

Oregon Needs Normals

In View of the fact that the Normal School question will be presented to the voters in behalf of Monmouth on the 8th day of November next, we shall take this opportunity to state briefly a few salient facts with regard to this school.

Normal training is recognized and fostered in every state in the Union, save and except Oregon. Oregon has done it in the past and will do it in the future. The United States government at Manila, P. I., maintains a Normal School for the training of teachers there, which is under the direction of George N. Briggs, who is a graduate of Iowa State Teachers College. This proves, beyond any doubt, that the normal training is a recognized factor in the education of today. Many of these States are increasing the number of schools, which is further evidence.

The State of Oregon own in fee simple the buildings, and the campus composed of something like ten acres of land, at Monmouth. The buildings are well adapted to the work required, and a fair valuation of them would be more than one hundred thousand dollars. (\$100,000.) The location is admirably adapted to the work; it is central with regard to population, is easy of access, in a rich, fertile country, healthful and invigorating. The expenses for the students are here reduced to a minimum, and the work of the training department is not excelled on the coast.

Again, if this property should be lost to the State, it would have to be duplicated at some other point, and at a very much greater outlay of money, for real estate in the towns is now very high, and the additional expense of arranging for the operation of the plant would necessarily involve a great deal of money. Now so far as the taxes are concerned the situation resolves itself into this: If the people vote to open this school, it will cost the man who pays taxes on one thousand dollars just four cents a year and no more, because the law is drawn specifically and until that law is changed by a direct vote of the people it cannot cost him more than that amount of money. If he pays taxes on five hundred dollars, of course, two cents a year, etc.

Now, it is a plain business proposition so far as dollars and cents are concerned to vote YES on this question and save money to yourself by so doing. Some times the argument is made that this is only a beginning of the trouble, but that is not true for the law itself specifically states what the tax shall be, and this will have to be amended by the people before the tax would become more.

We educate all of our professional men now except the teachers, and the average man is more deeply interested in the welfare of his child, and hence in the intelligence and training of the individual who is to teach his child, than in any other line of professional work; hence it seems so clear, that, for the bagatelle of four cents a year, no one should consider for a moment of voting against this proposition. — Polk County Observer.

Pino Coantest

RESULT OF THE BALLOTING

The result of the Chase Brothers Piano Contest is shown in the following list of names with their

accompanying figures, which give the result of the ballot up to Wednesday evening, Oct. 19.

Hazel Lorence	27135
Dora Zook	23260
Florence Burton	23110
Myrtle Withrow	23090
Ruth Murdoch	21230
Mrs. L. Mason	14385
Ruby Fream	11235
Lillian Bogert	8960
Ina Fishback	8520
Mrs. Mary Nott	6520
Stella Chute	6330
Mrs. J. F. Smith	5900
Marie Morian	5460
Lora Craven	5450
Edith Wolvorton	5070
Erma Brown	5000
Lillian Shipley	4285
Mrs. F. Y. Mulkey	3750
Mrs. W. S. Campbell	3010
Emma Parker	2600
Ethel Lucas	2500
Esther Moreland	2375
Agnes Clark	2350
Harold Haley	2315
Clara Brant	2235
Wilda Fuller	2200
Amy Chaney	2100
Mrs. E. Yeater	2050
Lidia Powell	1000
Mrs. R. W. Coulter	750
Vern Gibson	700
Mrs. Wm. Jones	700
Minnie Wunder	500

HOW HE GOT AWAY.

By T. ANTHONY TWINING.
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"What's that story, Nevla, about your escape from Morro castle during the Spanish-American war?"

"I never escaped from Morro castle."

"Well, you escaped from somewhere, didn't you?"

"Sure, I was captured while on picket by a troop of Spanish cavalry. The captain didn't want to be bothered with me, so he left me with an old Cuban named Campanoni, a small farmer, telling him that he would be back that way in a few days and if he didn't find me he would burn the house and tear up the little garden patch which contained all the farmer had to live on for a year."

"Well, the captain didn't find you when he came back, did he?"

"No, he didn't."

"You told a plan, I'm told."

"No, I didn't buy a plan, though I had plenty of time. I was principally engaged killing it—the time—with my feller. You know Spaniards are the most inveterate gamblers in the world, and Campanoni beat all the rest of them. I had a little loose change when I was captured, and he won it all. Then he won my garments one after the other. He played fair too. I watched him closely and never could detect a bit of crookedness. In fact, he was awfully scrupulous in giving me every advantage. I played fair, too, when it came to playing for articles such as clothes, money, my watch and all that, but I'll admit there was one thing I didn't play fair about. You see, what do you suppose put into my head a way to get out of his shut-hos?"

"What?"

"Some bones and a lead pipe."

"Explain."

"You don't see any connection between the two, do you? But there was. The old man was very fond of shaking dice. I taught him poker dice, and he went wild over the game. He was ready to play for anything he had, but I hadn't anything to put up—that is, nothing available, though I had plenty of money in bank at home. Singular how funny it is the way ideas pop into people's heads. I had borrowed my feller's dice one day to relieve the redum, for I hadn't a book or a newspaper even in dago language and, suddenly looking up, noticed the lead water pipe running through the room. See?"

"See? No. Go on."

"Dice and lead meant loaded dice to me. That meant freedom. I would draw my check for a lot of money and play it against myself with loaded dice. Sure thing."

"But not exactly square."

"I don't pretend it was. Didn't I tell you that I played fair in everything except one? Well, that was too important to play fair about, though the old man didn't lose anything in the end, as I will explain later. I first began to tell him about my bank up in the States and held my possessions up before him long enough to get his cupid-ity on the rampage. Meanwhile of nights I was chipping the lead pipe, digging little holes in the dice and stuffing in the lead. Campanoni lent me a little awl, never even asking what I wanted it for. He was no jail-

er, simply a farmer."

"I should think you could have escaped from such a man."

"Escape! He never took his eyes off me in the day and locked me in safe at night. You see, I was a mortgage on his home to be foreclosed if not produced. Well, when I'd filled the bones I asked for pen and paper, wrote an order for \$2,000—more than twice what the farm was worth—and offered to stake it against my liberty. My feller held out just five minutes.

"We sat down to a game of poker dice. I'd practiced rolling them, and, knowing just where I'd put the lead, I could do pretty much what I wanted with them. Whenever he'd get a full I'd get four of a kind, and he got 'fulls' pretty often, for the dice rolled nearly as well for him as for me. I didn't beat him so bad, after all. But I beat him, and I saw that he was horrified at what he had done. He was sure everything would be destroyed when the captain came back. I asked him how much he would lose, and he told me a thousand dollars. He hadn't \$500 in the world—house, farm and produce—but I was so glad to get out of it, besides needing a salve for my conscience, that I drew him a check for the thousand and made him a present of it. He was a confiding old fool or he wouldn't have considered it worth the bit of paper it was written on, but he never doubted and got his money too. He was as honorable as he was confiding. You see, it was the gambler in him. He considered gambling the most honorable occupation in the world and would have scorned to take the slightest advantage of his enemy in a game, though he would have cheated him out of the gold in his teeth in a bargain.

"He let me go, and I wasn't long in making my way back to camp. Who should I see there among some prisoners captured that very day but the captain who had captured me. I took particular pains that he should neither escape nor be exchanged till the war was over. I didn't want him going back to foreclose me on old Campanoni's farm."

"It seems to me you took an unnecessary trouble. Why didn't you bribe the farmer to let you go?"

"What with?"

"A check."

"Rats! He wouldn't have taken my check if I hadn't got him started through his man's for gambling. I had to work on him by degrees."

The Earth's Crust.

According to the investigations of certain scientists, the solid crust of the earth cannot be greater than sixty-two miles. From the earth's internal reservoir of heat radiations are believed to be passing away into space continually. This loss, however, is declared to be compensated for by the heat received from the sun.

Jules Verne's Romance.

The story of Jules Verne's courtship and marriage is a most romantic one. Verne was a shy young fellow who had a great dislike to the society of women, and it was only his affection for his brother which led him to go to the latter's wedding. Verne, however, arrived too late and found that the whole bridal party had left for the church with the exception of the bride's sister, a charming young widow, who explained the matter. The friendship thus accidentally begun rapidly developed into a warmer feeling and ended in a marriage which may be described as ideal.

His Excuse.

A Frenchman was once arrested at his lodgings. A lot of smuggled foreign matches—the duty on foreign matches is the prohibitive one of a cent per match—had been found in his trunk. The judge said to the man:

"Foreign matches have been discovered in your possession. What have you to say for yourself, miscreant?"

"Please, your honor," stammered the prisoner, "it is true I use foreign matches, but only to light our own government ones with."—Washington Star.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE TO PRESENT CLAIMS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the County Court of Polk County, Oregon, administrator of the estate of Aaron T. Cross, deceased, and has qualified as such. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same duly verified to the undersigned at his residence, Monmouth, Polk County, Oregon, within six months from date of this notice.

Dated, Sept. 23, 1910.
AMOS A. B. MORLAN,
Administrator of the estate of Aaron T. Cross, deceased.
B. F. SPOWE, Attorney.

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