

The Herald

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Monmouth
Meditations

Speaking of knee deep in June, many of our farmers are riding mowers these days, pulled by horses that are knee deep in pinks.

The kaiser is fond of conferring degrees on his subjects but sometime his enemies will confer the third degree on him.

The U-boat is taking the place which the sea serpent formerly enjoyed in advertising the resorts along the Atlantic.

When the summer is hot and dry it is a good time to remember that the winter will be cold and wet and lay in an ample supply of wood.

It is to be observed that since, by government orders, the railroads ceased their advertising, they have been losing money by the hand full and wagon load.

Speaking of military records, the attention of the six sons of the kaiser is called for the moment to the recent exploits of Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.

Some day the progeny of numerous Americans will take pride in the treasured photograph, showing dad or grand dad in the uniform he wore in 1918.

Not to be too horribly impertinent—but in these days when effort should count in the winning of the war what excuse can be offered for three editors and half a dozen lawyers in Independence?

One thing at a time, gents. Before we pause to shudder over the prospects of the wheat crop let us acknowledge that numerous loads of fine hay are rolling daily from the fields to the barns.

Three women went to work last week in the saw mill in Dallas and in the course of a few weeks practice will be able to awe the men folks of the house by swinging a two-by-four instead of the conventional bed slat.

The kaiser has again decorated the crown prince, but if our American soldiers happen to get hold of him the decorations will be more in keeping with his deserts.

Speaking of aphids, bugs, etc., our calm dispassionate judgement resulting from unprejudiced observation is that it requires something stronger than cussing to deal with them.

The people of Turkey are said to be living on chestnuts and we are curious to know whether they are home grown or are manufactured in the German office of foreign affairs.

With so many people giving him commands and advice, organizing him into so many systems of alleged helpfulness, with so much exhortation, admonition, cautioning and regulating, his nibs, the Common

Person is apt to grow a little bewildered amid it all. Most fortunate is he who is so constituted that he doesn't take it all too seriously.

There is something in the air these war days that renders people more irritable, less courteous, less considerate of the feelings of others. Arguments are conducted in a less temperate manner and the natural tendency is to strife. All of which augurs that if we get through with our Fall politics without serious friction, we will be doing the unexpected.

The youthful graduate of the grades is the one to whom the elimination of the county commencement at Rickreall comes as a personal loss. The small boy or girl who has struggled up the stairway of knowledge toward that eventful day when, arrayed in the agony of holiday garb, he struts his fleeting seconds on the stage to receive at the hands of the state superintendent the scroll of merit due a faithful deserving servant, may well be disappointed. To him it is one of the events of his life.

Never too alert in the detection of lurking humor, the German perception has evidently not been sharpened any by war. Here is a choice bit recently credited to the Kaiser's Foreign Secretary, Dr. von Kuehlmann. "Once the moment arrives that the nations which are at present locked in battle will exchange peace views, one of the preliminary conditions must be certain degrees of mutual confidence in each other's honesty and chivalry."

Jeremiah O'Leary, since he returned in state to New York, has done considerable explaining but there are still a few points in his career left unexplored by the search light of candid elucidation. One of these is—what relation is he to the lady who owned the cow that kicked over the lantern that ignited the straw that set fire to the building that started the conflagration that destroyed Chicago on a memorable occasion.

It is some time since a maiden fair circulated in Monmouth in the guise of a subscription agent but that she is still circulating is evident from the following from the Jefferson Review:

A sweet little thing, with a most becoming smile, short skirts and a dimple in her chin was in town the past week attempting to work our citizens on the scholarship-magazine-subscription stunt. This scheme has been worked to a fare-you-well here, says the Sutherland Sun. The same little wren that took our subscription. Eh, "Red?"—Harrisburg Bulletin. That pretty little chicken was here, too, Bro. Connor, but she don't need any scholarship; she's plenty wise now.

We wonder how much of the ginger which the war department has exhibited recently was injected into it by Senator Chamberlain. It takes courage to prod up the animals once in a while and it isn't always a pleasant thing to do but our George, although he occupies an inconspicuous position on the stage just at present, can comfort himself in the assurance of a duty well-performed.

Simon Benson of Portland, good roads enthusiast was among the first to invest in W. S. S. and he bought \$1,000 for each member of his family even to the grandchildren, \$13,000 in all. We had planned to make a similar contribution but owing to the fact that some of our subscribers are still delinquent, will have to forego the matter for the time being.

Only those in the water transportation business know to what a hopeless level the American merchant marine had sunk prior to the war. The ancient glory of the fleet that carried the stars and stripes into every port of the world had faded out and no one seemed to care. America had turned its back upon the sea. The country's interest was centered upon economic development. Gradually the conviction grew up that American enterprise ended at tidewater and that it wasn't worth while to try and reconquer a share of the marine carrying trade. The attitude of indifferent resignation reflected itself in the maritime legislation passed by successive Congresses.

So little interest did America take in its merchant marine that less than twenty per cent of the crews of American salt water vessels consisted of native sons. Even on the bridge and in the engine room the bulk of the personnel was of foreign birth.

Now the miracle is happening. American ships by the score are leaving American ways every month. Right now the United States has as large tonnage in the foreign trade as Germany had in the heyday of the peaceful prosperity it sacrificed upon the altar of Moloch. By the end of the year the United States will be the second maritime nation in the world and by the end of 1919 England will have to look to her marine laurels.

These new ships must have crews. A year ago nautical schools were opened and from them have come sufficient numbers of deck officers and engineers to supply the demand. But it was only recently that the Shipping Board organized the Sea Service Bureau to recruit sailors. Fortunately the response to the appeal to go to sea has been most gratifying. In the Pacific Northwest, for instance, the average number of applicants at the Bureau has been sixty a day. But the most encouraging sign was the character of the applicants. Most of them were native American boys, a great many of them raised on farms as far east as Nebraska. Like the New England boys who manned the clipper ships and the whalers, they have been caught by the glamor of the sea and have chosen the new mercantile marine for their life work.—From the July Sunset.

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