

# The Herald

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MONMOUTH, OREGON

FRIDAY, OCT. 12, 1917



## Monmouth Meditations

The first frost of the year appears to have been tempered for the benefit of the late potatoes.

Well, Monmouth's first street paving venture is finished—all except the homely formality of paying for it.

The agricultural expert now gives it as his opinion that another heavy shower would benefit the man who has land to plow; if the man who handles the sprinkler could be persuaded to stop with the right amount.

The young man or woman who plans to carve out a career, takes up the work of preparation seriously about this time of the year, by enrolling in some one of the institutions of learning.

We often hear of the enviable lot of the man who is fortunate enough to shake the plums from the tree, and right next to him should be the prune tree shaker; a man much in evidence just at present.

The architect who designed the weather of the past two weeks deserved words of high commendation from an appreciative public. He should be decorated with the ribbon of the Order of Salubrious Sunshine.

A law suit is a fine, first class way to make enemies, invoke strife, and roil the water of relations with ones neighbors, and the only man who makes money out of a lawsuit, generally, is the lawyer.

The new city well would do well enough for a well stocked farm, but the water committee has concluded that for municipal purposes the shaft should go deeper.

A postmaster in Washington was fired the other day for utterances in regard to our foreign relations that did not please his superiors. Some men will insist on quarreling with their bread and butter.

Just to show what five year old prune trees can produce, Mr. LeFurgy sent down from the Monmouth orchards a box of prunes picked there from, also a fine sample of the work of the dryer. A fine lot of prunes truly, for which we return thanks.

Do you know, gentle reader, that the Herald is a clearing house for the publishing of news. Anything concerning yourself that you would be interested in if it concerned a neighbor, is news and is always given a welcome by the editor. Tell it to us.

Fair time is now officially over and the prize rooster takes a secluded seat in the rear while his more common rival occupies a front place at the food trough in anticipation of his own time to appear in the spot light about Thanksgiving time.

The season for waving flags, making patriotic speeches, displaying patriotic emblems, and invoking ginger into our war venture has passed its height and the season for financing the same is with us. The purchase of Liberty bonds is not only an act of public patriotism but an act of financial shrewdness as well. Considering the exemptions and privileges that go with the bonds they are as safe and profitable an investment as could be desired.

The trouble with the latest food conservation move is that most of us are already conserving to the limit. And some of the advice offered is not practical. Any housewife knows that in the Willamette valley ground corn is more expensive than ground wheat. Also that ground wheat with the coarser parts of the grain in it costs more than fine wheat flour. A great help in conservation of wheat flour would be a radical improvement in our methods of distribution.

Interest in war news and war pictures is high at present and some of the details as they are put forth in current publications are stunning in their terrible frankness. How can human beings stand it, you may well ask as you read of trench experiences under bombardment? And how can they acquire the state of mind that is necessary if they carry out the orders given to them. The object lesson now being exhibited in Flanders and Northern France is not a pleasant one and we trust evidences of it may be preserved in descriptive details and in pictures that future generations may have it to refer to that they may know just how military glory is won.

Being wholly devoted to the west and partial to the Willamette valley; yet there is one season when fond memories return to the sunrise side of the continent and we realize that for a few weeks it would be pleasant to live there once more. That is the time when the post season series of ball games is being played. Comisky's park with its big concrete grand stand, in Chicago, held over 30,000 rooters on each of the two opening days when the White Sox contested for supremacy with the Giants and the unreserved seats were all taken by noon, although the starting time for this series is at 2:30.

One man camped before the ticket window at 6 o'clock on the evening previous to the initial opening Saturday. With a soap box to sit on, an umbrella to keep the rain off and a lunch bag, he waited. But the leaders of the line, which may reach two or three blocks before the window is open, do not appear upon the scene much before two or three o'clock in the morning.

The genuine, all around fan is one of the most entertaining persons to be met with. He knows all the contending athletes by sight and refers to them by their front names and can spot them in their store clothes as they cross the field to the club house to get into war array. He is great on the strategy of the

game. He recognizes the "squeeze play", the "hit and run" trick and the "delayed steal". He alternates in dealing out stentorian advice to his favorites and in hurling sarcastic anathemas at the opposition. He never loses an opportunity to bait the umpire and has an uncanny cleverness in saving irritating things. He may be an ex-New "Yawkah" and may have traveled across two states to see this particular game, in which case he repeats this fact to all who are polite enough to listen. Possibly he may in appearance resemble a Menonite elder and you marvel at the stream of persiflage that flows from his lips. He may be a plainly dressed young man, redolent of ardent spirits, glib with the jargon of the alleys, hurling invective and approval in screeching tones until his face becomes as red as a boiled lobster and his eyeballs protrude from their sockets. He acknowledges that he has not missed five games all summer and you wonder how he finances it.

To accommodate the overflow they build bleachers in front of the grand stand and here that all may see all remove their hats. Owners of bald heads carefully spread white handkerchiefs on their craniums to protect the same from the glare of the afternoon sun.

The first man in has the choice of seats over a large area. The back and higher rows fill up first. A solid bank of people extends around the wide semicircle from which the cheers in volume diminish until from the distant field bleachers they come like baffled billows pounding on jutting rocks along the ocean.

Occasionally some late arrival tries to climb up through the seething mass to a point of vantage at the top. He doesn't get very far before he encounters a bombardment of missiles—wadded newspapers, cardboard boxes, empty pop bottles, cushions—until his invading progress is slowed up. With his elbow he shields his face from the attack, but soon is glad to retreat.

The warming up hour that precedes the game is a show itself and few can escape the gripping power of the real contest. With the vast throng—minds and thoughts concentrated on a central object, following in unison every move—there is a mental exhilaration more easily experienced than described.

There is a false modesty when is vanity, a false glory which is levity, a false grandeur which is meanness, a false virtue which is hypocrisy and a false wisdom which is prudery.—La Bruyere.

In the old sepulchers at Thebes, Egypt, butchers are represented as sharpening their knives on a round bar of metal attached to their aprons which from its blue color is supposed to be iron.

Bunker Hill monument is 221 feet 2 inches high, 30 feet square at the base and 15 feet 4 inches square where the pyramidal apex begins. Eight thousand seven hundred tons of granite were used in building it.

### THE MEN I LIKE TO MEET.

THERE are many pleasant people  
Whom one would like to know—  
Editors and barbers  
And men who shovel snow;  
There are laymen, there are draymen,  
But the ones I like to meet  
Are men who pat the horses  
When they pass them on the street.

It's jolly, on the avenue,  
To bow and raise your hat  
To some one so distinguished  
That your comrade says "Who's that?"  
But the man I really honor  
When the stinging north wind blows  
Is the one who always stops to stroke  
Some horse's frozen nose.  
—Christopher Morley in Life.

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