

St. Helens Mist

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COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER



"I pledge allegiance to my Flag, and to the Republic for which it stands, one Nation indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for All."

REVIEW MAN HAS LAUSE OF MEMORY

Through its organization, Rainier carried off first honors in both the Liberty Bond and Red Cross drive. It may be possible that if the same organization will take hold of things in the coming election, Rainier can get some recognition when it comes to passing out county offices. The old idea that has prevailed in Columbia county for the past several years to the effect that a man must be a St. Helensite, dyed in the wool and a permanent fixture of the tight little place up the river should pass into history along with certain politicians that have passed their stage of usefulness and efficiency towards attending to the county's affairs.—Rainier Review.

When our esteemed contemporary wrote the above article his memory wasn't working well, or he didn't take the trouble to look up the records or else he wilfully made a misrepresentation. We are surprised that one who has been a resident of Rainier for many years could so easily forget the many good citizens of his own town who have served the county and state in official capacities. Even during our eight residence in the county we recall the names of prominent Rainierites who held county offices and by looking through some of the records at the courthouse we find there were many more whose names we didn't recall. For instance, that respected pioneer Dean Blanchard served as judge three terms; Joe Doan was judge for two terms; Chas. Doan was assessor for three terms, and Harry Doan for one term. The records show that Chas. Doan was sheriff, and that Martin Both was representative in the lower house. The present county clerk, A. F. Barnett, was a Rainier man. He was deputy clerk for two terms and has been clerk two terms, and although he was a Rainier man we believe the records will show that Rainier gave his political rival the long end in one election. We think that a certificate of election was given J. H. Collins, who then lived in Rainier, and he represented the county in the lower house. Then, if the records are correct, it appears that J. B. Wilkerson and J. H. Collins, both residents of Rainier, held the office of county school superintendent. If we remember correctly, many of the court proceedings which the Review published were signed by A. L. Clark, as county judge, and passing on down the line we find that another good citizen of Rainier was district attorney, Mr. Cooper, and Frank Sherwood was elected coroner. How the Review could so easily forget all of these men from Rainier is a mystery. It is really a hard "Nutt" to crack.

Some people who read the article say that what Brother Nutt wanted was to start something for some Rainier man, and the Mist wants to assure the Review that it will heartily support a Rainierite if he is a member of those progressive "organizations which carried off first honors" in the Red Cross and Liberty Loan drives. The members of both of these organizations are to be congratulated for the good work they do. They brought credit to the city of Rainier and to the state and we are proud of them. Perhaps next week the Review will openly say what candidate they wish put forward, but those who have served in the past and served well should not be entirely forgotten.

The Mist takes exception to the Review's reference to St. Helens as "the tight little place" etc. St. Helens gave her quota on Red Cross, Y. M. C. A. and Liberty Loans, and St. Helens stands ready to again respond to the call of patriotism.

We do not believe that the good people of Rainier share in the sentiment expressed by the paper published in their city, even if the Review is narrow enough to entertain such sentiment, and such sentiments do not tend to create a more friendly feeling between the two towns.

UNPATRIOTIC

A resident of Columbia county was in St. Helens several days ago and in calling at the various business houses noticed the little contribution

boxes which the Honor Guard girls have placed to receive such donations as a generous public wishes to contribute for the purchase of little necessities and luxuries for the boys in the trenches and those in training. This noble example of American citizenship (we say citizenship because he is a citizen so far as having a citizen's privileges) did not hesitate to express his disapproval of this method of helping the soldier boys. He maintains that the government furnishes them a place to sleep, clothes to wear and three meals per day, and then in addition to this gives them \$1 per day "and that ought to be plenty." This man, who himself was called in the first draft and was exempted on account of dependents, thinks board, clothes and \$1 per day is sufficient for the men who took his place and will go forth to defend him and his home. This patriotic man lives near St. Helens and we are mentioned this fact simply to bring to our readers' attention that while there are millions of people living in America not all of them are Americans and it is well for us to know just whom we can look to for assistance in this hour of the nation's peril.

GETTING NEARER HOME

"Three American soldiers killed, five wounded and twelve captured." This is the tragic message that comes from the battlefields of France and carries sorrow into many American homes. It is only a short sentence, but it speaks volumes; it means that the boys wearing khaki and fighting under the Stars and Stripes have met the enemy; that the lives of some have been snuffed out; some have been wounded and others have been captured and are now in the prison camps of the Hun. The message means that somewhere in America mothers, wives, sisters and brothers are mourning for those lost "somewhere in France." This is only the first message, for as the days go by and our boys meet the common enemy more casualties will be recorded, more homes will be in sorrow for the boys who will never return. But we are in a war with a nation whose desire is the conquest of the world, a nation whose ruler is drunk with the blood of combatants and non-combatants. We must expect heavy losses before humanity conquers lust and we must pay the price. And, while our soldiers are paying the price, are we contributing our share? We at home can and must do our share. We can make personal sacrifices so that our soldiers abroad may have more comforts. We can economize in the consumption of foodstuffs so that our soldiers and our allies may have the best; we can preach and practice patriotism and thus help our government in the conduct of and the successful termination of this war, and above all we can and must be true Americans, ready and willing to make sacrifices for those who are at the front defending us. We must do these things; the challenge has been hurled at us and we have accepted it. We must conquer or as a nation die. Take your choice.

SABOTAGE AND LABOR UNIONS

It is important that all Americans at this juncture, understand the difference between the genuine labor union and other organizations that at the present time are making much trouble in this country, especially in the west. The average newspaper reader rather hazily regards the I. W. W. as something in the nature of a labor union. Such a conception does an organization like the American Federation of Labor a great injustice. The I. W. W. is not engaged in the campaign which we mainly associate with workmen's combinations. It is not seeking to improve the conditions of workmen, to obtain higher wages and better working conditions, or to bring about changes in our industrial system in the interests of the working class. The so-called International Workers have one aim and one aim only—the utter destruction of the existing political and economic order. They are not engaging in strikes. Their one activity is the wanton destruction of property. They smash machinery, flood mines, burn wheat, destroy fruit, dynamite reservoirs and aqueducts, and tie up railroads. Probably most people believe that they commit these depredations in order to bring employers to terms. Not at all. The employers cannot purchase immunity by paying high wages, reducing hours or making easier working conditions. The International Workers are solely engaged in a continuous attempt to destroy all physical evidences of an economic order which they regard as iniquitous.

It is not the purpose here to enter into the scatter-brain philosophy that inspires the reign of terror that prevails in certain western states, but merely to disabuse the public mind of any idea that this is a labor union movement. Such an impression is unjust, especially at a time when the labor unions, for the larger part, are rendering loyal service to their country. The American Federation of Labor has frequently passed resolu-

tions condemning the I. W. W., while the latter organization brackets the labor unions and Wall Street as its greatest enemies.

DON'T LOSE YOUR HEAD

Taxes in Great Britain are heavier than they are with us, yet business over there is prospering more than in the past, according to the reports that reach us. In Canada, despite the great increase in the tax rate, deposits in savings banks have increased enormously.

Just as soon as wealth in our country accustoms itself to the conditions of war it will awake and find it has suffered a needless fright. Then the values of securities, which have been ruthlessly sacrificed, will recover their equilibrium, for with us no wealth has been destroyed; rather has it increased in a considerable degree. As in the years that followed former financial crises, wealth will look back upon its feverish anxiety, wondering why it permitted itself to lose its head.—Financial World.

Commissioner Harvey claims we did him an injustice in our reference to him last week. Mr. Harvey says the interests of the whole county are his interests and his past and future actions will bear out his statement. If we were misinformed, then we hasten to apologize to Mr. Harvey, for it is not the intention of the Mist to misrepresent anyone. The Mist advocated the election of Mr. Harvey because we knew him to be a capable business man to whom, we thought, the business of the county might safely be entrusted, and we sincerely hope that we made no mistake in our advocacy of his candidacy.

In addition to the "help win the war" spirit which has been largely brought about by the sale of Liberty bonds another good result has been accomplished—the money-saving habit among many who have heretofore saved little or nothing from their earnings.

Now that we have the second Liberty loan out of the way, let us turn our attention for the time being to the needs of those noble institutions, the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A.

A GREWSOME FIND ON RIVER'S BANK

(M. J. Brown)

If you pick up this paper just before dinner, skip this article until later on and read the society and city news. Your meal will taste better. However, the "incidents" are a part of what one gets in Alaska, and you must have them, even if they are a bit grewsome.

Our three and a half days had already lengthened to four and a half and we were yet far from St. Michael. The passengers were fearful that we would not catch the ocean steamer to Nome, but the steamer officers cheered them with assurances: "Sure we will make it. The Umatilla will wait. We will get there in good time—if."

The "if" was "if" we did not get hung up on the bar at the mouth of the river, where the Yukon empties into the North Sound.

After leaving Marshall the country changes. Every few miles large streams would branch off from the main river and find their way to the Bering Sea, and the wonder to me was if there would be water enough in any of them to let our flotilla out into the open sea. It was night when we reached the bar. The tide had just gone out and the one speculation was "would we make it?" We could see the buoys on either side of the narrow channel, four of them, about a quarter of a mile apart. If we could pass them, then we had the open sea, 65 miles to St. Michael.

The captain said the last trip down the wheel threw up a lot of mud, but they just made it, and he thought they would this time. The Indians were on the front barge with their sounding poles. They would call out the depth to a man on the barge and he would sing it out to the pilot.

"Seven and a half," he called out at the first buoy, and that was dead safe, as the steamer and its family of barges were flat-bottomed and empty. "Seven, six and a half, six, five and a half," he kept singing out, as we passed two more of the markers. "We won't make it," said a miner to the passengers who were crowded in the front of the boat, still and anxious. "Five, four and a half, four, three and a half, three," called out the sounders, and the boat just moved. Then "Two and a half," and the steamer stopped. The stern wheel kept churning away, throwing up mud, but the boat did not move.

"Stuck, wait for the tide," that was the verdict, and the wait would be 12 hours. It was nearly midnight and a few of us were having a lunch when a soldier came down and pointed us. He was the wireless operator at Kotlik, a little way down the river. There was no town there, absolutely nothing but the wireless station, and this young fellow lived alone there. St. Michael had wired him to locate our boat and find out if it made the bar. Like all the rest in the "con" game,

did. They brought credit to the city he assured the passengers there would be no doubt but what the Umatilla would wait until noon the next day, and we would catch it all right.

The soldier was a fine young fellow, and he was simply dying to talk. He joined us at lunch and stated that it was boats getting stuck on the bar that kept him from forgetting the English language, and he later confessed to me that he greatly rejoiced when a boat stranded, for he could come aboard, eat somebody else's cooking, get some magazines and talk to his kind. I was much interested in the young fellow and the life he led and we had quite a long talk, when he said he must go back, and he urged me to go with him. I refused, telling him I could not miss the boat. Then he confessed to me we would never make it. "No chance now and I positively know it," he said. "The minute Taylor knows you are on the bar, the Umatilla will leave, but there is no good in throwing cold water on the passengers. Let 'em hope."

He argued that we would have to wait at least a week in St. Michael, and he said it would be the longest week I ever put in.

"Come down to the station with me and stay three or four days. I will take you down in a sail boat in plenty of time. We have plenty to eat and there is fine duck hunting," he pleaded. Sixty miles in a little sail boat on the open sea in the night time didn't look good to me, and I flatly refused, and then he begged me to go down with him for the night. We got in the row boat and set off. For about three-quarters of an hour I sat with my rain coat over my head to keep off the swarms of mosquitoes.

We arrived at the station and he told me to go in and go to bed. He had something to see to and would be in shortly. I opened the door, and in the dim light I saw two miners lying on the floor with a big wolf dog between them. They had come in after the soldier had left the station.

The blankets smelled like a glue factory. I wondered if they had ever been washed, and wondering, I fell asleep. Early in the morning I was awakened by the miners getting up. They rolled their blankets and went on. Then the operator, in another room, awoke and I could hear him getting breakfast, and while he was at it I heard someone come in and the two men talking.

The breakfast was good, fish, duck and pie. Pie for breakfast! The soldier had baked it, and it was good.

The meal finished, he told me an Indian had come in with the information that there were three dead Eskimos on the shore a little way above. He said they had eaten the diseased meat from a dead whale and had been poisoned, and the natives would not go near them. He wanted the white man to bury them. So he said the duck shooting program would have to be changed to a funeral, and asked if I would go along, as it would be on our way to the boat.

We found the place and the dead—a man and two squaws. The man lay between two logs, with poles laid across to keep the animals off. One squaw was partially concealed in an empty gasoline tank and the other was some little distance away with a canoe turned over her.

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