

The Herald

D. E. STITT, Editor.

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Monmouth, Oregon.

FRIDAY, AUG. 7, 1914.

A War That Should Not Be

Nations are but men and men are but fools. That is why just now the world is about to stage what all authorities agree will be the most terrible war in all history. Austria, Servia, Germany and Russia are already in action, France and England will have plunged in probably before the day is over and a half dozen other nations are making preparations.

It seems almost inconceivable that in this day and age such a thing is possible upon any provocation but that the whole of Europe should divide against itself in a deadly conflict simply because potentates and their chancellors have only the schoolboy capacity for settling differences passes all understanding.

There have been many wars since the dawn of the ages and their causes have been manifold but it is doubtful if any have been less justifiable than this which comes in a day that has developed arbitration and plans for universal peace. There is no great principle at stake calling for the sacrifice of life, happiness and property. There is nothing back of it save the very lowest of motives, hatred, jealousy and greed. The war is an admission of the human weakness of the European statesmen. The ruler who cannot divorce passion from government proves his unfitness to rule, for he cannot govern himself.

The Austro-Servian trouble, though not unavoidable, is at least understandable. But the clash of battle should have been confined to the boundaries of those two countries. The ministers of Russia, Germany, France and England would not have it so. Apparently they have been waiting for some such opportunity. The game of diplomacy engenders much the same emotions as does any other game. Beaten at marbles, the schoolboy cries to his victorious opponent, "I can lick you anyway." The outwitted diplomat, while restraining himself from undignified expression, nurses the same feeling, and he prepares for the day of physical reckoning.

In their eager desire to make their nations supreme as world powers, the European statesmen seemingly lose sight of the people who make up those nations and whose well being should be their first consideration. The people are the ones, however, who must pay the price. From their ranks must be drawn the men to be slaughtered in battle. Upon them will rest the burden of the tremendous expense. The war may settle grudges, fulfill ambitions and establish supremacies, but the total gain will be infinitesimally small compared to the loss.

There is but one hope from

it all.

The terrible sacrifice of blood and money will be an argument for universal peace that cannot be talked down. And it will be surprising if the final outcome is not the dismantling of fleets and disbanding of armies for which peace advocates have long worked.—East Oregonian.

An Instant Need

An occasion calling for swift action was that giving American registry to foreign-built ships. Our shipping laws have been archaic. They operated directly against the public interests, yet so powerful were the selfish influences back of them that they have been maintained year after year. When the concession on the Panama Canal tolls he should then have gone a step further and placed our own shipping interests on the same footing as Canada, for instance, enjoyed.

But as this step was not then taken it should now be taken and at once. It may perhaps be a little late in view of the swiftness with which events are moving in Europe and the terrific involvements of all leading nations there. But better late than never. We must be in a position to forward our supplies across the seas under a flag that is neutral to all the combatants, both immediate and prospective. We haven't ships of our own, but under a sane registry law we can do it if it is not already too late.

But the need of instant Congressional action is apparent to everybody and we hope to see it forthcoming this week.—Portland Telegram.

GERMAN RED TAPE

A Most Irritating Brand Is Used In the Postoffices.

SENDING A PARCEL BY MAIL.

Experience of an English Tourist Who, With Joyous Confidence, Undertook to Perform What Was Supposed to Be a Perfectly Simple Operation.

In all innocence and lightness of heart I set out one morning to send a small parcel to England from the town in Germany where I was staying. At the postoffice I was confronted by three booking office windows, each having a weird and formidable inscription over it. These inscriptions were not to be comprehended at a glance; so, not wishing to gaze up at them too long, I selected the least crowded window and handed over my parcel. It was promptly returned to me with a curt "Go to the next window." It was just that window I specially wished to avoid, being the most crowded, but I waited my turn and then made another attempt. The official looked at me sternly.

"Have you the circulars?" he asked.

"No," I replied faintly.

He handed me three circulars, for which I had to pay a small sum and which I was requested to fill up. Picking up my parcel, I sat down to study those circulars. They were covered with instructions, the language used was magnificent, and the effect was so overwhelming that I found it difficult to grasp what I was instructed to do. If my papers were not filled up accurately it was not from untruthfulness, but owing to my limited German vocabulary.

By the time I had described the parcel, the gross weight thereof in grams and kilograms, the gross value thereof in marks and pfennigs and given a detailed description of each article contained therein, with its separate weight and value, I felt like an old inhabitant of that postoffice. I had seen, as it were, generation after generation of stamp purchasers come and go, and still I remained. As to the weights, my idea of kilograms was about on a par with my knowledge of definite integrals. However, I did my best. I guessed at the probable weight of the parcel and divided

the articles into it.

At length I came to the end, and, feeling like a candidate at an examination, I gathered up my papers and the parcel and went over to the window. After waiting my turn I handed over the papers. The official glanced at them, then at the parcel, and frowned.

"Did you weigh the articles?" he asked sternly.

"Ya-a-a!" I stammered.

"Then go home and weigh them again. You have put them down at half a ton!"

There was no help for it. With a sigh I gathered up my papers and went back to a secluded corner. After patiently reducing all the weights I again presented the papers. This time they were passed, and I was sent on to the next department, where I had to purchase and fill up another document. I was now getting into form, and this paper was soon dealt with.

Then, with my heart beating fast, I handed over the parcel. It was once more returned to me. The official said he could not take it in that condition—it was insecurely made up.

Now, if there is one thing upon which I pride myself it is upon the neat way in which I turn out a parcel. So, smothering my indignation as well as I could, I assured him that it would be all right, that it was perfectly safe and that there was nothing in it which was breakable. He repeated firmly that it was insecure and that he could not take it. So I sadly collected my papers and the parcel and went home to dinner.

I spent all the afternoon trying to purchase a cardboard box of exactly the right proportions and some water-proof cloth to wrap round it. I next procured a stick of sealing wax and a German seal, and by the time I had finished that parcel looked as if it were prepared to travel to the north pole.

It was now getting toward evening, and I was feeling worried after my day's work, so I besought my brother—a willing, guileless youth—to take it to the postoffice. He took it so innocently that my conscience reproached me for not having given him a word of warning. He was a long time gone, but that was to be expected. When I saw him come in my heart sank in despair.

"They won't take it like this," he said cheerfully.

I groaned and asked:

"Why not?"

"There's not enough sealing wax on it."

"Not enough sealing wax?" I cried incredulously.

"No. You must put a blob wherever the string crosses and wherever there's a knot."

In desperation I seized the sealing wax and worked away until I had used it to the last speck and the parcel was one intricate mass of string and wax. Then I conveyed it once more to the postoffice. It was now almost closing time, and the officials were in a hurry to get away. I handed over the papers and the parcel without a word.

Two minutes later I walked out of the postoffice with joy in my heart and a smile of satisfaction on my face. I had sent the parcel off. London Family Herald.

NEWS FROM COUNTY SEAT

Court House Notes.

REAL ESTATE

James P Anderson and wife to E E Tripp, lot in Independence, \$200.

L G Peekel and wife to J C Hosteller, 35 acres, t 7 s, r 4 w, \$1.

N M McDaniel and wife to L A Dickinson, 2.95 acres, t 8 s, r 5 w, \$1.

A F Toner and wife to August Boman, 1-5 interest 21.19 acres, t 7 s, r 5 w, \$10.

Stella M Calbreath and husband to H A Bise, lot in Independence, \$1.

A McGill and wife to American Life and Accident Insurance company, 160 acres, t 9 s, r 8 w, \$2.

M A Comegys et al to Felix Comegys, 191.41 acres, t 6 s, r 5 w, \$1.

Jesse A Barham and wife to A J and Lama M Barham, 1-4 interest lot in Dallas, \$10.

Peter Springer and wife to W H and Lula Stallings, lot in Independence, \$100.

M R Flower to W H Boals, lots in Falls City, \$10.

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