

Concerning the Charter Amendments

St. Johns, March 17, 1910.
To The Editor: I wish to say a few words relative to the proposed amendments to our City Charter. The sections proposed to be amended are 17-30-31-41-42-66-71 and 102.

Section 17 as proposed to be amended provides that every elective officer and every appointive officer shall hold office until his successor is elected, or appointed and qualified instead of, "Until his successor is elected and qualified," the proposed change adds the words "or appointed."

The proposed amendment for Sections 30-31-41-42 and 66 is for the purpose of changing the time of our city elections from the first Monday in April each year to the first Monday after the first Tuesday in November, 1911, and biennially thereafter. Each of these sections has to do with changing the time of elections and nothing else.

If the voter is in favor of having our election in November instead of April and further believes that it would be for the best interest of the city to have the city officials hold office for two years instead of one he should vote to amend Sections 30-31-41-42 and 66. If however, he favors an annual election, he should vote "No" on each of the last named sections.

The proposed amendment of Section 71 gives the Mayor and City Council power and authority to lease public wharves and docks belonging to the city for a period not to exceed twenty-five years; whereas under our present Charter like property can only be leased for a term not to exceed five years. Said section also makes more definite and certain the procedure as to giving notice and the manner of making leases and sales of real property belonging to the city.

Section 102 as proposed to be amended is unchanged with the exception of sub-divisions 11 and 14. Sub-division 11 provides that no lot, or part thereof, etc., shall be assessed for any local or special improvement to exceed the assessed valuation instead of "50 per cent of the assessed valuation" as now provided.

Sub-division 14 as proposed to be amended provides that where the assessment against any lot, or parcel of land, etc., for any local improvement exceeds the assessed valuation of any lot, etc., as the same appears from the last annual assessment roll of the County Assessor, the City Council may, by ordinance, appropriate a sufficient amount from the general fund to pay for so much of the costs of such local or special assessment as shall not be provided for by assessment upon the property specially benefited by such improvement instead of "when the assessment of any lot or parcel of land shall exceed 50 per cent of the assessed valuation of any lot, etc.," as now provided.

If this section is amended, each lot or tract of land within a district may be assessed for said local improvement in an amount equal to the assessed valuation of said lot or tract of land as shown on the assessment roll of Multnomah County, whereas under our present Charter the City Council can only assess benefits equal to 50 per cent of the assessed valuation of the lot.

H. E. Collier,
City Attorney.

Think This Over

It does not take an average man very long to see the natural advantages of St. Johns in as far as location and the many other advantages go towards the making of a fine and prosperous, live city. This needs no comment. But there are other things besides natural advantages necessary to make up a thrifty, live, progressive city. Does St. Johns possess these qualities? Business men, professional men and working men, and every citizen of St. Johns, just please stop a moment and give this matter a little sober thought. Can you expect your city to make the progress it should with no organized head? To be sure the Council have much to do with these matters, but can you or should you expect the city councilmen on a salary of \$200 per week to look after the thousand and one things which are constantly coming up and which need the best possible concerted effort of our city. It is not one or two or a half dozen men's business, it is every citizen's business; and every citizen is, or should be interested in an organization of some kind. Call it "Commercial Club," "Business Men's Association," "Board of Trade," or what you will, you cannot deny the absolute necessity for some such organization to hold regular meetings, where all can join and make suggestions and hold discussions in a friendly and business-like manner; where each and every one should meet on friendly terms and for mutual benefit, and where politics, religion and petty personalities, above all things, should be left behind and all be ready and willing to help push, even though you feel that you are not able to spend even the small annual dues. If the organization can be made a

Tragic Joking.
Oswald's friends were always on the lookout for some ruse. He once notified them that on New Year's day he should get the best of them all in some joke, and New Year's morning each received this notice, "Remember. They were on their guard."
As they were leaving a house where they had breakfasted Oswald slipped on the steps and fell on his back on the sidewalk. His friends rushed to his assistance, but paused before they reached him.
"This is his ruse," some one said.
Clearly the man who was so proud of his talent for mimicry was bent on deceiving them all into thinking him a dying man, for he lay there moaning pitifully, his face drawn and twisted as if with terrible pain.
His friends stood around and made jokes and puns and hummed lines of comic songs, assuring him all the while that they were not deceived by his acting. At last he gave a hoarse, mournful cry, looked at them sadly and then ceased to moan or writhe. In a never to be forgotten moment of horror and sorrow his friends realized that Oswald was dead.—"Souvenirs d'un Vieux Libraire."

Caught the Old Sailor.
It was a clever lawyer in a Boston court who took advantage of the nautical knowledge he possessed to work upon the mind of a jurymen who did not seem to show much comprehension of a case of suing a street railway for damages.
The dull member was an old sailor, who, though doubtless very keen of perception along some lines, was nevertheless rather slow in his understanding of the points involved in the case being tried, says the New York Journal.
The lawyer noticed this and made his strike with this particular man. Approaching the jury box, he addressed himself to this one jurymen and said:
"Mr. Jurymen, I will tell you how it happened. The plaintiff was in command of the outward bound open car and stood in her starboard channels. Along came the inward bound closed car, and just as their bows met she jumped the track, sheered to port and knocked the plaintiff off and ran over him."
The sailor was all attention after this version of the affair and joined in a \$5,000 verdict for the injured man.

The Clinging Argument.
A young man representing a well known make of motorcar had called, discussed intelligently the points of the automobile he was endeavoring to sell, had given a flawless demonstration—
But the prospective amateur motorist before mortgaging his house still wanted to be thoroughly convinced, and so he said: "What you say about your car may be all right. The engine runs very nicely, and it looks good to me, but tell me one thing—have you ever sold any of these cars to your own personal friends?"
The salesman smiled. "Have I? Why, three months ago I was engaged to a girl, and I sold one of these identical cars to my prospective father-in-law!"
"Did you marry the girl?"
"Yes, indeed! I've now got the girl, a contented father-in-law and an enthusiastic customer as well."
He made the sale.—Life.

Mules and Kindness.
"In the fifteen years that I have been connected with societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals in this and other cities I never have received a complaint alleging cruelty to a mule," said the humane looking man. "That immunity of mules from harsh treatment is an interesting question. Why are they immune? There are plenty of mules, even in New York. Does nobody beat them? Does nobody underfeed them? If not, why not? Does a mule show such a decided ability for taking care of himself that his owner is afraid to abuse him, or do men beat mules and escape punishment because the persons who witness the beating think it is only a mule and not worth bothering about? What is the explanation of that phase of the mule question anyhow?"—New York Press.

To Rest His Eyes.
The people who quit reading "just to rest their eyes" might take a hint by inference from the reply made by an old illiterate. A passing man found him apparently deeply interested in a paper.
On looking close it became apparent that his paper was upside down, and he was asked forthwith why he held it thus.
His reply almost knocked the questioner out. It was:
"Just to rest my eyes!"
A Reversal.
"I suppose you talked a lot of nonsense to your wife before you were married."
"Yes," answered Mr. Meekton. "Before we were married she thought my nonsense sensible. Now when I try to talk sense she thinks it's nonsense."—Exchange.

Inspiring Air.
He—So you think married life ought to be one grand, sweet song? She—Yes. He—And what air would you prefer for this matrimonial song? She—A millionaire!
Reciprocal Help.
Doctor—Well, my good woman, what do you want? Beggar—A quarter, doctor. Give me a quarter and I'll tell everybody that you helped me.
Death is the golden key that opens the palace of eternity.—Milton.

representative one so that when it places its approval on any measure that may come before it and makes recommendations to the Council or other officers, it will have the force of it should, because it would show them that it was the sentiment of the most progressive people of the town, and, hence, would be respected. In fact, there are thousands of good reasons for the existence of such an organization and it seems to me, not one against it. Why not wake up and help do things? George won't.

The Color of Water.
The waters of the seas, lakes, rivers and streams in general are very often colored. For instance, the water of the Mediterranean sea is not colorless, but green-blue; also there is a brilliant red river in South America. The St. Lawrence, in Canada, is pale green and the Ottawa golden brown. Where these two rivers meet quite frequently whole broad patches remain unaltered. Here is a gold patch and there a green one. Otherwise than this water reflects the colors of its surroundings, and a so called "Emerald pool" in the White mountains is green because the birches on its borders in early summer are brilliant green. The Blue grotto, in Capri, Italy, shows a remarkably rich color, near to green-blue, because all the light received in that grotto comes through the water at its entrance, and, as has been said, the Mediterranean is green-blue. The water of the geysers in the Yellowstone park are also colored by natural mineral dyes. You can dye your own glass of water by a piece of the bloodroot plant. Try it. That will be a vegetable dye.—St. Nicholas.

Paderewski's Distinction.
There was a day when Paderewski's English was not fluent. One evening before a choice company in his elegant apartments in New York he was showing a few highly flattered callers how to do this, that and fother on the keys of his grand piano, explaining in bad English as he went. Of course the man was present who is ever ready to supply a word when a speaker hesitates. The famous artist, landing with both hands as if he had just dropped from the ceiling, exclaimed, "Harmony!" All applauded the perfect concord. He shot down again like a triphammer and would have exclaimed again, but the word refused to come. "What you call—er—er—" "Discord," put in the supplier of words. Paderewski's hair stood straight out, and his face was white and red with anger. Jumping up from the stool, he sputtered: "Deesort! No! With me a deesort is impossible!" He would not be persuaded to touch the instrument again that night. The unintentional insult struck deep.

No Sense of Humor.
"Fog Eye" Smith of northwest Wyoming bore an appalling facade. His style of beauty was a blight. Depending upon his horrific exterior, he was in the habit of trying to awe newcomers. On one occasion, affecting some displeasure at the manner in which a pallid stranger watered his liquor, Mr. Smith announced, frowning, that unless he detected immediate amendment he would send the neophyte home in a market basket. "Which I'll sure tear you up a whole lot," said Fog Eye. Half an hour later Mr. Fog Eye was found groping about on the floor under the poker table hunting for his glass eye and muttering to himself. The stranger asked with some evidence of impatience what new line of sentiments Mr. Smith was now harping. That injured resident, glaring malevolently from beneath the furniture, replied, "Which I sure do hate a man with no sense of humor."—Argonaut.

Origin of "Watered Stock."
The expression "watered stock," which describes so well the expansion of the stock of a company beyond the value of the property, originated, it is said, in connection with Daniel Drew, who was once the wealthiest and most unique manipulator in Wall street. Drew had been a drover in his younger days, and it was said of him that before selling his cattle in the market he would first give them large quantities of salt to make them thirsty and then provide them with all the water they could drink. In this way their weight was greatly increased, and the purchaser was buying "watered stock."

Hypocrites.
"I despise a hypocrite," says Boggs. "So do I," says Cloggs. "Now, take Knoggs, for example. He's the biggest hypocrite on earth. I despise that man."
"But you appear to be his best friend."
"Oh, yes. I try to appear friendly toward him. It pays better in the end."

The Final Transaction.
"Father," said little Holo, "what is the ultimate consumer?"
"He is the last person, my son, that an article reaches in its commercial existence."
"I know what you mean. He's a man who goes into a hotel and orders chicken hash."—Washington Star.

Queer Men.
"Some men are so queer!"
"And you are going to tell me of one particularly queer one."
"Yes. It's Mr. Barberton. His wife used to beg him for nickels and dimes, and now he's cheerfully paying her a hundred a week for alimony."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Fearless.
"Whitcomb is an independent thinker."
"He is?"
"Yes; he even dares to say the clock in the railroad station is wrong."—Buffalo Express.

Dying to Tell.
"Jack, Dolly told me the most exciting secret and made me swear never to tell a living soul."
"Well, hurry up with it. I'm late for the office now."

His Status.
"Well, my little man," inquired a visitor pleasantly, "who are you?"
"I'm the baby's brother," was the ingenuous reply.—Truth Seeker.

Do you know we were threatened with extinction by the big cutters of Portland for underselling them. Well, we were. St. Johns Pharmacy.

For Sale—50x100 lot on Ivanhoe St. Deferred payments, \$5.00 per month. Small amount of cash. Owner, E. C. Hurlbert, 303 Portland Boulevard.

Preach the gospel of St. Johns.

An Anecdote of General Jackson.
General Jackson while on one of his journeys to Tennessee about the time of the nullification excitement arrived at a Virginia village in a very impatient state of mind, both with public affairs and with the state of the roads. The president was entertained as a guest at the house of a lady in the village, and, although he tried to be polite, the state of vexation which he was in affected him visibly.
His hostess at the supper table was much alarmed to see the general swallowing with great rapidity a cup of almost boiling hot tea.
"Wait—wait, general!" exclaimed the lady. "Let me give you some cold water."
"No, thank you, ma'am," said the general, continuing to drink.
"But I don't see how you can drink that boiling hot tea without scalding yourself."
"No wonder you can't, ma'am," said Jackson. "I am scalding myself."
"But, sir, why do you?"
"Good gracious, ma'am!" exclaimed the general. "Don't you see that I want to scald myself?"
The lady refrained from making any further suggestions as to her distinguished guest's comfort.

Mercury Laden Swords.
Inserting running mercury in the backs of swords was a comparatively common practice among the Italian, French and Spanish swordmakers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but it was more of a fancy than anything else, for it never came into general use. It was not, of course, used for rapiers or the lighter kind of swords, but for the heavier cutting swords. The method was to cast the blade rather broader at the back than usual, with a hollow running down it. This was half filled with quicksilver and sealed up. The idea was that when a blow was struck with such a sword the quicksilver would fly to the point and so increase the weight of the blow. This theoretical advantage, however, did not at all counterbalance the general clumsiness of the weapon and its unhandiness in guarding, and so the mercenary sword, as they were called, from which their ingenious inventor hoped so much, were rather military curiosities than practical success.

Tale of Two Fish.
A story is related of a Manchester fisherman who once tried to lure the dainty trout from some of the nearby brooks. The fisherman did not get a bite in the brooks. He drove back to Manchester rather disheartened and went to a restaurant to get something to eat. He asked the restaurant keeper if he had any trout and received an affirmative reply. He ordered some of the trout for his supper and then told the proprietor that he might put two or three of the uncooked fish in his basket out at the door, as he didn't care to go home and receive the raillery of his friends. The proprietor of the restaurant told one of the clerks to carry out the order, and it was supposed to have been done faithfully.
But the clerk was not very alert, and when the fisherman got home and opened up the fish basket to his astonished wife there reposed two fine salt mackerels, and the fisherman has not got through explaining yet.—Manchester Union.

A Little Too Much.
"A wife has a right to expect much of her husband," remarked the philosophically inclined person musingly.
"Yes, I suppose she has," replied the meek appearing man with wilted looking whiskers. "I suppose she has, but when she expects him to live up, steadily and without swerving, to the motto on her first husband's tombstone I somehow think she is expecting more than she really ought to expect from a common, everyday, earthly man."

Her Nationality.
When small Sigrid made her first appearance in an American school, says Harper's Magazine, she was asked the usual puzzling questions, one of which was:
"What is your nationality, Sigrid?"
"Sigrid tossed her sixteen braids. 'I'm an American of Norwegian design,' she said promptly.

Discretion.
"You say you left the house this morning and then went back. Don't you know that's unlucky?"
"It would have been a blamed sight unluckier for me if I hadn't gone back."
"Why so?"
"My wife called me."—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Family Affair.
Casey's wife was at the hospital, where she had undergone a serious operation a few days before.
Mrs. Kelley called to inquire as to Mrs. Casey's condition.
"Is she resting quietly?" Mrs. Kelley asked.
"No, but I am," said Casey.—Exchange.

His Earthly Task.
"Do you think the deacon will be entirely happy in the hereafter?"
"Why not?"
"I fear the good man will feel lonely with no church mortgage to lift."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Poll Good.
"Don't you honestly believe there is more good than evil in the world?"
"Ah! You've found a dollar you didn't know you had, haven't you?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

It takes a strong man to be mean. When I give a tip 'tis not because I want to, but because I'm afraid of what the waiter'll think.—Mr. Dooder.

To stir up the phonograph business a little we are going to sell three phonographs and a dozen records with each machine for exactly the wholesale price. See our ad. St. Johns Pharmacy.

I will sell for a small payment down the Maple Property, corner of Lively and Fremont streets. E. C. Hurlbert, 303 Portland Boulevard.

Your chance to buy Soap at wholesale

Fairbank's Famous Five



While Mr. De Vere, Fairbank's salesman, is with us we will give you wholesale prices on these five leading makes of Soap.

Fairy for Toilet and both clean, pure Soap.



FAIRBANK'S Sunny Monday Soap

is a Laundry soap that we are glad to recommend. It is a perfect laundry soap, made from the highest grade materials by a company that knows how to make soap right, is pure white and efficient, will not hurt the hands. Sunny Monday bubbles will wash away your troubles.

The J. T. Pyeatt Grocery Co.

Phone Jersey 651

FRENCH BLOCK

ST. JOHNS, ORE.

Easter cards and egg dyes of all kinds at the St. Johns Pharmacy.

Wanted.—Woman to do general housework. Apply at this office.

Lost—A baby's bracelet, somewhere on or near Jersey St. Return to R. D. Jackson.

See that measly drug store ad on the other page, or wherever it is. It may interest you.

Rehearsals will begin in a few days for the Western Border Drama in three acts, entitled "Borderland." It will be presented in about three weeks by local talent, under the management of Mr. W. H. Shankland, and promises to be especially interesting.

Next week is Phonograph week at our store. Come in and we will explain to you, play for you, and even sell you a machine. All kinds of supplies. St. Johns Pharmacy.

All records broken, used to be the old cry, but not so since the Columbia Indestructible records were placed upon the market. St. Johns Pharmacy, agents.

Get some sassafras bark and clean out your blood. Two bits a pound at St. Johns Pharmacy.

The ladies of the M. E. church will serve a 25 cent dinner and supper in the I. O. O. F. building on election day, Apr. 4th. They will also have a apron booth where they will sell aprons, coarse and fine.

Big and small, for short and tall; Any kind you wish at all. The Junior League will conduct a candy booth also.

6-room modern house, full basement, 100x100, fine improvements; lot is worth \$1,500, can't be built for less than \$1,500. Can be had for a few days for \$2,000, half cash, balance on easy terms. If you want a river view bargain, this is it. Two lots on corner, more than full lots, \$600; half cash, another bargain. Two full lots, not far out, \$450 each; \$100 down; balance small monthly payments. \$100, full lot, good two story 4-room house, improvements paid and house furnished. Small payment down and easy monthly payments. Timber and farm land to trade for St. Johns property. Come over and see us; if you have any property to list for quick sale we want it. MCKINNEY & DAVIS, Manager.

TO WATER CONSUMERS.

Your attention is called to Section J. K. & L. of Ordinance 16. J. All persons intending to use water through hose for sprinkling yards or sidewalks, or for washing porches or windows, must file written application in the office of the Water Works at the beginning of each year, or BEFORE commencing to so use the water. Those who then agree to pay for its use during the months of June, July, August and September, when they pay the usual water rates for those months, may use it for the purposes applied for, free of charge during the other months of the year. PROVIDED, the family, store or other rate is paid. Those not agreeing must pay the rate in full for each month during which any water at all is used through hose. Those who pay for sprinkling yards may sprinkle the sidewalks bordering their premises without additional charge. Those who do not intend to use the water through hose should remove all hose connections. K. The use of water through hose for sprinkling streets is forbidden under any circumstances. L. Sprinkling hours between 5 and 8 A. M. and 5 and 9 P. M. St. Johns Water Works and Lighting Co., By P. H. Edlefsen, Manager.

The N. K. Fairbank Co.

Five Famous Soaps



Always use Gold Dust for dish washing. It will not harm the hands. Buy your soap at wholesale while a representative of the N. K. Fairbank Co. is with us for three days. Let the Gold Dust Twins do your work. Good housekeepers always use Gold Dust, the ever ready cleanser.

FAIRY SOAP is a toilet soap, the best 5c soap made.

Fairbank's Sunny Monday Laundry soap is the BEST.

PUMMO SOAP is all soap; will remove pitch, paint and stain like magic. Glycerine Tar Soap for the hair.



For clean housekeeping GOLD DUST WILL NOT HURT the hands.

For clean and easy washing use SUNNY MONDAY Soap. Sunny Monday Bubbles will wash away your troubles.

THE MUCK MERCANTILE CO., St. Johns.

Phone Richmond 821