

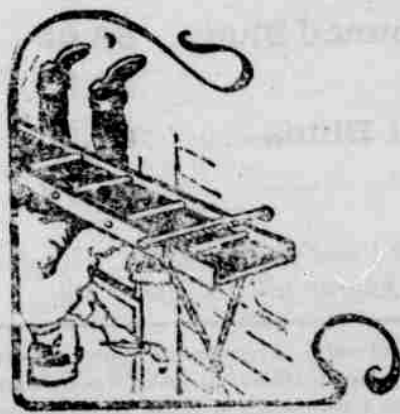
A Neglected Industry

The great profits to be derived from the pork industry, which is sadly neglected in Eastern Oregon, were recently set forth in this paper. The receipt by a Portland poultry dealer last week of 200 dozen spring chickens from Petaluma, California, has been commented upon by the press of the metropolis as indicating neglect of poultry growing opportunities in Oregon. The Oregonian goes on to say that there is a much greater economic waste in the transaction that is apparent at first glance, for the California poultry-growers are obliged to buy Oregon wheat for their chickens. The Oregon poultrymen, if they would supply the home market, would thus have in their favor an additional margin of profit to the full amount of the freight on the feed from Oregon to California, and on the chickens from California to Oregon. As it is reasonable to suppose that there was a profit for the California raisers in thus paying freight both ways, it is quite clear that the Oregon poultrymen could make much greater profit out of the business than is being made by the Californians. —East Oregonian.

Bill Nye once had a cow for sale and advertised her as follows: "Owing to my ill health, I will sell at my residence in township 19, range 18, according to the government survey, one plashed raspberry cow, aged 8 years. She is of unpouted courage and gives milk frequently. To a man who does not fear death in any form she would be a great boon. She is very much attached to her present home with a stay chain, but she will be sold to anyone who will treat her right. She is one-fourth Shorthorn and three-fourths hyena. I will also throw in a double-barreled shot gun, which goes with her. In May she usually goes away for a week or two and returns with a tall red calf with wabby legs. Her name is Rose. Would rather sell her to a non-resident." —Exchange.

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Rachel Newman, deceased, by the County Court of Polk County, Oregon, and has qualified as such. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same, duly verified together with the proper vouchers therefor, to the undersigned administrator at his residence at Monmouth, Polk County, Oregon, within six months from date of this notice. Dated and first published this 29th day of May, 1910. H. A. NEWMAN, Administrator of the estate of Rachel Newman, deceased. B. F. SWOPE, Attorney.



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HIS DAUGHTER'S FIRST STORY.

The Old Colonel Was Positive It Would Win the Prize.

By DONALD ALLEN.
(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

The Bounder Magazine was offering a \$500 prize for the best love story, and when Colonel Sears, retired, happened to see the announcement at the village reading room he started right home to tell his daughter Phyllis. On the way he decided that her story should be a pathetic one. He so decided because he felt pathetic most of the time himself over being retired, over his half pay and over the fact that the army was going to the dogs without him.

Phyllis Sears was good looking, and she was smart. She had written and torn up two pieces of poetry, she had written and read numerous school compositions, and she had written one essay on the subject of intemperance.

Miss Phyllis fully realized that she was literary, but she would not have pursued the line except for the enthusiasm and encouragement of her father. She continued to be good looking and smart and literary to please him. The mother doted on the girl, but stood neutral in details.

The story was begun next day, and as fast as a page was written it was submitted to the father. He weighed every sentence. Once the tears were started from the eyes of the reader he insisted that there should be no respite.

When the story had reached five pages the colonel wrote a letter to the



AS FAST AS A PAGE WAS WRITTEN IT WAS SUBMITTED TO THE FATHER.

editor of the Bounder. He gave his war record in full and stated that his only daughter was writing a story to be submitted in the contest. Thus far, his word for it, it had proved a tremendous literary effort, fully equal to Ouida's best, and he could guarantee that the last half would be greater yet. He had cried over it, and the editor, the editor's wife and the pressmen, compositors and all others connected with the office would doubtless do the same.

By and by two or three things began to dawn on Phyllis. She found it difficult to keep up the tears. The story had gone all right to a certain point and then struck. She was puzzled as to the end of it. She began to doubt and distrust her talent and finally ventured to say so to her father.

"Not take the prize!" the colonel exclaimed. "Why, girl, what has come over you? First, you are the daughter of a colonel who served his country for thirty years; next, you are good looking and smart; thirdly, your story is the only one to touch the editor's heart. Egad, if it doesn't I'll go down to the city and call him a ruffian! You'll win that prize in a canter!"

"But if I should fail after all?" she asked.

"But you can't." "And yet I may. You see, you have told most everybody, and if I don't take the prize I shall feel terribly humiliated. I shall want to go away for a year."

"Look here, daughter," said the colonel after a moment's thought, "I'll make you a promise. If you don't take that prize I promise to find a husband for you within a year. What do you say to that? You are sure of the prize, however, and will have to live and die an old maid."

And that evening as the colonel smoked his cigar on the veranda with a friend he whispered in confidence:

"Not a word to a living soul—not a word! There'll be thousands of stories sent in, but Phyllis' will take the cake. Bound to, sir—bound to. She's smart, and then she's the daughter of an old

soldier. The first page made me blinch around on my chair, and the second brought tears to my eyes. It will be a story to set thousands weeping."

The story was finished at last, read and reread and then sent off. With it went another confidential letter from the colonel. He pointed out its many strong points to save the editor time, and he assured him that at least forty friends of his had pronounced it a gem and wanted ten copies of the issue in which it was printed. He also referred again to his war record.

"There was a month of waiting. During this time the colonel never faltered. When Phyllis became despondent and discouraged he patted her on the head and replied:

"Why, the editor must have time to recover from his emotions after reading your story. Bound to win—bound to. Thirty years in the service of my country, and this is the first story my daughter has written. You may receive a \$500 check at any moment. If it had been a common story, something to laugh at, a balderdash love story, but it was pathos you see. Egad, but think of your old father weeping over a story!"

One day the pathetic manuscript was returned, and inclosed with it was a notice that such and such a story had won the prize. The colonel came home with the letter in his hand.

"But I was afraid it might fail," said Phyllis as she took it and went away to weep over it and wonder what everybody would say.

The colonel stalked into the library and sat down and wrote the editor a letter and told him that he was a man without sentiment, a numskull, a border ruffian and many other things and wound up with a lament that the days of the duello had passed away. That relieved him somewhat.

Ten days had passed and the little family were sitting on the veranda one afternoon when a gentlemanly looking man of thirty descended from an auto and introduced himself. His card showed that he was the editor of the Bounder. Phyllis blushed, and her father arose to begin an oration. It was to be a scorching one, but before he had got out a word the caller announced that he had come down to make an explanation. He was perfectly at ease and his manner was frank.

In the first place, the pathetic story had exceeded the limit set by over a thousand words. The circular had specified American stories, and this was laid in London. Phyllis had to acknowledge that she had been careless and the colonel that he had not read the circular at all. Then the editor good naturedly pointed out the absence of any plot and other things open to criticism. When he had finished the colonel didn't know whether to ask him to take a glass of wine or to order him off the premises.

It was the daughter who settled that question however. She frankly acknowledged her literary errors. After that there was a friendly talk on literary matters, and for an hour after the caller's departure the old warrior sat buried in a sort of reverie. When the daughter at last aroused him he said:

"Phyl, I made you a promise, you remember?"

"Did you?" she innocently asked though blushing at the same time.

"And I guess I've found him. Let me say that I'm not going to butt in and tangle things up any more. I'm not literary, and I'm going to drop pathos. I'm simply military, and I'm going to stick to that. Go ahead and paddle your own canoe after this."

And if the colonel had not been a wise father his son-in-law might not be sharing the house with him and his good wife today, and that son-in-law might not be the editor of the Bounder.

Going Berrying.

The pleasures of huckleberrying is partly in the season—the late summer time, from the middle of July to September. The poignant joys of early spring are passed and the exuberance of early summer, while the keen stimulus of fall has not yet come. Things are at a poise. The hay is over. The meadows, shorn of their rich grass, lie tawny green under the sky, and the world seems bigger than before. It is not a time for dreams nor a time for exploits. It is a time for—for well, berrying!

But you must choose your days carefully, as you do your fishing and hunting days. The berries "bite best" with a brisk west wind, though a south one is not to be despised, and a north one, rare at this season, gives a pleasant suggestion of fall, while the sun has still all the fervor of summer. Choose a sky that has clouds in it, too, for you will feel their movement even when you do not look up. Then take your pail and set out. Do not be in a hurry and do not promise to be back at any definite time. And, finally, go either alone or with just the right companion. I do not know any circumstances wherein the choice of a companion needs more care than in berrying. It may make or mar the whole adventure.—Atlantic.

Philosophy is nothing but discretion. —Seiden.

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