

# The Herald

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MONMOUTH, OREGON

FRIDAY, JUNE 1, 1917.



## Monmouth Meditations

The grand keeping qualities of the bean render it a favorite with the garden gang.

The trouble with Russia is, that while its head is in the stars its feet are in the mud.

Some of the maxims that Ben Franklin coined are being followed now days with benefit to all concerned.

The cyclone that cavorted through the north Mississippi valley last week appears to have been an echo of the one that struck the Hindenburg line.

Every now and then a submarine is reported in the Pacific ocean. About the only body of water that has been immune to date is our own Great Lakes.

It has been discovered that tin cans have value and collectors who are picking them up are also improving the great American landscape.

The same transports that carry troops across the ocean should carry back prisoners. It will balance the population of the two continents and it will be an easy matter to find work for all.

It was an enthusiastic dairy man who figured out how prominently the dairy business has been connected with war past and present. There are Cowpens, Bull Run, Moscow and Bullecourt.

The only difference between holding up a man on a back street and relieving him of his valuables and holding him up in the cost of living is the difference in methods.

If some of the bouquets that have been handed to Senator Lane since he died had been handed him while he lived, he might still be living. Not all the dead of this war are to be killed by bullets and bursting shells.

The numerous gardens in Monmouth are improving its appearance. The vacant lots, thoroughly prepared for seed are much more attractive to the eye than the same lot grown to weeds and grass, untrimmed and ragged as many of them too often are.

One of the hardest things that LaFollette ever tried to side step will be his record on liquor legislation in Washington. He used to have the habit of "calling the roll" on various politicians with whom he contended, and we surmise that when he comes up for re-election next time, the roll will be called on him several times.

What better way could the

evening of Registration be observed than by attending the meeting for the unveiling of the Lincoln statue in the training school. All are cordially invited to attend and bring along a choice for officers for the parent-teachers meetings during the coming year.

One of the numbers on the Red Cross program Thursday night was a violin solo by Miss-Elizabeth Levy of Salem. On Wednesday evening she was presented by William Wallace Graham of Portland in a musical recital at Salem. In June she will be presented to Portland's musical world. Miss Levy has appeared on the Salem Lyceum Course and on Saturday evening she appeared as violin soloist with the Portland Symphony orchestra. Monmouth was given a rare treat in hearing this young artist.

"Buy a Home" is the slogan with which the real estate agents of the country plan to start a little activity. In times of war and uncertainty people who have ready money are naturally anxious to place it safely and real estate is bound to be favored by many over any kind of paper security. This is a reason why the real estate move is not as unpromising as it looks at this time and why real estate values may be expected to increase.

By the time the French relations with America are more intimate they will acquire a little better understanding of American game of politics. They want Roosevelt to come to them for the influence his name will have, just as if that is not the very reason our American powers are determined that he shall not go. Anybody will admit that the opposition to Roosevelt is partisan. Such of it as gets to the public print is of the cuckoo type that sneezes whenever the administration takes snuff.

We heard a great deal during the last campaign about Monmouth being too small for a state normal, and the idea is still industriously cultivated in the neighborhood of Pendleton. The truth is that some of the most influential normals in the country are located in small towns. Developments show that students can be taken away to neighbor districts as effectively and this year Monmouth students will have practice in four outside districts. Good roads help this this matter which is another reason why all Monmouth people should vote for the road bonds.

The big trucks which are growing more numerous are the fore-runners of the many which will transport a great deal of the freight of the rural districts on short hauls when we have hard surface roads. The trucks are capable of paying for the roads they use and will do so if given a chance. Only a person who wishes to retard progress and hold us back in our struggle to come into our own, will vote against the bond issue which comes up for decision next Monday.

Memorial day calls up the most distressing part of war. The crack of the rifle or the boom of the cannon come to us when we think of battle. It is exciting to read of the bayonet charge or the aeroplane contests, but the windrows of the dead is an awakening reality. One day in the early spring the meditator stood in the national

cemetery on the battle-field of New Orleans. Facing the south, behind us stood the Chalmette monument to the memory of the famous victory. It is built on the site of Jackson's headquarters on that memorable day. In front of us, in the distance was pointed out a group of three trees where tradition says the British general Pakenham was killed. A long low ridge was to be seen where time had failed to smooth out a breastworks used by our soldiers in that fight. But there was nothing anywhere to suggest strife and bloodshed. The sun shone quietly down, birds chirped in the trees, cattle were feeding in the distance, nothing there to suggest the battle but the monument and the rows and rows of graves. The graves were of Civil war heroes. There were 10,000 of them within that enclosure and while many were marked with name, regiment, brigade and state in the North from which they came, over half of them were marked "Unknown." A colored attendant was washing the small headstones, which in that climate soon become grimy and dingy. One cleaning lasted about a year and when he had finished it was time to start over again. That cemetery is a partial evidence of the price we paid for "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

### Contributed

I'm sitting here a-thinking of the things I left behind,

And I hate to put on paper what is running in my mind.

We've dug a million trenches and cleared ten miles of ground,

And a meaner place this side of hell I know is still unfound.

But there's still one consolation, gather closely while I tell:

When we die we're bound for heaven, For we've done our hitch in hell.

We've built a hundred kitchens for the cooks to stew our beans;

We've stood a hundred guard mounts and cleaned the camp clean.

We've washed a million mess kits and peeled a million spuds;

We've rolled a million blanket rolls and washed a million duds.

The number of parades we've made would be hard to tell,

But they'll not parade in heaven, for we've done our hitch in hell.

We've killed a million rattlesnakes that tried to take our cots,

And shook a million centipedes from out our army sox

We've marched a hundred thousand miles and made a thousand camps

And pulled a billion cactus thorns from out our army pants.

And when our work on earth is done, our friends behind will tell,

"When they died they went to heaven, for they did their hitch in hell."

When the final taps is sounded and we lay aside life's cares,

And we do the last parading up the shining golden stairs,

And the angels bid us welcome, and the harps begin to play,

And we draw a million canteen checks and spend them in a day,

It is then we'll hear St. Peter tell us loudly with a yell,

"Take a front seat, Third Oregon, for you've done your hitch in hell."

### WISDOM.

WHEN I have ceased to break my wings  
Against the faultiness of things,  
And learned that compromises wait  
Behind each hardly opened gate,  
When I can look life in the eyes  
Grown calm and very coldly wise,  
Life will have given me the truth  
And taken in exchange my youth.  
—Sara Teasdale.

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