

# The Herald

D. E. STITT, Editor.

Entered as second-class matter September 8, 1908, at the post office at Monmouth, Oregon, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY

## Subscription Rates

One year - - - \$1  
Six months - - - 50 cts

Monmouth, Oregon.

FRIDAY, DEC. 24, 1909.

If you wish to build up your town and see it progress, speak a good word for it, hold up its advantages and work for its improvement, do what you can to secure new industries, and especially labor for those that will employ labor. If this course will not help to make your town grow, what will?

When you want to kill your town, retire within yourself like a snail does when anything touches it; become morose, and not have a good word for the place nor any person in it; if a stranger comes along, search out and herald all its disadvantages and send him onward in search of a live town and a live people; if improvement is proposed get right to the front and push backward; impede its progress, belittle its projectors, and if you see any of its citizens in the way to make a dollar get in ahead and balk his trade. If this course won't kill a town, what will?

In unity of purpose and action there is strength. Individual interests are separate and diverse, but community interests are identical. Universal governments have been achieved because of united effort and purpose; great commercial combinations have arisen because of community interests; trusts are creations of the same law; we kick and kick at the effect which the trust produces, and then perhaps pursue the best course to sustain and fatten it by lending support to maintain it. Now, if we wish to be progressive we must work together; if we wish our town to grow, we must not be jealous each of the other, but we must work together as builders, shoulder to shoulder, and success will crown the effort.

Zook, the paper hanger will do your painting.

Tomorrow is Christmas and the Herald extends greetings to its many readers wishing them a merry time and many returns of this festive occasion.

This is the trunk of a young girl. It contains the poor but honest clothes she wore when she ran away from home; also the gay clothes she bought after a wicked ambition had poisoned her heart. It is the gaudy raiment and flashy trimmings for which she exchanged her honest laugh and bright and beautiful youth. Handle this trunk gently, as you would touch her sad little history, for the father is in the second class coach weeping softly in a coarse cotton handkerchief, and she is going home on the same train—in her cheap little coffin in the baggage car—to meet her sorrowing mother, who will go up into the attic many a rainy afternoon in the days to come and cry over the contents of the poor little trunk, and it will be a secret known only to her sorrowing heart and God.—Edgar Wilson Nye.

# A CHRISTMAS MORNING.

By MOLLIE K. WETHERELL.  
[Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.]

"Papa," said Lucy Tisdale, "how much premium do you pay to insure this house and furniture?"

"Why do you ask, Tottie?"

"Well, I have a fancy to turn myself into a fire company. Suppose you drop the insurance and give me the money to spend on fire paraphernalia."

"I'll think about it."

Now, the fond father of this young woman, who, by the way, was a trifle hoidenish, had no idea of dropping his insurance; but, having been racking his brain for a fit Christmas gift for her, he caught on to the idea at once of presenting her with a complete fire outfit. He communicated his plan to "mother," by whom it was met with violent opposition.

"John," she said, "you should be ashamed of yourself. Last Christmas you gave her a horse on which to jump fences and things, the Christmas before a bear to pet and before that a football with which to disgrace herself. I do believe if she asked it you'd give her a lion to tame."

"She'd tame him," replied the husband decisively.

"I should think so after taming you."

"You set her the example, my dear."

"I didn't set her the example of making a man of herself. And now just as I have a reason for her to appear ladylike you encourage her to turn herself into a fireman."

"What's your reason? If it's a real reason it's the first you've been able to give me since we were married."

"It's an excellent one. I have a letter from Julia saying that young Lord Arthur Trevelyan Vane—"

"Can't you remember the rest?"

"He's coming over and will arrive about Christmas time. Julia asks that we try to keep him from being homesick at the time of all others one would wish to be with his own family."

"Turn him over to Tot. He won't have time to be homesick."

"That's just it. I wish her to appear ladylike and refined."

"Nonsense! If you want her to catch him let her do it in her own way."

"She'll never do it in that way in the world."

"Then she won't do it at all."

A few days before Christmas the fire gift was stored in the automobile house when Lucy was away, and the door was locked. This did not prevent her climbing to the roof of the little building and looking down a ventilating chimney. About the same time Lord Arthur Trevelyan Vane Fitz-Mortimer wrote a note on crested paper that he had arrived in America and would do himself the honor to call. Being invited to spend the holidays with the Tisdales at their suburban home, he wrote again that he would be on hand some time during Christmas day and partake of Christmas dinner with them.

After breakfast on Christmas morning Mr. Tisdale said to his daughter: "Come outside with me, Tot. I've got a surprise for you." And, leading her to the automobile house, he showed her what (though she had seen it all before) made her heart leap for joy. There was everything required for the protection of the house and the lives of the family, including a canvas chute in case of their being trapped on the upper stories. There were fire extinguishers, fire ladders, hose in plenty and the "dearest" little steam fire engine about four feet long. Miss Tisdale threw herself into her father's arms and covered his face with kisses.

The next thing was to get it all out and play the house was on fire. "Mother" caught fright at once for fear her lordship would arrive and see what sort of Christmas present her daughter had received. She pleaded that the fire trial might be postponed till a later date. She might as well have tried to stop the horses of a fire brigade after the sounding of an alarm as to deter her daughter.

Half an hour later a scene occurred that will not soon be forgotten in the Tisdale family. The paraphernalia was in the yard. Mr. Tisdale was operating the fire engine, sending a small stream on to the roof of the house. The canvas chute had been fastened between a third story window and the ground. Mrs. Tisdale was looking out of an "L" window where she could see everything. Lucy was nowhere to be seen.

Mrs. Tisdale caught sight of an immaculately dressed young man coming up the walk. Her heart sank within her. It was undoubtedly Lord Fitz-Mortimer. At that moment Miss Tisdale appeared at the upper end of the chute, entered it, came down like lightning and, striking the ground, turned two or three somersaults. Her mother fell back in a swoon. Her father picked her up and, assisted by Lord Fitz-Mortimer, supported her into the house. She was not at all injured, but pretended to be so that she might hide her shame at the exposure of lingerie

before the guest.

She had no sooner reappeared than Lord Fitz-Mortimer told her that many of the daughters of prominent men in England had organized fire brigades, and he insisted on trying the chute himself. He made the descent more successfully than Lucy, who further disgraced herself by accidentally—so it was supposed—turning the contents of a fire extinguisher on him, spilling his suit and his silk hat.

Mrs. Tisdale was considerably mollified when Lord Fitz-Mortimer took his leave, not till the end of the holidays, madly in love with her daughter.

**A Mean Critic.**  
"How realistic your painting is! It fairly makes my mouth water."  
"A sunset makes your mouth water!"  
"Oh, it is a sunset, is it? I thought it was a fried egg!"

Fire is not extinguished by fire.—Italian Proverb.

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