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The Sturdy Built Primrose

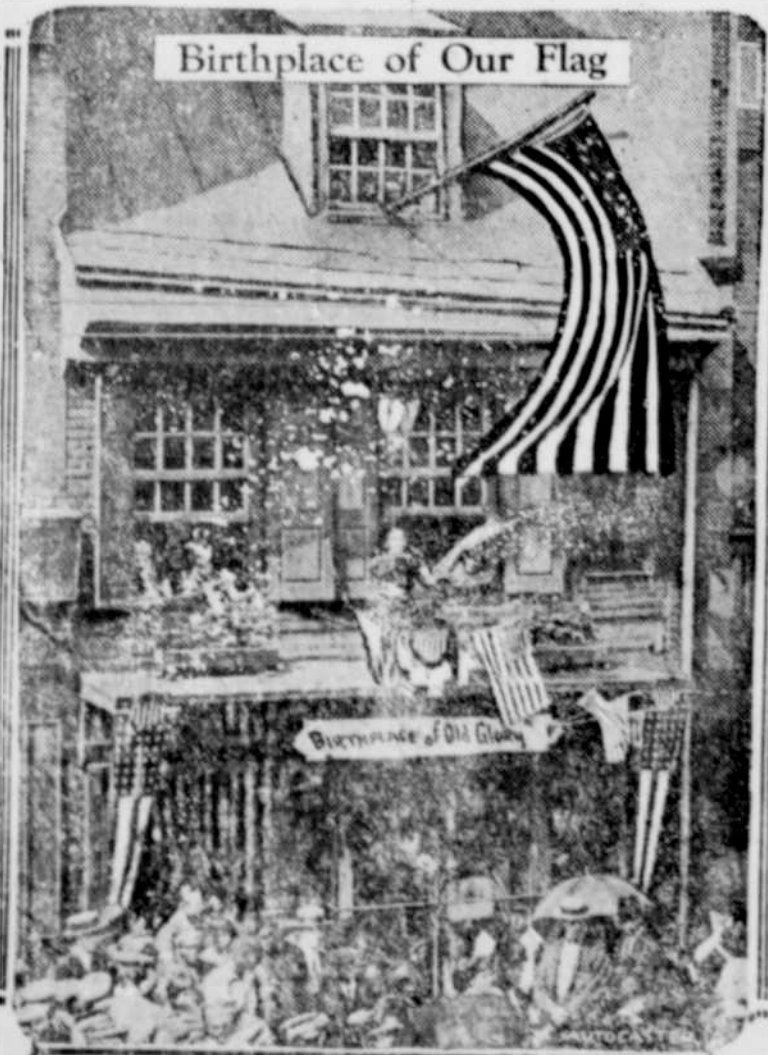


BALL BEARING PRIMROSE CREAM SEPARATORS are guaranteed to the user by the World's Greatest Farm Machinery Makers—The McCormick-Deering. These separators have been tested under all conditions for several years and today are known all over our country for its wonderful easy turning, smooth running, and clean skimming. It is sturdy built and compact, and as one customer put it—"My kick on my new PRIMROSE is that it leaves the skim-milk too blue."

Come in and look them over—we have a size for your need Electric—Power—Hand power We take in your old cream separator.

Thomas & Horton

Independence
McCORMICK-DEERING DEALERS.



Shown above is the home of Betsy Ross on Arch street, Philadelphia, where 146 years ago, June 14, the flag of the United States was designed. Thousands gathered there two weeks ago to pay tribute in fitting services.

The Herald

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RICHARD B. SWENSON
Editor & Publisher
MONMOUTH, OREGON

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| Six months | \$1.00 |
| Three months | 75 cts |



Monmouth Meditations

It is possibly too much to expect that Great Britain, which was one of the nations to hold out for the continuation of the trade in opium would look with approval on the American proposal to extend the three mile limit to twelve in the handling of rum runners along our coast. The liquor traffic offers too good an opportunity to serve as a political issue in this country not to be used and we venture the opinion that a combination can be made that will yield at least a partial triumph for the friends of booze. But it will not be a triumph that will last long. It has been the history of prohibition in the different states that it has had to pass through the various stages of popularity and face all sorts of trouble, but in the end it has been vindicated. The economical waste of the liquor traffic, not only in manhood, but in production power and collective wealth is always self evident and no political party which takes a stand for it can hope for continued power.

So called "sports" who expect to pay their fare to Shelby and their admission price to get in, with other incidental expenses, to see the big bruisers pummel each other July fourth, are invited to contemplate the financial returns this sort of thing yields to Dempsey. In his last public engagement when, for the honor of America and the glory of our flag, Dempsey battered Carpentier, the frog eater, into a ten second sleep, Dempsey got \$487 per second for his glorious and patriotic efforts. In his last four fights, Dempsey has averaged \$187 per second which must rival the earning power of Charles Chaplin. When it comes to comparing their earning power with these gentlemen, the average member of the learned professions must take a back seat.

Field Notes

Agriculture in our district is flourishing at present. Jupiter Pluvius is handling the garden hose and in spite of a somewhat refrigerated temperature the sunflowers and ruta baga are steadily progressing in the period of vigorous youth. The early morning toiler enjoys the carol of the sparrow and keeps a weather eye open for signs of moles which are justly regarded as a pest second to nothing. We are trying out a new method of dealing with moles which, while it has not been recognized and recommended by the O. A. C. doubtless will be as soon as the experts of that eminent institution find out about it. Neighbor Andrus started it. He had been bothered with moles all spring so he backed his faithful Henry onto his garden and attached one end of a hose to the exhaust and stepped on the accelerator. As a result the moles took to the tall timber—or rather to more or less distant "borders. Neighbors noticed the sudden increase in mole population so in the meantime they have repaired to Neighbor Bowersox's pharmacy where they have obtained various noisome concoctions. They open up the runway traveled by Mr. Mole, put in a tablespoonfull of this liquid, close the opening and presto, Mr. Mole and his entire family start out immediately for somewhere else. There

they meet with other gas or strong smelling liquids and are off again. The result is they are perpetually on the go and soon run themselves to death.

For two or three years in succession a pair of robins have built a nest on a blackberry vine that screens the back porch at the editorial home. As some one is frequently passing on the sidewalk close by or on the porch, the lady robin did not have the courage to leave eggs in the nest until this spring. But this spring the eggs were laid and hatched, the four young birds cared for and fed until now they are about large enough to start out in life for themselves. The nest is about five and a half feet above the porch floor, right where we could reach into it readily but could not look in except by reflector by holding a hand mirror over it. As the birds have grown their weight has sagged the nest downward until now it is on a level with the eyes. As the young birds grow the nest gets proportionately smaller. The eggs of course, were below the outside rim of the nest. When first the feather less necks with closed eyes and wide opened mouths reached up for food they looked like tan colored snakes. As they have grown they have more and more filled the nest until now it looks as though they were sitting on top of it. The studied carelessness of the old birds in looking after the nest is a matter of interest. Apparently the mother bird did not sit upon the nest after dark. During the day she did not seem to mind any one passing by on the street but as passers on the porch came within a few inches, at the first approach the mother bird was off and perched in the near-by cherry tree. Possibly she thus deserted her nest as often as a hundred times a day. The male was a bit more courageous. Both birds have shared in feeding the young bringing in worms and pieces of cherry. They have reared their brood in the midst of many alarms but have found it quite as safe as more secluded places.

June, which is soon to end, is surely a pleasant time of the year, and a stroll into the woods and fields is sure to convince anyone that June and the Willamette valley are an attractive combination. On every hand are the signs of the approaching harvest season. Barley, which is well underway toward the final change of color is forerunner in the annual event. As you mount to an eminence you can see the fields, like the squares of checkerboard, stretching toward the tree covered hills. The wheat, now a bluish green color, alternates with the greener, spring-sown oats and on the lower lands the cattle wade in the red top, grown rank in the cool, moist, spring weather. The sickle bar o. the mower has begun to take wide swaths from the clover, cheat and vetch. Here is a field of delicate blue, the blossoms of flax which is getting to be one of the products of this section, and alongside is a field of white Hungarian vetch, a new crop for which much is claimed.

Stroll downward to the lower levels and as you near the creek the clack of the blackbird greets your ear. He is a social critter, the blackbird, and as long as you are near he keeps up a flood of conversation. By the aid of a friendly tree you climb the fence. It is an apple tree, a pasture apple tree, for in this country when an apple tree gets started it continues to grow and thrive whether there is anyone living near to gather its fruit or not. Take a stroll into the fields when you have the leisure and get acquainted with nature.

SILVERTON SHOEMAKER LONG IN THE BUSINESS

A. F. Simeral the veteran shoemaker of Silverton has been in the business in that city for 43 years and J. H. McCorkle, who now resides near Salem, is his oldest customer. Mr. Simeral has the distinction of having made every pair of shoes and boots for Mr. McCorkle, with the exception of one pair, since he entered the shoe business in Silverton.

Mr. Simeral entered the shoe business at Silverton in 1880 and says at that time there was only one brick building in that little town. He crossed the plains with his parents in 1864.

Mr. Simeral is now 65 years of age and owns 14 acres of orchard and small fruits within the corporate limits of Silverton and devotes most of his time to the care of his tract although he maintains his shoe repairing shop in the business district and works at his profession every day. At the time Mr. Simeral entered the shoe business all men wore boots and he made them complete from the leather as it came from the tannery. Capital Journal.



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