

The Herald

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Editor & Publisher

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Monmouth Meditations

The character of a man may be indicated by the kind of an outing he is planning to take this year.

The prospect of a dry summer ahead of us makes doubly sure the prospect of eating small potatoes next winter.

One of the joys of newspaper publishing is the occasional time when publication day comes upon a holiday. With the Herald this coincidence has appeared twice this year—upon Memorial day and on the Fourth of July. While the observance of the nation's birthday is a past event when the Herald is read by its readers it is a future event at the time the paper is printed.

Buying thrift stamps, which looks to some like a hardship now, will look like financial foresight about the time the stamps are to be cashed with interest attached.

There is nothing too good for the pioneers, the men who blazed the way to the west and kept the home fires burning during the days when the country was finding itself.

Judging from the feeling, some of the north winds of last week might have come from Mexico instead of the land of glaciers and huskies.

So far, few of the papers of this section have followed the necessities of the times and raised subscription prices; one of the few being the Western World of Bandon. However, it does not require more than one or two glimpses out of the weather eye to recognize the fact that if many of the rural newspapers of Oregon are to remain in business, they will have to do likewise.

Whatever the necessity for labor in the work of harvesting in this section the demand and the supply will have to be better coordinated than was the case at Salem Saturday if the country is to reap the full value of labor and laborer.

It is a little aggravating for the public spirited citizen who has put himself out to get help for the loganberry growers in the vicinity of Salem to notice that the pool halls of that city have the usual number of idle young men in these strenuous days. Doubtless the grower would prefer this talent to be in the pool hall to disporting its indolent actions in his berry field but we are in a period now when all who can must work.

A sporting authority has said that a great deal of the American sense of justice and fairness is due to our national game of baseball which cultivates these things as an attendant of the contests. He might have said that politics is the great American national game and a thing which has done much to establish the principles of truth and justice in the minds and hearts of Americans.

People under monarchial form of government do not get the same opportunity to weigh men and measures and with all its glaring faults our own political system does this thing. Sham, hypocrisy and buncombe, delude people for a time but with the training of a century and a half, Americans have become fairly adept at detecting these failings and this talent redounds to their credit.

The prospect of the passing of Ben Tillman brings up to the mind of the writer recollections of a certain hot night in Chicago just twenty years ago. The Democratic Clubs of the country were meeting in the Windy City and of course there had to be a central talkfest. To this gathering came Bryan with his silver-plated oratory, enunciating his words with pride and distinctness and talking with all the joy of a man who delights in his own voice.

There was Altgelt, the human fox with his rising inflections and paralytic gestures, one of the shrewdest and sharpest men who ever mounted the American stump. There was Geo. Fred Williams of Massachusetts, whose every lineament displayed in him the gentleman and scholar, whose language had the clearness of a burnished helmet and whose ideals were as lofty as those upborn by any knight of old. There too, was the latter's exact opposite, Congressman Lenz of Ohio, harsh of voice, groveling in his ideals, who could attribute to his opponents only the basest of motives. In the centre of the group sat Ben Tillman, his white clothing contrasting with the somber hues of the garb of his associates. With a shock of white hair surmounting his lobster red features, he was easily the most conspicuous man there. And his address was the most distinctive. Pungent and witty, with a certain lack of conventionality of the kind that politically inclined audiences are partial to, he shook his fist, clutched his white mane, wiped his parboiled features again and again with a white handkerchief and was occasionally interrupted by delighted outbursts of applause and laughter. Tillman probably is one of the most spectacular men who ever came before the great American public. Not intentionally dramatic, nor coarse, nor crude, he could be depended upon to say and do something unusual and of him it may be said at the close of his career, he has lived to achieve the good will of friend and foe.

The treatment of prisoners by the Germans has, since the war started, been a fruitful source of description and controversy and many tales are told by prisoners escaping from that land of the astonishing brutality to which they have been subjected and the hardships which have been their lot while in the hands of the subjects of the kaiser. These stories in many instances have challenged credulity, but evidence piled on evidence has now established their truthfulness. Explanations may be found in a number of reasons for relapse into barbarism on the part of a people who have had a high reputation for culture. It may be an offshoot of that doctrine of terribleness, designed to overawe peoples with whom the German nation is at war; the idea advanced by the German military that with an exhibition of violence, opposing people will submit their liberties rather than undergo the treatment expected to be visited upon them. Again much of these hardships visited on prisoners may be the common things which Germans inflict upon themselves. Thus the German is trained to discipline and refusal to obey means punishment. The German avoids the punishment by submitting to discipline. The prisoner refuses to become efficient accord-

ing to the German mind. Then follows the punishment. The average German is apt to be amazed that any one can find anything wrong in that. Again the brutality may in the early period of the war, have sprung out of a confidence in success. The Germans felt they were headed toward a place in the sun, a larger inheritance. They were sublimely confident that their neighbors would hand over to them all the best they had in the way of land and resources, and would also pay them for their trouble in going after the same. Naturally feeling that they would never be called to account for any excesses they might commit they were inclined to be short and irritable with anything that imposed as a barrier between themselves and their destiny?.

Now it is simmering into their heads that they may not be successful in this great war. Retaliation and retribution—things undreamed of during the first two years of the war, now loom up as very real facts. An evidence of this is found in new agreements which Germany is making relative to the treatment of prisoners some of which are surprisingly broad. Exchanges will be more freely made. Men of forty five or over who are the father of three or more children will be released unconditionally. Civilians who have been interned or held as hostages will have the privilege of returning to their homes. The prospect is that prisoners will be much better treated in Germany than they were in the earlier years of the war and this fact is one of the most favorable signs along the front at present.

The matter of the King's Valley mill having been discussed some lately A. N. Halleck says the mill was built by Roland Chambers in 1854. His mother, then Miss Lucilla King, made the bolt of silk for the sifting of the first flour. The burrs were made from stone dug from a mountain near Corvallis and were cut and fitted by people in the valley. This was the first mill in this section of the Willamette and previously it had been necessary to go considerable distances to get wheat ground. Miss King was a daughter of the original settler for whom the valley is named and who crossed the plains in 1845, settling in King's valley in 1849.

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