

With the Churches

Evangelical Church.

By W. A. GOLDFROY

We were glad for the presence of the Rev. E. M. Fisher, of Seattle, on last Sunday. He is the son of our veteran class-leader, W. P. Fisher, and is at present the pastor of the Grace Evangelical Church, of Seattle, Wash. He is also the president of our Conference Branch Young Peoples Alliance which will meet in Convention on August the 6th, at Jennings Lodge, Oregon.

The Rev. Mr. Fisher addressed the local Young People's Society last Sunday evening and also filled the pulpit the same evening.

This week marks the beginning of our Camp Meeting and Conventions at Jennings Lodge, Oregon. Our Sunday School will be represented by Miss Bessie Wade, and our Young People's Society by Miss Della Brant. The pastor will also be in attendance and there will be no preaching services in this church on next Sunday and no Y. P. A., but the Sunday School will meet at the regular hour.

Christian Church.

By J. M. ORRICK

Preaching at the Star theater next Sunday at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. I shall not speak on the social service subject as was announced last Sunday evening. Every one is cordially invited.

Baptist Church.

By G. A. POLLARD

Another large and appreciative audience gathered at the Baptist church Sunday morning. The summer is over and we are about to go to our homes to rest before the duties of the fall arrive. The services of the summer have been unusually good. The students have attended well and by their presence have brought inspiration to us all. We wish to thank them all for their kindly interest and help and wish them the utmost success in their work wherever it may take them.

Let our own people come out next Sunday in greater numbers than ever, and let us try to keep the pews filled.

The subjects for next week will be: Morning—"Looking Forward"; evening—"The Preacher's Reward."

Why Not More Hogs?

A few days ago a carload of hogs arrived at the Portland Union Stock Yards by rail from Condon, Ore., the consignors being the Gilman-French Co., of The Dalles, the hogs coming from that company's Prairie ranch in Wheeler County, this ranch being located a few miles southeast of Fossil.

These hogs sold for \$9.10 per hundred pounds, and the carload, consisting of 90 head, brought the shippers \$1395.95, after payment of freight and sales expenses. The manager of the Gilman-French ranch states that the grain fed to these hogs to fatten them amounted to about 725 bushels, which at the market price at the time of shipment, about 73 cents per bushel, sums up \$529.25. But from this must be subtracted the price of 350 grain sacks at 10 1/2 cents each and hauling the grain to market, the haul surely being worth 15 cents a bushel for the 35-mile haul.

Deducting such items, we find these hogs were fed, in the fattening stage, grain worth \$383.75. To this, however, should be added, to make the comparison com-

plete, the cost of hauling the hogs to Condon. The hogs averaged in weight about 175 pounds each, or 15,750 pounds. The 725 bushels of wheat fed them weighed 43,500 pounds, so there was a saving in hauling of practically 28,000 pounds.

As pigs and shoats these hogs were fed chopped wheat, barley and corn and ground alfalfa; perhaps such feed would amount to \$3 per head. Deducting this sum, \$270, from the net amount found above, it will be seen that there was a good profit in the grain fed. Mr. Cooper says the usual estimate that grain fed to hogs will fetch \$1 a bushel is far too low. Certainly the figures bear him out.

One of the pleasing features discernible in the wheat regions is an increasing interest in feeding grain instead of marketing it in the raw. Many wheat-growers are feeding their wheat and barley to cattle and sheep, making good returns thereby—much better than if they hauled their grain to market. This is particularly true where the haul is long and the roads not of the best.

The one drawback in much of the area where grain is grown is the lack of water. Without a good supply of running water hog-raising is practically impossible. On the other hand, sheep take very little water and can be driven to it quite a distance. Cattle take more water, but can be driven farther. To drive hogs any distance to water is out of the question.

Several large ranches in Sherman, Gilliam and Morrow Counties are equipped with wells and gasoline engine pumps. With a good well and plenty of water, the hog business means prosperity far beyond that now reigning in those sections. Every well sunk is an asset worth while for the community. It seems practicable for several landowners to join together and sink a co-operative well, piping the water to a central point or to their various farms. Even a 300-foot well, equipped with pumping apparatus complete, costs something like \$2500. That sum does not seem prohibitive where four or five farmers can join in its ownership.—Oregonian, July 19.

AVERTED A DUEL.

An Apple of Peace That Confounded an Artist's Critics.

In the old dueling days critics were sometimes compelled, figuratively, to eat their words. Far more satisfactory was the vindication that one criticized person achieved when she ate the object of criticism.

The story recently retold in a Parisian journal relates that when the furor for modeling wax flowers and fruit was at its height a certain fair and fashionable countess attained so much skill in the art that the other women of her circle became envious. An admirer of the countess and a suitor of her most spiteful detractor were involved in the quarrel, and a challenge ensued. But the countess learned of the coming encounter and had no mind that her talent should be championed at the cost of blood letting.

The day before the duel in a company that included the prospective combatants and her envious rival she displayed a beautiful apple.

"Behold a chef d'oeuvre!" she cried proudly. "Ladies, you cannot criticize that! Nature herself never produced a finer."

It was examined and admired, but soon the envious discovered flaws. One complained of the texture, which did not really resemble the skin of a fruit; another, of the too precisely globular form; another, of the too evenly shaded colors. Finally the countess' enemy gave her verdict with a shrug and a smile.

"Indeed, my dear, a pretty fruit enough," she conceded, "but if you ask me, a palpable imitation, with nothing of the indescribable, illusive something by which art sug-

gests the actual work of nature."

The countess then turned inquiringly to her critic's suitor, who declared that he was reluctantly compelled to agree with madam's opinion. Still smiling, the countess broke the apple in halves, offered half to her parrot squawking for it in his gilded cage, and daintily nibbled the other half herself. It was a real apple!

"Doubtless, monsieur," she remarked sweetly as the laughter subsided, "you will still feel obliged to agree with madam when she admits that her estimate of an artist's skill may sometimes be erroneous?"

As there was no excuse for a duel after the lady and her champion had both retracted, the seconds of the two impetuous gentlemen saw to it that they became reconciled. For once the apple of discord had proved also the apple of peace.

Not His Usual Brand.

He was a wail from the slums, having his first experience of the country. They gave him a new laid egg at breakfast as a great treat, but after one spoonful he put it quietly aside and devoted himself to the bread and butter.

"Why, Pete," exclaimed the matron in charge, "don't you like your egg?"

"No, ma'am," he replied deprecatingly. "It don't seem to have no smell nor taste." — Pearson's Weekly.

Man Wanted.

"Father," said little Ruth appealingly, "why don't you stay at home to work as other little girls' fathers do?"

Father, who, as business manager of a great corporation, has to travel extensively, smiled fondly at his little daughter. "I'd love to, Ruth," he answered, "but you see I have to earn a lot of money to take care of my little girl and her mother, and I can't get enough work to do here at home."

"Oh, father," cried Ruth reprovingly, "I don't believe you've ever tried hard enough! Why, I have seen a sign out, 'Man Wanted,' lots and lots of times. There was one over in front of our grocery store this very morning."—Youth's Companion.

A Gigantic Breed.

A woman at a dog show noticed a pretty girl gazing around as if puzzled. She went over to her and said: "Pardon me, but can't you find the kennel you wish? If not, I shall be glad to assist you."

"Oh, thank you," she replied. "Would you mind showing me where they are exhibiting the ocean greyhounds?"—National Monthly.

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