

The Herald

D. E. STITT, Editor.

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Monmouth, Oregon.

FRIDAY, JAN. 15, 1915.

THE BILL SHOULD PASS

According to a bill introduced in the House at Salem trouble is brewing for the employment agencies where a fee is exacted for employment secured through such agency. The bill makes the taking of such fees a misdemeanor and will put the employment agencies out of business. Such agencies are in the business for the money that they can make out of it and are charged of being more or less in collusion with contractors, and that short terms of service result from such collusion. Such agents are like other persons in business they want to make money out of the transaction, but their methods have come under condemnation and their business will very likely have to go, and it should. If there is any class of people who deserve fair treatment more than another it is those who are willing to pay to secure a place to labor for a competency.

Fighting For Publicity

The usual candidate for an economy reputation bobs up at this time of the year to ask repeal of the law for publishing delinquent tax lists.

The fact is there should be more, not less publicity in tax lists and the system should be extended to secure publication of assessment rolls.

For instance, at present the tax lists of all delinquents appear in one or two papers published at the county seat, and are all massed together.

The delinquent list should be required by law to be made up alphabetically by precincts, and then published by precincts in the nearest papers.

As a result delinquent taxpayers would get their notice of delinquency in their local paper if they did not happen to live at the county seat.

The county seat papers would still publish the bulk of the delinquent list, but it would be brought home to every part of the country equally.

Publication of the assessment rolls before equalization in the same manner has resulted in the digging up of enormous amounts of property.

This is the law of a number of states, and the names are published alphabetically by precincts, one column giving personal and the other realty.

Thus two persons having the same amount of land in a neighborhood get to see each other's assessment, and they also see who is omitted from the roll.

This law has abolished unjust valuations and has placed millions of hitherto unassessed property on the tax rolls, both personal and real.

It is not less publicity that is required but more, and less commissions and boards and taxing bodies is what news papers are fighting for.

According to report, Emperor William has ordered that army bread be served to himself and his entourage. It may be alright for the Emperor, but we'll bet it grouches the entourage.—Telegram.

Brown & Sibley, attorneys and abstractors, 610 Mill Street, Dallas, Oregon.

Save your combings and let Blanche C. Stitt weave you a switch. Phone 3305 or call first door north of HERALD office.

Protected

By A. D. WILDER

My brother Tom was killed at the battle of Shiloh. We were in the same company and at the time he was shot were repelling one of those sledgehammer attacks General Johnston hurled against us like blows upon an anvil. I saw Tom turn around and fall on his face. There was a pang, and then I was like a madman. The Confederates were right on us, and we were fighting them hand to hand. I forgot danger and poked and clubbed with my musket, fighting for vengeance.

They said afterward that my "bravery" held the others, and we drove them off. Then I took Tom in my arms and carried him to the rear. They came at us again and again, and every time they came I fought them more fiercely. They did not give me time to cool off. But when the sun set on the last day of the fight I lay on the ground physically used up, and sorrow took the place of revenge.

When the term of enlistment for my regiment expired we were mustered out. Many of the boys re-enlisted, but I did not. I thought I had seen enough of war. But a war fever is like any other disease—it must run its course. Whenever I heard a drum beat, a distant shot, the sound of martial music, I grow restless with a desire to be again tramping, fighting, in among the living and the dead. I resisted as long as I could, then gave in and enlisted for another "three years or during the war."

During this enlistment I was with the army marching to the sea. One evening soon after sunset I was marching with my company when I felt ill and was obliged to drop out of the ranks. I sat down beside the road, and after awhile, feeling better, I got up and staggered on. In the west, above where the sun had set, the twilight still lingered, but about me was the verge of darkness. Suddenly I was conscious of some one walking beside me. I was too tired and ill to be especially interested in who was there. I supposed him to be some straggler like myself who was trying to get somewhere, and that he would soon go ahead of or drop behind me. But he did neither. He kept just so far away from me and a little to my rear. I remember once or twice looking for him, but either on account of the darkness or because he was at the time farther away from me or for some other reason I didn't see him, or, if I did, it was but indistinctly.

But somehow it got into my head that my brother Tom was beside me. If I had been asleep I would have said that the feeling was something like a dream, but I was awake. Moreover, I didn't see Tom. I only felt his presence. I felt so ill and so exhausted that I didn't concern myself about this presence of the dead. My sensibilities were at a very low ebb, and it was all I could do to get on. I doubt if even I had seen Tom walking beside me and he had talked with me I would have had any ability to exercise the faculty of wonder.

However, my consciousness of the presence of my brother remained with me till I saw a campfire to my left and the silhouettes of some men between it and me. I sheered off, and as I did so it seemed to me that the figure beside me parted from me. I staggered up to the persons about the fire and fell on the ground.

They were making coffee, and one of them held a tin cup full of it to my mouth and poured what seemed like a new life down my throat. I tried both coffee and whisky for a bracer from fatigue, and found the coffee infinitely preferable. Under the stimulant I felt refreshed and lying flat on the ground with my head on a pile of dirt I slept till morning. Then after

another cup of coffee and some hard-tack I felt strong enough to hunt up my command. While doing so I passed some Confederate prisoners. One of them accosted me.

"I say, young man, who was that with you last night?"

"What do you mean?" I asked. I had never seen the fellow before and couldn't make out what he was driving at.

"Just we dark some of us were hanging on the rear of you uns, laying for stragglers. I saw you drop out and I just thought I'd pick you off. But it wouldn't be safe to do it till the column got out of earshot. When you got up I shadowed you, and was drawing ahead on you when another man got in between you and me. I didn't calculate on any one else being there and didn't like to shoot because I didn't know who he was, for fear I might kill one of our boys."

"He kind o' flickered in what little light there was between you and me, specially whenever I raised my gun to shoot. What made me curious about him was that he kept getting in my way whenever I got you against the sky where I could get a good aim at you. Who was he anyway?"

"There wasn't anybody walking beside me that I know of," I replied. "What else could I say? I felt as sure as if I knew that Tom had protected me. But I had no intention of telling a stranger who confessed that he had tried to kill me that I had been saved by a ghost. He would have laughed at me or thought I was daft."

One thing this experience did for me during the rest of the war, I had no feeling of fear. I didn't believe I could be killed.

Mean.

Mr. Scribe is a great rusher after compliments. Having given by request a reading from his own works to some ladies, he said afterward to one of them:

"It was very cruel of you, I think, to make me stand up there and read my own stuff."

"Ah," replied the young woman, "but you had your revenge, Mr. Scribe. You must have seen that we were compelled to listen."—Exchange.

Abstracts promptly made by Brown & Sibley, attorneys and abstractors.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP

and management of the Monmouth Herald, published weekly, at Monmouth, Oregon, required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

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Publisher, D. E. Stitt, Monmouth, Oregon.

Owner, D. E. Stitt, Monmouth, Oregon.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 5th day of January, 1915.

WALTER G. BROWN,
Notary Public.
My commission expires September 28th, 1916.

Dr. Laura Colby Price.

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NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of Senith M. Fuller, deceased, has filed his final account in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Polk County, and that Saturday, January 30th, 1915, at 10 A. M. thereof, at the Court room of the said County Court in the City of Dallas, Oregon, has been appointed by said Court as the time and place for the hearing of objections to the said final account and the settlement thereof.

JOHN FULLER,

Administrator of the estate of

Senith M. Fuller, deceased.

B. F. SWOPE, Attorney. 1765

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