

The Hermiston Herald

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THANK YOU, PENDLETON

The whole world in general and the entire northwest in particular owe quite a lot to Pendleton for the big Round-up held every year. The show is a magnificent spectacle that loses none of its luster with the passing of the years. One of the reasons is that Pendleton citizens are constantly giving of their time and thought and effort to maintain the standard of their show. They deserve the success they have attained.

Spokane is holding an air derby this week with planes from several points of the compass heading for the landing field. We consider aviation young, but a little more than half a century ago the parents of many persons celebrating with Spokane had made the overland trek from the middle west in six months. The contrast afforded is amazing.

Writers are informing us of the very plain fact that the general public is not much interested in politics. Probably the trouble with a majority is that they are too busy trying to make a living and crowd in a few of the many luxuries that are to be had at a dollar down and a dollar before the seller comes and gets it.

The fact that those who achieve spectacularly must be made to suffer by an adoring public has long ago been brought home to Colonel Lindbergh. We wonder sometimes if he would not like to return to other and less strenuous days before his name and actions were so well known and watched as they have been during the past few weeks.

The "winter" that some of us thought was upon us has a sun with a lot of kick.

BOARDMAN GOLFERS WILL PLAY HERMISTON SUNDAY

The first golf tournament of the fall season will be played on the Hermiston course Sunday when a team representing Boardman will play a team of local golfers. Play is expected to start about 9 o'clock. Other matches are being planned for play during the autumn season.

COMING TO PENDLETON

Dr. Mellenthin

SPECIALIST

in Internal Medicine for the past fifteen years

DOES NOT OPERATE

Will be at

DORION HOTEL

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13

Office hours: 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.

ONE DAY ONLY

No Charge for Consultation

Dr. Mellenthin is a regular graduate in medicine and surgery and is licensed by the state of Oregon. He does not operate for chronic appendicitis, gall stones, ulcers of stomach, tonsil or adenoids.

He has to his credit wonderful results in diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels, blood, skin, nerves, heart, kidney, bladder, bed wetting, catarrh, weak lungs, rheumatism, sciatica, leg ulcers and rectal ailments.

Below are the names of a few of his many satisfied patients in Oregon who have been treated for one of the above named causes:

- Elmer Booker, Condon.
 - Chas. Desch, Portland.
 - D. H. Horn, Bonanza.
 - Fred Shields, Klamath Falls.
 - Daniel Stefnon, Allegany.
 - R. E. Neal, Central Point.
 - Joe Sheeships, Gibbon.
- Remember above date, that consultation on this trip will be free and that his treatment is different. Married women must be accompanied by their husbands. Address: 211 Bradbury Bldg., Los Angeles, California.

The RECLUSE of FIFTH AVENUE

By WYNDHAM MARTYN

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I had no idea how far or fast a horse could run.

"That's the thoroughbred strain," Barnes said. He passed into a disquisition on feats of thoroughbred horses and dogs. It was a hobby with him.

"Is there a thoroughbred strain in men, too?" Malet asked.

"You bet there is," Barnes said promptly. "Put the thoroughbred to the test, and, whether he be man, horse, or hound, he'll respond."

"Barnes," Malet began, when the subject was exhausted, "haven't you yet found out that Nita is in love with young McKimber?"

"Impertinent puppy," Barnes stormed. "If I'd been in your place instead of being cast for a d--d flunky, this would never have happened. I'm not sure but you couldn't have stopped it if you'd tried."

"Stopped it?" Malet returned. "You talk like a fool. I could just as easily have stretched out a hand and damned the Colorado river in flood. Robin McKimber's been a better man than you have. What have you done all your days but loaf until you were so scared of the sight of Lippsky you took those long hikes which put you in condition? Don't scowl at me. I know you could lick me easily, but that won't make you worthy of your laughter, will it?"

Barnes listened to the story that had been told Milman and Bradney.

"What's the good of telling me this?" Barnes said. "Do you suppose I want to go back to Peekskill?"

"You won't have to. You are six hundred dollars to the good, your wardrobe is enlarged, and you've Nita. Milman admits that what we have done leaves us less clean than we were."

"It won't hurt me," said Barnes. "You wouldn't notice it on my hide."

"I'm not approaching you from that angle," Malet said craftily. "I'm reminding you that you are winning success at Nita's expense. I'm not in the least doubtful about you. With Bradney and Milman there was a much greater chance of defeat."

"What the devil are you counting on?" Barnes demanded.

Malet put his arm on the bigger man's shoulder.

"On the thoroughbred strain in you, I'm relying on the fact that when the test comes the thoroughbreds respond."

He watched Barnes, who sat silent for almost five minutes. Barnes did not break the silence until he had torn up the copious notes he had made concerning the ranch in California, over which he knew now he would never ride.

"I'll do what the others want me to," he said.

Malet knocked again at Bradney's door.

"Barnes has come through," he said, smiling. "I know you despise men given over to sport and athletics, but when it comes to a showdown they have the right kind of heart. God protect me from a world governed by intellect. Good night."

Next morning Malet went into Milman's room before breakfast.

"Before you say anything," he began, "I may as well tell you that Barnes is on my side, and Bradney ready to do what you say."

"I thought they would be," said Milman. "I have not slept, and I tried in vain to convince myself you were wrong. I give in. I have had a great deal of figuring to do to meet the changed conditions. Tell me, how would you like to live just outside Florence?"

"You ask me, a sculptor, how I should like to live there, near the Bargello and the Uffizi?"

"I did not tell you, I think, of my villa there. It lies on the hills to the west of the city and overlooks the gardens of the Villa Palmieri. It has about twenty rooms, and was well furnished. The gardens are productive and charming. Years ago I gave it to a distant cousin. She died recently, and it comes to me again. I find, after settling my affairs, there will be enough for us all to live comfortably in Italy, where the exchange rate favors us very much."

"I don't understand you," stammered Malet. Was this indication that Peter Milman had deliberately thrown away this New York home?

"I sent Sneed to Nita's room with a request that she would give me five minutes after you left last night. You were quite right. I shall always remember you were the first one of us to do the right thing. I could never live in this house happily knowing that to do so was the price of her unhappiness. I am growing older, but I do not think I am growing bitter. It is sometimes better not to succeed. Perhaps our reward may be that we have got out of our ruts. We were all plodding along deep furrows, seeing nothing ahead. I had almost for-

gotten the villa outside Florence until I saw it mentioned in Lodon's bill. We shall live very comfortably in a house built on a meadow that Dante once owned. My cousin, poor lady, essayed to model in clay, and there is an excellent studio. For Barnes there will be a change—and Chianti. Bradley shall write a book or do what he chooses. I am not to be left alone. I have come, after years of isolation, to depend on you." He broke off abruptly as Nita came in.

"Well, my dears," she said, "what plot have I interrupted? I came to see why the coffee was getting cold downstairs."

"We are on our way to Florence," said Malet.

CHAPTER XIII

Floyd Malet's movements for the next few days were rapid and successful. He found himself for the first time in the city of Rochester. The McKimbers had a big place in its most fashionable residence section, a city block of it where most were contented with a hundred-foot frontage.

Robin McKimber on his way from the works to his home was passed swiftly by a man of middle size whose carriage seemed familiar. The stranger did not observe the scrutiny. Robin felt he was not deceived; the bogus viscount had shorn off his mustache and imperial. He had now a brisker way of walking. Actually, Robin noted, the impostor whistled gaily.

Floyd Malet felt a harsh grip on his arm. He was spun around to stare into the cold face of young McKimber.

"Well," said McKimber, "how is your friend, the duchess of Green-Cheese?"

"Much better," said Malet, undisturbed. "She can now sit up and drink in the view."

"D--n it!" Robin exploded. "Don't shake hands with me."

"I came to your fair city for no other purpose. I want to see your father at once."

"My father isn't well," said Robin. "He doesn't see strangers."

"He will see me," said Floyd Malet airily, "because I bring him back his youth, his reputation, and his future." By this time they had come to the car which Robin had parked by the curb.

"If this is your automobile, let us lose no time."

"Look here," said Robin, "you deliberately lied to me about Miss Brown's address. I cabled to England and Lady Horsham had never heard of Miss Agatha Brown."

"I didn't give you her aunt's address," said Malet. "I referred you to a duchess traveling in Tuscany."

"Her aunt?" Robin cried.

"The countess of Horsham is the aunt of the lady we will call for the moment Miss Agatha Brown. She spoke truly in not having heard of such a person."

"I've got to know more about this," Robin exclaimed.

"You will not while you grip my arm like that. I have come to see your father. Until I do see him I shall not say any more."

Ten minutes later Malet was in McKimber's private room. The man who was now working as Raxon dictated showed very markedly his depression.

"I think I'd better see you alone," Malet suggested.

"Why?" said McKimber slowly. "My son is my full partner in everything."

"Even in your St. Louis affairs?"

"I don't know what you have to do with St. Louis, but he knows everything that happened to me there."

"This simplifies matters very much," said Malet. "Now, gentlemen, if you will listen carefully, you will hear a most enthralling story, the first essay in serious crime of men hitherto undistinguished in the crook's Who's Who."

When the recital had ended a new McKimber stared into Malet's eyes. It seemed that he had shed years. In place of depression was hope and a returning health.

McKimber senior had an iron grip. "Young man," he said to Malet, and subtly flattered him, "never yet has anyone done me a good turn and lost by it. This goes for you and the others." He turned to his son and commanded him to get three numbers on the long-distance wire. "I'm interested in Peter Milman's association with Brewer. Maybe I can get something back out of the wreck. But don't tell him that yet. When can I see him and the rest?"

"We thought if you could be at Milman's place three nights hence we would arrange to have Raxon there. Bradley and I have staged rather a pretty little scene. Of course, Raxon won't expect to see you or anyone but Milman."

"Can I come?" Robin McKimber asked anxiously.

"I think it might be arranged," Malet smiled. He could say no more.

(To be continued.)

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City Meat Market

PHONE 131

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 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 F. Kilkenny, Attorneys for Administrator, Pendleton, Oregon. 51-5tc

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

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5. Piano Lamp
6. Banjo Ukulele

Solve the Home, Sweet Home Puzzle

FOLLOW THESE DIRECTIONS

Take any number from 2 to 16 inclusive. Do not use any number more than once. Place one number in each of the nine squares so that when they are added perpendicularly, horizontally and diagonally, that is, in every direction, the sum total is 33.

THE NUMBERS ADDED IN ALL DIRECTIONS

TOTAL 33

FIND THE NUMBERS

TO BE USED

Read below rules for awarding prizes

Send in your solutions quickly

Contest closes Midnight Oct. 10, 1927



Prize winners will be notified

All prizes must be called for

Case of tie duplication of prizes

READ CAREFULLY—RULES FOR AWARDED PRIZES

For the six most artistically made correct answers the six prizes will be awarded. Wonderful designs may be made of your solutions to this puzzle. By artistically made we mean—illustrated in any manner, possibly

made a part of a picture or drawing, needlework or handicraft of any kind. Any novel or beautiful idea into which you can introduce the thought of Home, Sweet Home along with your solution of the puzzle. Just use your talents.

The judges in this contest will pass upon the artistic appearance and correctness of all solutions. The valuable prizes offered are well worth your efforts.

Corson Music House The Dalles, Oregon

Write your name and address plainly ADDRESS CONTEST MANAGER

Name _____
 Address _____
 Mail Route _____