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Near the mouth of the Columbia river, on the Washington coast

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We make a specialty of moving household goods and pianos.  
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### RIGHT KIND OF CONSERVATION.

The conservation of our natural resources is of great importance, the conservation of our coal fields, forests, water powers, mineral wealth, the development of good roads, the improvement of our national waterways, the conservation of the fertility of our soil, the conservation of our live stock, our horses, our cattle, our sheep, our swine, but far more important is the conservation of human life and of the physical efficiency of the American people. Why conserve coal mines and not conserve the life of the coal miner? Why conserve the cotton plant and expend five hundred thousand to fight the boll weevil and not conserve the people, who are to be clothed with the cotton?

Why conserve the orange tree and fight the San Jose scale, and not conserve the people who eat oranges?

Why conserve the life of the forest and forget the life of the forester and his children?

Why protect cattle from Texas fever and not protect people from typhoid and malarial fever?

Why protect pigs and forget the children?

Everybody agrees to the wisdom of this proposition. The real question is how shall we accomplish this? I believe in a department of Public Health, because, in fighting disease and in fighting death due to preventable disease, it is a contest between intelligence and ignorance, and all the authority, dignity and power of general government must be put behind the truth and behind the best methods of dealing with disease in order to make the people realize its value and its truth.—Senator Owen of Oklahoma.

Men are preparing the buildings at the Lewiston-Clarkston fair grounds and are replacing the stables destroyed by fire several months ago in readiness for the race horses expected to go into training for the fall races. The track is also being regraded. The livestock and poultry sections are also being repaired and renovated and between 25 and 30 horses are already in training on the track.

Enterprising Indians and farmers on the Yakima Indian reservation are converting a part of the Northern Pacific right of way, nearly a block in width, into fertile and fruitful fields and gardens. For several miles along the tract south and east of Toppenish the adjoining land owners are farming the right of way as oat and wheat fields, as hay fields, potato patches and gardens.

Yakima Indians, headed by the Rev. George Watters, are to aid the United States officials in making allotments on the Yakima reservation. The committee of 12 appointed at a gathering at White Swan on July 5 will examine all applicants.

A man was boasting of his ancestry. The countess said that sort of talk wouldn't be understood in the wild west. She said an Englishman said to a Texas cowboy once: "I have Tudor blood in my veins on the material side, and through my father's family I am a Plantagenet." "Is that so?" said the cowboy, brightening with keen interest. "My blood's a little mixed, too. My grandfather was a Jersey tenderfoot and my grandmother a Digger Indian squaw. We're both half-breeds, stranger."

#### Money to Loan.

The Pullman Savings and Loan Association has money to loan on improved property at reasonable rates.

The principal and interest can be paid in small monthly payments thus making the Savings and Loan plan a desirable one for persons having a moderate income. Or, if desired, the entire loan can be paid at any time without any bonus.

The money you are now paying for house rent will, in a few years, if applied to Savings and Loan Stock, purchase you a home.

This association has been in operation nearly nine years and has assisted in building nearly 100 dwelling houses in Pullman. It is composed of local people exclusively, its members being those persons who have taken out loans or have purchased savings stock.

For particulars apply to any officer of the association.  
J. N. Emerson, president; M. K. Snyder, Secretary.

### THE STRIKE AT SHANE'S

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(Continued from last week)

#### CHAPTER VIII.

The story of the accident was soon spread abroad over the farm, and was commented on by all the animals; but the general opinion seemed to be one person less to abuse them—for a while anyhow.

"I'm sorry Tom wasn't fixed somehow so that he couldn't get out here to beat us," said the cow.

"I don't like that way of doing," said Dobbin to Dick. "You went too far in that matter. Of course everybody will know now that you were playing off, and they may see through the whole thing, and that will result in more violence."

"Well, what is done can't be undone," said Dick, my temper got away with me, and I was tired of shamming. If I had been really lame Shane would have driven me just the same. I was lame for all he knew to the contrary, and when he whipped me I started to run before I had time to think. I knew I might as well make a complete job of it while I was at it; for Shane would know I was shamming anyhow, and I would have to fight it out with him sometime. You see, I had put myself in a position where I had to fight or surrender, and I preferred to fight."

"It's a very bad piece of business," said Dobbin, "and may make trouble for all of us. You should have kept your temper."

"I tried to and failed, as you see," said Dick. "I have neither your age nor experience in such matters and make bad breaks sometimes."

We will have to take some other means of protecting ourselves when Shane gets about again," said Dobbin; "but that won't be for a good many days, so Towser says."

"It's open war with monnow," said Dick. "I don't intend that the harness shall go on my back again until this matter is settled. Towser was saying the other day that Shane said if ever we did get able to work he would make us pay dear for our vacation."

The days were long and tedious for Shane as he lay on his bed and brooded over his troubles. To his physical suffering was added the worry about the condition of things on the farm. Mrs. Shane and the children tried to keep all further trouble from him by putting the condition of things in their most favorable light, but he understood his business too thoroughly to be deceived.

"Tom, how long before that corn will be ready for the cultivator?" asked Shane, as Tom was passing through the room.

"I don't know," said Tom, "but when it is the neighbors will all come in and plow it over for you."

"Did the blackbirds take much of it?"

"I don't think they took any of it," said Tom.

"Is it a good stand?"

"It is good enough," replied Tom; "don't worry about that; it will come out all right."

"But I do worry about it. There is something wrong about it; I can tell it by your actions. Come, out with it. One more misfortune won't kill me after I've gone through what I have."

"Not a good stand? What is the reason?"

"If you must know about it I might as well tell you all about it. The corn crop is a failure. The worms have taken every stock of it, and it will have to be planted over. Now there ain't any use to worry over it, for Mr. Tracy said that the neighbors would come in and plow up the ground and replant it; but he was afraid you would not raise much corn there on account of the worms."

"Was Tracy's corn destroyed by the worms?"

"No."

"Nor Smith's?"

"No."

"No anybody's around here."

"Then fate is agin me, an' I give up the fight," said Shane.

"Mr. Tracy says there is something peculiar about your corn, and he says he can't account for it unless it is because there ain't no birds here to take the worms. Mother an' Edie have been talkin' about there bein' no birds here; but I never noticed it particular till Tracy spoke about it. But I don't believe that had anything to do with it."

"I don't go nothin' on them foolish notions of his," said Shane; "but it does look like there's a kind of a fate follerin' me this spring."

"Well, don't worry over it, an' we'll plant it over again, an' may be it will come out all right in the end."

"There'll be nothin' in it this year. If the worms took it once they'll take it again, an' we'll get nothin' out of the corn crop this year."

Tom left Shane more despondent

than ever, and he spent the remainder of the day in a very bad mood. As the shades of evening crept around him he felt the burden of his misfortunes more severely than ever. This, in connection with his broken limb, was more than he could bear, and caused him to groan aloud. The sound reached Edith, who sat in the adjoining room. She crept silently into his room and approached his bed.

"Poor papa, are you suffering much?" she asked.

"Oh! yes, my girl; it seems like everything is goin' to ruin."

"Why, papa, how you talk," and she knelt down by his bedside. "Haven't you a good home, and a loving family, and kind neighbors?"

"Yes, yes, I know; but then there will be nothin' made on the farm this year."

"What if there isn't; we will be just as happy."

"You don't understand, girl; you are not old enough to understand these things."

"Yes; but I do understand them, papa. I'm seventeen, and I know that you have been wearing out your life trying to lay by money to buy more land. It isn't making us any happier, but instead it is making you and all of us unhappy; and papa you are not so kind as you used to be. You don't love us like you did when I was a little girl."

"Not love you, Edie? why, of course I do. It is for you I am trying to save up money. What better proof do you want of my love?"

"Why, I want a little kind of this kind of love," and she drew his arm around her neck and kissed him for the first time in years.

This was a new experience for John Shane. The sunlight of her love had not penetrated the dusty recess of his heart for years, and the dust would have to be cleared away before its genial warmth could reach his soul.

"You are a good daughter, Edie; but you do not understand how necessary it is to have money to get along in the world."

"Oh! yes I do, papa; but I know that money alone will not bring happiness. Let us be happy and not worry about money."

"But how can we live without money, child?"

"Why, you dear old papa, I know you have money enough in the bank to live on a year if we didn't raise any crops at all."

"And what would you do when that was gone?"

"Why, then you would be well, and the horses will be well, and we will all go to work with willing hands and happy hearts. We will be kind and loving to everybody and everything and we won't think so much about making money."

"It sounds good to hear you talk that way, Edie, but I'm afraid it won't work. A man must look out for himself. A man must look out for his own family, for if he don't nobody will."

"Yes, but if he allows his love for his family to be driven out by the love of money it seems to me he has made a bad bargain."

"Well, good night, daughter; you've cheered me up for a while, anyhow. My misfortunes worry me most on account of those who are dependent on me. I want to put them above want."

"There now, papa; no more about that. Let us encourage love and kindness toward one another and trust in God. Good night, papa," and she gave him another kiss and left him.

John Shane was restless; as the hours dragged their weary length along the loneliness of his situation pressed itself on him. The conversation with Edie had aroused the latent energies of his soul, and his heart yearned for human sympathy. He had lived a lonely life; his whole soul had been possessed by the one idea of making money. He did not think that anyone else was suffering while he was following this false light, but here was Edith, who had been yearning for her father's love and had been denied it. Her face haunted him; her voice was ringing in his ears. Her words were present in his memory. Her face and voice reminded him of one that he had

known long ago—one that he had loved in the years gone by. Who could it be? Why, Mary, his wife, of course, whom he had almost forgotten that he ever loved, and when he married her she looked like Edith; why to be sure, and he had almost forgotten it. He felt an indescribable desire to tell her that he loved her yet, and called her to him. When she came and stood beside his bed the vision created by a sick man's fancy faded; for it was not Edith's bright and sunny face that bent over him, but his wife's, and the twenty years that she had toiled by his side had left their mark there. The youth and beauty had gone, and her hair was streaked with gray. It was Mary Shane that stood beside him, and not the vision of Mary Malott that Edith's face had recalled; and he was John Shane again with wrinkled face and stooping shoulders. The vision had faded and the words of affection that his lips should have uttered were left unsaid.

"Did you want something, John?"

"Only a little assistance in changing my position," she replied.

That done, she started away. His conscience smote him and the vision came back. He reached her and she returned to his bedside.

"What is it, John?" she inquired.

"I am lonely tonight," he replied; "can't you sit with me a while?"

"Why, yes; all night if you need me."

She sat down by him, and he told her how he was beginning to see that his life was not what it should be. That he had neglected his duty as a husband and father, and had lived too much alone, and that henceforth he wanted to take his family more into his confidence. He would have told her that he loved her as of yore, but it had been so long since he had spoken such words of affection to her that the words came but awkwardly to his lips, and he left them unspoken. She replied, with tears in her eyes, that she knew that their thoughts had been drifting apart, and she hailed with joy the dawn of a brighter day, when their lives would flow in the same channel.

Soothed by these thoughts he soon fell asleep, and his tired and worn wife retired to rest, hoping that the future might not dispel the bright hopes raised that night.

(Continued Next Week.)

#### Good Stories.

"The fix of many of my estimable Republican brethren in Congress, who want to revise the tariff, but are afraid of the gentlemen who conduct the highly-practiced infant industries," said John Sharp Williams, "reminds me of a neighbor of mine, down in Mississippi, who went to prayer meeting one night.

"After the spirit got to moving he rose in his place and said: 'Friends, I would like to confess my sins, but the grand jury is in session.'"

"Go ahead, brother. The Lord will forgive."

"I know," replied the penitent, "but He ain't on that grand jury."

A husband and wife ran a freak show in a certain provincial town, but unfortunately they quarreled, and the exhibits were equally divided between them. The wife decided to continue as an exhibitor at the old address, but the husband went on tour.

After some years' wandering the prodigal returned and a reconciliation took place as the result of which they became business partners once more. A few mornings afterward the people of the neighborhood were sent into fits of laughter on reading the following notice in the papers:

"By the return of my husband my stock of freaks has been permanently increased."

The imitator is always a weakling. He lacks individuality or he would not be an imitator.

It is well to be modest, but there is no money in deprecating yourself or your farm, even in a joking way.

We all have a soft spot in our head when we are born—most of us never lose it.

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A 17x22 Southwick Steam Hay Baler which has been slightly used, but which we will guarantee for all practical purposes equal to as good as new and will give the same guarantee on this machine as a new machine carries. We will make an exceptional low price on this machine and give good terms.

This will pay anyone to investigate who is in the market for a steam baler.