

The Hermiston Herald

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AUTUMN COMES

The season is at a turning point. No longer does the thermometer seek to attract our attention by reason of its climbing, and the sunshine has mellowed until it is chummy and acceptable to those who only a little while ago accused it of trying to outwit Mr. Dempsey.

Into the atmosphere has gradually crept that delightful, brooding spirit which the poets name melancholy. To many of us, however, the season is not one in which any spirit of sadness enters. Mother Nature is in meditative mood. From the pinnacle of harvest she surveys the work of another year and calls it good.

Out in the fields the hay stacks are monuments to the labor of the farmer. Melon vines yield their delicious burdens of sweetness, and the garden gives promise of stores for winter's needs. In the pantry cans of fruit, vegetables and preserves excite appetites that have been a trifle jaded.

The turkeys are already sleek and give promise of being able to fulfill their destiny, weeks before the appointed time. On many a poultry farm the flashing white pullets have assumed a new importance in the scheme of things. Red of comb with feathers glistening in the softer sunlight, shanks shining yellow, they are at work for their masters, justifying the kindly care they need as fluffy white animated balls, only a few weeks ago.

Miracles have been performed in this year. How could Mother Nature be anything except thoughtful as she views again the work she has accomplished.

Life is lovely wherever one may be in autumn time, and it is very, very lovely in our eastern Oregon country. Let the prophets warn us of a harsh winter if that agrees with their observations. They may be wrong, and anyhow, we have autumn as our guest. That suffices for today.

AROUND THE CORNER

Farm lands are beginning to become attractive to prospective buyers. In the Willamette valley, according to information that reaches us, the movement has become active enough to be the topic of conversation. Quite a few farms are changing hands.

Our irrigated lands are also being sought. Outsiders are dropping in to the country regularly to look about them. Some announce themselves immediately as prospective buyers of farms, and others look for a time before they divulge their wants. The past year has seen more new people in our midst than for several years.

Undoubtedly one of the causes for this enlivened interest in land, after it has been spurned for so long, is the fact that industry and business activities have lost some of their momentum. The thoughtless have permitted themselves to assume, that the cities were a never ending source of jobs or businesses that could not fail to continue profitable.

Anyone who has much business experience, or has watched employment conditions, knows the fallacy of such reasoning. The ups and downs occur in all lines. Farming is slowly righting itself and finding stability after a trying period. As a vocation it offers a lot of compensation that those engaged in it fail to credit it with. In cities the competition in business is fast and relentless, and the advantages the farm offers are receiving more consideration as farming demonstrates that it is strengthening its position.

The Hermiston district offers real inducements to new settlers. The program of farming, after a costly period of change that has resulted in much capital investment being lost, is stable. Local farmers who have a dairy herd, a commercial flock of chickens, a little pasture and some cash crops, in addition to the old reliable legumes, alfalfa, are just about as sure of a living as anyone. Their results are the safe indicator to the newcomer.

The Hermiston country can conscientiously recommend itself as a place for a man of moderate means to make a living and accumulate an investment in his farm and the stock and equipment that is a part of the farming business. It can not put itself forward as a place in which to become independently rich. Very few people are piling up fortunes anyhow, so this country is not guilty of any inferiority when it makes that candid admission.

It seems now that we may expect some influx of new blood, both on our virgin land that awaits the plow for the first time and on some of our developed places whose owners have decided that the exacting conditions required of those who would be successful as farmers of irrigated land are more than they can bring themselves to meet.

The RECLUSE of FIFTH AVENUE

By WYNDHAM MARTYN

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W.N.U. SERVICE

she had begun this adventure. But it was very hard. All her world had been changed in that moment when she had seen Robin looking at her from the big car that had swerved so perilously. He would never see her again. To the day of his death, he would believe she had played the part of a fortune teller and had used him, used him for a summer flirtation and then forgotten him.

"I think it is more than headache," Peter Milman observed when she had gone from the room. "Was she unhappy at Great Rock?"

"Unhappy? She had a good time for a month and came away with a hundred dollars more than she expected. If that's unhappiness, let me enjoy it."

He turned again to Bradley, not realizing for an instant that he was the sort of usual father who rarely understands his daughter. When women said little and were difficult to comprehend, he set it down to headache. It was an easy solution.

They gave notice next morning. He did not hesitate to say that Mrs. Raxon did not understand domestic problems. He was lofty and not to be persuaded. Not until too late did he perceive how much more financially beneficial it would have been to get himself dismissed with a month's salary in place of a longer notice.

By nightfall he was back in his own room. He had purchased a dark sweater and black sneakers, and, by the use of those devices which he had learned in amateur theatricals, had disguised his face. Bradley had employed his leisure by doing some surreptitious carpentering work in the tower room. Sneed had arranged to give instant warning if Raxon returned unexpectedly from the city. But as a chauffeur had been told to meet the train arriving at half-past six, there seemed no reason to fear interruption.

The bookcase was six feet in height and contained five shelves. The lower, behind which Nita had hidden, was given up to volumes whose average height was eighteen inches. The shelves were very deep, made to accommodate books of more than average width, many of which were deeper than their height. They rested on a board seven inches above the floor. Bradley had ingeniously split this, so that while the books were not disturbed, the man hiding had an additional seven inches of shelter. He had the craft of a cabinet-maker, and the oiled and hidden hinges moved noiselessly.

It was as dinner drew to a close that the disguised Barnes crawled feet first to his shelter. He had arranged things so that he could see the safe without moving. There was nothing in his garments to catch on any projection. He found he could move his limbs without attracting any noise. He tried it when Bradley, directly the dinner was finished and his employer settled to a game of auction, hurried to the room. Bradley sat in Raxon's chair and looked hard at the lower shelf, but could detect nothing unusual. It was not so difficult for Barnes to remain immobile and patient as for some. He had the hunter's instinct highly developed. He was not the man to forsake a pool if the fish did not immediately rise to his fly. This was a game after his own heart. He thought of poor Fleming Bradley, overtaxed owing to the defection of 'Enry, scurrying here and there with his grave face and rather grand manner, and smiled. At ten he was tired but sanguine. At midnight he began to suffer from the hardness of the floor. But the longer he waited, he told himself, the sooner would the quarry come into view.

It was nearly one when Paul Raxon entered. He took a seat at the center table and put on it some small change and bills. Bridge winnings, no doubt. Then he lighted a cigar and went to the door leading to his bedroom, soon to reappear with a velvet smoking jacket. It seemed to Barnes that he paced up and down before the bookcase for hours. Then suddenly he went to the safe, turned the well known combination swiftly and flung it open. He seemed to be searching feverishly for some one thing in its deep recesses.

Very quietly Barnes pushed open the door side of his prison. It made no sound. Then, as noiselessly, he emerged. His next move was to crawl to the shelter of the table. Here he felt safe. He could see that Raxon was still searching. Steadily the man who had been 'Enry rose to his knees. Then he rose to his feet and came nearer, inch by inch, to the unconscious man. He covered the last few intervening feet in a leap. Raxon's head, twisted sideways with the fearful and agonizing force of a blow on the jaw, caught sight of a face wholly unknown to him. The disguise was palpable, but sufficient. He was thrown forward on the heavily padded lounge. It was while he was fighting for breath that his hands were tied behind him. Then a loop of rope was forced into his mouth and something pulled down over his head so that he could see nothing. Next he was dropped to the floor and pushed through a narrow door. After that he was not molested. But he could hear someone at the safe. Papers rustled, drawers were opened. Then the steel doors swung to. Later his locked door was opened and shut. After that for hours there was blackness and cramp, rage and despair.

Although he could not shout, he found he could make inarticulate noises. He made them till his throat ached and the corners of his mouth were raw from the brutal rage. He had no idea yet where he was. He supposed Bellington must have prepared this secret place and kept it locally hidden. Perhaps through it there had come men, ere this, who had spied upon him. Cramps seized him whose agony left him white and feeble. Perhaps he would starve to death here. It was well known that his movements were uncertain, secretive, and that he was impatient of questioning. It would be found that his bed was unoccupied. They would not look for him here. They would hunt far afield while he starved to death in this tower retreat. No shame or repentance came to him. Instead he cursed himself for carelessness. In his former home he had preserved almost an excessive caution, but he had supposed in so large a household as this, with many servants and guests, he was safe. There were other rooms which should have attracted burglars more than these rooms where women kept their diamonds. To come here argued a preconceived plan.

First of all he thought of McKimber. Could he, after all, have dared this? Was his dejected spirit assumed for putting the younger man off his guard? He remembered telling McKimber that those who underestimated him came to disaster. Perhaps he had made the mistake of thinking a man beaten to the ground when he was merely resting, awaiting an opportunity to spring. His assailant might even have been young McKimber. It was a tall, agile man who attacked him. According to Barnes' instructions, Sneed, at breakfast, asked if he should arouse Mr. Raxon or see if he wanted his coffee in his room. As a rule Raxon was up early. In the end they discovered him. His mouth was swollen and discolored, and he could not rise to his feet when Bradley nudged the bonds. He was in a deplorable condition. He would tell his wife nothing. Nor would he hear of the police being notified.

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"I know who did it," he lied, "and I will attend to him myself. This must not get into the papers. If it does, I shall know it comes from one of my three." He looked coldly at his wife, his butler, and the footman.

It was Bradley alone who dared to meet his gaze. In such a rage as this Mrs. Raxon trembled. Sneed could not avoid the consciousness that it was one of the wealthy employing classes who shivered with anger. Bradley welcomed the opportunity to see a man of whom he had heard so much bad, at whose hands he had himself experienced ill-treatment, at a moment when his usual control was gone. It seemed to the scientist that for a minute the mask was lifted and the terrific emotions which he had kept hidden were let loose. He cursed his wife. He called Sneed a timid, worthless creature that he had allowed a thief to break through and assault him. Bradley, towering over them all, came in for his share. Where had this hulking dunkey been that the marauder had stolen upon him?

Bradley was secretly amused. Then he saw his chance to escape. He recalled some of Barnes' gestures and gave notice at once. There could hardly be a suspicion of collusion. It seemed to Mrs. Raxon that here was a courteous and efficient man serenely gounded to rare insubordination. Sneed suddenly took the resolve to depart with his footman.

Raxon turned to his wife. "Day them and see they leave at once." Sneed turned on his heel and left the room. His second-footman followed.

"If any of those other people heard my commotion, just tell them I had a fainting spell and shall be all right tomorrow." He almost pushed his way from the room and turned the key.

Raxon hoped, as he walked to the safe, that he would find the robbery had been made by professionals for readily convertible plunder. He hardly dared search for the McKimber exhibits.

The envelope which had held what would have kept McKimber a pliant and obedient tool was gone. Negotiable securities and a large sum of cash were untouched. It was plain that the intruder had come for one thing only, and had been successful. The man who would have most to gain by this

abstraction was young Robin McKimber, who had been in the house a week and had learned of the danger in which his father stood. In fact, young McKimber was like the man of whom Raxon had one fleeting glance. Never again would there be the opportunity to get any more incriminating letters. The page stolen from the register could not be replaced. What a fool he had been not to have them photographed. To implicate the politician without them would be almost impossible. Were McKimber to make a bold stand and accuse his enemy of attempted blackmail, the public would probably flock to the support of the older and better-known man. It was the greatest blow Paul Raxon had ever sustained. He felt that the humiliation of it would never pass from his mind. His face was bruised and sore, but he hardly knew it. He who had warned his opponent of the folly of underestimating him had fallen himself into that very trap.

It was late in the afternoon when he allowed his wife to enter. She had brought with her a pot of coffee and some sandwiches. The coffee he drank eagerly. He would not eat. "I don't know what we are to do now those men have gone. It was most inconsiderate of you to talk like that to them. The maids won't send any men until tomorrow. If only we hadn't so many people staying here!" "They won't be long here," he said grimly. "I think this social experiment is going to end. Pick the whole bunch in automobiles and take them to the chateau at Huntington. Telephone for reservations and see they get a good meal. They'll like the change. Now leave me alone."

is shared by many others and he will never feel safe. As he probably would run for office now, he may make a fight of it. He has money. He can retain the best counsel, while we are handicapped from the start. It is not a matter of choosing to benefit one at the cost of the other. Personally, I am inclined to be sorry for McKimber. With us all it is merely the easiest and safest way to get the money we have been defrauded of from the man who did it."

"Who's to bell the cat?" Barnes asked. "How are you going to talk it over with Raxon?" "I think if I telephone to him he will come."

"But he might bring a gang of thugs with him," Barnes objected. "He can get a bunch of gunmen any time he needs them. What's to prevent him going through this place and getting the letters?"

"It is not a house easy to break into, as you know. He will not be admitted if he does not come alone. If he is as desperately anxious for those letters as I believe, he will come at once and alone. I shall not mention them when I speak to him, but he will be thinking of nothing else."

Malet had the opportunity to get a few words with Nita later in the evening.

"A few mornings back," he said softly, "you met young McKimber in the grounds at Great Rock. You had a few minutes with him and then left him. You said you thought you had been breaking your heart. Nita, what did you mean?"

She smiled at him. "Did I say that? How silly. Doesn't one exaggerate before breakfast?" "You can't deceive me like that," he answered. "You are fond of Robin and you are torn between two emotions, your love for him and your loyalty to your father. What you would like to be able to do is to take those accursed letters and give them to Mr. McKimber without letting his wife or son know they ever existed."

"I would rather do that than anything else," she admitted. She saw that it was useless to conceal it from the sculptor. And she knew, too, that this middle-aged genius with the worn face and quiet ways, loved her. "It is hard, Uncle Floyd," she said, and smiled whimsically, "to feel one is betraying where one loves."

"You are not," he protested. "But I am. It is impossible to avoid knowing it. When Raxon gets those letters nothing can save Mr. McKimber from constant humiliation. If you had heard the tone Raxon used you would understand better. He will compel Mr. McKimber to do all the little and big disgraceful things that might hurt the new Raxon's reputation. The record Mr. McKimber has built up will be trampled in the mud. Robin has told me so much about his father. I have heard so much of the acts of kindness which he hides from the world. He has educated hundreds of poor children, for example, and people don't know it because of that rather bluff, overbearing manner. How can I deny having helped to send the father of my Robin to disgrace?" She was silent for a moment. "I can see him losing his self-respect and sinking lower and lower. His wife and son won't understand. It will be horrible for them. I have sent away the man I love believing that I am heartless, without faith or honor. And I can never open my lips to justify myself. There is nothing that can save either of us."

"Don't say that," Malet cried. He was deeply moved. "There is always a way out when it is right that there should be. And if ever a thing was right, it is that you and he should belong to one another. Something shall be done."

"There is nothing any one can do," she said. "Doesn't one exaggerate after dinner?" he laughed. "My niece, go to bed and sleep. The least of all your uncles is on the job."

It was to Peter Milman that he first addressed himself. "Milman," he began, "I'm very much interested in the outcome of a romance that has gone under my eyes at Great Rock. Malet hung himself down in a chair and lit a cigarette. "You know that to men of middle age who have of necessity passed by the time of love and roses there is something very fascinating in seeing splendid youth in his great moments."

Peter Milman did not show his visitor that this interruption was unwelcome. Milman was engaged in planning how to get Paul Raxon to this house eager and yet unsuspecting. And Floyd Malet was beginning to talk of love and youth.

"I suppose so," he assented courteously. "I'm talking about Nita," Malet went on. "I suppose hundreds of men have fallen under her fascinations." He laughed a little ruefully. "I am one of the oldsters who admit it."

"So do I," said the other. "To me she is one of the most lovely creatures I have ever met." "The man she fell in love with—" Malet continued. "She fell in love with?" Milman demanded. "Really that's interesting. Her father did not tell me." "Who was it?"

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CHAPTER XII

The evening that saw the Raxon guests taken to dinner at Huntington found the Japanese garden in Lower Fifth Avenue occupied by the Milman conspirators. During the dinner, which was perceptibly better served because Sneed had dropped back into his old place and Achilles was less hurried, there was no word said about Great Rock. It was when Sneed had taken the coffee away that Milman began. Sitting in the center of them, he showed no sign of triumph. Watching him, Nita thought that she had never seen a man more perfectly courteous than he. Milman complimented them all on what they had done, but it was her father who came in for the greatest praise. The daughter watched him growing younger as he listened to Peter's encomiums. Barnes felt that at last he had been able to do his share.

"We are now," Milman went on, "in the position of holding what Raxon was going to use to lever himself into a senatorial seat. I have little doubt in my mind but that he will pay the price asked, which is a million dollars. Without this evidence he has no actual hold on McKimber. With it he can command his absolute obedience. I feel certain that with McKimber's help Raxon can win. Without it he has little chance. The question is this: Is the senatorship worth a million dollars to Paul Raxon? If not, we are worse off than when we began. If it is, we have won."

Peter Milman looked at him as the chairman of a meeting does when he desires suggestions. None would have supposed that there was a very real risk of disgrace and imprisonment if Raxon refused to buy and determined to prosecute.

"If you had looked into his face," Bradley remarked, "and had seen all the passions of hate and disappointment, fear and despair graven on it, you would have no doubt at all on the subject. I'm certain he will buy them back."

"But he'll try and get us," Barnes reminded him. "I wasn't any too gentle."

"There's always that danger," Peter Milman observed calmly; "but when a man has so overpowering an ambition as his, he may use caution which is really absurd. I have no doubt he will wish he could put us in Sing Sing. But better counsel will show him that it is dangerous. Before we see him we must rehearse some of the circumstances in which we were injured by him. I want him to think that we all know very certainly by what means he hurt us. In case he should decline to buy these letters, he must understand that he cannot prosecute us."

Floyd Malet had said little. He was watching the girl's sensitive face. He did not understand how it was that others did not realize she was suffering. They had assumed that she was wholly with them and as eager as they to win. It was because Malet loved her that he knew what was passing in her mind. He had seen her with Robin. He knew certainly that she loved the lad and suffered torture at the thought that she was going to aid in giving Paul Raxon the whip hand over him.

It was plain to Floyd Malet that this love of his for a girl, whose beauty had first attracted him because it was of a rare and finer sort, must be kept a secret. What has the world to offer but scorn for the loved and unsuccessful lover? But to be reflected, if it is genuine, finds its reward in service. How could he help her? Was it possible to bring her happiness and Robin? The other men were talking about Robin's father.

"He will suffer," said Mr. Milman impartially. "And his family will suffer. I am sorry for them; but in this case our interests weigh down the balance. McKimber, at all events, has money and an assured position."

"Why not offer to sell the letters to him, then?" Malet cried. "You will get your money just the same and you will be defeating Raxon?" He noticed that Nita listened eagerly for the reply. "There are two reasons against it. One, that we know Raxon to be a crook used to chicanery, fraud, and blackmail. He will not protest, no matter how we obtained these letters. He will probably pay. With McKimber it is different. How shall we convince him that if he buys these letters he is safe from subsequent blackmail? He will know that his secret

"Tidy" Philosopher Many of the world's greatest philosophers are known to have had very little concern for their personal appearance. One notable exception, according to a biography written about 1688 and recently reprinted, was Spinoza who, says the author, "was extremely tidy." Whenever he left his house there was, as well, "something about his clothes which usually distinguishes a gentleman from a pedant."

A present-day critic observed: "He was a man of the greatest refinement, but with nothing to conceal; a man of intensely 'private life,' but wholly 'transparent.'"

HERMISTON IRRIGATION DISTRICT NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the board of directors of the Hermiston Irrigation District, acting as a board of equalization, will meet at the office of the secretary in Hermiston, Oregon on the first Tuesday in October, 1927 at 8 P. M. for the purpose of reviewing and correcting the assessments and apportionment of taxes to be levied on or before the first Tuesday in September, 1927.

W. J. WARNER, Secretary.

NOTICE OF EQUALIZATION MEETING

Notice is hereby given that on Tuesday, October 4th, 1927, the Directors of the West Extension Irrigation District will meet at the District office at Irrigon, Oregon, as a Board of Equalization, for the purpose of reviewing and correcting the annual assessment and to hear and determine any objections thereto.

A. C. HOUGHTON, Secretary.

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 Caro Fancher Rowe, Deceased. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administratrix of the estate of Caro Fancher Rowe, deceased, has filed her final report with the Clerk of the above entitled court, and that the Judge of said Court has designated Saturday, the 1st day of October, 1927 at the hour of 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. 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 administratrix discharged and the estate closed.

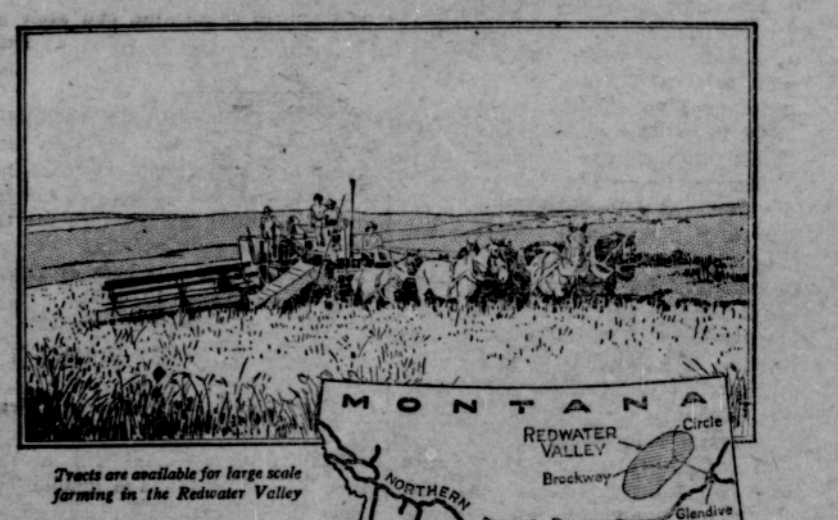
Dated this 1st day of September, 1927. June Rowe, Administratrix. W. J. Warner, attorney for Estate. Address, Hermiston, Ore. 52-5tc

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 for 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 the court house at Pendleton, Umatilla County, Oregon, as the place for the hearing of objection, to such final account and the settlement thereof.

M. H. HOBSON, Administrator of the estate of George Anderson deceased. Raley, Raley & Warner, A. S. Cooley and John P. Kilkenny, Attorneys for Administrator, Pendleton, Oregon. 51-5tc

MONTANA'S RICH REDWATER VALLEY OPENED BY NEW RAIL LINE



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.

Here the Northern Pacific will sell direct to farmers a half million acres, obtained from the U. S. Government, at prices ranging from only \$10 to \$20 an acre, with 20 years to pay. Taxes are extremely low—only 10 to 16 cents an acre. Special advantages are available to neighbors and colonies desiring to settle together.

Diversified or 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. There is progress ahead. With the coming of the railroad markets will be closer. More farmers will come in. Land values will increase.

The Northern Pacific Railway will help farmer 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.

Empire Milking Machine B. B. Marvel Cream Separator

The Empire Milking Machine is one of the most economical and efficient milking machines on the market. Come in and let us demonstrate their qualities to you. We have a machine installed in our window.

The Oregon Agricultural College is one of Empire's many satisfied customers. They are now using their second Empire plant.

B. B. Marvel Cream Separators Are also put out by the Empire Milking Machine Co. Take one of them out and try it before you buy a separator. A try will cost you nothing.

We also have good buys in second hand separators.

MUTUAL CREAMERY CO. TRY THE HERALD WANT ADS