

The Herald

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Editor & Publisher

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Monmouth Meditations

Quite a few of our fellow citizens appear to be on the move.

In another week there will be many more Misses in our midst.

In spite of it all this promises to be a banner harvest in Polk County.

Every cloud has a silver lining; except for the threshers and hop pickers.

Perhaps the returning soldiers will infuse a little ginger into our sleepy campaign.

In order to decrease his weight the average man is willing to take most anything except exercise.

For practical utility commend us to the family that spends its vacation camping out in the hop country.

One of the sorrows of summer is that the casual observer cannot tell the homegrown from the imported sunburn.

The allies are making such large gains these days that the enemy stands in grave danger of being inconvenienced eventually.

We expect to note an appreciable increase in the Democratic vote of Lincoln county now that our excellent postmaster has spent a week in that section.

No report as yet from the relief party seeking in political oblivion for sight or sound of that extinguished statesman, the Hon. Coleman du Pont de Nemours, etc.

It is hard to believe that the Cleveland who sent soldiers into Illinois against the protests of its governor, Altgelt, and the Wilson who used four pens to sign his name to the railroad bill, presenting the pens to labor leaders, belong to the same party.

The Herald and its editor have the same birthday this year which is today. It is the Herald's eighth anniversary and the beginning of volume nine. In the words of Rip Van Winkle, "Here's to your good health and my good health and may we all live long and prosper!"

It was fortunate for the memory of Lincoln that he died as he did for no mortal could live up to the high standard with

which he has since been investigated. Had he lived he would have been sure to do something that would have shocked somebody and would have had his supporters as well as his opponents like all the rest of our great leaders. He had plenty of both while he lived. Dead, he is the acme of all perfection and people who maligned the living man now deify the dead. We Americans have invested his memory with characteristics we hold as ideal and have placed him above any other of our forefathers. It is a good thing to have some vehicle for the expression of our ideals. It gives something for youth to pattern after and is a standard to which men may compare themselves. These thoughts come up when we read of the manner in which Lincoln's birthplace has been preserved to posterity. The log cabin in which Lincoln was born, which cost only the labor necessary to erect it has been enclosed within an imposing edifice of granite that cost \$275,000. The memorial is situated in the open country two miles from the small village of Hodgenville Kentucky. Here it will be visited by throngs of curious and reverent people many of whom will also visit the martyr's tomb at Springfield, Ill. The distance between these points is not great yet between them is one of the great epochs of history and the life story of a man who has passed down to us as the ideal American.

A big sigh of relief went up when the threatened strike of the railroad men was called off. The fruit growers were especially interested as a tie up of shipping facilities would have meant a heavy loss to them. Now that the strike is averted we may pause to consider how it was accomplished. In brief, organized labor stood with a club over the government and at its behest, within three days of the receipt of orders, congress originated, committees conferred and reported for action; both branches agreed to and passed and the president signed a special law for the occasion. Sounds like the doings of a Central American republic, doesn't it? In effect the law is the most important step toward socialism this nation has yet taken. As for the law a comparison might be made of a doctor prescribing for a sick person, giving him a dose the effect of which was doubtful and appointing a committee to watch the patient for a specified period of time to see whether it killed or cured him. Organized labor cracked the whip and congressmen and senators danced to the music like little men. It was not only the one percent of our population, represented in the trainmen union but the vote of organized labor that loomed large in the eyes of the statesmen up for reelection. At that the experiment is valuable. It is not a thing that left to itself Congress would have passed for some time to come. The law regulating hours and wages of trainmen is a step toward socialism because if Congress can legislate for one class of labor other labor will not rest satisfied until it has received legislative benefits. The

populists used to contend that all that was necessary to fix the price of silver was to pass a law. The wage fixing plan will now be tried out although it is rather tough on rail transportation to make it the goat.

A great deal of cheap wit is devoted to Henry Ford and his automobiles but that both are preeminent in their way cannot be gotten around. Ford is an original genius and a man who does not follow anyone. His automobiles are, quality considered the cheapest and most practical on the market. He pays all of his workmen, even the guides who show visitors through the plant, \$5 per day. Yet his cars yield 25 percent of their selling price profit to him and his income is such that he is free to carry out any project that may enter his mind. He claims now to have invented a tractor that will be so cheap every farmer can own one and says he has devised a process by which the tractor owner may make his own motor power at an expense of only a few cents a gallon. Here is a description of the multiplication of Fords in the factory as told in a recent Metropolitan.

"Hundreds of parts made in vast quantities at incredible speed flow toward one point.

"The Final Assembler is the most miraculous thing of all. A conveyor belt flanked by workmen, moves steadily along at the rate of eight feet a minute. A rear axle is lifted onto the conveyor from a pile constantly replenished from the rear axle department. A few feet farther along the front axle joins it from a similar pile. Then the frame is slung aboard, and as the conveyor moves along the workmen move with it, bolting the chassis together. Still farther along the gasoline tank, as it comes down from from its department on the fourth floor on an endless chain outside the building and drops through a chute onto a bridge above the conveyor, is automatically filled with a gallon of gasoline before it is lowered into place on the bolted axles and frame. A few feet farther handbrakes slide down from their department, then gasoline feed pipes, then fender irons and the engine—lifted by a derrick and fastened into place as the chassis still moves, the dashboard including steering gear, coil, horn and wiring follows, then the exhaust pipe, muffler, side pans, etc. And farther on the wheels, already mounted with inflated tires fall down a vertical chute from the third floor. Finally the radiator.

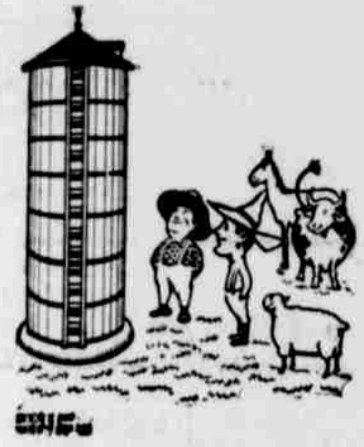
"At the end of every 24 minutes the complete chassis slides off the conveyor, (one every quarter minute) a man sits astraddle the tank, a pair of grooved wheels in the floor sets the motor revolving and the car drives out of the building under its own power, passes under a chute where the complete body slides down on the chassis and lines up for final inspection."

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