

The Herald

D. E. STITT, Editor.

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Monmouth, Oregon.

FRIDAY, FEB. 11, 1910.

Take It Out of Politics

The Normal School proposition as pertaining to Monmouth has been fairly launched, and we believe that the plan adopted for its maintenance and support is the very best that could be devised, as it will place the school above and out of reach of the log-rolling-scramble which has generally attended the effort to secure appropriations for the normal schools of the state.

Too often representatives and senators have forgotten that they were state officers, and that as such, owed a duty to the whole state which should have been discharged with scrupulous integrity, but instead have combined and traded votes, each doing so to secure what he desired for the particular section he represented, without taking in consideration the merit of the measure for which their influence was cast. Partisan politics have often entered into legislative affairs, and measures have been adopted simply because the dominant party championed them, while others were defeated because they had birth in a minority faction, and perhaps in neither case had merit been considered properly, if at all.

We find no fault with a person for his political affiliation, nor for using his party to get office, providing he has sought position honorably, but, if after he has been placed in a position of trust, he steps aside from the path of rectitude, to secure what he desires for his section, or to further the interests of his political organization, then he passes under condemnation, and such person cannot be trusted with implicit confidence.

The educational standard of Oregon is a high one and we desire to see it keep ascending and the normal school training is necessary to continue this much cherished development. The trend of education is upward; other states have such schools and are proud of them; we need them too. When we, who are of the older generation were boys, we did not have the educational advantages of today. Let us improve upon what we have; there is nothing too good for our boys and our girls.

We want the normal school, but we want it taken out of politics, and a plan has been devised which will accomplish this desire. It is an institution for the education of the boys and girls of Oregon, and we should fail in our duty if we did not make the proper effort to maintain this necessary adjunct to our educational facilities.

MASS MEETING.

Monmouth citizens met in mass meeting Tuesday evening and gave a spirited endorsement of the Alumni movement to se-

cure maintenance of the Normal school.

There were several speakers present who spoke intelligently of the merit and use of normal training, showing how through these trained teachers the benefits reach out to the rural districts by the special training which teachers receive from normal institutions.

The initiative movement was discussed at length and the frequent applause was indicative of the enthusiasm behind the movement.

FATE AND A COW.

By M. QUAD.

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Professor Slocum of the college at Madison was fifty years old on a certain date. He was tall and stoop-shouldered and ungainly. He was reticent and undemonstrative, and society knew him not at all. Miss Deborah Day of the same town had reached the age of forty-five. She was plain of face and frigid of attitude, and her charms were missing. Cupid had sized up the professor and condemned him to bachelorhood. He had done the same with Miss Deborah and left her an old maid.

One evening, just at sundown, when the whippoorwill, had there been any within a radius of a hundred miles, would have been making ready to sing. Miss Day walked forth in a meadow to gather a few daisies. It was not a romantic feeling that took her there. She would have as soon culled onions had there been any there to cull. At the same hour it singularly happened that Professor Slocum sought the same meadow in search of geological specimens to convince his class that this old earth of ours has seen at least 15,000,000 birthdays come and go. Four discoveries took place almost simultaneously, and a fifth came tagging on behind. The lady discovered her daisies, the professor discovered his pebbles, the two people discovered each other, and together they discovered a cow. A cow may be simply an animated object on the landscape, or she may be a discovery, because she was enraged over the loss of a horn knocked off in some way and because she had her head down and her tail up and was charging the pebble and daisy gatherers.

Then the fifth discovery showed up. It was a cow shed twenty rods away—a rough affair that had once seen better days. The meadow was retired, and the shed was more so. There was no hope of reaching the fence, but there was of reaching the shed. It was plain that the cow was coming for business, and you must judge whether it was proper or not for the couple to clasp hands and make a wabby and tumultuous run for the shed. They reached it just in time for the professor to find a board and bar the entrance against the cow and later on to further strengthen it. There was no doubt about the bovine being in earnest. She made frantic attempts to tear down the shed with her remaining horn, and when she could not effect entrance she stood on guard to keep her victims from coming out. Darkness suddenly fell.

"Professor Slocum, I must leave here this instant!" exclaimed the horrified Miss Day.

"And so must I," was the reply.

"It is not proper."

"Certainly not."

"I shall be a laughingstock."

"And I the same."

Yes; they ought to leave the shed and rush in opposite directions, but what of the cow? She proposed to have something to say about that. At the first movement of the temporary door she uttered a bloodcurdling bellow and made a charge, and Miss Day screamed, and the professor threw up his hands in despair.

"I can't go, but you must," said Miss Day as the cow quieted down. "Professor, you must see that you must go—you must see it!"

"I do see it," he replied, "and, while I cannot depart from the shed, I can climb out on top of it."

This he accomplished by making his way through a gap in the roof. He was now in a position of propriety, but there was the cow again. When she saw him perched up there, so near and yet so far, she tried to climb up after him, and at the end of two minutes Miss Day was shrieking for protection. Down scrambled the professor, and the cow took to running around the shed to find where he had gone.

Could they be severely ceremonious when it was impossible to see each other? The professor wisely decided that they couldn't, and he reached out and clasped Miss Day's hand. She returned the clasp. Then he put his arm around her in a protecting way, and she did not shrink. Then the old cow mad^d up her mind to melt the frost

and bring out the turtledoves if she had to break her neck to do it. She gave a bellow of warning and retreated eight or ten rods and then came for the side of the shed like a runaway locomotive. She hit it fair and square, and two-thirds of it caved in like a house of sand. In the caving she was mixed up with beams and boards, and the professor took advantage of the occasion to tear the door aside and pull his companion out into the open. Then they ran for the nearest fence. It wasn't dignified to fall down three or four times, but they fell. It wasn't eminently proper when the fence was reached and the cow was hard on their trail for the professor to throw Miss Day over and then make a scramble himself, but that's the way it was worked. Then as soon as the man in the case could get his breath he realized the inevitable. They were both tattered and fretted. They had together passed through peril by flood and fire (and cow), and romance had come to their hearts at last.

"Miss Day, I have loved you from the first," announced the professor as he took her hand.

"And I—I," she replied after gasping for breath.

Of course she had, too, and of course that settled it then and there. The old cow looked through the rails at them, heard the cooing of the doves and with a snort of disgust turned tail and walked away. And yet she had made over two human beings to be like the average.

L. D. Brown, Attorney-at-law,
Notary Public, Abstractor, Dallas, Oregon. tf

Church Directory.

EVANGELICAL CHURCH

L. C. HOOVER, Pastor

Morning service at 11:00 o'clock

Evening service at 7:00 o'clock

Sunday School at 10:00 a. m.

Y. P. A. Meeting at 6:30 p. m.

Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

W. A. WOOD, Pastor.

Morning Service at 11. a. m.

Evening Service at 7:00 p. m.

Sunday School 9:45 a. m.

Y. P. S. C. E. 6:30 p. m.

Prayer Meeting Wednesday 7:30 p. m.

W. C. T. U.

Local Union meets every second and fourth Friday in the Evangelical church at 2:30 p. m.

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