

The Hermiston Herald

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

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News note has it that radicals who have been creating disturbances in Paris over the Sacco-Vanzetti execution are now holding their fire for the American Legion convention.

Intestinal fortitude in a not too great a measure is well enough, but the kind that has been displayed by one Charles Levine does not make the ordinary American flush with pleasure.

The Herald is not published in his district, but there is no law against it advocating the selection of Frank Shull for republican nominee for representative in congress.

Good Reason Why He Didn't Put on Brakes

It does give one a feeling of security when autoing if the car has one of those "brakes tested" disks on it.

But what is going to happen to those drivers who play the debonair in the matter of brakes? A defective brake means less to them than a buzzing mosquito.

Robin's face hardened. "You had no right to do that. We may as well understand one another. I've asked Miss Brown to marry me."

"Because I haven't any," calmly answered the reckless driver, and proceeded to coast down hill at top speed.—Springfield Union.

Girls Shun Architecture

One has to read this twice to be lve it. Out of something over 5,000 United States college students who answered a questionnaire as to their life ambitions, not a single girl wanted to be an architect.

It would seem that one of the greatest jobs any woman could undertake would be architecture. Especially of private residences.

He walked heavily from the room. His son could not comprehend this astounding change. There was a stricken look in his father's face.

Found Out

Dr. F. N. tells of a woman who told her physician of her pains and symptoms, forgetting none. At the end of the recitation the doctor asked how old she was. She replied that she was forty.

Book Preserver

A coat of varnish may be applied over the finest tooled leather or other book binding without fear of injuring the color or appearance in any way.

Alterations to Please

The smiling little man bustled into the tailor's and asked to see some ready-made suits. He was given a choice. "I'll take this one," he said.

Western Story

Sir: A judge in a small Western town was determined to stop the boys from shooting in the town. One day one of the boys got drunk and started to shoot up the place.

The RECLUSE of FIFTH AVENUE

By WYNDHAM MARTYN

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ving her husband to agree with her. McKimber had learned that a senator, even from the Empire state, does not ex officio find the doors open to him that shelter the great names in American society.

"Not a thing," said the elder, with an effort at smiling. "I've been thinking, Robbie, and I see I have made a great many mistakes in my life."

"I tried to dictate to you awhile ago," said McKimber, "and I tried to dictate to the girl you're fond of. I told you if you didn't marry a girl I approved of we should pull apart."

"That's the right spirit," said McKimber. His son looked at him amazed. "A man who lets another dictate about whom he's to marry is a weakling and a coward."

"Do you mean to say you approve of Miss Brown?" "That's what I'm trying to tell you. I suppose you are wanting to know why I have changed. Robbie, don't ask me."

"I don't think you were going to return so early," he said, smiling. "Agatha, how lovely you look!"

"You ought to know," Gertrude Raxon cried. "We've watched you trying to get Robin McKimber as if you were one of our friends instead of being hired to help."

"I am quite sure," she said sweetly, "that nobody who knows me would ever suspect me of being your friend."

"I shall not," said Miss Brown calmly. She gave a little smile and bow and left them.

"How I'm to arrange the menus and see the servants do their work I'm sure I don't know."

Half an hour later a taxi came to the front door and Miss Agatha Brown left Great Rock. Paul Raxon did not learn of it until later.

"My dears," she had said to her footmen, "you must stay on if you can until Uncle Peter has read what I have written. He may have other uses for you here."

"The blond footman dropped his Cockney accent and the lacker's manner as he kissed her. "Shan't be very long here, I expect," he said.

"But, daddy," she reproved him, "you are here on duty, and a very great deal more may depend on you than you think. I've been awfully proud of the way you carried it off."

"When I think of a man of your genius doing this sort of thing," she said to Fleming Bradney as she shook hands, "I can't admire you enough."

"I do love you, Robin, and I shall never care for anyone else; but there is someone who needs me more than you do."

"I'm not going to say good-by," he said gently. "But you must," she insisted. "It is all over, Robin. One little week of happiness and years and years of regret."

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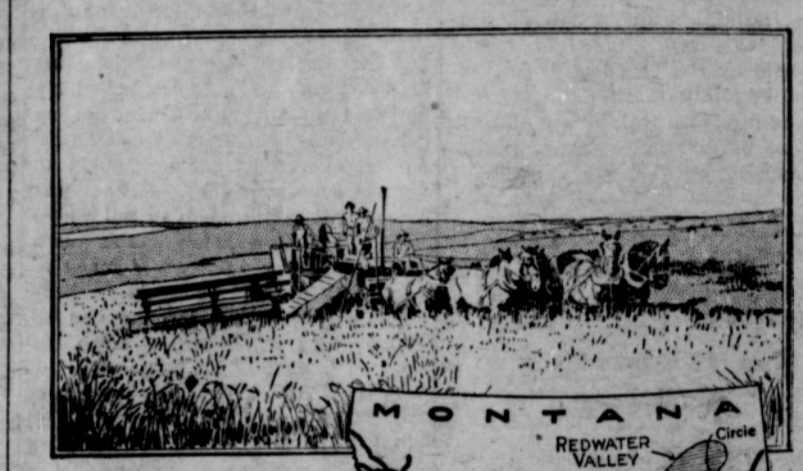
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Choice of 500,000 acres only \$10 to \$20 an acre

RAPID development of the great farming country in the Redwater Valley of Southeastern Montana is seen in the opening of 1,000,000 acres by a new branch line of the Northern Pacific Railway running 63 miles from Glendive.