

St. Helens Mist

FOUNDED 1881.

Issued Every Friday by
THE MIST PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Ernest G. Coan Editor and Manager
John B. Coan Assistant Editor

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COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

GOOD-BYE AGAIN.

The Mist appears this week under new editorial and business management, the undersigned having relinquished the editorial toga into what he believes to be more competent hands. It is with no small degree of regret that this action was taken, and while our efforts, even for so brief a time, brought us a pleasurable and remunerative reward, we were forced to the realizing sense that there are things in this life more precious than dollars. Without health one can enjoy neither life's pleasures or wealth. For this reason we yield and will seek an occupation that will afford greater outdoor freedom.

Mr. Ernest G. Coan, who has succeeded me in this work, is a young man who comes splendidly recommended as a newspaper man, and we have full confidence that he will make of The Mist a much better disseminator of local occurrences and a more influential paper editorially than it has been of late. He has with him his brother, Mr. John B. Coan, also an experienced newspaper man. They are practical in all the details of printing and newspaper work, and this field is fortunate that such capable men should come into it.

The position which Columbia county occupies in the commercial world is one to demand the highest type of newspaper exploitation. The stores of undeveloped wealth which nature has so lavishly provided here are certain to yield splendid financial returns to those who devote their energies to its development. There is a vast vineyard calling for toilers, foremost among them being the voice to bespeak the merits of all the resources. This must be done largely through a loyal and enthusiastic press.

To successfully do this work the co-operation and support of the public is an essential which must be had. Moral support is real good stuff, but financial support is the real article. The local newspaper does more for its community than it ever gets paid for. It is not recompensed to within one hundred per cent for the service rendered. We want you to get behind your local paper morally and financially. Talk for it, rustle for it, give it your patronage and help in every way you can. Give its editors the first whack at the local news. Don't seal your lips to what you know, then condemn the paper because it does not print the news.

During our brief time as editor of this paper we have renewed many life long acquaintanceships and made some new friends, and while we are retiring from public view we hope to be of some service to our friends and our home in whatever capacity we are able to serve them.

DAVID DAVIS.

WE'RE GLAD WE'RE HERE.

The warm glad hand of St. Helens has been so cordially extended to us from every side and we feel quite at home among our new friends.

After spending some months in leisurely studying the field, we became convinced that this is the County and St. Helens the place for us to pitch our camp. Three things we held in mind while making our observations and seeking a location in the Northwest; a live growing town, a good resourceful country and a community citizenship with whom we would like to make our home. We have located the spot, that's why we're glad we're here.

We are here to pull, and when pulling won't fetch it, we'll push. We have not come expecting to make a fortune, but simply to make our home, and contribute our efforts toward the common good. The progressive moral and material interests shall be our interests. We hope that The Mist shall continue to serve as it has under the able management of the retiring chief. We want The Mist to be in line and apace with the times and in bringing to our county and community the best and always more of it.

We realize that the people want the news and they want to know what the merchants have to sell. The merchant wants a live medium with a large circulation through which to meet the public want by advertising his line. We will endeavor to supply each of these through the columns of The Mist.

We are anxious to get acquainted with you. Come in and tell us who you are and we will tell you where we're from.

THE WAR.

The war in the East, as viewed from our distant vantage ground, seems to be making very slow progress. The end seems still to be quite distant. Just what will bring about its termination is mostly a matter of conjecture. Many well informed observers consider financial exhaustion the factor which will be most effective in bringing the hostilities to a close.

While the National Peace Conference is holding its session, and the fighting millions are wasting much material treasure in ineffective artillery duels, the diplomats of the countries involved are throwing mud at each other and continuing their arguments as to who and what caused the war, and at each finding brands the other fellow guilty.

About the best exposition that has come to our observation as to the causes which led to the war, is from the Bartlesville (Okla.) Daily Enterprise, which is as follows:

"In the first place a Serbian socialist got drunk and killed an Austrian nobleman and his escort (or maybe it was his consort). Anyway, it was some sort. Austria then got hot under the collar over the incident and said to Serbia: 'See here, now, we don't want any of that rough stuff. I want to be a father to you. Come into the woodshed.' Russia was peeking through the fence when she heard the conversation, and seeing what was going on, said to Austria: 'Don't you dare touch that child; he's my kid, and, anyhow, you'd make a fine looking daddy.' 'You've got another think comin', answered Austria. 'I don't like the color of your eyes, anyhow, and your feet don't track besides,

and I can lick you with one hand tied.' 'Bully boy,' says Wilhelm to Austria. 'If you can't lick him, I can, and by gosh I'll do it. I can lick anybody; I can lick everybody. We'll take him on together.' So Germany slips up on France when she ain't looking and lands with both feet in the middle of Belgium. 'Get off'n my belly,' says Belgium, 'or I'll bite your leg off.' 'Ouch,' says Germany, 'but I'll get off when I get ready.' 'That's not fair,' says France. 'Take that, you slob,' handing Germany a hot one on the snoot. 'I hate a scrap,' says England, 'but I can smash the jaw of the guy that slams my friend.' 'You don't hate it worse than I do,' says Japan, as she squares off for a hand in the game. 'Well, I guess you started it, anyhow,' says Wilhelm to Nich. Just then everybody begins to yell: 'You started it yourself,' and each one sticks out his tongue at the other fellow and they all clinch and the little fellows begin to dance around waiting for a chance to get in a punch and run. And there you are."

"SWAT THE FLY" CAMPAIGN.

"Swat the Fly" campaigns are now being urged. Disease and death lurks in the toes of every fly. Now is the time to swat. One dead fly means a million less this summer. The following extracts are taken from the literature of the Merchants Association of New York, which is trying to induce everyone to slay the left over:

"Flies cost the United States \$350,000,000 annually."

"The present is the time to kill flies; before the weather becomes warm and the 'holdovers' begin to propagate."

"One fly now means innumerable billions later on."

"The extermination of the winter fly is the duty of the housewife and of every one. Don't let one escape. Catch and kill them all before spring, for the winter fly is the parent of summer's destructive swarms."

"The time to destroy the fly is before it has had a chance to lay its eggs. Now is the time."

"Capture every one of the filthy little pests you can find."

"A single fly is capable of depositing 150 eggs at one time. Now is when 'swatting' is most effective."

"The progeny of a single pair of flies, assuming that they all live, if pressed together at the end of the summer, would occupy a space of over fourteen million cubic feet."

"These figures show the incalculable possibilities of a single fly and how vital it is to destroy the winter flies."

"Don't think because the flies do not annoy you now that they should not be 'swatted.'"

Let's everybody swat.

A VALUABLE BULLETIN.

One of the most serviceable departments of our national government, which is provided and maintained for the benefit of all the people, is the bureau of data and information, statistics and experiments, covering every possible field of interest and profit. Much of this literature is furnished upon free application, some is available at the low cost of printing. All is reliable, for the departments put out only that which comes from dependable and expert sources.

The Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., has announced that the following publication has been put on sale at the price named. Remittances should be made to him in currency, at owner's risk, or in postoffice money order (stamps not accepted):

Care of Milk and Its Use in the Home—Farmers' Bulletin No. 413, reprint; practical work in handling keeping and food value of milk, including directions for home pasteurization. Price, paper, 5 cents.

This is a valuable bulletin, and should be in every home.

Recent events seem to indicate that Columbia county is going to get into the commercial game stronger than ever. The vast timbered wealth of the county has constituted perhaps seventy-five per cent of the commercial activity of the county in the past, and the advent of another institution in that line of endeavor is a matter for further congratulation. The opening up of the tract of timber in the vicinity of Deer Island, owned by the American Timber Company, will give employment to a large number of people and create further demand for the products of the soil. We trust that conditions will be such that the work undertaken can proceed at once with such a degree of success that the institution will be permanent as a means of employing labor.

The Department of Agriculture prophesies the greatest wheat crop in the history of the country. They estimate the immense total of 693,000,000 bushels, which is 8,000,000 more than last year's yield. It is almost impossible to realize the enormity of this vast amount of grain, but instead of a reduction in price, on account of the war, an increase is expected. If the war is prolonged we will doubtless be able to ascertain whether America can feed the world. If the slaughter continues, it may be an easy task.

We have been strongly impressed with the spirit of optimism which pervades the people of Columbia county. Heads are up everywhere. Every man whom we have met impressed us with his enthusiasm over the present and future of St. Helens and the country in general. We haven't been able to take in all the big things here yet, but we have found the big broad spirit everywhere.

"We want no nation's property. We question no nation's honor. We stand for what every nation should wish to stand for." Thus President Wilson spoke in an address at New York. What a high principle for a nation to adhere to. There are some who can't say that and expect us to believe it.

The startling statement comes that no arrests were made in 16 hours in Portland Sunday from 4 p. m. to Monday 8:45 a. m. Announcements of the off night beforehand would no doubt have been appreciated.

The surest safeguard to any American policy is agriculture. Permanent prosperity without permanent agriculture is impossible.

All the world loves a booster, but no one likes a knocker. If you can't find a wheel to roll, get a rock to scotch.

Nothing permanent stands in the way of progress.

CURRENT COMMENT

A genius can do much for the world single handed and nature has never yet been generous enough to permit a Shakespeare or an Edison to be born twins.

Tammany is to move further up town, so there's no hope of pushing it off into the bay.

A scientist at Carnegie Institute has weighed the earth. But the time has gone by when Uncle Andy thought he wanted it.

Old Liberty Bell is becoming the most traveled bell in the world. It is doing what it can to see America first.

Wooden legs for soldiers in Europe are the natural consequence of wooden heads in diplomacy that brought on the war.

Jack Johnson, who has sailed for Spain, may be going to look into the bull-fighting business.

A clever novel is one that induces you to read it clear through with growing interest when it isn't worth it; and there are lots of them.

Dr. Hyde of Kansas City and Harry Thaw may compare notes on the interminability of the law's delays.

Col. Roosevelt is welcome back into the party if Col. Barnes will let him in.

All the statistics showing how the average human life on earth has been lengthened by science are also among the things ruined by this war.

City scenery on a postcard looks so much cleaner than it is in fact. The postcard ignores the smoke nuisance.

Dr. Farrabee finds the Garden of Eden in British Guiana. How is must have changed.

Hat stores display no black slouch hats in their windows, but politicians manage to find them somewhere; indeed, they have to.

Governments might have done what the Rockefeller foundation is doing; but, unfortunately, they didn't.

All the political parties have had enough of presidential candidates who want to begin by setting the house on fire.

A sensitive man is one who won't read the love letters printed in some of the suits tried in court; or do they give him qualms?

Instead of transient legislatures, some political menders think that permanent lawmaking bodies of a dozen or score members who were in session continually would be better. We might like such a system—and then, perhaps it might be worse.

What keeps us curious is how a motor cyclist knows whether he still has his companion on the seat behind or whether the companion has fallen off a mile or two back.

Pancho Villa is heading for the Rio Grande possibly for the purpose of starting a new revolution at Juarez. Mexicans recognize no revolution as of the right stripe that begins anywhere else.

Those armies having dug themselves in, we see no way of continuing the war effectually except by making steam dredges part of the military equipment for digging each other out.

Greatest fault of republics, of course, is that all of the work of ruling has to be done by amateurs; but we seem to be afraid of experts.

Now, it is only fair to hunt up the men who prayed for rain and felicitate them.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

The Mist, May 24, 1895.

The efforts put forth by the people of Clatskanie and other parts of the country for the construction of a railroad into the Nehalem valley is commendable. No one doubts for one moment but what such a venture would be the means of developing a good section of country which otherwise is worthless. Not only would it develop the country, but the road, we believe, would be a paying investment from the first. Every mile of railroad in Columbia county means dollars in the pockets of its promoters and money in the county treasury. The enterprise manifest by the gentlemen at the head of this scheme should be backed up by the entire people of the county. The Mist hopes the efforts made in that direction will be crowned with success.

Surveyor Meserve is engaged in making field notes of the different townships of this county. He has now eight townships complete, and in a short time hopes to finish the remainder.

R. S. Hattan, H. L. Warren and E. C. Blackford went over to Vernonia Saturday and spent the evening with the citizens of that place in an effort to convince them of the desirability and feasibility of railroad connection with Clatskanie. They report a satisfactory meeting and a good time with the Vernoniaans.

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