

The Herald

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Monmouth Meditations

After all, the best part of a pleasure exertion to the coast or anywhere else is the getting home again.

Mr. Rockefeller is backing the Institute for Government Research in its study of the United States government. Why not? The United States government has investigated Mr. Rockefeller often enough.

The citizens of Dallas appear to be taking to outdoor affairs. They had a grand ball on the paved streets of the city one night recently and two or three preaching services have been staged out in the open air. And both parties to the achievement find it equally diverting.

Youth will be served, the old saw has it, and various kinds of wild oats are commonly sown in the springtime of life. But nevertheless a little wholesome authority is needed at all times and sorry the boy whose natural tendencies are not curbed until he has gone too far.

The harvest proceeds, the month of August slips by and it will soon be time to turn over a fresh sheet in the register for the beginning of another school year. Vacation experiences will now be served like the boarding-house turkey, the career of which is not ended until several days after it was originally carved.

The humble blackberry now claims attention and some of the Polk county bushes are wonders at producing quantity as well as quality. None, however, do better than some in the possession of Uncle Joe Craven who recently brought in some for the Herald force to sample that were of the sweepstake variety.

There is enough of the primitive savage in the most of us to enjoy a season in the woods or by the sea shore where the quarters are cramped, the meals irregular and natural discomforts at a premium. It is good to experience this once in a while that we may appreciate better the merits of civilization.

In the dog days of dullness in baseball circles the buying and selling of star players commands attention from the fans. Many of the coast teams make tidy sums this way although it is irritating when a good player is discovered and he is just where his work will be felt as a winner to

have some bigger team step in and nab him.

One of the things that is reserved for the next congress is the levying of a tariff on dye stuffs that the experimentors may be protected until they have discovered how to turn common tar into the products of which the country is now sorely in need. The European war is an eye opener, especially as to the importance of being able to supply our own needs.

They do say that just before Hughes began his magnificent address in Portland Wednesday night he anxiously beckoned the master-of-ceremonies to his side. "Are the fire laws being observed?" he asked. Being assured that although the crush was a great one, all of the precautions had been taken, he again inquired; "Are the newspaper boys properly looked after?" "They are". Once more a look of concern overspread the candidate's face: "How about Dave Hampton, committeeman from Monmouth, is he in the audience?" "Is Hampton of Monmouth here?" shouted the master-of-ceremonies and by way of reply the Monmouth man arose from his position down in front. After which the program started.

If newspaper reports are true the combination of Russian soldiers and Japanese arms and munitions is proving a bad one for the central powers of Austria and Germany. Which goes to prove the folly of the present struggle for those engaged in it. If in the quest of that place in the sun the Germans had been willing to advance their aims by peaceful means instead of by force they would have had a better chance of success. They are especially bitter against the British and this wholly without reason. The Germans and the British are kinsmen with like characteristics and under a reasonable program would have been allies instead of enemies. Now that they have been given a chance to prove their prowess as a fighting machine it may be difficult to stop the Russian-Japanese combination.

Brother Clark of the Independence Enterprise recently returned from Newport and announces himself as very much pleased with the exhibition of the graceful contour of the plumply proportioned pedal extremities of the female bathers which as referring to a spade as a spade, he called the ladies' legs. In the last Enterprise Brother Clark rejoices that the women have legs and insists that even pipstem legs are better than none at all. He does not know how they could get along without them. He regrets that the rarity of the sight of them does not give him an opportunity to admire them more frequently. The Herald editor during the past week was also an interested spectator on the Newport beach but confesses that he found more food for speculation in the legs of the men bathers than in the legs of the women. Some of these latter appear to be developing a growth of fur that extends from their aukles up. Some of these

gentlemen, clothed in little else but smiles, appear so perpetually given to standing around in the chilly north winds that nature is developing a natural covering for them. Here is a subject for the ethnologist.

A visit to our northwest beaches might lead to the discovery that a new race of men is being developed. There is utility in the thought also. The men might be sheared annually or semi-annually as are the mohair goats, or they might be slaughtered for their furs as are the muskrats. The slaughter idea has certain attractions and if the fur is properly treated it might serve a hundred uses. We suggest that the matter be followed up as the means for the development of an entirely new industry.

The hum of the thresher arises on the air as the outfits make for the grain fields of Polk county. To any one used to the system where the help changed around at threshing time there is something tame and unpalatable about the cook wagon scheme. Every new invention also takes some of the kinks out of threshing time. The big maws of the machine no longer require bundle cutters and there is no longer a chance to do a scientific job of carving on the hand of the man who fed the machine. The machine was always fed by one of the gang of three who traveled around with the outfit. The old threshing outfit was, of course, operated by horse power, with sweeps, and was hauled around the country by three teams of horses. One team hauled the separator, another the carrier and miscellaneous equipment, the power took the third team. An important duty of the driver of the power was to smear the black grease from the big cogs on such small boys as got within reach. With a whip at the end of a long pole he presided over the power department. The other two took turns at oiling and at feeding the machine. The man who fed generally had his hand well scarred, the result of jabs from the boy with the knife. The latter did his best but with his eyes filled with dust and his nose and mouth and ears stopped up with chaff and barley beards, it was not always easy to bring down the knife where the band was located. The least desirable job was behind the straw carrier. When the wind was the right way the task of cleaning away from the carrier held about as much misery as any that was ever devised. It was the custom to trade help and teams around the neighborhood, and there was one redeeming feature for the boy whose lot it was to make the circuit. He was given some grand feeds. The Plymouth Rock rooster, the lord of the barnyard, was commonly sacrificed at threshing time and on the side dishes there was everything good the housewife could command. The cookwagon is a handy thing for the housewife but it makes of threshing a mere incident instead of an annual event.

That Vienna press agent is a gallant fellow. He never permits the Austrians to retire except when pressed by enormously superior forces of Russians.

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