

The Herald

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Monmouth, Oregon.

FRIDAY, JAN. 12, 1917.



Monmouth Meditations

The legislature has given a fine exhibition of harmony as a starter.

This is the season of annual reports and reports this January are decidedly optimistic.

Everything comes to the strenuous chap who goes after the good things the other fellow is waiting for.

It is to the credit of the Russians that though they have failed to relieve the Roumanians the latter have a friend to retreat with.

The situation in England is still rather confused although there is no trouble in telling which George is running the government.

Almost any Monmouth woman would, if cross questioned closely enough, admit that last Monday was a fine wash day.

The list of arrivals by the stork route appears to be in danger of being eclipsed by the list of departures by way of the mortuary column.

Judging from the quality and quantity of pork that is in demand the high cost of living will be only secondary to the high cost of Congress.

If holding the office of city recorder is half as pleasant or unpleasant as it has been marked out to be it will surely be something out of the ordinary.

As for the Germans they appear to be after peace and the Roumanians at the same time and appear to be making noteworthy progress in both instances.

These spring days in January are very enjoyable but apt to cause the fruit trees to bud out of season, with due apprehension for the damage the inevitable frost would do to next season's fruit prospects.

Now that the regular annual batch of first of the year duns and New Year's greetings are disposed of, post office employees are getting a chance to draw a few regular breaths once more.

Mrs. Mary A. Stine rather questions the accuracy of our observation as to the days growing longer, but the best sort of evidence we know of is the little speedometer which the light company furnishes free to patrons and its evidence will be given at the first of February.

One thing is to be noted about Thos. W. Lawson. He never fails to achieve the front page when he starts after it although his exposure of sundry leaks is about as illuminating as the sun is just after midnight. Here's guessing that some newspaper reporter is made the scape goat.

It looks as though the breaking up of the old party ties that have prevailed for over half a century might take place within the coming

four years. The Republicans are plainly disorganized and it will be remarkable if the many discordant elements of Democracy can remain united four whole years more.

Last week the saw mill at Falls City, after a vacation of a year and a half, began the work of turning three million feet of logs into lumber. The work will help Falls City immensely, but it will also help all the citizens of Polk county. It indicates continued gains in the lumber market which in turn has a decided influence on all other markets in the Northwest.

The popular mystery of Polk county does not have to do with hidden gold or haunted houses or missing murders, but it has to do with railroads. What is the influence behind the Valley & Siletz railroad? Who is building it and what for? If, as some think, it is to be extended to Newport, it will give this particular section a shorter route to the ocean.

It now looks as though Oregon will be dryer than the hinges of Hades within the very near future. The Webb-Kennon act was declared constitutional by the U. S. Supreme court by a decisive vote one day this week and the old original package dodge will work no longer. It can be made positively illegal to ship any kind of liquor into the state and judging from the instructions of his majesty, the people, last November, the legislature will not be justified in providing for anything but complete prohibition. The original package decision did more to thwart prohibition than any amount of money or literature was ever able to do. The hopelessness of contending with such a state of affairs did a great deal to discourage temperance work. Its removal will put new life and vigor in temperance workers everywhere.

Magazine editing is now getting to be one of the high sciences and to be strictly up-to-date the magazine manager must originate and put into practice various bright ideas. Muck raking has lost considerable of its attraction and "the Shame of the Cities" has got to be an old story. McClure's recently has been taking a straw vote on common honesty and has come to the conclusion that Americans are but sixty-four percent honest. As a test McClure's sent out one hundred one dollar bills to fifty men and fifty women, enclosing a dollar in a letter that any one could see had been mistakenly addressed. They classified the list seeing that all the strata of society were represented and demonstrated to their own satisfaction that all of them were similarly honest or dishonest. McClure's moralizes that humanity is prone to dishonesty in certain things, notably tax dodging and beating a railroad company, which seem to be common instances where dishonesty is deemed excusable. A great many people will be surprised at how they differentiate in their minds different kinds of honesty and are prepared to defend just the sort of "dishonesty" alluded to. More people will defend it than will really take advantage of an opportunity to practice it. The cold blooded impertinence of any one who will deliberately set about to tempt and tabulate the honesty of his fellows is repugnant in its highest sense.

Buffalo Bill, having hunted on many grounds, geographical, financial and sociological, is now headed towards the traditional happy hunting grounds of the sportsmen of earth. Having hunted on the plains during the first half of his life, the last half was spent hunting for fame and fortune in civilized society. He had a unique career and has experienced about all that fortune has to offer. The first half of his life was spent in acquiring a reputation as a scout and hunter and the last half in cashing in on that reputation. It was the good fortune of the mediator to see Buffalo Bill at three different typical stages of his latter

career.

As a boy with his first visit to a large city, taking in his first theatrical entertainment with all the wonders of the first sight of stage scenery, a house with real doors and windows, and a barn with a hay mow from which one of the characters fell, with a camp fire and real Indians dancing around it, and Buffalo Bill as the center attraction. It was in a play written by Ned Buntline, the place Milwaukee, and the time 1881, in September. The same night the death of President Garfield was announced from the stage. As an actor Buffalo Bill was a tenderfoot at that time. His career as a showman was just starting.

To the boy it was all very wonderful and some of the scenes of the play were acted very numerous for a few years following. One in particular, was a favorite. This exhibited the Indian dance, the approach of an old medicine man, bent and muttering, who, when the proper moment appeared, straightened up, threw off his disguise and as Buffalo Bill, the terror of the red men, slaughtered red skins right and left.

The next appearance was during the progress of the Columbian exposition in Chicago in 1893. At this time Buffalo Bill was at the zenith of his success as a showman and was exhibiting stunts that have been copied by smaller fry in the circus line since then. He had troops of Cossacks, Germans, French, Arabs and American military men and Indians of all sorts and conditions. There was the old Deadwood coach, which took part twice daily in the Indian hold-up, and cavalry rescue scene and the herd of tame buffalo which wearily plodded around in the dust or the mud while each and every horseman who could pull a trigger banged away at them. The roof of the grand stand was covered with tin onto which, as the riflemen fired at high targets, the fine shot would rattle down. A prominent attraction at this show was the white horse which Buffalo Bill rode. It was a noble animal and its training was perfection.

The last scene was three years ago in Southern California. Then, as the fag end of a second class circus, the border hero was bringing his public career to an end. He still had a fine horse but the showman did not ride it. Instead he rode in a phaeton pulled by two white Arabians. The white curls that reached to his shoulder were pathetically sparse and despite the wax used his mustache and goatee looked frazzled and faded. His fortunes had declined materially in later years. Disappointed in his ranch ventures, unhappy in his domestic experiences, he was merely making a feeble effort to regain a portion of the fame and fortune that were once his.

Escorted Her Anyway.

While Robert Browning and his son Barrett were living alone in Florence the son gave one afternoon an exhibition of his new paintings in the family drawing room. To Mr. Browning was assigned the task of meeting the guests. Late in the afternoon, when the room was well filled, there appeared at the drawing room door a woman whose face was familiar. Yet Mr. Browning could not recall her name, and he judged from her appearance that she was not an invited guest.

There was embarrassment on both sides for a moment, and then the woman said eagerly: "Oh, please, Mr. Browning, I'm the cook. Mr. Barrett said as I was to come and see his pretty picture."

Whereupon Mr. Browning, offering his arm, showed her about the room with all the attention that he could have bestowed upon a reigning queen.

How She Earned It.

"Cultivate a little more sunshine in your disposition, my dear," said Mr. Dubbley. "Happiness and success in life depend upon the quantity of rays one emits."
"Very well, John," replied Mrs. Dubbley: "I'll do my best, but I think I'd be happier and more successful into the bargain if you would emit a ten dollar raise in my allowance."—Harper's.

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