The Herald

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Editor & Publisher

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MONMOUTH, OREGON

FRIDAY, DEC. 21, 1917

Monmouth Meditations

Let's see! only a few weeks ago people were ready to believe that after countless ages of practice, the weather man had forgotten how to make it rain in Oregon.

There was considerable momentum about that telegram which the governor sent the war department and it was aimed straight at the bull's eye. It hit the mark too, judging from the speed with which it brought results.

Our line storm this year got an early start, and judging from the ginger it has so far exhibited, it promises to keep it up all winter.

One distinctive featur which characterizes an amateur from a professional theatrical performance is that the latter exhibits its bit of imitated life while keeping the machinery of the project in the background. The amateur likes not only to exhibit talent at impersonation but he likes also to show how it is done. The professional realizes that it detracts from the illusion of the imaginary scene if the audience can see him in the various stages of making up.

If you owe the Herald anything now would be a good time to pay up. It will help you to start the year with a clear conscience and will also help the Herald to pay for the expensive new machine which it has presented to itself as a Christmas present.

The Independence Enterprise was one of our numerous exchanges to get out a Christmas edition this year, four extra pages and a colored cover, with an extensive featuring of the beet sugar prospects of the adjacent country.

People who are fond of an interesting time will be apt to look with regret upon the announcement that L. J. Simpson of North Bend is not to run for the governorship. Simpson would have been apt to have left a variegated trail across the length and breadth of the state if only a portion of the tales that are told by the firesides of Coos county about Simpson's earlier exploits are true.

"Sink without leaving a trace" is the German motto in submarine warfare. "Dead men tell no tales" was the way Captain Kidd used to put it. Which goes to intimate that both parties engaged in the same business.

Senator McNary appears to have taken numerous good steps and a few faulty ones thus far in his career as a U. S. senator. He has shown that his sympathies, universally, are with that class commonly known as the "dear people."

It is increasingly apparent that the Monmouth high school at present has a fine lot of young men and women who are capable of giving an excellent account of themselves when they appear in public.

Red Cross activity is especially appropriate for Christmas. The humane spirit of the work is directly in line with Christmas thought. Not everybody in the land can go to France to fight for the flag and for the peace and welfare of posterity, but all can enlist in the Red Cross. It is a chance to become a recruit in the greatest army ever organized to alleviate human suffering. There is no age limit and no physical examinations are required. You can take active work in the association should you be so disposed, but it is not imperative. You can contribute your dollar which will represent you in the great work of the association. A "Red Cross membership is the Christmas spirit in terms of action." Let the men and women of America make that sentiment ring like a cathedral chime throughout the land on Christmas morning.

Frank Gotch who perhaps was one of the greatest wrestlers who ever lived died at his farm home near Des Moines, Iowa, last week. During his lifetime he never met a man on the mat who was his superior, but a stomach malady put him out at the age of 41. He was a money maker, took care of large stakes which he won from time to time and was reputed to be worth half a million. A powerful physique and a cultivated intelligence that taught him how to grasp an opponent's toe in a manner so painful for the latter that he must yield, that the hold may be released; or with his crossed legs to get a vise like hold known as a "scissors" to accomplish the same end—two little tricks that made him both famous and wealthy.

It is a hard thing to work up a proper Christmas spirit and at the same time consider the record of world events as they are transpiring from day to day. What a record it is! Lies, deceit, suspicion, hypocricy, barbarism; nations and peoples blackguarding one another, murdering, torturing, executing, assassinating, stealing, destroying lives and property. Famine and exposure from cold, imminent in many places. Burning up, in munitions, the fruits of wealth it has taken years to accumulate. Surely in the face of this, it is hard to see any evidence of "Peace on earth, good will to men." It calls to mind a lecture-sermon which the writer heard several years ago, delivered by Henry Wade Rogers, then president of Northwestern University at Evanston, Ill. Rogers is a sociologist, a man who thinks deeply about the wrongs of the poor and the unfortunate and the picture which he presented was one of sordid conditions, no less harrowing than true. The crimes of capital and labor against one another, the whitened sepulchers of society who thrive on money wrung from human misery, the thieves and grafters of politics—he spared none of them. When Mr. Rogers had finished, Mr. Millman, known as the "blind chaplain" of the Senate, arose to pray. With his sightless orbs fixed on the immensities of space he seemed to be standing, knee deep in filth, begging for a regeneration that would wipe out human frailties. When you think about it, the miseries of war are just an exaggeration of the miseries of peace. It is not at all quieting to think that on this earth, with plenty for all and much to spare, that men should spend their time planning and scheming to bring unhappiness to their fellows. Therefore it is a good thing that Christmas comes once a year, a day originally observed to commemorating the birth of a new year, now observed as the day of the birth of a new idea, a new dispensation, the power of peace and good will.

The interned Germans at the station at Hot Springs, N. C., are not prisoners of war. They comprise officers and crews of the German merchant vessels which were held in the United States at the time of the declaration of war.

These aliens receive no funds from the Government except compensation for labor actually performed. Those engaged in construction work get $20 a month, with an additional $5 to foremen. Interned officers have not been permitted to receive from any source more than $10 a month and crewmen not more than $5. Receipts in excess of these amounts are placed to the credit of the aliens in banks.

Three plain but substantial meals are prepared each day. There is no waste, the same measures of economy and conservation which are being urged upon every American housewife is being practiced at Hot Springs.

By "right of war the right of strange races to migrate into Germanic settlements will be taken away. By right of war the non-Germanic population in America and Great Australia must be settled in Africa. By right of war we can send back the useless South American romance peoples and the half-breeds to north Africa."—Quotation from the German in the new 170-page publication issued by the committee on Public Information, "Conquest and Kultur."

Copies may be secured free of charge by application to the Committee on Public Information, 10 Jackson Place, Washington, D.C.

How many farm folks and small town residents fully appreciate what a spirit of community cooperation may be made to mean to them; Not alone can this be weighed in the scales of sentiment and civic pride. There is also something of a dollars and cents value in boosting one's home town if we study the matter from the mercenary side.

In a community that is financially sick it is a very uncommon thing to find the individual prosperous. This is because the individuals who make up a community shape the trend of a community up or down.

All you have heard people living in or near a small town say: Our little town can't grow, it is too near the city. So, with thisbelief planted in the mind one goes on spending a lHot of the money that is produced locally in the stores of near by larger towns and cities.

You go on failing to patronize your home town merchants. They can't make a go of it and as a trading center the home town falls lower and lower in the scale.

Local merchants become afraid to stock up with high grade merchandise after atime and it isn't long before your home town stores carry only the lower grade of goods.

Don't pay your local dealer two prices for a good article; but do give him a chance to buy in aufficient quantities so that he can supply you at the same price as the same aarticle can be bought for elsewhere.

Encourage him with your trade so that he is not afraid to carry well-known brands of goods with a standardized quality. A standard article represents the same value no matter where you buy it.

Once the merchants of your home town knows the trade is back of him in the community, they will not hesitate to carry standard products of known quality for you to select from. You have the opportunity to help make your community improve. For, with better stores, comes a better town and a good town means enhanced values for any property you own in it or near it.

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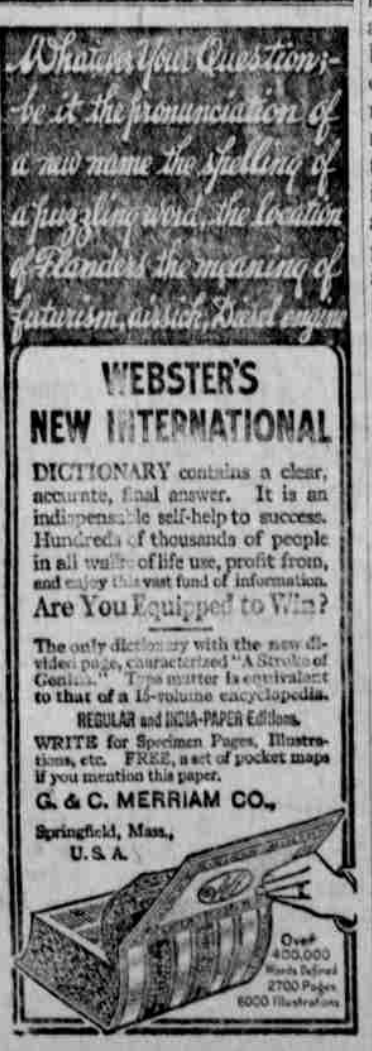

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