

# The Herald

MONMOUTH, OREGON

Editor

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## Monmouth Meditations

Talking of "Thrift", Mrs. Stine brought to the office two good samples this week, one a glass of very pretty jelly made from dried apples, and the other a nice white bar of soap made from some cracklings and a little lye. Another victory for Uncle Sam's Kitchen Brigade.

The wood which was saved during January will come handy for warming purposes in March.

Attendance on events in the high school assembly room is fine for cultivating punctuality. The "last minute" arrival has a grand opportunity to stand up.

The generals who have had charge of local gardening during the past year will have an opportunity occasionally to salute a superior officer this year in the person of Field Marshal Larson, county agriculturist, with headquarters in Dallas.

The wind that ambled down upon us Tuesday night had all the familiar qualities of the kind that originates in the vicinity of Medicine Hat.

It is a constant struggle with the Red Cross managers to keep as many members as possible on the active list and an inactive member is about as valuable to the organization as a last year bird's nest.

As for the Russian situation, the more you read about it the less you know.

Candidate L. J. Simpson is the latest aspirant for the governorship to recognize the value of the Herald as an advertising medium. Mr. Simpson was reared in a country where they are accustomed to do things without waiting on ceremony and here's hazarding a suspicion that in his charge on the honors of office seeking he will be both seen and heard.

Just before their drive toward Venice the Germans made a big pretense at invading Petrograd. Now before the western drive they are trying the same trick again. The prospects for fireworks along the road to Paris appears exceptionally good.

It stands to reason that before the German prisoners in Russia are released and before the Russians set to work heartily to raise wheat for the Germans, the Russians must be placated. The kaiser will hardly withdraw his armies from the eastern front while the Russians are in a mood to rise up and slaughter. There has been considerable bunk in the news from Russia during the past week.

It is the standing joke of newspaper sanctums, the amount of government stuff which is received, headed "For Immediate Publication"

which if taken literally would swamp the presses with material relative to the various activities of the war. As a result the bulk of it goes into the waste paper basket without even the formality of opening. Doubtless some really important things are neglected because they are lost in the mass. If the government would take ninety-five percent of the people engaged in this sort of work and put them in the trenches, or to knitting sweaters, or filling cartridges, and would reduce its contributions to a single sheet, it would stand a much better chance of getting publicity.

Tonight is the song fest in the Normal Chapel. Get out and join in the festivities.

Some of the heftiest guns on the political horizon appear to be seeking the range with the Non-partisan Alliance as the target.

R. R. Bristol of Corvallis, the gentleman who painted the Herald sign and also did other signs in Monmouth, in all proving himself a first class workman, was sent to the insane asylum one day this week. He took to walking in the open air without clothing claiming that the proceeding was a short cut to robust health. While in Monmouth he claimed that ventilation was his life aim. He painted signs to make money with which to finance his crusade for better ventilation. He carried a bit and brace and was continually inviting himself to bore holes through window frames, which holes were designed to let in the air and lengthen the life of the dweller inside. Bristol received an injury to his head in college hazing which possibly was the cause of later peculiarities of character.

The Germans are not so much after peace with Russia it seems, as for a piece of Russia.

Nothing is more exasperating than the fool friend who reminds you of your faults for your own good.

A strike now in any sort of productive effort looks like an exhibition of emotional insanity.

Nature is generous but she never fails to avenge her wrongs.

A little boy when his brother gets the bigger piece of pie, sits down to cry; but when he gets a little older he goes on a strike. This furnishes the reason for most strikes. Some one is getting a bigger slice of the pie than the man who is striking.

To see the furs and wraps come out one would think that 30 above was cold weather.

The man who sticks to the combination is the consistent winner. Don't plan to leave the polishing of the hoe handle to some one else next summer.

Whatever the quantity of the potato crop next fall let us hope that the quality will be a few points higher than the 1917 variety.

Now, during this lull in the excitement the patriot cultivates that contagious smile and gets ready for the next Liberty drive.

People are inclined to get blue over the prospects on the European war front and this is the juncture where the announcement is positively made that Thomas A. Edison has invented a device that will surely locate submarines and make the navigation of the high seas by that sort of craft an exceedingly dangerous operation.

There are some of us who would

like to know what the mayor of Astoria is driving at: whether for the good of Oregon or the good of the mayor of Astoria.

Boom! boom! At first sound, one might mistake it for the roar of guns across the sea where the Germans and Russians are putting on a little tragedy of their own. But it is only Oregon sneezing during the prevalence of a little belated winter weather.

Come out to sing tonight. It's good for what ails you.

There's many a man working for from five to ten dollars a day, who sometime will wonder how he ever happened to be such a mut as to think of striking for more.

Some slide into the army by a side door under the impression that they will have it over the men in the trenches when it comes to hardship and danger. But they all look alike to a piece of flying shrapnel.

The following by a writer in the Saturday Evening Post contains food for sober thought: "The fact cannot be too often remembered that though the Prussianized Germans have had the reputation of being the master war makers of the modern age they have in the atrocious conflict which they forced upon the world in August, 1914, won more by deceit than by arms. This will probably astonish posterity more than it seems to astonish us. If we discovered that a champion prize fighter had conquered his adversaries by low trickery—by poisoning their food, let us say, or by tripping them up, or by throwing pepper in their eyes—instead of by fair fighting, we should know how to rate him. Indeed, no bruiser could win the championship by such means; for in the ring there is an etiquette that forbids striking below the belt, and the contestant who disobeys is ruled out. The German war code, however, recognizes no etiquette; the Prussians, deaf alike to shame and to honor, permit themselves every license and refrain from no inhumanity. They boast of making "Anything to win" their motto.

It is not by accident that the Prussian, who has been for a century the bully of Europe, is also the chief sneak among modern peoples. The bully is usually a coward, and sneaking is the coward's natural practice. We have already heard more than once from the Prussians the coward whimper when the Allies retaliated on them the punishment that they had exulted in applying first to the Allies. The submarine, unlawfully used, the most despicable weapon ever employed by man, fitly symbolizes the modern German at war; its very essence is deceit. The nation that stoops to employ such a weapon illegitimately will as a matter of course shrink from no other practice of deceit—or of cruelty; and so we find, as I just now asserted, that the Germans have thus far won more by deceit than by arms."



R. N. Stanfield.

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