

The Herald

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Entered as second-class matter September 8, 1908, at the post office at Monmouth, Oregon, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY

Subscription Rates

One year - - - \$1.50
Six months - - - 85 cts
Three months - - - 50 cts

Monmouth, Oregon.

FRIDAY, AUG. 14, 1914.

The First Benefit

The first real results of the Panama Canal are being felt along the Pacific Coast. The price of wheat here for the first time has reached the Chicago price. Heretofore the price paid in this market has been five to ten cents lower than at the river markets, which includes Chicago and St. Louis.

The ships are offering to carry grain from Pacific coast points via the Panama canal to Liverpool and other foreign markets for \$2.50 per ton less than heretofore. This is a reduction of around eight cents a bushel in the freight rate and this belongs to the producer. This means that the grain from not only the territory west of the Rockies will go out through the Pacific ports, but that trainloads of grain which formerly went to Galveston and to Chicago will now come from the prairies of the Dakotas, Kansas and Montana down to the Pacific ports. This is of particular interest to Portland in view of the opening of the Snake river to navigation up as far as Lewiston, Idaho, and the projected railway from Montana down to Lewiston.—Rural Spirit

Secretary Bryan on Drink and War

Speaking of the recent order of the Russian government forbidding vodka in the Russian Army, Secretary of State William J. Bryan has this to say in the July number of his paper, "The Commoner":

"If the soldier must give up alcohol because it interferes with his efficiency, why should not the civilian promote his efficiency by giving it up? And if it is demonstrated that alcohol is an evil, and only an evil; if it is proven that it lessens the productive value of the citizen, who will say that the nation should look upon this great evil with indifference merely because a few people want to grow rich out of a drink that is destructive? Why should we condemn opium, morphine and cocaine, if we are to worship at the shrine of whisky and beer?"

In the Armed Camp

No matter where the American traveler goes in continental Europe, he is forever seeing soldiers—whether in Germany, which seems all military, or in Holland or Switzerland, which seem to maintain military for no apparent reason. There are marching men in the streets of the cities, detachments in the villages, fortresses on every border hill, wire entanglements and masked batteries among the sand dunes of the seashore. Europe is literally the armed camp she has been described.

If you lived where every

waking hour you can behold soldiery, where the rumble of field artillery, bumping over the pavement, causes you to stir in your sleep and where the call of the trumpets comes to you at dawn, there would be nothing amazing to you in the idea of sudden war. In this country, war has come only at wide intervals of time. It is never expected, very seldom counted upon as a possibility and prepared for scarcely at all. But in Europe folk live always under the shadow of war clouds. It is the expected thing there. Comparatively few dream of unending peace and a great many pray for the conflict.

"How can these nations," we say, "think of going to war?" They can think of going to war easily enough, because every hour they are thinking that war will come.—Toledo Blade.

Nothing but a Dream

"I dreamed the other night," said a subscriber this week, as he handed in three dollars on subscription, "that I was a newspaper. I saw myself taken out of the postoffice and into the home of my owner, where each of the children had to look me over and turn me wrong side out. After I had been looked over and commented on by each member of the family, I was loaned to a neighbor woman, and her family used me the same way the other family had, only the neighbor man swore a little because I was not larger, and didn't have more in me. Finally a sort of mean looking customer slouched along, and wanted to know what in blankety blank any people could find to interest them in that blankety newspaper. I had been feeling pretty proud of the attention I was attracting, but when this fellow began to call me names, I felt a little ashamed. He finally got hold of me, and I was afraid he would tear me to pieces, but he read me more carefully than anyone had yet done, swearing and growling some as he went along, but I didn't care for that when I found how interested he was, and I was beginning to feel proud again, when I noticed the address of my owner on a little yellow slip up in one corner. I looked at the slip and saw that the subscription on me had expired several months ago, and I felt so ashamed I wanted to hide.

"Then I woke up. I told my wife that the first time I went to town, I would pay the editor all I owed him, and a year in advance, and here she is."—Ex.

The Prodigal's Return

By EUNICE BLAKE

John Perkins lived alone with his daughter Mildred. He was an old man, and she took care of him. He was blind and partly deaf. His son Jack had gone away to sea ten years before and had never returned. Whether he did not care to return or whether he had been lost at sea or killed in a fight or died in some foreign hospital was not known. His father believed he was living and would return to him.

Before Mildred was a desolate prospect. She was twenty-five years old. Her father would live probably just long enough to leave her alone in the world and too old to marry. As to her marrying while he lived, he would not hear of it. On this account he would not permit her to have any man come to see her. But he would occasionally allow her to go out, and one night at a dance she met her fate. A young miller danced with her several times

and asked her if he would be welcome as a visitor at her house. She was obliged to tell him that her father would not permit her to have young men call upon her.

Dick Elwood, the miller, after the dance made inquiries about Mildred Perkins and learned the story of her life, including her absent brother. He had fallen in love with her at first sight and resolved to win her.

One day when Mildred had gone to the village to do some marketing the old man heard a knock at the door. He answered the summons, and, though he did not see a young man stand before him.

"Father, don't you know me?" The old man tottered with outstretched arms.

"Oh, Jack!" he moaned. "I've been an ungrateful son, father, but have repented and have come back to atone for my sin. Can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you! Indeed I do, dear boy, and you're going to stay with us. You're not going away any more."

"I'll remain about here, father. I must make a living and may not be able to stay right here. But I'll be near you. How is Millie? She must have grown up by this time."

"Oh, Millie is a fine woman now. I'm glad on her account as well as my own that you've come home. I've been dreadfully afraid she would marry and leave me alone. I've known all along that it is not right to deny her a home and husband and children. It's selfish, downright selfish. And it has been selfish of you, to her as well as to me, to stay away and let her bear the burden of your old father. Now that you have come home you can introduce some fine young man who'll marry her and be a good husband to her."

"Father," said the young man with a tremolo in his voice and a twinkle in his eye, "I'll do it."

When Mildred returned she was astonished to see her father and Dick Elwood, the young miller she had recently met, sitting side by side on a sofa folded in each other's arms. The old man heard Mildred come in.

"Millie," he cried, "Jack has come back to us!"

Mildred's look was one of great variety. There were reproach—very mild—amusement, pleasure, and on her cheeks blushed chasing one another like an aurora. Elwood sprang up and advanced to meet her.

"And you are Millie! How you have changed! When I went away you were, if I remember aright, not quite fifteen. I knew then you would make a fine looking woman, and you have not disappointed me."

That the old man might infer he was treating Millie as a sister the stranger smacked his lips. At this Mildred, who was between a shock at the deception practiced on her father, a dread of the outcome and amusement at it all, smiled. It was all very funny. There was a good deal of conversation between the three about bygone days, but it was finally discontinued by Elwood, who showed a deplorable ignorance of family history. Telling Mr. Perkins that he must go for the present to his lodgings, he took his departure, followed by Mildred.

"For heaven's sake," she exclaimed when they were alone, "father must find out that he has been deceived, and then the effect on him will be awful."

"It is not necessary that he should be deceived," replied the miller.

"He will expect you to come and live at home."

"Oh, I'll fix that; only give me a little time."

Perkins did insist on his boy going back into his own room. Dick contrived to put him off till he could introduce a friend who was to marry Mildred. The gentleman's name was Elwood, and his business was milling.

"Why, Dick," said the old man, "his voice is so near like yours that I couldn't tell 'em apart."

Dick told his father that Elwood was one of the finest fellows in the world. If he hadn't been he would not have introduced him.

The courtship was not a long one, though it need not have been hurried. Dick told his father that he must go to sea again since he couldn't live ashore, but that Elwood and Mildred would remain at home, and with this Perkins was obliged to be satisfied. After his departure Mildred wrote letters from him from foreign ports to her father as long as the old man lived.

Japan's Troublesome Volcano

Sakurajima is one of the volcanoes created, according to the old Japanese calendar, in a single night. A specific date—718 A. D.—has even been assigned for the event, but it is quite evident from its appearance that the cone is really a very ancient one. Sakurajima's form is rugged and weathered. Time has furrowed its sides and the forces of denudation have perceptibly increased the steepness of the upper part of the cone by the removal of all the lighter ejected materials. This circumstance has given rise to the legend that the northern peak of the island—separated from the rest of the summit ridge by a slight depression—is inaccessible. As a matter of fact, it presents no serious difficulty.—London Graphic.

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