfa is a sideline on their place. They have produced 63 bushels of what on their place. They have had tremendous yields of barley. Their corn yields well.

The use of some imagination is a good thing in farming quite often. The dreams don't always come true. Sometimes there are good yields on heavy acreages when prices are low.

Well, just s'pose! Farmers are making records like that in Idaho every year without any one having apoplexy over the fact, and we're due to duplicate some of their successes here.

AND EAT IT, TOO!

Recently we have been informed that a movement is to be launched whereby we are to have three dollar license fees for automobiles.

One of the factors that make it hard to deal with the public is that there is a nice big gob of people who are always misinformed. As soon as they get one set of facts in their heads, along comes another set of facts that has to be learned.

Things might be a lot worse. Most of us can be thankful that we're not in the county jail where the prisoners are locked up at night without any guard and left to the mercy of chance.

Now that the hot weather has arrived, some of our folks have gone to the beaches where the sea breezes blow. The rest of us are at home with summer, deriving consolation out of the fact that hot weather is mighty fine for the crops.

News note for Johnnie and Mary—not to mention Dad and Mother:—Hermiston has hired teachers for the schools.

The time was when prisoners were remanded to the custody of the sheriff and a guard was within earshot all hours of the day and night while they were in his custody, but those days are gone.

For republican candidate for president, Frank Lowden of Illinois.

FARM POINTERS

A tightly built barn will be damp and foul unless ventilation is provided.

The Bureau of Dairy Industry of the United States department of agriculture estimates that the cow-testing association costs the members less than one cent per day per cow on the average.

The diseases of cabbage also occur on cauliflower, turnips, Brussel sprouts, kale and on some of the weeds related to the cabbage family such as mustard. These crops should be avoided in the rotation with cabbage and all related weeds should be kept down.

Producers can increase their effectiveness by decreasing costs of production. In every region there are some men producing at much less cost than the great majority of their neighbors, whereas others are producing at costs much above the average.

It is well for the hog grower to select from his pig crop each ear, if possible, a few gifts that will improve the breeding herd. An outstanding animal may sometimes be picked out soon after weaning, but generally it is best to wait until the pigs are from 5 to 6 months of age.

When weather conditions such as hail, drought, or frost prevent the maturing of corn for the silo, it may be cut while still immature and produce a fair grade of silage. A good practice is to mix such corn with some which is more mature. Silage from immature corn will be more sour than usual and more laxative when fed in large quantities, a trouble that can be avoided by care in feeding.

Cleanliness is absolutely essential to the successful raising of calves. Nearly all disorders or diseases of the calf are caused either directly or indirectly by lack of cleanliness. It is important that all milk and other feeds be fresh and clean. Keep calf pens clean and filled with plenty of dry bedding. Exercise great care in washing the calf pails. Scald these thoroughly with boiling water, or sterilize them with steam if possible. Remove discarded feed from the feed boxes, and thoroughly brush and clean the boxes each day.

JERSEY BULL CALVES ARE WANTED, FIELD MAN SAYS

The demand is lively for good Jersey milk stock with prospects that such a condition will prevail for several years, according to a report that has been received by County Agent Holt from Ivan H. Loughary, field man for the American Jersey Cattle club.

"There is an opportunity to place about two carloads of young Jersey bulls, ranging in age from 6 months to about 15 months. These bulls must be moderately priced, as they are going to dairymen purchasing their first pure bred bulls. The factor to be determined is whether the bulls are available, and I would request that you estimate for me the above ages that can be purchased in your county at a price ranging from \$75 to \$150 or \$175.

"I also have several calls for carload lots of cows in milk, also bred heifers due to freshen this fall, and the demand for grade cows will consume several hundred head. If you know of grade cows in carload lots for sale or of pure bred cows or bred heifers, indicate these on your estimates.

"The encouragement of the growing of more high grade cows will be a safe undertaking, as undoubtedly the market will consume all the good grade cows that can be produced in this section for years to come. The demand now is very good and the supply is practically exhausted. Pure bred prices are gradually increasing, with indications of this condition continuing."

American Consul Shot by Mexican. Washington, D. C.—William Chapman, American consul at Puerto, Mexico, was shot while in his home by an armed intruder early Sunday morning, according to a message received by the state department from the British vice consul there.

N. P. Will Care for Crop Demands. St. Paul, Minn.—Northern Pacific railway executives announced authorization of an additional expenditure of \$500,000 to insure efficient handling of the 1927 farm crops in the northwest.

The RECLUSE of FIFTH AVENUE

By WYNDHAM MARTYN

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to take her in for a month or two. She said something about earning her living, but I should prefer her to go to Philadelphia.

"I am afraid she would be a source of danger if she remained," Peter Milman agreed. "Also, it would never do to compromise her in an affair which might end disastrously."

"We've been too busy with theories," said Fleming Bradley when the problem of Nita had been settled. What we are after should be original disassociations of ideas.

"I can't get that very clearly," said Neeland Barnes. "As I see it, all we want from Raxon is a cold million. Half of that goes to Milman and we split the rest."

"Exactly," Bradley returned. "That's the very point. How are we to make him give up a million? I don't know. You don't either. None of us knows. Obviously the thing is to get close to him, into the house for choice."

"He doesn't know me," Milman declared. "But I cannot be seen, because Loddon, who has told me so much under the influence of my port and the belief that I never stir abroad and know nothing of outside affairs, is a frequent guest. The question is, would he recognize Barnes?"

"Certain to," Barnes said gloomily. "I haven't altered much since that day I threw him from the pier. What about Malet?"

"Probably not," said the sculptor. "In those days I was twenty pounds heavier, wore a mustache, and had a general air of bien-etre."

"I doubt if he has ever seen me. We know he talked to Malet for some time. It is I who must contrive to get into his house."

"In what capacity?" Milman asked. "There you have me," the scientist admitted.

"We are safe to start by assuming," Milman cut in, "that Paul Raxon is always cautious. From the outside his house is impregnable."

"You mean," Bradley remarked, "that to get in one would have to be vouched for?"

"Undoubtedly," said Peter Milman. "If someone socially prominent took you there, it might be all right. There was one curiously disquieting thing Loddon told me about Raxon. When he has injured a man he expects some retaliation, and takes the precaution of having the injured one watched. We know he dogged Barnes for years. Even now there may be those who know for what purpose we four are gathered here. I am not certain but that Achilles speaks English as well as he does French."

The listeners were startled at the sudden change they saw on their host's face. Where he had been merely thoughtful and slightly worried he was now actively alarmed. He was leaning forward examining something on the table before him. They remembered it was the electric dial, that ingenious device for the protection of his home against invaders.

The face of the dial was divided into six parts. These numbered sections would tell Milman on what part of the roof the intruder was. The three, pressing about him, saw that a red light suddenly illuminated the square marked 1. A hand moved very slowly to the square numbered 6.

"That," Milman whispered, looking relieved, "represents the weight. Six pounds means a large and prowling cat."

They heard a sudden exclamation. The weight went up a hundred and twenty pounds. The square numbered 1 was now in darkness and another was illuminated. They could trace the path of the trespasser. He was creeping near them.

"Achille," Milman whispered. "That would be his weight. The six pounds was when he rested a foot on it before putting his whole weight on the grating."

Peter Milman betrayed no nervousness now. Noiselessly he drew the sawed-off shotgun from his place. Then with a touch of a button all lights in the garden were extinguished. In the darkness the shades rolled back. Against the sky, bright with stars, the watchers could see a figure lying above their heads. Another light was switched on which left the group below still in darkness, but showed pitilessly on the trespasser. The gun was already at Milman's shoulder when Neeland Barnes made a jump for it and pulled the barrel down.

"My God, Milman!" he cried, white-faced. "It's my girl. It's Nita."

"Ah," said Milman with a curious smile, "so I perceive. A strange position in which to find a guest, is it not?"

"Inexplicable," said Bradley. He cast a suspicious look at Barnes. "I think," Peter Milman went on, "we should like a talk with Miss Barnes."

"I'll fetch her," Barnes said eagerly. He was confused, ashamed, humiliated.

"You will be kind enough to remain here," said Milman. Barnes saw that he was menaced by that most dreadful of weapons at short range, the sawed-off shotgun. He remembered its load of buckshot. "I fear I must remind you that we must insist on an explanation from you, too. To allow you the opportunity of escape would be most unwise." He raised his voice a little, but he did not take his steady gaze from Barnes' face.

"Miss Barnes," he said, "will you be so kind as to come here at once?"

"I won't be a minute. It's not very comfortable up here." The shades were drawn again and the lights switched on more fully. Neeland Barnes looked from one to the other of the men whose faces had been in the shadow. It seemed incredible that they could suspect him of complicity in this eavesdropping. It was plain enough what her errand was.

"Let me explain," he began. Peter Milman stopped him with a gesture. "Wait," he commanded. "We shall hear you when your daughter comes."

Barnes sank heavily into a seat. He felt that Bradley and Malet looked upon him as a traitor.

Nita was wearing a blue silk dressing wrap when she came into the Japanese garden. Her bearing was confident and unafraid. She came quickly to her father's side and put an arm about his bowed shoulders.

"Oh, Nita, Nita," he groaned. "How could you do such a dreadful thing as this?"

Malet, watching her closely, saw that she bent upon the sitting man with a look which had something of maternal tenderness in it. It seemed strange to the observers that she stood there as though to defend her father from enemies, of shame or embarrassment, there was no sign.

"So you caught me," she said. "Well, perhaps it is best you did."

"Why?" Peter Milman demanded. "Because I want to take him away from here. I came to America to look after him—he had been horribly neglected—and I find him entangled in some network of crime. I made him admit it was something with danger in it. At dinner you all tried to deceive me, and you would have succeeded if I hadn't happened to know something about oil. You want him because of his courage, and because he is strong and a good shot and boxes well. He isn't clever and scheming as you are, and I won't have him made use of."

"Nita, Nita," groaned her father. "You've got everything wrong."

"I think I have misjudged your father," Milman said. "I am very glad to find what you did was not at his suggestion. I think there is much for you to explain. You are a guest under my roof, and there are certain laws of courtesy and consideration not less binding on you than me. You have chosen to break them. You have spied upon us. You have not been a gentleman of your family to do this."

"I've told you," she cried. "I know you are trying to make my father help you in something desperate, and I don't choose to have him run risks for other men."

"You are absolutely wrong," the miserable Barnes asserted. "Prove it," she retorted. "You are silent. You dare not tell me the truth. I knew you wouldn't, so I climbed out of the window to listen to what you were talking about. I'm not going to make any silly fuss by telling the police. All I want is to take my father away. I'm going to make a success of him."

"He is free to go," said Peter Milman wearily. He looked at Malet and Bradley. "So are you. I suppose I did lure you here under false pretenses. In the beginning it seemed so simple."

Nita looked about her in amazement. She did not understand why it seemed they had forgotten her. Even her father turned from her to Peter Milman.

"I shall go only when you have no further use for me," said Bradley. "When I have done what I promised I'll go. Not before." This from Malet.

"There were no false pretenses in it," Neeland Barnes cried. "I came willingly, and I'll be damned if I go."

"What does it all mean?" the girl whispered. There was no doubting the friendship, almost the affection, with which the other men regarded Mr. Milman. There was a sterner air about her father when he faced her than she had ever seen before.

"Nita," he said, "with one exception, all the hurts I've received, all the bad hurts that is, have been from pals who thought they were acting for my good. You've been dangerously near doing that tonight. You've got every-



"What Does It All Mean?" the Girl Whispered.

thing twisted. You have made me appear in a very poor light among my friends. There were tears dimming her violet eyes when she looked at him. "Oh, daddy," she murmured, "I only wanted to help you. When you came to my room I said, 'My father and his friends, right or wrong.' I meant it. 'You did not know what you were promising,' Milman declared. 'Do you mean that if you found your father engaged in doing something the world thought wrong you would take his part?' 'If I thought he was justified, I would.' 'Is it fair to involve her?' Bradley broke in. 'Certainly not,' Malet decided. 'Perhaps you are right,' Milman sighed. 'I only know that you might have been a great figure in the world of art, and Mr. Bradley would be famous as a scientist, and I myself with a fortune and a home, but for the sakefulness of one man.' 'Did that man injure my father?' she demanded. 'But for this man your father would not have been warned off the turf. But for him the clubs that he had to resign from would have welcomed him.' 'Wait, wait,' she begged. 'I want to think.' Naturally it was of her father she thought. She had always defended him against her aunt, but she had never been able to dismiss the accusations as worthless. She had thought because she loved him; not because she believed in him. And now to learn that, after all his past was not disgraceful, filled her with hope and courage. She was ashamed of herself that she had ever doubted him. There was no sacrifice he demanded of her she would not fulfill gladly. 'Will you tell me all about it?' she pleaded. 'No, daddy, not you. You always wander into the bypaths of narrative. Let Mr. Milman tell me.' Very concisely he laid before her what he had told the other men of Paul Raxon and his way of life. As she listened she saw clearly that it was to the malignity of one man that three lives had been ruined and a fourth brought to a penniless old age. She listened attentively to the full plans they had elaborated and rejected. Perhaps to her fresher and more alert mind those plans seemed commonplace, and doomed to failure. But she knew it was not to commonplace men she listened. 'Now, Mr. Bradley,' she commanded, 'tell me your story.' When he had finished she said: 'Of course it was Mr. Milman who was the unknown giver of that hundred thousand dollars.' Peter Milman turned red. But he could not deny it. 'Why didn't you tell me?' Bradley asked, with reproach in his voice. 'I did not want to influence you. I wanted you to decide for yourself.' She listened to Malet's story and her father's. 'I shall be a great help to you,' she said cheerfully when she was in possession of what facts they could give her. 'A woman's brains are always useful. You see, she so often jumps to the right conclusions when you men are floundering along in doubt.' 'We haven't one idea worth discussing,' Malet admitted. 'I noticed that,' she laughed. 'I think I see exactly how it can be done.' 'Nita,' cried her father. He thought she was making a jest of it. 'I mean it, daddy,' she said earnestly. 'Fellow-conspirators all, listen.'

THE MARKETS. Portland. Wheat—Big Bend bluestem and hard white, \$1.31; federation, soft white and western white, \$1.30; hard winter, \$1.27; northern spring, \$1.32; western red, \$1.27. Hay—Alfalfa, \$17.50; valley timothy, \$17.18; eastern Oregon timothy, \$22.50. Butterfat—39c. Eggs—Ranch, 21@24c. Cattle—Steers, good, \$9.50@10.00. Hogs—Medium to choice, \$10@12. Lams—Medium to choice, \$11@12.50. Seattle. Wheat—Soft white, western white, \$1.38; hard winter, northern spring, \$1.36; western red, \$1.35; bluestem, \$1.46; dark northern spring, \$1.50; dark hard winter, \$1.46. Hay—Alfalfa, \$25; timothy, P. S. \$22. Butterfat—43c. Eggs—Ranch, 22@26c. Cattle—Steers, choice, \$9@10. Hogs—Prime, \$11.40@11.5c. Spokane. Cattle—Steers, good, \$8.50@9.25. Hogs—Good, \$11@11.5c.

MEADOWLARK NAMED OREGON STATE BIRD. Salem, Or.—The "Western Meadowlark" Monday was proclaimed the state bird of Oregon by the executive department. The bird was selected by a vote of school children.

NOT JUST WHAT SHE WANTED. They had been married for over two years and were beginning to miss the bliss and ecstasy of their courtship. "John," she sighed, "you have changed so. Don't you remember that once you used to say such sweet things to me? Often you would sing snatches of popular love songs, but now you never do." Her husband looked up from his paper. "Oh, is that so?" he cried. "Then stop now about this!" He stood up and sang loudly: "I don't care what you used to be, I know what you are today!"

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR UMATILLA COUNTY. In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Person and Estate of Betty Pearl Smith, a Minor. Order to show cause on Petition for Sale of Real Property. Now on this day this matter coming on for hearing upon the petition of Robert O. Horning, the duly qualified, appointed and acting guardian of the person and estate of Betty Pearl Smith, a minor, for the purpose of obtaining an order and license for the sale of the real property of said estate which is described as follows, to-wit: Lots 11 and 12 in Block 15 in the Town of Hermiston, Ore., as platted in the NW 1/4 SE 1/4 Section 10, Tp. 4 N. R. 28 E. W. M. in Umatilla County, Oregon, and it appearing to the court that it is necessary for the maintenance of said minor and for the payment of the expenses of the last sickness and funeral of Edgar A. Smith deceased

CHAPTER VII. Paul Raxon knew very well that his sudden success would make enemies for him among the established powers in Wall Street. But he also knew that he was not to be brought low by any combination against him so long as he kept his head and resisted speculation. For the moment he was content to rest and allow financial writers to wonder what his next move would be. He had purchased a home built for large entertainments and determined to become known as one of America's great hosts. And with this he would erect a reputation for those domestic virtues which count so much when electioneering. Raxon smiled grimly when he reflected this meant he should be on good terms with his wife. Mrs. Raxon, unaware of his ambitions, was amazed at finding him so reasonably human.

She was not unaware of her own limitations. The idea that she must with a bound become a famous hostess was disquieting. The years had not dealt so kindly with her as with Paul. "I have hers," he said one morning. "A list of people with whom I want to establish social relations. At present I don't know a quarter of them except by name."

"Why fill the house with strangers?" she asked. "Because I want something from every name on this list. We've got to entertain so well that they talk about us. This social racket with me is a means to an end. I'm playing a game, and if you play it with me you can be a great Washington hostess."

"I don't know anything about being a great hostess," she grumbled. "You've got to learn. I'm counting on you and the girls to be an asset to me."

Mrs. Raxon was afraid of him. She knew he would not forgive her if she failed, and yet was conscious that she lacked ability for the part she was to play. He came of a better family than she. He was never at a loss conversationally. It was wise, she thought, to point out her limitations now. "I don't expect you to catch onto this social end yet. You can hire a well-bred woman to teach you. When you've learnt all she can teach, fire her and get another. It's a good system. I've used it a lot. Don't expect to consult me. I shall be too busy. I've got to remodel this place so it doesn't look so much like a summer hotel. I'm a little doubtful of the furniture. All Wellington knew was to put his faith in upholsterers. I'm going to make a nine-hole golf course, a polo ground and a swimming pool."

(To be continued.)

administration of his estate, and that said real property should be sold. It is therefore Ordered that the next of kin of said Betty Pearl Smith and all persons interested in said estate of said ward appear before the above entitled Court at the County Court House in Pendleton, Umatilla County, Oregon on the 20th day of August, 1927 at the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon and then and there show cause, if any they have, why the said order of sale and license should not be granted. And it is further Ordered that a copy of this order shall be published at least three successive weeks in the Hermiston Herald a newspaper of general circulation published weekly at Hermiston, Umatilla County, Oregon. Done and dated in open Court at Pendleton, Umatilla County, Oregon this 16th day of July, 1927. I. M. SCHANNEP, County Judge (46-51c)

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 29 East, Umatilla 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.

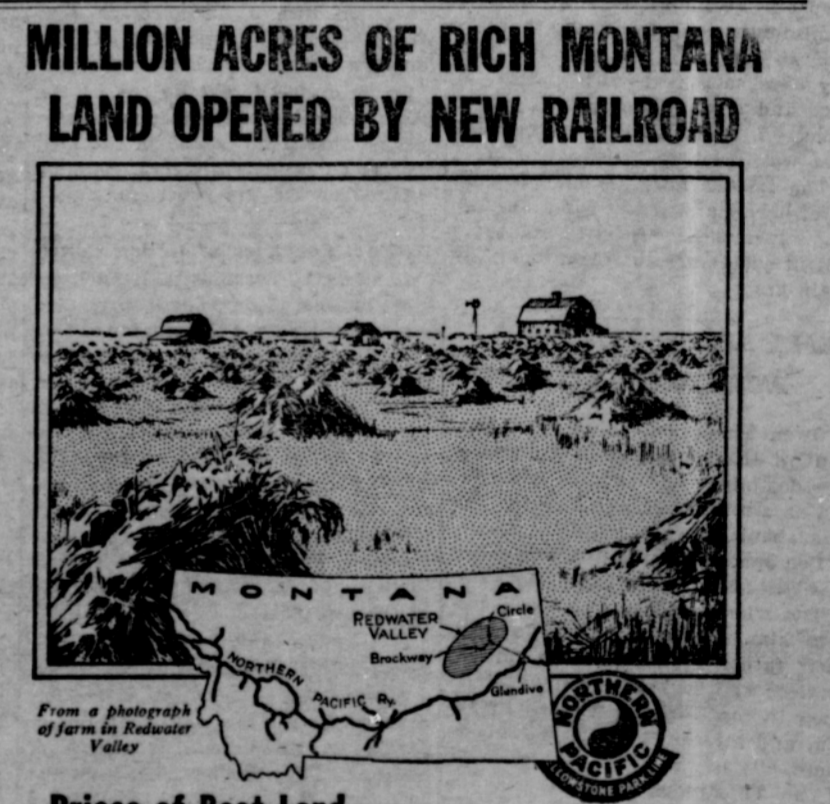
Claimant names as witnesses: James G. Pearson, of Hermiston, Oregon; Jacob L. Stork, of Hermiston, Oregon; Charles E. Lewis, of Stanfield, Oregon; Howard Avery, of Hermiston, Oregon. J. W. DONNELLY, Register.

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 where and where hearing is to be had thereon. All persons interested are hereby notified to then and there appear and show cause, if any they have, why said report should not be approved, the administrator discharged and the estate closed.

Dated this 7th day of July, 1927. RAY C. GOODE, Administrator. (44-51c)

MILLION ACRES OF RICH MONTANA LAND OPENED BY NEW RAILROAD. From a photograph of farm in Redwater Valley. Prices of Best Land only \$10 to \$20 an Acre. ONE million acres of rich, low priced land in the great Redwater Valley country of Southeastern Montana will be opened to farmers this year by a new branch line of the Northern Pacific Railway, running 63 miles from Glendive. Here the Northern Pacific will sell direct to farmers a half million acres at prices ranging from only \$10 to \$20 an acre, with 20 years to pay. Taxes are extremely low. Special advantages are available to neighbors and colonies desiring to settle together. Mixed farming is successful throughout this area. Corn has increased by hundreds of thousands of acres in the last few years in Southeastern Montana. Hog production has grown rapidly. All classes of livestock are raised. The dairy industry is getting a good start. Communities already are established. Churches have been built. Schools are open. Rapid develop-



ment will come with the new railroad. Markets will be closer. More farmers will come in. Land values will increase. The Northern Pacific Railway will help farmers in getting started right. Settlers are wanted who seek a real chance for themselves and their families. The Northern Pacific will send a representative to talk the matter over, if desired. Investigate this opportunity. Let us send you booklets, prices and easy payment plan. All sent free.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY! J. 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. Name: Town: State:

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