

The Herald

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Entered as second-class matter September 5, 1898, 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, JUNE 23, 1911.

THOSE SIDE-WALKS AGAIN

Mr. John Hobbs gave us a dissertation on side-walks last week and from the solicitous attitude toward widows one would naturally conclude that there was no Mrs. Hobbs to hobble around and make life pass pleasantly to that particular gentleman. However, we concede Mr. Hobbs the right to his solicitations, but we think that he is over-estimating the cost of concrete side-walks and underestimating the cost of wooden ones.

Wooden walks do not last long and even were creosote used the life of the walk would not exceed about a dozen years, while there would be a continual expense for repairs.

Now, on the other hand, concrete side-walks can be built for eleven cents a foot, perhaps less, and when once constructed the cost is done and the walk will not need further care in a life time except to see that it is not obstructed, while the board walk must have the nails driven down, new boards put in and must be renewed in about ten years so that in a matter of twenty years or thereabout, the wooden walk has cost more than that which is made out of concrete.

Then, too, property that is bounded on the street side by good walks is worth just the price of the walks more than it otherwise would be if you were going to sell, while it has less expense attached if the walks are already there.

We do not think that it is the intention nor desire of the present council to bring hardship upon any property holder further than the interests of the city demand, and if it has leaned toward either side in leniency it has been toward the convenience of those having side-walks to repair, and this is not only true of the present council, but its predecessor.

Mr. Hobbs says that the present side-walks are a menace to pedestrians, which is true, and the city council has been trying for the past twenty months, and we are not advised how much longer, to get some of them repaired and have not yet succeeded.

There are walks in this town that are liable to trip pedestrians who may have to pass over them, and should injury come through this source, such as broken bones, the city will be held liable and the cost will go to augment the expense of the wooden walk.

Some of these walks should have been renewed long ago but the owners have not seen fit to do so and the city council has not gone so far as to force them in, but the time is near when the city must assert its authority or there will possibly be damages to pay because of injury

caused by loose boards and and broken, rotten walks.

Sure, the writer would have no objection to the city owning and keeping up its side-walks, especially about the time such walks have to be renewed at his expense, but were such the case, how changed would be conditions, and how the other fellow would yell and scream for a walk in his section and hustle up the council to put it in. Yes, we would like to see a change of that nature for a short time just in the way of variety.

Human nature partakes more of the carnal than of the divine and the carnal side is a kicker from away back, and is never satisfied, and if the city owned the side-walks there would be just as much, and perhaps more, dissatisfaction than now exists.

Postmaster General Hitchcock has at last discovered that the United States Government is paying railroad corporations too much for hauling its mails. This is rather sudden, and ought to have made the gentleman light-headed by so great intelligence bursting in on him all at once. Other men made that discovery years ago, and have not kept silent either, but the Postmaster General seems to have just become aware of it. Possibly he was too busy trying to devise methods to make the country press foot up the deficit to notice where the leak was.

FOX HUNTING IN ENGLAND.

It is More Than a Sport; It is a Sort of Religion.

In England sport is not only a religion; it is the religion. If a man is a good sportsman he need not be anything else. It may seem hyperbolical to describe fox hunting as a religion and the fox as a deity, but it is a bare, bald exactitude. The true fox hunting sportsman exhibits all the attributes of the devotee, the fanatic, the martyr. He is ready to die for his faith. I am sure he would cheerfully allow himself to be burned alive rather than hunt a bag of aniseed. His friends would cut him dead if they suspected him of treason to the pure ideal of fox hunting. His clubs would refrigerate him. He would be a marked man. He would be a pariah, an outcast, a brawler, an outsider.

The power of the caste of fox hunters is as formidable as the power of the various Indian castes. It is a mightier engine than the law, for it is driven by public opinion. The county would ostracize the wretch caught in the act of violating the fox hunting code. His career would be ended. Never more could he hold up his head. He would be a leper. The taint of aniseed would hang about him forever.—James Douglass in London Leader.

A Legend of Lace.

According to Meschior de Vogue, the legend of lace is as follows: A Venetian sailor gave his ladylove a frond of spreading seaweed to keep him in memory while at sea. But the girl found that the seaweed was rapidly drying up and disappearing. So she caught the fine branches and leaves of the plant with thread against a piece of linen and, working on, with her thoughts following her lover, invented lace.

Force of Habit.

He was an old merchant who had built up a big business by advertising. "John," said his wife, "what do you want on your tombstone?" "Oh," he answered, "it isn't very important what the text is so long as it gets good space and is well displayed."—London Telegraph.

Keeps It Well.

Nell—Don't you think Miss Antique keeps her age remarkably well? Belle—Sure. She never gives it away.—Philadelphia Record.

Tragic.

What is more tragic than to forget on "The morning after" that convincing excuse you gave the night before?—Lippincott's.

So much is a man worth as he esteems himself.—Rabelais.

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