

The Herald

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Monmouth Meditations

In the presence of death we forget the petty imperfections which it appears are inevitably linked with human frailty and remember only those rock ribbed virtues on which the character of the deceased rested. A relieving feature of the gloom into which the death of Theodore Roosevelt plunged the thousands of admirers of the living man, is the tribute paid to his heroic qualities by people who differed radically in matters of public policy from him during his career.

Influenza restrictions are burdensome and onerous but not nearly as distressing as an epidemic of influenza would be.

The numerous sales of real estate in this vicinity lately indicate that prospective buyers have money and also they believe local farm land is a good thing to invest in.

It is reported that the young prince of the British royal family may seek a wife in this country. There is surely quite an assortment to pick from. If our president and ex-president fail to have eligible daughters there surely is available timber among the families of the dignitaries and public servants in Washington, although it is likely that the Rockefellers and Morgans will prove more attractive.

While we may not have as dry a season for some time to come as the one we have had recently, still the question of an emergency water supply is one that will loom larger with each year passed. It is quite likely that we will have to go to the mountains for a gravity system in order to do a thorough job.

With the simplicity of American officialdom for comparison, Britain

may conclude to dispense with some of the gold braid and ceremony of its official existence, which leads a sarcastic fellow editor to remark that in this event we still have the potentates of our fraternal societies with us.

The truck to Portland on a regular schedule may prove premature as yet but it is the forerunner of a new era in the development of the country. The time of the short-haul on railroads is past and the motor truck is about to demonstrate its usefulness. With its adaptability to handle a traffic not convenient to a railed roadbed, it adds a personal service that the railroad could never do and it will develop the rural district in varied and startling ways.

While perhaps the theory is overdone that crime is a disease, and will yield to the right sort of treatment, it is a fact that can not be got around. In the same way it is a fact that anarchistic and I. W. W. outbreaks are usually due to a social condition which breeds that sort of thing. Sometimes this comes to us from conditions in Europe, and it is to be regretted that some of it is caused by conditions at home.

Occasionally we hear the farmer wail for that free land which our fathers used to have. He wants to go somewhere and take up a homestead that is worth the taking. It is a truth, however, that free land is a detriment to the prosperity of the farmer and now that competition from this sort of thing is growing more remote, the farmer is coming into his own. Farmers are also inclined to look with disapproval on the manner in which people flock to the centers of population, but it is this sort of thing that makes a market for agricultural products. The more people there are in the cities and towns the better the market for the products which the farmer has to sell. The best thing that could happen to the farmers of the northwest is a manufacturing boom that would attract people to the centers of population, and make them prosperous, for there is no market like a home market.

The Oregon Voter finds that out of thirty members of the state senate fifteen of them are lawyers, ten are farmers, two bankers, two physicians and one printer. Out of the sixty representatives, fifteen are lawyers, fifteen are farmers, four are bankers, three physicians, one dentist, two druggists, two printers, one shoe merchant, one salmon packer, one electrical work-

or, two contractors, one wooden box manufacturer, one insurance man, one abstractor, two steamboat line owners. Ten are or have been newspaper men, five were formerly school teachers. Thirty seven of the lot were born or brought up on farms.

In the stress of war our lack of preparedness in organizing the war which lead to many deaths in the various concentration camps throughout the country for lack of care, did not command a great deal of attention. It was war and the attention of the public was concentrated on winning. But the same conditions now find the people in a different mood. It will be hard work to excuse conditions which cause needless hardships and loss of life.

The rime on the branches of trees, on the weeds and grass, on wires and roofs gave an illustration of the handiwork of nature in making unkempt things beautiful. There is material for a sermon in this rime but we will let the regularly ordained ministers preach it.

There are certain days in every one's life that as Lowell says are like rocks that jut through oblivion's sea and that are remembered when lesser things are forgotten. Such a day to the mediator was one that occurred in the latter part of July in 1912. It was in Chicago. The long corridors of the "Annex" hotel were thronged with people, mostly men, although there were occasional women to be met. A constant stream of people went in and out of the various rooms that were headquarters of the representatives of the different states, with the mixture of business and social intercourse which precedes a political convention. Certain committees were in session, a platform was being drafted, argumentative gentlemen with planks which they wanted included in the platform were pulling wires and fingering the buttonholes of influence. Preliminary caucuses of would-be bosses with scheme doped out to get into the van of the successful. Some inveterate yarn spinner perhaps, would be seeking to inveigle someone into listening to his latest, but was finding it hard work. For serious faces were the rule and there was every indication that the participants were exceedingly in earnest. The scene shifts to the Coliseum. There has been the inevitable parade with all the hurrah of banners and badges and rival brass bands. Minutes seem hours as the throngs of people crowd into the amphitheater and find seats. We wander around on the floor and find

a point of vantage on a convenient balcony. The monotonous details of organization are taken up. Finally in the course of events a determined looking gentleman was allowed the floor and was awarded an ovation that rocked the building. Sturdy in build with iron gray hair and bristling mustache, wearing glasses, he read his address from manuscript. "Oh, he has an atrocious voice for oratory" our neighbor says and chuckles over it as though it were a recommendation. The speaker was Theodore Roosevelt, the speech his more or less famous "Confession of Faith" in which he referred to the occasion as Armageddon; an occasion, however, known to the facetious as the "Bull Moose convention." Mr. Roosevelt died during the past week and of him Vice President Marshall said "I have ascertained since coming to Washington that he had more personal friends than any public man who was ever in this city."

The Rag Doll

Many progressive farmers are now sorting over their seed corn and testing its germination strength by means of the little rag doll, which tells the story of each ear in a way highly satisfactory to the owner. How the doll is made and used is thus told by B. F. Sheehan, instructor in farm crops at O. A. C.: The doll is made of a strip of muslin 12 inches wide and four or five feet long. One side is marked into squares by cross lines every 2 1/2 inches, and each square numbered. Ears of corn are given corresponding numbers and from each ear six kernels are taken and placed germ side up in the proper square. The cloth is then rolled up, tied loosely, and placed in a bucket of luke warm water for several hours.

The doll is taken out to drain, but is always kept moist and at moderate temperature. In five to seven days it is unrolled and the germination read for each square. The numbers are checked up with the number of the ears, and a record kept of each ear tested. Only the ears that show good growing power are retained for seed.

These farmers make their tests of corn in the winter. They send their small seed to the free seed-testing laboratory of the agricultural college at Corvallis.

Hello, Maiden of the Depot,
You, to whom I give my mail,
Here is a crazy bit of jingle
From a dough-boy soon to sail.
You, dear Maiden of the Depot,
Your glad hand and happy smile
Greets us at most every station
As we pass them mile by mile.
Bid us "God Speed" on our journey
From the forts on Columbia's stream
'Til we reach that other "Some-where"

There in France, of you we'll dream.
Feel again your happy handshake
While the gas clouds choke and swirl,
'Tis for you that we'll be fighting—
Or some other dearer girl.
Now I've spoiled this little jingle,
So you'll think until you know,
Far out in the farthest west-land
SHE cried when I had to go.
By Cannon-Fodder Clark,
From Oregon, 27th., Artillery,
O. A. C.

The above was written upon a paper plate thrown from a passing troop train at Huntington, West Virginia. Inside the plate was a drawing entitled "Pictures in the Sky" portraying the American flag under which is a Red Cross Nurse holding a lighted torch.

In order that this little jingle may be appreciated it must be understood that the Red Cross maintains a canteen at the Chesapeake & Ohio depot in Huntington from which all soldiers and sailors passing through, are served with lunches, and which looks after their mail. About a dozen ladies attend all trains. This jingle was written on a paper plate from which the soldier had eaten his lunch and evidently must have been a spontaneous effort and written in about five minutes.

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satisfaction without extra cost, I'll buy your plug for a month." Hanged if Ed didn't walk in next day, grab off a plug of Gravelly and throw down his money just like a little man!

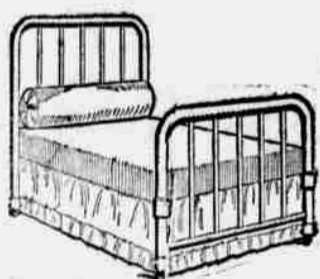
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