

COLUMBIA COUNTY, OREGON

LOCATION:
In the Northwestern part of Oregon, on the Columbia River, with about 70 miles of river front.

AREA:
About 700 square miles. 422,592 acres.

TILLABLE LAND:
15,726 acres. This is land that is actually in cultivation and cleared, exclusive of town lots.

NON-TILLABLE LAND:
406,766 acres, which includes all timber where there is more than 100,000 feet on a quarter section, also all logged off land which is not suitable for and in no condition for cultivation.

PERIMETER:
About seven and one half to eight billion feet.

ASSESSED VALUE OF TIMBER: \$11,467,180.

ASSESSED VALUE OF TILLABLE LAND: \$911,355.

TOTAL ASSESSED VALUATION OF ALL PROPERTY:
\$18,000,000.

MILES OF COUNTY ROADS:
509 miles, some of which is in first class condition, some in fair condition and some in very poor condition.

MILES OF RAILROADS:
About 125 miles which includes the main line of the S. P. & S. and the various logging roads.

POPULATION:
Census of 1910 gives 16,580 but a careful estimate this year gives it at least 15,000.

CLIMATE:
Temperate. During the summer the thermometer rarely reaches 100 in the shade and in the coldest weather of winter zero weather is almost unknown. During the winter months there is considerable rain, but not too much. Just enough to insure crops. Crop failures are unknown.

PRODUCTS:
Fruits of all kinds, especially apples, pears, plums and berries; Grain and grasses; garden truck of all kinds and dairying.

SHIPPING:
Ships from all parts of the world carry Columbia County products down the Columbia River and to the markets of the world. A through line of Railroads traverse the county from the North to the South. River boats carry local products to local markets at low rates.

LAND:
Thousands of acres of first class land can be purchased at reasonable prices upon which are stumps left from the timber operations. This land is especially suited for farming, fruit raising and dairying.



ST. HELENS

A city on the Columbia River, 28 miles from Portland, with a population of 2500 people. The County Seat of Columbia County. A Four year Standard High School. Methodist, Congregational, Episcopal and Catholic Churches. All the leading fraternal orders. Gravity water system owned by the city sufficient to supply a city of 10,000 people. Electric lights, graded and macadamized streets, sewers. Principal industries are lumbering, shipbuilding, creosoting, stone quarrying, fishing and shipping. Two large saw mills with a capacity of 250,000 feet per day; more than 5 million feet of lumber shipped each month; several large ocean going vessels built each year; timber treated with creosote and shipped all along the coast. Two big stone quarries and rock crushing plants in continuous operation. An average of 300 tons of Columbia River Salmon caught and marketed. A farming country back of it that cannot be excelled in the world. Several new business blocks now under construction. Five miles of sewer being built. **A PAY ROLL OF NEARLY \$100,000 PER MONTH.** Many beautiful and attractive homes.

INDUSTRIES:
Lumbering and timber is the principal industry; there being about twenty-five saw mills. Salmon fishing in the Columbia River is also an important industry. Farming and fruit raising; Stone quarrying; Ship building and all kinds of lumber manufacturing plants.

OPPORTUNITIES:
There are fine opportunities for the small farmer, dairyman, fruit grower and truck gardener. Also a number of choice deep water sites for manufacturing plants.

THE DELTA GARDENS:
12,000 acres of low lands along the Columbia River which have recently been dyked and are now in high state of cultivation especially adapted to growing of vegetables and small fruits.

SCHOOLS:
Four standard High Schools; Grade schools in each locality.

CHURCHES:
Nearly all denominations represented.

THE COUNTY OFFICERS:
Circuit Judges, J. U. Campbell and J. A. Eakin
District Attorney, W. B. Dillard
County Judge, W. A. Harris
County Clerk, H. E. LaBare
Sheriff, A. E. Thompson
Assessor, C. W. Blakesley
School Superintendent, J. B. Wilkerson
Treasurer, R. S. Hattan
Coroner, F. H. Sherwood
Surveyor, Geo. Conyers
Commissioners, John Farr, Louis Fluhrer.

CITIES, TOWN, AND POST OFFICES:

St. Helens	Rainier
Clatskanie	Houlton
Scappoose	Warren
Deer Island	Goble
Yankton	Vernonia
Mist	Quincy
Mayger	Marshland
Columbia City	Reuben
Apiary	Hudson
Prescott	Trenholm
Inglis	

Patronize the Mist Advertisers

Your Wages

Are you getting more pay than you did last year? Are you reasonably sure of getting still more next year? If not, this is your time—NOW—to mail the coupon below and let the International Correspondence Schools explain how they can qualify you to enter a more important line of work—in your present occupation—or in a different one where you can command a higher salary at the start, with no limit to your earning power.

In making this offer, all your circumstances have been taken into consideration, and it only remains for you to fill out and mail the coupon. How you can succeed with the aid of I. C. S. training by mail, as thousands like you have succeeded, will be fully explained at no cost whatever to you.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for a larger salary in the position before which I have marked X

Bookkeeper	Business Professor
stenographer	Telephone Engineer
Advertisement Writer	Electric Lighting Supt.
Window Trimmer	Marine Engineer
Commercial Law	Surveyor
Illustrator	Stationary Engineer
Civil Service	Civil Engineer
Chemist	Building Contractor
Textile Mill Supt.	Architect
Electrician	Structural Engineer
Elect. Engineer	Bridge Engineer
	Mining Engineer

Name _____
Street and No. _____
City _____ State _____

FULL INFORMATION BY ADDRESSING
H. V. REED, Manager
McKay Building PORTLAND, OREGON

NOTICE

In the matter of the Application of F. Keever and P. R. Hanson for a license to sell spirituous, malt and vinous liquors.

To whom it may concern:
Take notice that we, the undersigned, have filed our application with the city council, of the city of St. Helens, Oregon, on the 12th day of January, 1914, for a license to sell spirituous, malt and vinous liquors in the so-called Depot Saloon, situated in section 4, township 4, north range 1 west, of said city, formerly town of Houlton; said license to be for a term of six months from the 27th day of January, 1914, and said application will be heard, granted or refused, by the city council on Monday, the 26th day of January, 1914, at 7:30 o'clock in the evening of said day, at the city hall in said city, to which application remonstrances may be filed with the Recorder of said city under and pursuant to Ordinance No. 160 of said city of St. Helens, Oregon, under which said ordinance this application is made.

Dated at St. Helens, Oregon, this 12th day of January, 1914.

F. Keever and P. R. Hanson, applicants.

"Good Morning!"

When we are at our best a flood of life pours itself out in the simple old words "Good morning!"—a flood of meaning which strays to express itself in a thousand ways, but has to be content with verbal symbols. Our physical and vital energies, our love, our playfulness, our stores of gratitude for the world's past gifts, all that is calling us toward the future, comes rushing out in the time mellowed greeting. The depths of us, the concentrated and imprisoned energy of our inmost life, calls across the distance to the unseen depths of our fellow.—Atlantic.

Made Him Live Up to It.

Downrod Never write letters, my boy, that you'll regret in after life. Downrod I do. In early correspondence with the lady who is now my wife I signed myself "Your obedient servant."

A King's Dog Lost.

Lord Northcliffe's reference to King Charles' cry for his lost dog as being among the earliest English newspaper advertisements reminds one, says the London Chronicle, of the tone of those pioneer announcements. Here, then, is Charles in search of a dog:
"We must call upon you again for a Black Dog, between a Greyhound and a Spaniel, no white about him, only a streak on his breast and his tail a little bobbed. It is his majesty's own dog, and doubtless was stolen, for the Dog was not born nor bred in England, and would never forsake his Master. Whosoever finds him may acquaint any at Whitehall, for the Dog was better known at Court than those who stole him. Will they never leave robbing his Majesty? Must he not keep a dog? This Dog's place is the only place which nobody offers to buy."

For Short.

Mrs. Butler had a new cook, who was a buxom negress. She came one morning, and after she had been assigned to her duties the mistress asked her name.
"Yo' may call me Florentina," was the reply.
"What is your other name?" inquired Mrs. Butler.
"Why, missus," said the colored woman, "yo' see, my odder name is Ida, but I've allus been called Florentina for 'short.'"—Philadelphia Record.

Monte's Burning Mountain.

The "burning mountain" of Monte, in Aveyron, France, is often mistaken for an active volcano because a pillar of cloud rises from it by day and a pillar of fire by night, but it is in reality a coal mine, which has been burning for several years.—London Opticon.

In a Bad Way.

"Here is a doctor who says you mustn't eat when you're worried."
"But suppose you're always worried for fear you ain't goin' to get anything to eat?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sweeping.

"That is a sweeping argument," remarked a husband whose wife used a broom to convince him that he ought to have been home several hours previously.

Be sure that the wisest persons are the least severe.—Montague.

Just Goes Out.

Juvenile—Mamma, when the fire goes out where does it go? Mother—I don't know, dear. You might just as well ask where your father goes when he goes out.

It is as hard to find a man without guilt as a fish without a backbone.—Archytus.

WAGNER AND THE CABBY.

A Bit of Comedy That Won a Good Tip From the Composer.

A story of Wagner known to very few is brought to the light by the Vossische Zeitung. When the composer was in a really merry mood, the right mood for story telling, he used to say that, being in Berlin on a very hot summer's day and finding himself in the Donhoffplatz, he summoned one of the first class droshkies that were still fairly numerous at that time and told the driver where to go. His destination was at the very farthest point of a district within which only the lowest fare could be demanded.

It struck Wagner immediately that his driver was taking a very affecting leave of one of his fellows, as though he were starting on a life or death journey. "Goodby, William," he said; "we shan't see each other again for a long time."

After the carriage had rattled on for a good while it came suddenly to a standstill. The driver got down from his box on the right hand side, opened the carriage door and benched it to again; then he went round to the left side and repeated the performance, climbed up on to his box and resumed the journey. At the end of the drive Wagner asked him what this dumb-combo show meant. The driver, with a sly look, made answer: "I just wanted to bamboozle my old nag. He would never have believed that the whole drive was for a minimum fare and would have refused to go on. But by banging the doors I got him to imagine that one fare had got out and another got in."

Wagner laughed heartily over this explanation, and the driver, in spite of his greed, over which the composer made very merry in his letters, realized the handsome tip on which he had been speculating.—London Standard.

Ouch!

One of those dear lady friends of ours who take a particular interest in other people's affairs got on a car and sat down beside a quiet looking man whose face was badly pitted.

"Why, you poor man!" she exclaimed. "How you must have suffered! How long ago did you have the smallpox?"

"Madam," was the seriously spoken reply, "what evidently drew your attention are not pits of smallpox. I had these put on by a beauty specialist to keep my face from skidding when I eat watermelon."—Chicago Tribune.

Expensive.

An ambitious young writer having asked, "What magazine will give me the highest position quickest?" was told, "A powder magazine, if you contribute a fiery article."

HOW MERCHANTS FOUGHT TOWN'S CALAMITY TALK

Psychology Counts Much When Pessimism Reigns in Community.

"It's the psychology of the thing that counts," said a traveling man recently. "You know how a slump will hit a town once in awhile for no apparent reason at all? That's just the way it was down in Missouri—a good little town, 25,000 or more. Everything had been lovely there, and some fool started a calamity howl when business began to drop off a little in the dull season. The suggestion worked. People forgot it was a dull season and began asking every one else what was the trouble with the town."

"One day one of the town's big merchants sat down and figured it out. He traced the rumors back to find their real foundation and discovered the reason to be nothing at all. He found that at the time the talk started the town was doing a better business than it ever had done in the dull season. And then he saw the psychology of the calamity talk. Once seeing it he determined to fight fire with fire."

"The next day he called the merchants of his block into his office and told them what he had discovered. For awhile there was trouble in making them see things his way, but at last he succeeded. Then he outlined his plan, and they agreed to do as he said."

"The result was that within a few days in the display windows of every merchant in that block were large signs announcing the fact that business was good and getting better every minute, that there was nothing to be discouraged about—in fact, everything was lovely. Following this, every merchant advertised in the evening paper with a catch line something like this:

"We're in the Prosperity Block and Doing a Good Business."

"Soon the other merchants saw the optimism of the merchants in this 'prosperity' block was attracting trade. And so they joined the procession. They put placards in their windows boasting of their good business and the faith that it was going to be better right along. Soon the whole town was doing it. With prosperity dinned at them right along the citizens caught the spirit, and now—well, now the town is one of the most booming little places in Missouri. Psychology did it."

A Game of Chance.

"I suppose," said the stranger within the gates, "the lid is on all games of chance in this town."
"Don't you believe it, stranger," rejoined the native. "The marriage license office is still wide open."—Exchange.