

The Herald

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Monmouth, Oregon.

FRIDAY, JAN. 12, 1912.

THAT SILVER THAW

Portland, Oregon, was touched up Saturday night with a "Silver Thaw," so called by the press of that city, and the next morning showed up a work of art, from the skilled hand of "Jack Frost," which, although destructive to telephone, telegraph and electric wires and poles, was nevertheless a thing of beauty and one which nothing but nature can produce.

It is termed a "Silver Thaw," but just where the appropriate relationship of the name to the actual condition comes in we are unable to discover. We arrived in the city in the evening; snow mingled with rain forming a good article of sleet, was falling; the streets, although slippery, showed up from two to four inches of slush, and the night brought forth a solid freeze leaving a coating of ice upon everything, and not a thin one either, as the sides of the houses next the storm had a covering of ice from one-half to an inch in thickness. Telephone, telegraph and electric wires were loaded, according to size of wire and locality, the wire with its burden measuring from an inch to two inches in diameter, and some of the larger wires showing up a greater diameter than that mentioned.

Trees were loaded and broken; some were turned out by the roots, while others were broken off and the ground was covered with limbs, especially where the silver poplar stood or other shrubbery of a brash nature, and also of the tougher varieties including the evergreen. These last were broken but not so badly but the boughs were loaded and bent, some to the ground while others hung almost parallel with the trunk. Wire fences were a solid mass of ice and in some instances board fences showed a like condition, while every weed or twig standing in the earth had been transformed into a spear of ice.

The wires were demoralized and hung from the poles, the load of ice having been too great for their strength, while in places where the poles leaned the load proved too heavy for them and they went down under the burden. The damage will reach many thousands of dollars, the telephone companies being the greatest losers.

CHINESE AND THE PROSPECTIVE REPUBLIC.

It was remarked by a paragrapher in a Washington, D. C., paper the other day, that the average Chinaman probably would not know a republican form of government if he should meet it in the middle of the road." Inasmuch as this remark was intended for a witicism, it is not so important;

but at the same time it expresses a sentiment quite generally entertained by people who are in the habit of judging the Chinese by the character of the coolies who come to this country.

The fact is that the transition in China from its present form of government to that of a republic would not involve so violent and radical a change as these people imagine.

China is an absolute monarchy in name, but really it is so in name only. Established custom and tradition of the local character have a great deal to do with the fashioning and directing of Chinese affairs as they affect the everyday life of the people. Another thing to be considered is the fact that China is more nearly a federation of provinces that live largely in isolation as to laws, habits and customs than is generally supposed.

Provincially, there is a great deal of self-government in China, with the same autocratic principal of control established everywhere. The general condition as regards government is heterogeneous, and lends itself easily to the idea of the representative system.

As a lesson learned from the West, China has come to appreciate the value of that system, and with that lesson has come more intelligent conceptions of liberty to be obtained through the agency of the state. China, in fact, by the native adaptiveness of its people, is more in line for the adoption of a republican form of government than progressive Japan.—Telegram.

A Legend

By AMBROSE L. TURNER

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Several hundred years ago everybody believed in a personal devil whose business it was to mingle with human beings and tempt them from virtue.

Hans Bewriter was a sutor for the hand of Gretchen Staebel. Gretchen's father was much respected in the community for his probity and piety, and young Hans was so religiously inclined that he thought of being a priest. But so deep was the love between him and Gretchen that he realized that he would wreck her happiness as well as his own if he entered a church where celibacy is imposed on the clergy, and he gave up what he really preferred. Nevertheless he was considered to be well nigh a saint.

One evening Hans and Gretchen and their relatives and friends were gathered at the Staebel home to celebrate the betrothal of Hans and Gretchen. In the midst of the festivities a knock was heard at the door, and a young man, strikingly handsome, was admitted, who said that he was a traveler on his way to Munich and begged to be permitted to pass the night in the house. Hospitality of this kind was usual in those days, and the young man, who gave his name as Herman, was not only promised a night's lodging, but was invited to take part in the festivities.

The stranger soon became the life of the party. Brilliant sayings fell from his tongue that astonished and delighted the company. He suggested different methods of amusement and at last, pulling from his pockets cards similar to the playing cards in vogue today, offered to show those assembled a game. All were pleased at learning some novel amusement and assented readily. Herman showed first to show three of them how to play the game, after which the rest might divide into sets of three, each three playing separately.

Those chosen to be taught the game were Hans and Gretchen. The teacher dealt the cards and showed them how to play one hand and then another and by this time they knew enough about it to play it. Those looking on then proceeded to arrange themselves

at tables, and presently the whole amusement introduced by the hand of Herman was extremely defensible to Gretchen. Every now and again she would show her white teeth in a smile under his exquisite cut lips and mustache, the carefully waxed ends of which pointed upward. Moreover, his eyes were constantly upon her and seemed to produce upon her a marked impression. At first she attempted to turn her away, but she soon lost the power to do this. In fact, she seemed like a bird charmed by the eyes of a serpent. It was not long before Hans noticed that his betrothed was being fascinated by the stranger. But, being a mild mannered man, more devoted to saving his peace than to quarreling, he held his peace, and on the morrow Herman would have journeyed on and been forgotten. But Gretchen seemed not only attracted by the stranger, but to have been seized with a sudden aversion for her lover. When Hans called her attention to a mistake she was making in her play she gave him a sharp answer. When he protested at some unfair advantage taken of him by Herman she rebuffed him with a sharp answer. When he protested at some unfair advantage taken of him by Herman she rebuffed him with a sharp answer. When he protested at some unfair advantage taken of him by Herman she rebuffed him with a sharp answer.

During this time the others had been returned in kind. Pushing, he gazed in a mild surprise at the scene before him. Herman's back was toward him, so that he could not see his face, but Herman, noticing that all eyes were turned toward the door, looked around. His eyes fell upon the rosy cheeks of the father and the suspended cross. Instantly he took of his face, and Gretchen had worn opened, and, cringing, he withdrew through it and out into the night. The moment he was gone Gretchen fell fainting into Hans' arms. No one doubted that the stranger was Satan in human form, come to corrupt both Hans and Gretchen and that he had been driven away by the light of the cross. The legend has been handed down for centuries among the descendants of the pair, and by some of them it is believed to really visited by the devil.

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