

The Herald

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Monmouth Meditations

The snow storm looks familiar but that does not make it any the more attractive.

Consider Greece. She would like to jump but can't make up her mind which way will be less dangerous and more profitable.

We miss our guess if the balance of the present Congress is as harmonious as the part of it that was checked off before election.

If cotton keeps on increasing in price the lady who buys will soon be justified in asking a guarantee that there is no wool in the fabric.

The new dimes are scarce still and in demand but we haven't heard that they will be worth more than 10 cents of any kind of merchandise.

This appears an opportune time to arise with the suggestion that you shop early and also with the merchants who advertise in the Herald.

Three months ago the appearances were that the Germans had bitten off more than they could chew. Now they appear to have swallowed the mouthful and to be looking around for another bite.

The gay Thanksgiving season is usually followed by a busy time for the doctors. A large percentage of human ills can be traced to the stomach and revolution and rebellion of that organ are the order of the small hours of the nights following the Thanksgiving spread.

We often hear that progress goes from East to West but sometimes the case is reversed. We notice this week that Kenosha county, Wis., is about to try the novel plan of maintaining a county agriculturist. Several counties in Oregon have had this plan in operation for a number of years.

Judging from the wail that arose last week from the sanctum of the Falls City News we surmise that some one must have sent a shaft that got under the skin of the editor thereof. Why, How Shocking! Better hang on to your temper brother, you'll need it and a few other things before this winter of our discontent is over with.

The space between the walks and the curbs on Main street is to be filled in as suits the pleasure of the owner of the abutting property. It can be filled in by widening the walk or it can be sowed to grass or be cultivated with flowers or bushes. But it is self evident that as soon as the paving is finished this work should be considered and plans made to make the space ornamental to the street.

The winter is the season when the group that gathers around the lodge room stove begins to agitate itself into manifestations of industry. That ubiquitous sense of curiosity to know what goes on behind

the closed door which has the little round peek hole in it, is sufficient to help on the work of getting new members. When the new man gets beyond the closed door he is apt to pause and wonder if he has not been "sold again." The new comer to a lodge room is apt to expect that the transaction on his social ledger will be all on the credit side. Whereas the truth is that what anyone gets out of a fraternal society depends on what he puts in. The old saying that it is more blessed to give than to receive holds good in fraternal circles as well as anywhere else.

We take a certain amount of glee in telling how Wm. Steinberg paid an election bet this week. Mrs. Mary Stine held the other end of the wager, which was a box of candy, placed on the turn of Oregon on the political balance. Mrs. Stine won and like the honest man he is Mr. Steinberg set about liquidating his obligation. He bought the candy and had it wrapped in a plain wrapper so the casual passer might think it was a brick of cheese he was taking home. But it was candy just the same and Mrs. Stine says she doesn't know that she ever ate any that tasted as sweet and delicious.

Two railroad decisions were rendered by the national commerce commission during the past week that were of great importance to the Pacific Northwest. The first that the railroads have the right to discriminate between ocean ports and inland cities, giving the former the advantage because of the competition by water which is met by the land carriers. The second is the removing of the differential or excess fare which has been charged on tourist travel which came by way of the Northwest over that which traveled through the Southwest. Under the old ruling it was \$15 cheaper to return to the North and East states from San Francisco by way of the southern route, even including New Orleans, than it was by the way of Portland. The reason for this was that the Southern Pacific had no competitor in Western Oregon and demanded the excess for this part of the road. Possibly they figured that if the tourist took the Southern route they would get the longest haul out of him as they could expect no mileage beyond Portland.

It worked against them occasionally as passengers to Oregon points would naturally be inclined to return the same way they came although most frequently the name and lure of California was sufficient to get the extra \$15 out of them for a journey through that land. This has been a clear discrimination against Oregon and is one of the things that account for the hostility of its people to the S. P.

Since the embargo on spirits has made it difficult to get an old fashioned soak in a physical sense, some of its devotees appear to be getting mental jim jams from the combination of weather and foot ball. As a specimen of delirious babbling we append the following contribution to the Corvallis Gazette-Times about the O. A. C. - U. of O. contest:

—Why do they call it the annual Aggie-Oregon "Classic?" What is there about a mud eating fracas to suggest the quadrennial sports in honor of Zeus. Instead of earning a wreath from the sacred olive tree of Olympia or the laurel from Delphi, or the parsley of Nemean, the victors looked more in need of being put to soak in a bath-tub while a veterinary with a dredge performed a necessary lavage.

True, the contestants, like the Athenians, could boast that they were Autochthons, and they could go the Athenians one better,—they could prove it, for they "sprang from the soil" so frequently that they seemed to be a part thereof. In fact, we could get near enough to the classics to paraphrase the couplet about Meander and write:

"O Oregon! O Aggie! Speak and say
Which copied which, the players or the clay!"

But aside from its misrepresentation as a "classic," the annual rooting (both ways) and swimming contest was a good exhibition of how much Oregon Antiphlogistine 22 men can carry on their persons and still be able to navigate. Navigate is used advisedly. One of the things that made the game more exciting and spectacular was the fact that the brave players performed clear thru it without wearing either life preservers or water-wings. They swam out after each succeeding down with all the ease and grace of a school of trained porpoises, tho many of them were rescued by the officials, who aided and abetted the performance, just as they were going under for the third time.

Boy's Books was a theme for a long editorial in a recent Oregonian in which the writer took the stand that it was difficult to tell now days from the cover what the contents of a book was and explained further that whereas in former days the trash was usually printed in pamphlet form and the fact that a book was given a decent binding was evidence established that the book was worthy of being read, now good books and trash are given like bindings and it is difficult to tell the weeds from the growing grain. But the Oregonian writer has not had recent experience in selecting books for boys for his list was very far from being comprehensive. The Swiss Family Robinson may have attracted the youth of another day but it is too antiquated now to hold attention of the young it was designed for. Robinson Crusoe still holds its power but such matters as are of interest in Davy Crockett and Daniel Boone adventures are soon gleaned. It is a good rule that the test of time shall sort out the passing stuff from mature as well as juvenile literature but the place that the Swiss Family Robinson had a generation ago is now held by other favorites. J. T. Trowbridge and Howard Pyle, both dead, still are remembered by books that are of absorbing interest to boys. There are many good writers grinding out books at present but among books that have aged sufficiently to have proved their value could be named Hans Brinker, Two Little Confederates, Driven Back to Eden, The Autobiography of a Grizzly, Cruise of the Cachelot, Track's End, not to mention the juveniles of Mark Twain and Robert Louis Stevenson because they suggest themselves.

The present week has been set aside as "book week" following the custom so prevalent in many other lines of activity. If it can accomplish anything in the way of impressing upon parents the importance of regulating the reading matter of youth, the effort will be well spent. The Boy Scout movement is behind the plan and if they could they would do away with the stimulating trash that debases ideals and imparts wrong ideals to young readers. A boy or girl of the reading age is apt to read any thing and every thing the hand can be laid on. It is a good rule to follow to pay more attention to the contents of a book than to its cheapness or the colors of its cover. This is the season of the year when many books are bought for Christmas gift purposes. Why not resolve to study this matter a little and see that most stress is placed upon content and this part of the book is in every way suitable for reading by a healthy boy or girl.

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