

## New Year's at the Front

By Saidee Estelle Balcom



WELL, what have you done for your country today?"

It was the eve of the new year and Dale Webster, hailed by a companion soldier, threw his knapsack within their tent just behind the heavy artillery at the front "somewhere in France."

"Oh, brought in a captive," was his careless reply. "Ran into the skulker, marched him into camp and left him in the guard house. Any letters?"

"Nary a letter. They say the mail packs here are four days overdue, but they're rushing holiday stuff to the camp."

Dale Webster sighed and his face grew wistful. "I've been expecting one letter particularly. You're my friend, Roy?"

"After your carrying me on your back half dead across the worst part of No Man's Land, with the Boches plugging away for keeps, I guess so!"

"And you remember Winnie Trank?"

"As a memory sweet and fragrant as a field of daisies!"

"Well, one night in a dugout I just couldn't help but write her way back home there what I ought to have said to her before we left. Three months, and no word. I fancy I was too presumptuous. If I knew that Winnie was caring for me, thinking of me, at home, I'd never get lonesome. I'd fight double to get this mix-up over and back to her—bless her!"

"Don't lose hope," encouraged Roy Bartley. "One of the fellows just got a letter written by his sweetheart last September. It has been chasing him all over the frontier. About your prisoner—make you any trouble?"

"Not a bit of it," declared Dale in a spirited way. "The bear—"

"The bear!" repeated Roy in wonderment.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you that my catch was a bear," spoke Dale. "I came across him curled up in a pit, a performing bear, strayed from some mountebank master in one of the bombarded villages. Soon as he saw me he acted frightened and humble, and when I patted him uttered a jolly growl, turned a somersault and stood on his head."

"You don't mean it!"

"Come, I'll show you."

Dale led the way to the guardhouse. Outside of it was gathered a noisy group. Half way up the flagpole was a great shaggy monster who cleverly reversed himself, slid to earth, turned a dozen graceful somersaults and walked around on his hind feet.

"Oh, we'll put him on our vaudeville program as the one leading attraction tomorrow!" voted a dozen observers. "What's the row!" as cheering echoed from the other end of the encampment. From a dust-covered, battered automobile two men were throwing off packages.

"Belated mail," announced the driver. "Section A. Throw off the plunder, men, and you hungry fellows grab and distribute."

Boxes, packages, tied-up bundles of newspapers and letters passed from hand to hand. Roy Bartley was most active in the work of sorting out the heterogeneous mass.

"Something for you, Dale," he called, tossing a square box before hurling it. "I say," inspecting the marks on the box, "it's been up and down the whole battle line!"

"See if there isn't a letter," directed

Dale, placing the box beside a tent, and his eyes were eager and hopeful. Doubtless the box held remembrances from some home group, but his soul was hungry for something more prized.

"Nothing for you," called out Roy, running over the letters in his hand. "Hey! look out for your box!"

Roy spoke just in time. Old Bruin, unnoticed, had been sniffing intrusively at the box. Then he had pawed it, his claws piercing the frail pasteboard.



He Acted Frightened.

He sniffed again, uttered a satisfied grunt, and, seizing it in his powerful jaws, shook it.

"Whoop! a fruit cake!" yelled a watchful soldier, and grasped it as it rolled to the ground. "Hurrah!"

Some knitted socks and a dozen little packages tied up with ribbon fell out of the shattered receptacle. Dale uttered a sharp gasp. Among them was a letter. He snatched it up and, aflush and quivering, secreted it in his pocket quickly.

But not for long. When he had divided the cake among his importunate comrades and gathered up the numberless mementoes from home, he got to his tent speedily. He opened the precious missive, his eyes sparkled, he kissed it fervently and his face fairly glowed.

What a wild, riotous, fun-producing New Year's day! Old Bruin did himself proud, and Dale never sang the patriotic songs apportioned him on the program so thrillingly.

"I say," observed Roy quizzically as the day waned, "you've acted like some wild schoolboy!"

"Reason to!" cried Dale fervently, and his heart beat faster against the cherished missive lying next to it—the letter from Winnie saying: "I have always loved you, and, though half the world separates us, I love you now more than ever!"

## A NEW YEAR SERMON

By REV. JAMES M. GRAY, D.D.

"AND now, Lord, what wait I for?"—Psalm 89:7.

Another twelvemonth has almost gone, and we are yet in the land of the living. If we give this serious consideration, we must regard it as remarkable. Some think death the strangest wonder of human history, but is not life stranger? When we reflect upon our frame, and the shocks of life it must endure,

must we not exclaim with Young,

"Arrange that a harp of thousand strings should keep in tune so long!"

Is it to be wondered at if, like David, we too should put the question, "What wait I for?" The mystery of being here is not profounder than the mystery of staying here. Let us ask God the question. The psalmist felt he could not trust his own conclusions, and so he said, "Lord, what wait I for?"

It may be you are waiting to be saved. God is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance and live.

"O Ephraim, how can I give thee up, how shall I leave thee, Judah? Behold him weeping over the Holy City. 'O Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, and ye would not!' He is so pleading with some of you today. To go back no farther than the past year, has there been no sermon, no invitation or warning, no supplication or exhortation, that has appealed to your intelligence, or moved your emotions, pleading with you to accept Christ? Have you lost no friend or neighbor by death during that period? Have you had no escape from bodily peril or no illness to remind you of the uncertainty of life? Can you conscientiously say that in all these respects God has left you alone?"

It may be you are waiting to bear fruit. You are, by the grace of God, already saved, let us suppose. But for what purpose were you saved? Since God loves you with a "love that passeth knowledge," and since "to depart and be with Christ were far better" than to remain here—why did he not call you to himself at your conversion? Why are you here instead of enjoying your Redeemer's presence? There must be some reason. "Ye have not chosen me," said Christ, "but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain." May it be to give you another opportunity to glorify his father by bearing fruit, that you are still here?

It may be you are waiting to be perfected. I ought to explain this, because there is a sense in which every true Christian is perfected the moment he accepts Christ as his Savior. He is perfected in that he is both justified and sanctified; his sin is put away, and by the Holy Spirit he himself is set apart for God forever. The New Testament is very clear on this; notice Paul's words in his epistle to the Colossians, for example.

What, then, do we mean by saying we may be waiting to be perfected? Do we mean the attainment of a state of sinlessness this side of heaven? No; for if a Christian lived to be as old as Methuselah, would he not still require to pray, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us?" We only mean that perfectness, in the sense of a ripeness for the sheaf, which comes in the lives of some as if a crown of glory had been vouchsafed to them even before they passed into the unseen.

And so may it be with some of you. Though now your pruning, your digging, and perhaps your growing days are over, yet the quiet but potent rays of divine grace are accomplishing a maturity in your experience, so that your Christian life never will have been so attractive as in the hour that you depart hence. "We all do fade as a leaf, but the fall of you, ye glory-crowned ones, is to be illumined by the grandeur of an autumnal sunset.

God bless you, aged brethren! God bless you, young and old, rich and poor, saint and sinner! May you have a "Happy New Year" in the highest and truest sense. "Happy is the people whose God is the Lord." Accept him, serve him, wait for him. It is only as we stand in such relationship to him that, after employing the psalmist's question, "And now, Lord, what wait I for?" we can confidently apply the consolation in his words that follow, "My hope is in thee."

## PERSONAL STOCK-TAKING

Dawn of New Year a Good Time to Bolster Up Weak Spots

NOW'S the time for a personal stock taking. The habit is in the air around Christmas. The kiddie lives a miserable life from the first of December trying to do his best so that old Santa will be good to him. The average man starts in around Christmas to think about the New Year resolutions he is going to make. All his friends, wise and otherwise proffer advice gratis until the poor chap isn't sure whether the New Year is coming or going and he himself is hopelessly lost. If he's wise he will go off by himself to a quiet corner and turn over the events of the past year and strike a balance on the results. The chances are that he will feel as chipper as a squirrel in May when the job is finished. There will be many instances where the "might have been" will condemn what was.

Life has many lessons that are hard to learn.

One is that you can't put your ability in cold storage until needed for some great scoop. Your present job may be no compliment to your ability, but you dare not slight it for that reason. To keep yourself fit you must constantly employ your talents to the limit. As soon as you begin to go easy on them you start to decline. Unused potentialities deteriorate. Labor saving devices and man-made expedients won't work out with the Divine masterpiece. God never intended ability to be held in reserve for spectacular purposes. The wise man takes stock daily to see whether or not he is measuring up to his privileges. This is the season to begin the practice of it.

Man's measure is best taken when he toils for the good of others.

Much that he does in this line is not appreciated. The knowledge of this kills some folks at the start. Most men do their best when the thing they advocate is popular. A few indomitable souls are fired to the heroic point by opposition. It takes the big souled man to struggle on when he sees few results and gets little thanks. He works for the sake of the thing to be done, and that is the evidence of the master-workman. It takes the stalwart to keep on the job in cloud and sunshine with his best always as the goal. If you are willing to take stock and profit by the results shown, you may be in that class soon.

The fellow that is honest in his stock taking will find many loose connections in his past efforts.

He has failed to keep the pace because his ideals and ability did not mix properly; or he has been short on one or both of these essentials. There are many sincere souls that are failures because they have gone at high speed with a bolt loose somewhere. No wonder they wrack themselves to death. The stock taking will help them to see where their personal mechanism needs repairs. Weakness in any one part hinders the best work of the whole. For the sake of a temporary gain you dare not endanger your future usefulness. The past has been of your making. If it does not please you find what has been the matter and make sure of a better record for 1919. It's unfair to blame your competitors for lack of success. If you had been able to deliver the goods you would doubtless have had your share of the trade. They have won because you have failed somewhere. Most failures begin with the mental apparatus. Look well to yours for the New Year. There is no time for adjustments after the race starts.

When the head is supplied with right thinking the body is apt to be best fitted for its tasks.

To be sure the care of the body influences the thinking, but even that needs right thinking to help it. If your head is off you can't give your body a square deal. You can't booze all night and have a clear head the next day. You can't dance until day-break and have elasticity and sprightliness of body when the rush is on the next afternoon. You can't fill your stomach with cheap candies, creams and chemically preserved fruits and be happy and obliging to a trying customer in busy times. You must have the whole human mechanism working in harmony if you are going to get the most out of the coming year. That's why your old uncle is asking for a mental and physical examination. He's concerned for your welfare and wants you to make good. Think right, and you will generally be right.

If you haven't measured up to expectations during 1918 you must find the reason.

The truth will doubtless jar your self-opinion a little, and you would hate to see the analysis in the newspaper. But the results will be just as public if you fail and men who read between the lines know the facts. So if you're concerned about the future you will respect the verdict and honestly set out to avoid the foolish things done in 1918. You will make your corrections at once. If you continue in error you will damage your working ability, not to speak of your reputation and character. It isn't business to toy with things costly. You can better afford to down a foolish self-pride than be downed by tasks too big for you. If you make the corrections to your life at once even the balance of this year will profit by the stock taking and you will start the year with a little practice.

The best assurance of success is found in taking stock of the means of attaining it.

Many worthy projects are blated by over-zeal. Faith does wonders, but it's a healthy process to mix considerable good judgment with it. Promises to pay are of no value without the ability to redeem them. You must count the cost before beginning the new enterprise. Scan your personal fitness before undertaking new ventures. If you stand the test you are bound to win. You have no reason to expect that simply because you attempt something beyond you some mysterious power is going to pull you through. The New Year will be full of challenges and for that reason I want you to take stock and be ready for the testing when it comes.

There's nothing like knowing what you dare expect of yourself.

It's just as foolish to attempt jobs too big for you as it is to be afraid of what you can do easily. There are some organizations that put on campaigns these days to help people find themselves. If you want the same results without the publicity go after your own case and don't be too easy with the subject. The coming year will be full of great opportunities and you won't know what to do when they come unless you take stock in advance. To be sure some lucky turn of fortune's wheel may put you in a high place, but you are far more likely to stay at the top if you rise by merit.

You owe yourself and your friends your best record for the coming year.

It should be a matter of satisfaction to know that you have the ability to do big things. It's equally important to know your weakness if you should be confronted with big things. In any case failure does not add to your credit. Many of life's failures could be avoided if men would only take stock. This is business, and you should not shirk it if you want to succeed. Rise to power and criticism go together. You will escape most of the latter if you take time to find yourself and fit yourself for being your best. Take stock before others take it for you and corrections are too late.

WALTER G. BROWN

Representing the

"PENNSYLVANIA"

Fire Insurance Co.

of Philadelphia

Notary Public

Blank Deeds, Mortgages, Etc.

DR. F. R. BOWERSOX

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON

PHONE NOS.

OFFICE 3383

HOUSE 1582

L. C. PRICE, M. D.

Office and residence

Kurre Apartments

Phone 1903

Swope & Swope, Lawyers,  
I. O. O. F. Bldg.  
Independence

Monmouth Grange 476

Meets the Second Saturday in Each Month at 10:30 A. M.

Public Program at 2:30 p. m. to which visitors are welcome.

F. O. POWELL, Master.  
MISS MAGGIE BUTLER, Sec.

DON'T FORGET

That A. M. Arant writes Insurance: Fire, Automobile and Surety Bonds.

## PATENTS

obtained through the old established "D. SWIFT & CO." are being quickly bought by Manufacturers.

Send a model or sketches and description of your invention for FREE SEARCH and report on patentability. We get patents or no fee. Write for our free book of 30 needed inventions.

D. SWIFT & CO.

Patent Lawyers, Estab. 1889.

307 Seventh St., Washington, D. C.

Don't let a smooth tongued stranger persuade you that there is any kind of printing the Herald Print Shop can not do.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY

In Odd Fellows Hall

Services, 11.00 a. m.

Sunday School, 10.00 a. m.

Wednesday evening meeting, 8.00 p. m.

EVANGELICAL CHURCH

PETER CONKLIN, PASTOR

Sunday School, 10.00 a. m.

Preaching Service, 11.00 a. m.

Y. P. A. Meeting, 6.15 p. m.

Prayer Meeting Wednesday, 7.30 p. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH

E. B. PACE, Pastor

Sunday School, 10.00 a. m.

Preaching Service, 11.00 a. m.

C. U. E. Meeting, 6.30 p. m.

Prayer Meeting Wednesday, 7.30 p. m.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH

Sunday School, 10.00 a. m.

Preaching Service, 11.00 a. m.

Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting, 6.30 p. m.

Prayer Meeting Wednesday, 7.30 p. m.



YOUR COMPLEXION is muddy. You look haggard and yellow. Your eyes are losing their lustre. The trouble is with your liver. Take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They will correct that. Then avoid meats, hot bread and hot cakes, take frequent baths and a long walk every day, and you will soon be as well and as beautiful as ever. Price 25 cents per bottle.

Chamberlain's Tablets

DOUBLE  
Your Dollars



by saving them. The actual buying power of the dollar is just about 50 cents today. If normal conditions return after the war—100 cents "exchange" should be the standard once more. By saving, then, you can see what the profit in WORTH of your money would be.

The First National Bank is a helpful place to bring your problems—as well as a safe place to bring your deposits.

Ira C. Powell, President; J. B. V. Butler, Vice President;  
E. L. Kilen, Cashier; Emma Parker, Ass't Cashier

FIRST NATIONAL BANK  
Monmouth Oregon

## "SHUBERT" WANTS ALL THE SKUNK YOU CAN SHIP

	N#1 EXTRA LARGE EXTRA TO AVERAGE	N#1 LARGE EXTRA TO AVERAGE	N#1 MEDIUM EXTRA TO AVERAGE	N#1 SMALL EXTRA TO AVERAGE	GOOD UNPRIME AS TO SIZE & QUALITY	POOR UNPRIME AS TO SIZE & QUALITY	THESE EXTREMELY HIGH PRICES QUOTED FOR IMMEDIATE SHIPMENT
BLACK SKUNK	12.00 to 18.00	8.00 to 12.00	7.50 to 11.00	6.50 to 9.00	5.00 to 7.50	2.00 to 4.25	
SHORT NARROW BROAD	8.50 to 15.00	7.00 to 10.00	6.75 to 9.25	5.00 to 7.50	4.00 to 6.00	1.50 to 3.75	
Liberal Assortment	7.00 to 10.00	6.50 to 9.25	4.50 to 7.00	3.75 to 5.25	3.00 to 4.50	1.00 to 2.50	
COYOTE HEAVY FURRED, CASED OPEN AND HEADLESS	28.00 to 33.00	20.00 to 28.00	18.00 to 24.00	12.00 to 18.00	8.00 to 12.00	3.00 to 5.00	FLAT, HAIRY AND DAMAGED AT HIGHEST MARKET VALUE
MUSKRAT WINTER	2.75 to 2.25	2.10 to 1.85	1.70 to 1.50	1.30 to 1.10	1.25 to .90	.50 to .40	SHOT DAMAGED AND KITTES AT HIGHEST MARKET VALUE
FALL	2.25 to 1.90	1.80 to 1.50	1.50 to 1.20	1.00 to .80	.85 to .60	.35 to .25	

CATCH 'EM - SKIN 'EM - SHIP 'EM

We Want All the Oregon Furs You Can Ship

SKUNK, COYOTE, MUSKRAT and all other Fur-bearers collected in your section in strong demand. A shipment to "SHUBERT" will bring you "more money" - "quicker."

GET A SHIPMENT OFF - TODAY. You'll be mighty glad you did.

SHIP YOUR FURS DIRECT TO  
**A. B. SHUBERT, INC.**  
THE LARGEST HOUSE IN THE WORLD DEALING EXCLUSIVELY IN -  
**AMERICAN RAW FURS**  
25-27 W. Austin Ave. Dept. 1653 Chicago, U.S.A.