

The Herald

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Monmouth, Oregon.

FRIDAY, NOV. 24, 1911.

We are sending out statements to HERALD patrons who are in arrears and would be pleased to have prompt response. We have money to raise this week and need all the aid we can get, and then, too, we can publish a better paper when we are not crowded with unpaid bills.

We are sorry to announce to our readers that the versatile John Hobbs, who has been contributing to the HERALD for some time, has taken his spouse and hied away to scenes and pastures new and in consequence his bright sayings will be missed in the future. So long, John.

The city election of Monmouth will soon be here and it is time to begin to look after candidates to fill the several offices to be vacated. There will be a mayor, city recorder, marshal, and two councilmen to elect. The hold-over councilmen are J. W. White and C. E. Herren. A. B. Morlan's term of office expires as does that of J. L. Murdock who was elected to fill the unexpired term of Grove A. Peterson.

The law is inexorable except when a crooked trust magnate seeks to evade it. Then the well-paid council is enabled to find many loopholes. For instance, Weston is prevented from deciding the liquor question by a mere technicality. A petition signed by sixty actual residents and legal voters of the town was sent to the county court, which thereupon ordered the election. But it now transpires that the election cannot legally be held because the local precincts were not first re-established to correspond with the city boundaries. An opportunity for the voters to declare their will is thus nullified.—Weston Leader.

Technical Timidity.

Back in India they have been trying a bribery case in the course of which a dictograph record was introduced as evidence. Immediately there was objection on the part of the defense. The trial judge took a little time to consider the matter and finally sustained the objection of the defense. From the news report of the case it appears that the court was doubtful about the legal propriety of machine testimony, by which we are to assume that its admission is not supported anywhere in the textbooks and authorities, and in these degenerate days of case lawyers and Judges this is a fatal defect.

As a fact appealing to common sense, there is no conceivable record that could be more accurately truth-telling than the record of the dictograph. But law always has the dust of tradition in its eyes, and in language

and reasoning and the recognition of things that are, it lags behind the time. It cannot at first recognize the truth which the very forces of Nature record for it because of technical timidity.—Telegram.

It Looks That Way.

In the past ten months the railroads have brought into Portland 230 carloads of storage eggs that were shipped from Middle West points. Each carload contained 400 cases or 92,000 in all. Each case contained 30 dozen eggs or 2,760,000 dozen or 33,120,000 units.

The average cost of these eggs to the local wholesalers to whom they were shipped beginning at an early date in the Spring, is about 29 cents a dozen or a total investment of more than half a million. They cost the retailer an average of about 24 cents and they cost the consumer whatever he happens to pay for them, an average for the season of not less than 30 or 35 cents, perhaps more.

It looks to the Telegram as though the raising of eggs was receiving entirely too little attention in Oregon when the demand is so great for foreign stored eggs to meet the ordinary local needs.—Telegram.

For Sale—California Medicated Soap. Excellent for all skin diseases, also for shampooing the hair. Mrs. J. W. Richardson Sr. Monmouth St., Independence, Or.

The American

He Entered London Society,
as He Had Made a
Fortune

By BEATRICE GARDINER

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"Mother," said Gladys Poindexter, daughter of Sir John and Lady Poindexter, "this effort to 'keep up' is wearing me out. The estate has so dwindled that we should be living on £500 a year and we are spending £1,000."

"But, my dear, if we retrench we shall lose a social position that has been the family right for 300 years."

At that moment Lord Toppington's card came up.

Lord Toppington was a typical London swell. As he entered, seeing Gladys, he frowned. Her mother saw his displeasure at her daughter's presence and made an excuse to send her from the room. Lord Toppington seated himself and said:

"Lady Poindexter, I come in the interest of a young American who has recently arrived in London with a desire to enter the social circle. He has applied to me to secure an entrance for him, and I have consented to do what I can in the matter. He gives a dinner on Wednesday evening next under my management. I have put the names of yourself, Sir John and your daughter on the list of guests. I trust you will accept."

"The Poindexters have never known any Americans," said my lady, with reserve.

"And I would not suggest your doing so now," replied his lordship, "except"—he lowered his voice—"this fellow Springer is enormously rich."

"You mean that he will buy shares in Sir John's?"

"I have tried him on that, and he would not bite. He says he prefers to put out the cash." Sinking to a whisper: "He has deposited a sum to my credit with my bankers, which I am to place where I like. I have £200 put down against your name on the list."

Lady Poindexter's expression changed. She looked down upon the carpet meditatively.

"Can you assure me that this will not be known?"

"I can."

"Not for fifty times the amount

would I consent to Gladys hearing of it. She has great family pride and would scorn such a transaction."

Lord Toppington took a bit of paper from his pocketbook and, rising, offered his hand to Lady Poindexter. The paper was in his palm, and when he left it was in hers. It was a check for £200.

George Springer was a very singular young man. He had a genius for finance that few men even understand. When he began his career ten years before his appearance in London he startled old financial heads by the apparent recklessness of his plunges, and they predicted a brief career for him, the end being his burial under an enormous debt. Instead he emerged with millions to his credit. Being still a bachelor, he concluded to see the world, not on the outside, but on the inside. With a keen insight into human nature he knew that there are but few things in the world money will not buy. He had gone practically to work to gain an admission to British society, selecting Toppington, an impecunious nobleman of excellent lineage, whatever that means, and one of the best social engineers in London.

He advised with Toppington as to what lady he should reserve for himself to take into dinner, and Toppington told him that Gladys Poindexter would be as well worth cultivating as any one. Toppington also explained that Gladys was ignorant of the fact that her presence had been purchased and if she got an inkling of it the Poindexters from that moment must be counted out from their calculations.

Springer was especially attentive to this information. He had a keen appreciation of values and values of different kinds. Moreover, he appreciated the difference between moral and money values. He had no permanent use for these people whom he had bought and was interested in meeting one whom he could not buy. He was a bright fellow and a good conversationalist. He devoted his exclusive attention to Gladys Poindexter, refraining from being diverted from her at any time by others. There are three stages of refinement—viz, not enough, a sufficiency and too much. Springer belonged to the middle of these three classes. He had not become effeminate. Indeed, he was a fine specimen of physical and intellectual vigor not yet undermined by possession of abnormal wealth. Such a man was likely to be agreeable to such a girl as Gladys Poindexter.

The American succeeded in making as quick an introduction into London society as he had into the coterie of multimillionaires. He was more often met in the Poindexters' company than others, and his attentions to Miss Gladys were noticed. But one day there came a terrible break in this intimacy. Gladys was relied upon by her father and mother to guide the family down the dangerous current of family finance, and many a rock she avoided by her management. One day when she was trying to make the balance in her check book and pass

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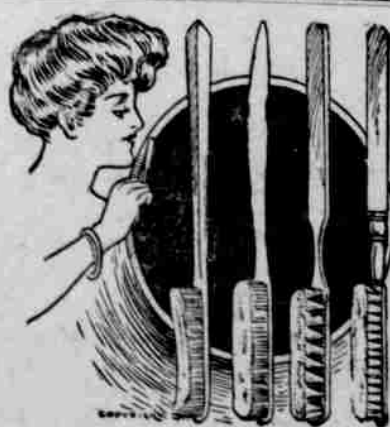
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