

The Herald

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Monmouth Meditations

Sentimental people are pointing out that Canada and the United States as comrades in arms are appropriately sleeping under the same blanket of snow.

Now that the government has undertaken to guarantee the earnings of the railroads, many a private business will doubtless petition to be placed on the same schedule.

If it were possible to grow flesh with the kaiser's fine words the German people would have grown fat long ago.

From the roar which "Gum Shoe Bill" Stone put up it is evident that a certain spectacled party stepped with a heavy heel on the senator's corns.

Count Luxburg has been found insane by the specialists of Argentina and if the same authority had an opportunity to sit upon the cases of numerous others of the junkers of Germany he would find them all crazy.

The road to success is both steep and slippery and the best and surest climber is the man who has an ample supply of sand.

There is such a thing as making a virtue of necessity and now we are eager to do much in war that would have been extremely irksome in time of peace.

There are a number of shortages in the east in this winter season of 1918, but the shortage which is as keenly felt as any is the shortage of mercury in the thermometers.

It is a wise man who is able to account at all times for his own dog, if that dog is allowed to roam the country at large, especially at night. And good dogs, like good Indians are the dead ones.

It takes a spoilsman to catch a spoilsman and when Senator Penrose tells about explosive inspectors being parceled out as political pap to ex-saloon keepers, cigar makers, etc., who are honest enough to say they would not accept the same "if there is any work in it", he probably knows what he is talking about.

There were some very attractive sounding propositions among those laid down at the meeting of the Non-Partisan League in Portland Saturday, among them being the reduction of the legislature to one house and fewer numbers and the adoption of a state marketing plan. All attractive plans do not work out well in practice. And Oregon's experience has been that most of these experiments are expensive. Better try them out one at a time.

There are certain advantages to

be gained by the man who sticks by the creamery and sells only his cream. He has his milk left for feed at home. The stock he raises there with is not his only profit from the transaction. The farmer who disposes of his feed and milk on his own premises has fertilizer with which to keep up the producing value of the land.

According to Dr. Hillis, Germany has found war a profitable business. He says: With Germany, war is a national industry. Germany's agriculture pays 6 per cent. Germany's manufacturing and finance pays 8 per cent. Germany's war against Denmark when she seized Schleswig-Holstein, paid her 1000 per cent. Her war in 1870 to grab the iron mines of Alsace and Lorraine paid her 10,000 per cent. Germany expected the war of 1914 to pay her 20,000 per cent. "We have made no investment like our wars," said Bernhardt. "Let Belgium found steel plants at Namur and Liege—we will loot them. Let Nancy and Rheims and Arras fill stores with rich goods—and we will grab them."

In that intensely interesting book, "Over the Top" the story is told of how at the beginning of a big offensive it was deemed wise to capture some German prisoners for the sake of information to be secured. Accordingly a detail of twenty was ordered to steal across No Man's Land at night, cut the wires in front of the German trenches and return with prisoners if they could. The enemy trenches were severely shelled previous to the expedition and in bidding them depart the commanding officer expressed the belief that the shelling had driven the enemy away. He said "Personally I believe the enemies' trenches are unoccupied." After the party had crossed to the other side, had cut the wires and got well trapped, lights were thrown on, they saw the German trenches occupied in full force and out of the twenty only two escaped; one of them lying unconscious in a shell hole for two days. So it turned out the officer who ordered the men to their death was away off in his personal beliefs. Now this story may not interest a man whose sons are all girls, nor one who has a political or a theoretical interest in the war, but it is eloquent to people who are personally interested in our soldiers who will insist that none but the best we have is good enough to direct them.

It was on the good ship "Speedwell", northward bound for the Oregon coast from San Francisco. The ship was "light", that is without cargo and she felt the influence of every swell. Passing Cape Mendocino we passed at the same time out of the reign of warm southern sun and easy seas. A cold northwest wind appeared to buffet us, clouds arose at intervals, the long, even swells became shorter and higher and the sea was a darker blue. We had been constantly within sight of shore but now we struck out for sea room. The ship, or rather schooner, it was a lumber carrier, which formerly had had one motion, a sidewise rock like a gently swaying cradle, now developed a fore and aft pitch as well. In time these motions became not rolls but jerks; and as one made passage along the decks he clung to the railing. Where the railing failed to make connections he made desperate lunges to cross the gap.

At times the wind died away and we passed through banks of fog. The chugging of the propelling machinery would then become prominent and at intervals the fog horn would boom out its solemn warning. The waves would not subside as

easily as the wind but had a tendency to reach higher, frequently breaking on the lower deck making miniature floods until the slant of the deck was right when the stream was diverted through the scuppers back into the ocean again. Again the wind would come with a burst of rain when the next thing to do would be to make for the social room. Getting within, opening and closing the door and stepping over the threshold without being too ridiculously awkward was something of an achievement. As the weather grew worse the few who were wont to frequent the social hall became fewer still. The nickel in the slot piano player got a long rest and the paneling of the walls and ceiling of the room in the famous Southwestern Oregon myrtle failed to attract attention. It finally evolved that there were only two of us left to sit in the narrow confines of the room listening to the baffled wind and rain and wave and the constant agony of the boat, creaking in a hundred different joints at one time. No. 2 was a mining man going up with two others to try for gold in the black sands of Coos and Curry. It always made him seasick, he said, to travel on the water and he never would lie down during the day, nor eat anything. So he kept his seat in the corner, occasionally going to the rail to "spit" as he would apologetically say. As long as he had company he told stories of his numerous experiences. He had two antipathies—for the Demon Rum and for the Germans. His experience with the latter had been acquired in mining experience in Mexico. One after another he told of instances where American miners and property owners had been mistreated and robbed by the natives at the behest of German agents, who having ousted them secured their property.

A civil service examination for rural carriers will be held at Dallas, Ore., on February 9th, 1918, to fill a vacancy at Airlie Ore., and other vacancies as they may occur on rural routes at post offices in Polk County.

Application blanks should be secured at once from the local secretary at Dallas, Ore., or from the postmaster at Airlie.

J. C. Ellis,
Secy. local board of examiners,
Dallas, Oregon

H. J. Rowe who formerly was in the jewelry and electrical supply business in Independence and more recently worked in the freight depot in Dallas has gone to Corvallis to study electrical engineering. He recently sold his 10 acre ranch near Dallas to J. E. Mason.

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