

The Herald

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Monmouth Meditations

The garden sass that went into the cans last summer is coming out again these days.

Since last summer we conserved daylight by getting up an hour early, during these winter storms we might conserve the shadows by getting up every other day.

Calendars have been circulated this week bearing the compliments of the business men of Monmouth. As befitting the times the picture on the calendar is patriotic and at the same time is beautifully attractive.

No matter how severe the terms which the peace convention imposes on them, we have an uneasy suspicion that the Germans will come out with the best of it. It is impossible for mere money to make good the damage and misery caused by the insane Kaiser and his war lords.

The Honorable Milton A. Miller must be a modest retiring gentleman. He is sending material to the rural press at present explanatory to the various internal tax features which he expects printed in all its verbosity and at the same time he suggests that the newspapers put him on their exchange lists that he may keep track of their work.

Biennially, the legislature visits the penitentiary and with a complete realization of conditions there arranges the machinery for a new building. Also biennially the people who never visit the penitentiary but who have the important part of the plan of footing the bills, turn the project down.

They are passing out health thermometers along with the fountain

pens and stationery in the legislature this session and they are frequently used. When a legislator finds his temperature above normal he goes to bed. Aside from their courage in handling the flu the solons bid fair to make notable progress in a positive way, especially in the matter of consolidation and highway plans. There is a prospect that the present session may make a name for itself in the line of efficiency.

The devil is to pay at Devil's Lake, N. D. or so we infer from a circular sent out by the "Journal" published in that town of infernal cognomen. The zone postal law is the subject of the circular and apparently the Journal man is considerably fussed up into a fume, anticipating that the same will be repealed. No, we did not have patience to wade through the whole of his diatribe but even a casual inspection was enough to reveal the cant terms of that peculiar group who insist that the world is in the grip of financial and moral hobgoblins. Selfishness bristles in every line of this Devil's Lake man's fulmination and he insists that the country press unite to use its influence to have this law retained to enable them to cope with magazines and city dailies. There is too much of this sort of thing rampant just now. On every side we hear the appeal for all classes from pedagogues, preachers and farmers to blacksmiths and bricklayers to combine for the purpose of a hold up on the rest of society. Personally we think the zone law is a bad thing because it tends to promote sectionalism and make people more narrow. We like the idea that the people of Bangor, Maine or Jacksonville, Florida are neighbors of ours and we can visit them by mail with as little ceremony or restrictions as we can people in Marion county. It is true as the Devil's Lake demagogue says that it costs more to send the bible by mail than it does a magazine. This is the sort of argument that makes you feel that the country is understocked with insane asylums. The bible is in fairly common circulation now. But it is through the magazines of the country that current literature, social, religious, political and scientific reaches out its mental food to the people. We should dislike to see barriers erected that would tend to sectionalize the means by which the whole country keeps track of the progress of the race.

A great many reports are coming from the peace conference regarding the results; some of them pessimistic and some of them optimistic. On the whole we have confidence that a fairly workable solution will come out of it. Both Britain and the United States are liberal enough to overcome the grasping of the smaller powers.

The sentiment for a Polk county agent appears to die hard. Since the legislature takes its temperature each morning why can not the school do the same thing. A patent medicine advertising man passing between the two towns was authority for the information published in the Herald recently that the two papers in Independence had consolidated. The statement however, appears incorrect, for last week the Post appeared to announce that it was still alive and kicking and planned in the near future to get a complete outfit of its own and spread out a bit. It is understood that the old Monitor outfit, at present held by the Farmers' Bank, is to be acquired.

The following literary spasm was handed in for publication and the only reason we comply is that through the misery of company some victim who has reached the attitude where he feels like slaughtering something—especially the King's English—may feel relieved that some other less conscientious person has done the job for him.

When your back is broken and your eye is blurred,
And your shin bones knock and your tongue is furred,
And your tonsils squeak and your hair gets dry,
And you're dog gone sure you're going to die,
But you're seared you won't and afraid you will,
Just drag into your bed and have your chill,
And pray the Lord to see you thru,
For you've got the Flu,
Boy, you've got the Flu.

When your toes turn up and your belt goes flat,
And you're twice as mean as a Thomas cat,
And life is a long and dismal curse,
And your food all tastes like boiled hearse,
And your lattice aches and your head's a buzz,
And nothing is as it was,
Here are my sad regrets to you,
You've got the Flu, Boy,
You've got the Flu.

What is it like, this Spanish Flu
Ask me, brother, for I've been thru,
It is by misery out of despair,
It pulls your teeth and curls your hair,
It thins your blood and brays your

bones,
And fills your craw with moans and groans,
And maybe some time, you'll get well.
Some call it Flu, but I call it Hell.

A statistical fiend has figured out that during the coming summer the government, instead of devising methods of saving wheat will be sitting up nights scheming new means of getting rid of it. The s. f. figures that next year we will have 600,000,000 bushels of wheat in excess of any possible use we can put the wheat to. Also the elevator capacity of the country will hold only half that amount and the problem is: how can this surplus be taken care of? It is pointed out that we can not expect to sell wheat to Europe for \$2.26 per bushel when Europe can buy wheat for \$1 per bushel somewhere else. Also it will be most difficult for our millers to grind flour for home consumption at \$12 per barrel and at the same time grind wheat for export at \$6 per barrel, which will be the case if the government holds up the guaranteed price of wheat. He also points out the difficulty that will attend an attempt of the government to absorb the loss, buying the wheat at the guaranteed price and selling it at the market price, a scheme which will cost the country about a billion dollars. For the market price varies according to different grades of wheat in different localities and fluctuates with the seasons to say nothing of the temptation of the farmer to sell his grain for little or nothing knowing that the government will make good the difference to him. The wheat problem for the coming year is one that will puzzle a great many experts before it is settled.

Rural Teacher's Repastee Enjoyed
A bit of humor that was appreciated by all at the State Teachers' Convention at Portland, was injected in the dry proceedings following a report on "retardation", by Assistant City Superintendent Rice of Portland, which stated that between 50 and 60 per cent of the total number of retarded pupils in city schools were made up of children who had come from rural schools.

"I should like to ask," said a school ma'am whose toes had evidently been stepped on, "has there ever been a census taken as to retardation of city pupils who have come into rural schools?"
When the laugh had subsided she continued:
"I think, if the truth were known parents who take their growing children to the city to be raised are the type who have feeble-minded children anyway."

C. I. Barclay of Benton county stopped at the Beaver hotel in Independence while on a stock buying tour and was there taken with influenza and died.
Reuben Troxel of Independence died within the past week of influenza. He was 37 years of age. His body was taken to Brownsville for burial.
Hulda J. Bennett died in Independence recently of old age.
A. N. Halleck buys junk of all kinds and pays highest cash prices. 26tf

ALL WRONG
The Mistake is Made by Many Monmouth Citizens
Look for the cause of backache. To be cured you must know the cause. If it's weak kidneys You must set the kidneys working right. A resident of this vicinity shows you how.
Mrs. Sarah S. Ross, Sixth & Chicago Sts., Albany Ore., says: "I suffered everything from inflammation of the bladder. My kidneys acted irregularly. My back ached so badly, I couldn't stand very long at a time. I finally was relieved almost from the first. Two boxes practically cured me of inflammation of the bladder, gave me a strong back and restored me to good health." Price 60 cents at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Ross had. Foster-Millburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

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and they were trying to josh the Tobacco Man

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