

The Hermiston Herald

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OREGON POULTRYMAN WINNER

(Concluded From Page One.)

mercy of a more or less indifferent world and forced to shift for himself. He punched cattle in Colorado and then tried his hand at wheat farming, only to be cleaned out completely in one bad season. Then he went to the coal fields of Utah where he worked on the coke ovens until the war broke out. He was married in 1914.

Thompson was assigned to an artillery regiment. But it was not in the cards for him to see the battle fields of France. An attack of spinal meningitis kept him in the camp hospital for a year. When the war ended he was trying to recuperate from this disease and from the effects of a mastoid operation. He was partially paralyzed on one side and had a weak heart. Physical work was out of the question.

But gameness and a naturally rugged constitution pulled him through. As a disabled veteran he took the vocational training offered by the Veterans Bureau, graduating from the poultry course at Corvallis and settled in Tumalo in 1922.

The first thing was to build a four room house and one poultry house. A baby girl, May, had been born in 1919. Having established his family, Thompson settled down to the business of making poultry pay. But he kept his weather eye to windward and diversified to the extent of raising vegetables and alfalfa hay. They bought a Jersey cow and Mrs. Thompson put out a strawberry patch.

"Our first poultry house cost \$119," he told me. "It has more than paid for itself. The first year our eggs sold for an average of 38 cents a dozen and cost 12 cents to produce.

"The second year our 452 adult birds averaged 224 eggs each. The eggs sold for 35 cents a dozen, allowing for the loss of 17 hens, gave us a profit of \$4.17 per hen, or a total profit for the farm of \$2,200.

"The third year, 1924, the records on house No. 1 showed a net profit per hen of \$4.10. Our farm gross receipts that year were \$4,700.

"The fourth year, 1925, the flock was renewed by culling out some of the old hens and replacing them with pullets. The records on 220 hens that year showed an average of 215 eggs and a net profit per hen of \$5.07. We sold 10,000 eggs for hatching purposes in Portland at a premium of 15 cents per dozen, making the average price 42 cents per dozen. Our 1925 gross income was \$6,000. We have three poultry houses now and keep about 1,000 hens."

Thompson is a great hand for figures. He loves them and keeps them stored away in his mind, where he mulls them over and is ready to snap them out for anyone who asks without referring to his account books. For several years he has cooperated with the Oregon Agricultural College as one of their forty demonstration poultry farms, keeping yearly cost accounts. But it isn't just a demonstration stunt with him. He keeps records primarily to know where he stands and which way he is headed.

I found him putting up a big stack of alfalfa hay. He gets about 60 tons in two cuttings from 12 1-2 acres, of which 40 tons is sold and the balance fed out. He grows the Grimm variety.

Mrs. Thompson has proved herself a worthy helpmate to a man of George Thompson's mettle. She was ill the day of my visit, so I could not talk to her, but it requires little imagination to picture the dark days she lived through while her husband was fighting gallantly for his life and health, or the labor and uncertainty of getting a foothold as pioneers in a new section of the country. A baby boy, Lloyd, was born to the Thompsons in 1925.

Her little strawberry patch has produced an almost incredible amount of fruit and plants and has helped materially in the farm program. In 1924 berries worth \$125 were marketed and \$75 worth of plants; this from a quarter of an acre. The patch has grown to a half acre. From it were sold in 1925 about 20,000 plants at \$10 a thousand and 100 crates of berries at an average of about \$2.50 a crate.

The Thompson's house is small but cozy and the lawn is decorated with flower beds and some fine native junipers. They both take an active part in affairs of the community. Mr. Thompson is president of the local poultry club and is always ready to give a beginner the benefit of his knowledge and experience of the poultry business. His health has been completely recovered and to see him today you would not suppose that he had ever had a day's illness in his life.

# The RECLUSE of FIFTH AVENUE

By WYNDHAM MARTYN

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"Save yourself the trouble," Raxon replied. "I can see them just as well when you hold them in your hands. All you need to understand is that I have a better chance than you to go to Washington."

"If we two fight each other, Westfield goes," McKimber said earnestly. "We need a senator at Washington."

"That's why I intend to go, as you may as well tell your friends. I've been working much longer than you can guess for this very end."

"Don't you realize you will be denounced as a traitor to your cause?"

"If the cause means so much to you, throw your influence my way. If you did that, Westfield wouldn't have a chance."

"You're d-d well right," McKimber shouted. "The man I endorse would get in even if you were he. I'll tell you just this, Raxon. From now on I'm going to devote myself to showing you up for the crooked ward politician you are. My God! To think you expect me to work for you!"

"If you're going to be abusive," Raxon said coldly, "we may as well stop."

McKimber struggled into a little less violent mood. He might yet be able to divert the Raxon ambition to some less lofty height.

"I take that back," he said. "I recognize that you deserve some reward for what you've done in the past, but I'm entitled to the nomination. It is my just reward I want." McKimber's voice became almost conciliatory.

"Don't you see the justice of it? I want in my old age the opportunity of serving my country."

"And I?" Paul Raxon sneered. "Want in my early middle age the opportunity of serving myself. Why drag your country in? Do you think I'm a political idealist just because bad architecture offends me?"

McKimber rose to his feet. He knew he had lost, and he wanted to go before he forgot the slender, sneering man was his host.

"They told me you were a dangerous man," he said slowly, "but I don't think they gauged your rottenness correctly."

"I take good care to keep that from them."

"But you're giving it away to me, a confessed rival."

Raxon laughed. The spectacle of this tall, portly man, whose career had been so successful, amused him.

"The trouble with you, McKimber," he said, "is that you don't understand you are a corpse. Politically, you are dead and buried. You are not a rival. Don't flatter yourself to that extent."

"I tell you," McKimber thundered, "all the world shall know what has passed between us."

"If you don't lower your voice, all the world will hear. You're not a broadcasting station. Sit down. I sent for you because there's a lot I have to say which you wouldn't care to miss."

Reluctantly, McKimber sank back in his chair. He was enraptured by a certain and unwelcome uneasiness. The man facing him seemed so secure, so unconcerned, so sure of ultimate triumph.

"The first thing to tell you," Raxon began, "is I am going to Washington. You will quit in my favor and lend me all your great influence. Naturally you must have an excuse which seems a true one. I have it all ready prepared. You are too heavy even for your height, and the pouches under your eyes are unhealthy signs. You had better drop out, because your specialist tells you there is heart and kidney trouble. I shall refer to the fact in my speeches with great regret."

McKimber spoke with deliberation. "They told me you were dangerous, and I know you are a traitor to your party, but not until this moment did I believe you were absolutely crazy. They call your sort of madness megalomania." McKimber rose to his feet. "I've met all sorts of knaves and fools in politics, but you're the worst yet."

"What a senator you would have made!" Raxon commented. "Do you suppose I should have talked like this if I had not been certain you were harmless, a rattle with his poison sacs extracted? My success has come mainly because I understand human motivation. I'm going to show you how it is that when you leave here it will be to start a Raxon boom in your own city. Sit down, McKimber."

John McKimber, who prided himself upon taking orders from none, dropped again into his seat. It seemed to him he was talking to a Raxon he had not until now understood. He found himself noticing what a cruel mouth the other had, and how in those brown eyes were little flecks of red. Paul Raxon gazed at him as an executioner might stare at a prisoner delivered to him for death. McKimber knew that he had been holding too cheaply one who had a dynamic and evil personality.

"If I stay," he said huskily, "it will be to hear you give away more secrets about yourself. Perhaps I shall learn by what trickery you got this place, and how it was you sent Hazen Brewer to his grave."

"I got this place," said Raxon with his old urbanity, "as I have got everything else in my life, by using men as tools. I studied men and found them pugnacious, noisy, and vain. It was hard to influence them by my subdued personality, even though I had the right on my side. I do not mix well. I knew that had to be overcome. In other words, I determined to develop something to make up for

my success has come from finding, almost unerringly, the weak spot in every man's make-up. I got my chance at International Motors by finding out so much of Brewer's life in London that he was forced to take me in to protect himself."

"You're a d-d blackmailer," McKimber cried hoarsely.

"I am," Raxon agreed. "The phrase does not offend me in the least. Why should it? Is there any more powerful weapon? Most traitors in the great war were forced into espionage because the enemy threatened exposure as the price of refusal. In the drawer before me are two articles. One is an automatic pistol," Raxon opened the drawer and put the weapon on the writing table at which he sat. "I am not going to threaten you with it. That is old-fashioned, stupid stuff. I am merely reminding you I have it at hand if you should attack me."

There was undisguised amazement in the bigger man's voice.

"Attack you? What for?"

"Because exhibit 'B' will cause you considerable distress, and I have known men of your type to see red in such moments." Raxon balanced a square envelope in his thin hands.

"If it's blackmail you are thinking of in connection with me," said McKimber scornfully, "you are wasting time. It's you who are using old-fashioned stupid stuff, not me. I tell you, my life is an open book."

"With one uncut page," Raxon remarked. "I've cut that page. It cost time and money, but it was the best investment I ever made. Think back a bit over this life of yours that is an open book. Is there anything in it that might hurt you if it got out?"

"Not a thing," cried McKimber defiantly. But there was lacking that ring of confidence he had previously shown. Fear was mastering him. There was no madness about this steady-eyed man opposite.

"You force me to speak. You talk of yourself as a self-made man who rose from being a machinist to the ownership of a vast organization. That's true. In Who's Who it's written for all the world to see. But there are certain omissions. I can supply them. That's why you are here, McKimber, to listen to the writing between the lines. When you were twenty you left Utica for St. Louis and got a job in the Davis foundry. There you studied drafting, and three years later, having made good, entered the employ of William Graham. Mrs. McKimber's uncle, who owned the Rochester Steel and Iron Mills. Later you married his niece."

"Well," said McKimber, his throat constricting. "What about it?"

"Your employer singled her out for all his relatives and left his fortune to her on condition she married you. He had confidence in you. He had read the open book and liked the contents. If he had had access to that uncut page, he would have known that your first wife was still living."

"I divorced her," McKimber cried. "I can prove it."

"The decree was not made absolute until three months after you married your employer's niece. It's a nice legal point, and I've no doubt his other nephews and nieces would be quite ready to fight it. If the condition of getting the fortune was your marriage to Graham's niece, you did not fulfill it, because you did not marry her. A bigamous union is not marriage. In the eyes of the law, you must have known that, or you wouldn't have gone through a second ceremony. The first marriage was by a justice of the peace. The second was at a New York church. You obtained Graham's fortune under false pretenses, and you were a bigamist. It's no good denying it."

"It was all done innocently," McKimber protested. "As God is my witness, I thought I was free to marry. In the divorce suit there was nothing that reflected on me personally."

"What has that to do with it?" Raxon asked cynically. "It may be that you thought you were free to marry. But that makes no difference. The world won't think that. Westfield won't think that. Nor will the big papers that are supporting him. You're through, McKimber, that's all. You'll never hold public office again if this gets out. That's not all. You are going to help me into the senate, and your friends are going to help. If your friends try and knife you, you are the one who will bleed."

McKimber sat motionless. Raxon cared nothing about his innocence. Guilty or innocent, McKimber was the loser. He turned dull eyes toward the envelope Raxon held up.

"In this is the entry of your first marriage. Someone cut a page out of the register and offered it to me for sale. I bought it. There are also some letters you wrote to your first wife when you found she was a secret drinker. Her son by a second marriage sold them to my agent. Pathetic letters in their way, but you know how the modern yellow newspaper laughs at pathetic things, especially when they affect political opponents. I hope the need for publication may never come. Some day they may be yours."

"What do you want for that envelope, if it contains what you say?"

"You'll never have half enough money to buy it. Why do you persist in underestimating me? Realize here and now that you are beaten. You will never go to the senate. If I don't go, then Westfield wins, and you will be the traitor to your party. No fur-

ther discussion is necessary. What is it to be? Absolute obedience, or do these things go to Westfield?"

McKimber's head dropped. There was a consciousness of physical feebleness about him, a devaluation which he had never before experienced. It was curious, he reflected, that the sense of anger had left him. It was the measure of his defeat.

"I can't talk now. Tomorrow my brain will be clearer." Unsteadily he rose to his feet and walked to the door.

Paul Raxon watched him go out, a broken man. Oriental in his absence of pity, he enjoyed humiliating one of McKimber's domineering sort. To bring low such gave him an increased sense of power. He disliked big, arrogant men with loud voices and assured gestures.

Raxon was aroused from his pleasurable reflections by a noise on the door. It was Alfred, the dark footman, who entered and told him that he was wanted on the long-distance telephone. Raxon shut the precious envelope in his wall-safe and passed out, not even glancing at the man who stood respectfully at the door.

When Fleming Bradley was assured that Raxon had gone, he hurried back into the room. Then he did a curious thing. He knelt down by one of the bookshelves and pried back a board with a screw-driver. Then he peered into the darkness where he had recently been mistaken for a rat. Bradley reached into this space and pulled out Nita, head first.

She wore riding breeches and golf stockings, and at first could hardly stand upright. The constraint of the position had become torture. In Nita's hands was a notebook, several pencils, and a flashlight. Every word which had passed was taken down. It was her task now to go to her room and transcribe it for Peter Milman's benefit.

It was not until the two had passed the danger zone that they spoke. "Well," Bradley demanded, "did you get anything?"

"I got everything," she answered. He wondered why there was no exultation in her voice.

Bradley resumed his duties, which consisted mainly in handing refreshments to thirsty dancers. For a little while he stood by Barnes.

"It's all right," Bradley whispered; "she says she has everything."

"She must be tickled to death at getting it—eh?"

"On the contrary, she looked depressed. I didn't understand it at the time. Of course, there was physical discomfort and constraint, and the possibility of being found out."

"She'll be all right tomorrow," said Barnes gleefully.

Later he had the opportunity to talk it over with Viscount de Gullain.

"Well?" said the sculptor eagerly. "What happened?"

He listened to what Barnes had to say.

"Has Nita shown you anything yet?"

"No. None of us can go to her room because she's supposed to be out for the evening, and it's locked. Bradley says she wasn't as cheerful as she might have been. I wonder why."

"She might have heard something damaging to McKimber."

"Why should that distress her?"

"Haven't you yet seen that your girl and Robin are in love with one another? My God! Malet went on passionately, to Barnes' extreme surprise, "are you so blind?"

Floyd Malet had witnessed the whole affair. He was more sensitive to it than his companions, because he had fallen hopelessly in love with her himself. It was one of those charming romantic attachments which come to men of middle years and bring them at first an agony that time transmutes to the trust of friendship, never wholly separated from the love which brought it to flower.

"Nita would do nothing to upset our plans," Barnes said. "If she has one quality above others that I admire, it is loyalty. She'll stick by us."

"I didn't doubt her loyalty," Malet said quietly. "There is something which brings in its train great suffering. I leave tomorrow. I'm afraid I have not been much use."

"Nita's as good as fired," said Barnes. "Gertrude Raxon fights her all the time. I shall be glad to get out of it. I've been talking to the Swedish maids about it. They seem certain she's going and don't want her generous wage-scale to be cut down."

Barnes was presently called into Mr. Raxon's presence.

I'd like to call 'er up and give 'er a piece of my mind."

"It would not be a valuable present," Raxon said. "I will see that this does not occur again."

"Anything else, sir?" Enry asked, a trace of insolence in his voice.

CHAPTER X

Mrs. McKimber was only concerned but the girl her son chose should be sufficiently in love with him. She loved beauty, and had been attracted to Agatha at first sight. Mrs. McKimber was prepared to help her son. She realized that it would not be easy to

(To be continued.)

NOTICE OF FINAL HEARING

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, as administrator of the estate of George Anderson, deceased, has filed his final account and report in said estate with the clerk of the county court of the state of Oregon by Umatilla county; and that the Judge thereof has fixed Saturday, the 24th day of September, 1927, at the hour of ten o'clock A. M. as the time and the county court room in



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SUMMER EXCURSION FARES IN EFFECT MAY 22 TO SEPT. 30 RETURN LIMIT OCTOBER 31, 1927

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Low fares also to other points in Middle West, South and East. Liberal stopovers permit visiting Zion National Park Grand Canyon National Park Yellowstone National Park Rocky Mountain Nat'l Park. For Illustrated Booklets, Reservations and Information, address Agent named below.



F. C. Woughter, Agent, Hermiston, Oregon

Administrator of the estate of George Anderson deceased. Raley, Raley & Warner, A. S. Cooley and John F. Kilkenny, Attorneys for Administrator, Pendleton, Oregon. 51-51c

**\$100 REWARD**

OF WHICH \$50 WILL BE PAID BY THE UMATILLA COUNTY BEE KEEPERS ASSOCIATION, AND \$50 BY THE UNDERSIGNED, FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO THE CONVICTION OF THE PARTY OR PARTIES THAT CAUSED THE DESTRUCTION OF A NUMBER OF COLONIES OF BEES ON THE JAMES BEARD RANCH, OWNED BY THE UNDERSIGNED.

(Signed) I. N. HARTSOOK.

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I, M. Hughes, Land Commissioner, Northern Pacific Railway Co., Drawer 16, St. Paul, Minn., Without obligation on my part please send all information about Redwater Valley Country.

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"Nita's as Good as Fired," Said Barnes.