

**THE ST. JOHNS REVIEW**

A. W. MARKLE

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Statement of ownership and management of the St. Johns Review required by the act of August 24, 1912. Editor and publisher: A. W. Markle. Owners: A. W. Markle and H. H. Markle. Sworn to and subscribed before me this first day of Oct. 1914. A. W. Davis, Notary Public.

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The bill allowing merger of adjoining cities and abolition of charters has passed both houses. Speaker Selig, however, refused to favor the bill because he did not like the emergency clause attached and knew that the emergency assigned did not exist. D. C. Lewis introduced and championed the bill. Of course Mr. Lewis is not in favor of consolidating Portland and St. Johns, because he has repeatedly stated that a commission form of government is not successful, and surely he would not have us abolish our ideal form of government for one that he so strongly condemns. If the matter of consolidation comes to a vote we shall expect to see Mr. Lewis take off his coat and devote his spare time in convincing the people of St. Johns that they should let well enough alone, and keep our own government rather than accept the unsatisfying commission form of Portland. Of course he only introduced the bill upon request of some of his constituents, and he really does not believe the public health of St. Johns would have been menaced if the emergency clause had been omitted. The people of St. Johns cannot help but admire the "boost" our representative in the Legislature has given the city when he added an emergency clause to the bill declaring that public health demanded that it become a law upon passage. But then, perhaps, he did not realize the reflection it might cast upon the city of St. Johns.

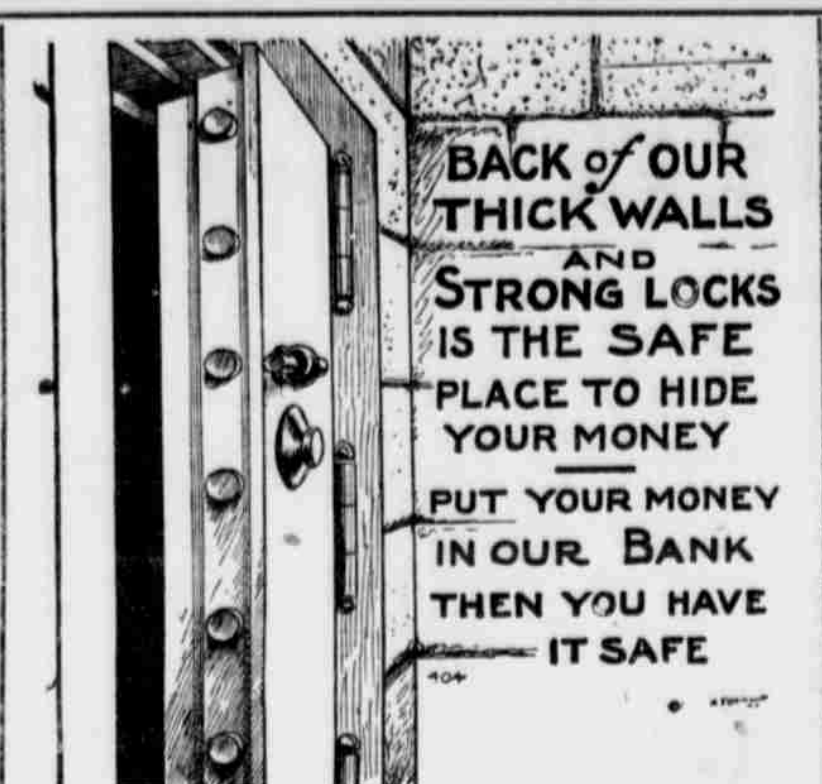
"It is not enough for a live community that advertising should be correctly used to stimulate business and to promote general prosperity. The home newspaper is a social and intellectual thing as well as a medium of business. One cannot serve the community better than by seeing that interesting items get to the editor. The editor is no mind reader; call him up and tell him. To do so is the neighborly thing, the kindly thing—a courtesy not to the publisher alone but to everyone in the district who might be interested in your little item."

Whenever Eric W. Allen, head of the department of journalism at the University of Oregon, speaks in a town, he urges the citizens to get behind their home paper in both a business and a news way on the ground that the newspaper can be made a wonderful agency for building up a community. By a "successful community," Mr. Allen means not merely the community whose business men are prospering, and whose laborers are all at work, but the community that is a real social and intellectual center. He looks to the home paper as the most powerful means within reach of bringing about this kind of "success."

"If you can once get all your people into the way of voluntarily pouring these interesting scraps of news into the weekly paper, you will add immensely to the general friendliness of the community," says Mr. Allen. "You will be helping to make your town the kind of place where people want to stay and to which former residents will want to come back. So try to get ideas into the paper. Write a little for it once in a while. Don't let the editor do all the thinking for the town. If you publish ideas, you start others to thinking, and you raise by just so much the general level of intelligence. Encourage the home paper to be a business, social and intellectual center of the community. It will richly repay."

**Anderson Makes Reply**

Editor Review: In your issue of the 15th inst. Mr. G. W. Munson assumes two roles. In one he appears as defender of the city council, spending \$6,000 on the roadway to the (proposed) coeage, and in the other he holds the stage as critic of the writer. The gentleman's letter in the aforesaid issue is as long on words as it is short on logic. On the subject of the Gaton tract it is true that I attacked the city council. That said attack was justified was proven by said body refusing to purchase this property. On the subject of



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the \$6,000 roadway to a (proposed) coeage I asked the city council three plain questions and made one plainer statement of fact. Although Mr. G. W. Munson carefully sidesteps these questions and statement of fact, yet in a sophisticated jumble of words he presumes to criticize yours truly. The crux of my contention on the subject of this roadway is the stretching of a legal point by the council in diverting city funds for the building of the same. That I am correct in my contention is proven by no less an eminence than Mr. G. W. Munson himself, who in his letter says: "While a legal point may have been stretched in building the roadway," etc. Had this gentleman been a man of logic instead of words he would not have let the cat out of the bag in this manner. If the council can stretch a legal point for a \$6,000 roadway to a (proposed) coeage, what guarantee have the taxpayers that they will not stretch another point for a \$60,000 roadway to a proposed skating rink for old maids? Here is what I said about the \$6,000 roadway under discussion: Question No. 1—"Gentlemen, would you kindly inform the public where you got authority to spend \$6,000 for the road to the (proposed) coeage?" Question No. 2—"Are we not paying interest on this money?" Question No. 3—"Does the council possess security or assurance that this (proposed) coeage will ever materialize?" Will you please answer these questions, Mr. G. W. Munson? When you get through answer my statement of fact which was, "as I read the city charter the taxpayers are to be consulted before city funds are spent." As to the Munsonic benefits that are to accrue to St. Johns from this \$6,000 roadway may this not be another pipe dream? Where is this Western Coeage Company's plant that you write so glibly about located, Mr. Munson, and how many men does it employ? Did you not have a committee pipe dream that the Port of Portland was going to pay a large part of this \$6,000? Did they do it? A frog once spit on a block of ice and said that will make a fine fire when it lights. The frog in question is Mr. Munson's Western Coeage Company's plant. As to me not having the welfare of St. Johns at heart, Mr. G. W. Munson is welcome to his opinion. Although I am not, nor have I any intention of becoming a member of the Commercial Club, yet my record of over ten years working for the upbuilding of the city will at least equal that of one Mr. G. W. Munson.—C. J. Anderson.

residents of St. Johns or of Portland. I admit I have often differed with the city dads, but I did not know until I read your paper, that one of their functions or powers was to say whether the citizens of St. Johns should remain citizens of St. Johns in a government by themselves, or whether they might determine by the ballot at a fair election. Let the people rule, Mr. Editor; it is a safe system.—D. C. Lewis.

No criticism was made in the Review regarding Mr. Lewis introducing the bill. The item had only to do with the haste he exercised, and more particularly with the emergency clause attached to the consolidation bill. We do not criticize Mr. Lewis for introducing the bill, because if it follows out the meaning of the measure voted upon by the people last Fall, no one could well object to it. But we do question the reason assigned for the emergency clause, which is, as we understand from press reports, in the interest of public health. As a matter of fact, no emergency exists. The public health of no place in the state is menaced by the bill not becoming a law immediately upon its passage, and assuredly not St. Johns.

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**Pleased With Criticism**

Editor Review: With pleasure I have just finished your criticism of my conduct in that I have introduced a measure permitting cities to merge. One would naturally conclude from reading your paper that I had a measure compelling St. Johns to become a part of Portland, and the very opposite is the case. My measure is simply one to carry into effect the provisions of the constitution permitting the people themselves to say what they want. Are you afraid of people rule? Why should not the voters of St. Johns have the right to say whether they desire to remain

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**MULTNOMAH THEATRE TO GIVE PRIZES**

Biggest Voting Contest Ever Inaugurated in St. Johns Will Commence Monday, Jan. 25

A big gift enterprise will be inaugurated at the Multnomah Theatre, St. Johns, next Monday, January 25th. \$1000 in special gifts will be given to the ladies and girls in and around St. Johns. Any one is eligible to enter the contest. It does not cost a cent. One feature of this contest is that every one that is an active candidate will positively get a prize and no prize will be given that is not really a handsome and valuable one and worth \$10.00.

The plan is quite a simple one. The gifts will be given through the medium of votes that will be given on admissions to the Multnomah Theatre. The girl or lady that has the most of these votes at the close of the contest will get a Bungalow Player Piano purchased from and displayed by the Eilers Music House on Alder and Broadway. See it there as it is a beauty and will repay the lady that wins it for her time. Each admission to the Theatre will entitle the holder to fifty votes. A trip to California is another of the prizes that will be given to the lucky girl or lady in St. Johns would not like to make this trip to the big Exposition. Three diamond rings will also be in the list of prizes. Three scholarships are amongst the prizes that will be given. These scholarships will be in The Holmes Business College, the leading Business College of the Coast, and will be probably the best prizes that will be given in the contest, as a business education is the best thing that a young lady can possibly secure as she is at all times independent of life's vicissitudes. A watch is also one of the prizes to be given. A handsome brooch is also on the list and is a beauty. Three gem set lavaliers with gold chains are amongst the smaller prizes. At present we are announcing fifteen prizes. If more candidates enter the contest than we have prizes we will add more prizes so that each and every active candidate will positively get a prize.

**ORGANIZATION PRIZE.**

In order to make it easy for the contestants that will participate in the contest we are giving a Kimball piano to the organization that the candidate that polls the highest number of votes in the contest elects to give it to. The candidate may select any lodge, church, school, club, or union as her choice to give the Kimball piano to, in case she should win the grand prize. Any lodge, church or other organization will give you their support in this contest as in case you should win the player they will get a Kimball

for their organization. All they have to do to get the piano is to give you their support in the contest. Every one in St. Johns goes to the Multnomah Theatre. They are entitled to votes if they go; all that they have to do is to get one of the special contest tickets which entitles them to an admission to the Theatre and at the same time entitles them to fifty votes. None of these special tickets will be sold out of the box office. They will be on sale in several stores in St. Johns and the candidates can have as many as they please to place in places where their supporters can secure them. In another part of this issue will be found a nomination coupon, all that you have to do is to fill in your own or a friend's name and mail or bring it to the contest manager's office at the Theatre and full instructions will be given you how to win one of these fine prizes during your spare time with a little effort on your part.

Young or old, married or single, are eligible to enter the contest and eligible to win one of the prizes. It depends on yourself whether you get one of the smaller prizes or the player or the trip to the Fair.

Start today—tell your friends that you are going into the contest and that you want them to help you. Anyone will help you if you only ask them to as they are not put to any cost or trouble, all that they have to do is to vote for you when they go to the Theatre. You will have more fun out of this contest than any other thing that you ever entered into.

Better shows will be put on at the Multnomah than ever before. This is going to be the biggest thing that was ever staged in St. Johns. Get in on the fun and at the same time be in on the distribution of the big prizes that will be given free.

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**THE OPEN MOUTH.**

Causes That Induce It When We Are Intently Listening.

Why do we open our mouths when intently listening?

There are three causes, entirely independent of one another, but acting in unison, for this action. There is a passageway called the eustachian tube, connecting the back of the throat and the middle ear, the part behind the drum. When intently listening we hold our breath, and this permits sound waves to enter the mouth and reach the eustachian tube, and in this way they reach the drum and re-enforce the sound waves that come through the natural channel, the outer ear.

In concentrated attention the mind is fully engrossed in the one subject, and it loses control over voluntary muscles that are not directly affected by the subject or the process involved in the motor activity that accompanies mental activity. The muscles are relaxed, the lower jaw drops, and this opens the mouth.

The third cause is referable to atavism, or the tendency to return in form or action to an early type. Early man, like the animals, was urged to action by the fundamental instincts, self preservation and race preservation. His two aims were to secure food and avoid or destroy enemies. Like the animals, when his attention was attracted by a sound he placed himself in the attitude for instant defense, attack or securing food. In this attitude his mouth was open to grasp instantly what came in his way. The tendency to open the mouth when intently listening still remains.—New York American.

Cause and Effect.

"Look back, doctor; I've taken youah advice and tried a cantab wound the park before breakfast, but it doesn't do my livah a bit of good."

"Uh! I'm afraid the good effects of the cantab before breakfast are counteracted by the bad effects of the de-canter after breakfast."—London Tatler.

An Eye For an Eye.

"Mr. Speaker," said the congressman, "I have tried vainly to catch your eye and"

"Sit down!" thundered the speaker. "I have tried vainly to catch your eye several times when it was needed."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Inconsiderate.

"If you don't stop nagging me, Emory, I shall shoot myself this very minute."

"Yes, that's just like you, when you know how nervous I am when I hear a shot."—London Tit-Bits.

A Life Position.

Annette—Ethel is about to accept a lifetime job of twenty-four hours a day. Florence—Indeed! Annette—Yes. She is going to marry a man to reform him.—Chicago News.

Growth is better than permanence, and permanent growth is better than all.

Helpful.

"These magazines are so helpful." "What's the latest?"

"Here in the home hints they tell you how to make a lovely sufragette bomb out of an old tomato can."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Tea Heal.

Kate's husband, sober, never was known. An unkind word to toss her. "Is only when he's in his cups." "That he is apt to saucer."—Boston Transcript.

The Best Kind.

Her Father—Have you a family tree? Her Lover—No, but I have 10,000 acres of pine timber in Wisconsin. Her Father—Great! Have a drink, a good cigar and the girl.—New York Evening Post.

He—You upbraid me for losing money on the races—You?

She—And why should I not?

He—Yet I recall one blissful moment not so long ago when we stood together beneath the silent stars and you said that no stroke of adverse fortune could ever draw from your lips one complaining word.—Puck.

Earth's changes have been mighty. But we're really forced to say that the weather is as flighty as it was in Adam's day. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mrs. Rales—Mrs. Ralee is the smartest woman in this town.

Husband—Explain why.

Mrs. Rales—She knows all the neighbors' telephone numbers. —Chicago Daily News.

Of work the bee is not afraid. And hard times can't expel it. For when it gets it's honey made it knows just where to cell it. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

"No matter what trouble he gets into, our neighbor seems to put a good face on the matter."

"That's his business. He's a beauty doctor."—Baltimore American.

Foils marry on autos, on steamers and trains. On airplanes with motors a-whirr. But rather than those are the change. Who marry on ten dollars per. —Boston Transcript.

Hit It.

"You can't guess what sister said about you just before you came in. Mr. Highcollar," said little Johnnie.

"I haven't an idea in the world, Johnnie."

"That's it. You guessed it the very first time."

Domestic Bliss.

Mr. Wyborn—Ever since I married you I've drunk the cup of bitterness to the dregs. Mrs. Wyborn—Yes; imagine you leaving a drain of anything in any cup!

In the Same Class.

"I have a fishing boat and a chauffeur that are both in the same class."

"How do you mean?"

"I am always baiting them out."

So It Does.

We are told that the "smallest hair throws a shadow." And so it does. It throws a shadow over your appetite when you find it in your food.

Inconsistency with ourselves is the greatest weakness of human nature.—Addison.

A man stood watching a parcel post delivery automobile chugging by. When it had passed he turned and said to a friend who was with him, "Do you suppose that auto delivery will ever displace the mail carrier?"

"Bound to," the friend promptly replied. "If it ever hits him!"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The corn is waving in the field. The beans denote a handsome yield. All nature smiles, and it's a pipe That smoothes will soon be ripe. —Springfield Union.

Mrs. Knicker—What is the home's plate?

Mrs. Bocker—I suppose it is the one your husband washes while you are away.—New York Sun.

Vulcan, the god of ancient times, smiths and metal workers, was slain in consequence of a pretty hard fall he had in his early days. Jupiter and Juno had a row, and Vulcan sided with his mother against the old god, who promptly kicked him out of heaven. He fell for a whole day and lighted on the island of Lemnos, broke his leg and received as severe a shaking up as though he had tumbled down an elevator shaft. As Vulcan set his leg, but, having only just received a diploma, did a poor job, and for a long time Vulcan went on a crutch.