

ST. JOHNS REVIEW

Plans for Elevator System

The Witherspoon-Englar Company, of Chicago, a firm which specializes in grain handling equipment and systems, will make the plans for the Portland municipal grain elevator and terminal docks. The committee which was appointed to select a consulting engineer, after listening to the plans and data of J. M. Witherspoon, of this concern, authorized the company to begin work immediately on the plans for the complete elevator.

The company is employed by the Port of Portland Commission on a basis of 1 per cent of the total, and the plans and work will be carried out in the offices of the Port of Portland Commission under the direction of G. B. Hegardt, engineer of the board. The appointment committee, consisting of Mr. Hegardt and John H. Burgard, met with the Dock Commission on Monday morning and the plans which the Chicago engineer outlined met with the approval of the commission, so later in the day the agreement was signed.

The company is to furnish all the detail men and specialists on the work. Mr. Witherspoon will urge all possible speed. He says it will take about four months for the plans and arrangements of detail. After that it will take eight months to build the dock, which means that no time can be lost to have the pier ready for the 1918 crop. "I consider the location ideal," said the engineer. "I have been over the ground thoroughly with Mr. Hegardt and the construction will offer no engineering difficulties. It will be necessary to provide unusual smutting facilities, because investigation among grain men show Northwest wheat contains considerable smut, which is, however, easily taken care of."

Loading facilities for the river boats will also be provided, as it is expected that much of the grain will come into Portland by way of river boats.—Oregonian.

Pretty Home Wedding

One of the daintiest of home weddings occurred Sunday afternoon August 19th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Sterling, 801 Kellogg street, when their daughter, Miss V. Louise Sterling, was united in marriage with Wm. C. Little, of Yamhill. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. H. Irvine of the St. Johns Methodist Episcopal church, where the happy couple first met and where the lover life began that has progressed so delightfully and where they are held in high esteem. Only immediate members of the families concerned were present, consisting of Mr. Gordon Little, one of our soldier boys in uniform, and brother of the groom, Mrs. Thorpe, sister of Mr. Little, and Mr. Thorpe, Miss Vina Sivan, a cherished schoolmate of the bride, and Mrs. Irvine, wife of the officiating minister. A collation of ice cream, cake and fruit drinks was served. After a brief tour "somewhere in Oregon" the new hearthstone will be established at Yamhill, where Mr. Little is engaged as contractor and builder.

Information Desired

Sometimes one is inclined to ask, upon what basis the taxes of the city are levied and why for no apparent reason lines are drawn outside of which property seems to be exempt. The tentative assessments for the proposed extension of Greely street are out, and a slight inquiry into the method of assessment would not be amiss when one realizes that in the St. Johns district, practically all of the water front property which naturally includes most of the large industries, has been exempt while other property, which certainly could not receive any greater benefit from the proposed extension is well taxed. Who is responsible?—Citizen.

If you have a cow, a horse, chickens, piano, household articles or in fact anything to sell, try an ad. in the Review. If you do not have faith enough to pay for an ad., offer us a commission and we will do the advertising without charge.

Food for Thought

I note an open letter in an evening paper, signed "A Country Girl," urging that the people of Portland show their appreciation of the sacrifices the soldiers are prepared to make by holding a series of street dances, and also suggesting that every one speak to the soldier in passing on the street. I am answering this not because I believe the city officials will arrange these dances, as they are rather too sensible for that, but to correct in some measure the impression that seems to prevail that soldiers value the easy made street acquaintance. There is little doubt that the suggestions made by "Country Girl" are in good faith and with an earnest, if mistaken, desire to show honor to the soldier. I have an idea that this young lady would not take part in a street dance where her partners would be civilians and she would doubtless be a model of propriety in her relations to civilians. The mistake is in supposing that the man has changed when he dons the uniform. It is perhaps not strange that young women with their limited experience should not realize that the same conventions that are wholesome in normal times and necessary to protect the moral welfare of both young men and women are even more important in times of war when most people are to a large degree controlled by emotion. This is always true and perfectly natural. It is not strange that young women do not know, as do all men and older women, that a young woman who makes easy acquaintance with a young man loses to a large degree his respect. There is no class of men who need more to hold a high respect and reverence for women than do soldiers. They are to face great temptations both in camp life and active service. The awful crimes that shock us in every war committed against the women of an enemy people are the far-reaching result of the breaking down of reverence for womanhood and are only farther down the road that is entered when an easy acquaintance is made with young women on the street. The writer has studied this question for years and is prepared to state with confidence that the safety of the soldier boy as well as that of the young woman lies in maintaining the same or even stricter conventions as between young men and women than were patent before the uniform appeared upon the streets. The great mistake began when young women were applauded as having rendered a patriotic service when they offered a premium of their kisses to young men who enlisted. This mistake has been continued perhaps not by the same individuals in the flirtations with soldiers that can be seen almost any hour upon the streets, and by even open kisses and caresses upon too frequent occasions. These exhibitions which have caused women to blush for their sex and the soldier—to his credit—to redress with embarrassment will, if followed to the natural conclusion, send many a sad young woman to sit and brood in silence until the fatal certainty of her coming shame will crush her or drive her to desperation. With no premeditation on the part of either this will inevitably result, indeed is resulting, in hundreds of localities near the camps. The young girl will bear her heartache alone, and "somewhere in France" a young soldier will regret, but not too sadly, for some way men feel that a young woman who makes easy acquaintance in worthy to bear whatever result may follow. Our soldiers are for the most part splendid young fellows, but it is well for parents as well as young women to remember that though they wear the uniform they are men and with men's temptations, they will need in all of the days that follow in their service for America the protection of a high reverence for womanhood. The very highest service the young women in the vicinity of the forts and camps can give is to so conduct themselves that this will be conserved. This can not be done by street dances or by making free acquaintance, but by maintaining that dignity which is the greatest beauty of young womanhood. An interested and kindly glance, if you can give that with no suggestion of invitation to recognition, will be consistent with

More Interest Desired

The call made by the Council of National Defense to the women of St. Johns to form a local council was answered by six women. Very well; had there been six organizations represented but five of these ladies were of the same organization—the W. C. T. U. Congratulate the union. The others may hang their heads. Three officers were elected, but the electing of an advisory board was postponed until a meeting in which a greater number of organizations should be represented. We women have said what we would do in the affairs of the nation if we were given a chance. And only six of us answered the first call. Think of that, women of St. Johns! The council will in no way interfere with the work already being done by present organizations. Women from clubs and societies are wanted because it is supposed they understand the bringing of numbers of women together in their common causes. The first thing to be asked of us is a registration of the women of the land on a card which asks her name and various questions as to what she is fitted to do for the government, what time she can give, whether she must do her share at home or whether she be free to be sent anywhere she is needed, and so on. This registration does not come for some time yet nor does it mean conscription at all. All that is asked is voluntary giving.

The men of the council are doing wonders. Every day's paper announces some new effort. Already they are working us women into it in countless ways, even to lugging home our own bundles. Oregon men have been first in all things military. Are women to fall behind? If not, each small part must be faithful to the whole and St. Johns women must do their bit. So on August 28, at the St. Johns library, let us try again and have a true assembly of all the clubs, parent-teacher, W. C. T. U., grange, fraternal, church, card and charitable organizations. It is their officers that are most needed. The government has called and if for that reason alone, we should be glad to answer.—Contributed.

If I Were Only Young

"If I were only young once more, how I would wade in Prussian gore! If I were only twenty-three, or thirty, as I used to be, how I would wield my flashing sword, and paralyze the German horde! If I were not a failing sight, and if my whiskers were not white, and if I had not housemaid's knee, how eagerly I'd cross the sea, with my large double action lance, I'd drive invaders out of France!" Thus every day I hear men bewail their age, and weep again. Cheer up, oh, venerable jays! You still may help, in forty ways. The rolls of cash we see you hoard may do more service than the sword. Great whiskers! how your faces fall, when harking to that sort of call! "Our life blood we would freely lose, until it rose above your shoes," you grand old fellows seem to say; "we'd bleed and die day after day, but when you'd touch our pocketbooks, that is another thing, gadzooks!" Oh, how the children must admire the grownups filled with martial fire, who tell all day what they would do if they were twenty-one or two, and who shrink up and fade away if asked to help Y. M. C. A., or any worthy army cause—those heroes battling with their jaws!—Walt Mason.

This. It can be safely said that young men such as Oregon is sending to our country's service will not be complimented or pleased by a street recognition that even smacks of an invitation to acquaintance. — Ada Wallace Unruh in Portland Journal.

V. W. Mason, a former well known St. Johns contractor, but who is now engaged in the ship keel industry, delivered his first car load of knees to the local ship plant Tuesday. The company was well pleased with the knees, and declared them to be first class in every way. Mr. Mason is arranging to install a saw mill in conjunction, which will add largely to the capacity of his plant.

The Price of Bread

The seemingly stupendous prices charged for bread in Portland is causing considerable agitation among many citizens. From the figures submitted in the article appearing below, which was sent to this office for republication accompanied by an indignant protest against the price of bread, there can be no doubt that the bakers are charging in excess of what should be charged for making bread, providing the figures are correct. If the bakers are taking advantage of the present situation to exact enormous profits, it is time an investigation be made and a halt be called. The first clipping below appeared in the Journal and the other in the Evening News:

I wish to take issue with Mayor Baker's "special investigator" for the city. When he says that 10 cents for one pound of bread is not an excessive price, when flour is selling at \$11.60 a barrel, Mr. Humanson should know that one barrel of flour, 198 pounds, will make at least 257 pounds of bread. The 59 pounds added is the water and salt. At 10 cents per loaf, 257 loaves is \$25.70, giving the baker \$14.10 for baking one barrel of flour. Mr. Humanson would have the mayor and the people of Portland believe that the bakers should have \$14.10 for baking one barrel of flour into bread. Mayor Baker should call his investigator on the carpet and ask him to explain why the bakers should receive \$14.10 for baking one barrel of flour. One barrel of flour, 198 pounds, will make 257 loaves of bread. At six cents per pound loaf it would bring in \$15.42, giving the baker \$3.32 for baking the four sacks of flour, (one barrel) and that would leave \$10.28 in the pocket of the man who is shoving lumber in the sawmill, and his wife might be able to get new shoes for the children by the time wet weather sets in this fall. Now, I want to ask the mayor if he thinks the people of Portland would stand by and see the bakers go out on the streets of Portland and hold up the children when they start to school this fall and rob them of their shoes, in this time of times when the war drums are beating on every highway of the United States? Don't understand me to say that the bakers are taking the children's shoes off their feet. No, they are not doing that way. They are taking away from the father of the children the money with which he could have bought shoes.

I wonder if Mayor Baker knows that Portland is paying 40 per cent more for bread than poor stricken Belgium and that the price of bread in France is 40 per cent less than it is in Portland?

Bread is now selling in little old England for seven cents per one pound loaf, while we in Portland are paying 10 cents for the same loaf. England has to run the U-boat blockade and pay enormous freight for 3000 miles to get her wheat, while Portland is in the wheat fields. Let Mr. Humanson tell us why this difference in the price. I should like to have the mayor take notice and fix the price somewhat less than the price of bread in London, before the people are compelled to call on Hoover for relief. It might be well for the bread eaters to call a meeting and investigate the investigator.—H. D. Wagon.

Since last spring the price of flour has declined \$2.50 a barrel, but the price of bread has remained the same. This bread price was advanced to keep pace with the soaring price of flour, which at its highest was \$13.70 a barrel. The price today is \$11.20 a barrel. For three ounces more bread than she formerly got for five cents the housewife is now paying 10 cents. Before flour soared, the price of bread was: For a 13 ounce loaf, five cents. For a 26 ounce loaf, 10 cents. Now it is: For a 16 ounce loaf, 10 cents. For a 24 ounce loaf, 15 cents. Some small stores are selling home-made bread for nine cents a loaf and claim to be making money. Bakers get approximately 300 16 ounce loaves from a barrel of flour, which cost \$11.20. This, converted into bread to be sold at 10 cents a loaf by the dealer, brings \$30. The housewife pay \$18.80 for having the flour made into bread. When the price of flour was \$13.90, the housewife paid only \$16.90—or \$2.50 less—for

Not Understood

Not understood. We move along asunder; Our paths grow wider as the seasons creep Along the years. We marvel and we wonder Why life is life, and then we fall asleep— Not understood.

Not understood. We gather false impressions And hug them closer as the years go by. Till virtues often to us seem transgressions And thus men rise and live and fall and die— Not understood.

Not understood. How trifles often change us. The thoughtless sentence or the fancied slight Destroy long years of friendship and estrange us. And on our soul there falls a freezing blight— Not understood.

Not understood. The secret springs of action Which lie beneath the surface and the show Are disregarded. With self-satisfaction We judge our neighbors and they go— Not understood.

Not understood. Poor souls with stunted vision Oft measure giants by their narrow gauge And the poisoned shafts of falsehood and derision Are oft impelled against those who mould the age— Not understood.

Not understood. How many breasts are aching For lack of sympathy; ah, day by day How many noble spirits pass away— Not understood.

Not understood. Oh God, that man could see a little clearer, Or judge less harshly when they can not see. Oh, God, that men would draw near to one another That they would be near to Thee— And Understand.—Ex.

Ringling Bros.' Circus

Announcement is made that on Monday, August 27, Ringling Bros.' circus will give afternoon and night performances at Portland. The famous showmen are this season presenting an all new and wonderful program. The tremendous fairland spectacle, "Cinderella," will appeal to both young and old. More than 1000 persons take part in it. It is easily the biggest spectacle Ringling Bros. have ever staged and its glorious "Ballet of the Fairies," with 300 dancing girls, is in itself worth going many miles to see. Following "Cinderella," 400 arena artists appear in the main tent program. The Ringling Bros. have secured scores of circus performers never before seen in America. An entire trained animal show has been made a part of the main tent program this season. The menagerie now number 1009 wild animals. The elephants, including "Big Bingo," the earth's largest pachyderm, have been increased to 41 and almost 800 horses are carried. There will be 60 clowns and a big free three mile street parade show day morning. Adv.

the same service. Thus the profit made on a barrel of flour made into bread is now \$2.50 more than when flour was \$13.70. The difference between the price of flour and the retail price of bread made from it is what the consumer must pay for ingredients other than flour—for handling and manufacturers' and retailers' profits. The drop in flour added \$10.10 a barrel to the profit on bread in Portland. This figure is obtained by figuring the annual consumption of flour at one half barrel for each person, and the population of Portland at 295,000 the census bureau's latest estimate. On the same basis Portlanders pay \$268,750 to have their flour baked into bread.—Portland News.

Purchase no court plaster of street vendors or peddlers. If court plaster must be used purchase only from responsible sources. This is the caution of the United States Department of Justice.

Fate of the Evader

From now on the fate of the man who tries to evade his duty under the draft will be any thing but enviable. Failure to appear for physical examination when called up by his local exemption board will not help the slacker. In fact it will be about the shortest cut he could take to get himself drafted automatically into the army without further consideration. If a man does not appear before his local board when called—unless he applies by reason of absence from his district to have his examination transferred to another board, or can give a very good reason why he was unable to appear—his name will be certified to the Adjutant General of the state as having been called for military service and not exempted or discharged. The Adjutant General, who acts under instructions from Washington, will give him one more chance, and only one, to clear his record. A notice will be sent to the address on his registration card directing him to report within five days, either in person or by mail or telegraph to the Adjutant General. If he doesn't report as directed, at the end of the five days he becomes automatically drafted into the army of the United States. Failure to appear for duty will then become equivalent to deserting from the army. Men who desert from Uncle Sam's army in time of war are not treated very kindly. They are classed in the same category as traitors. Such men will be rigidly hunted down by the military authorities. They either will be compelled to serve, or court martialed as deserters. In time of war a court martial can inflict the death penalty for desertion.—Information Bureau, Adjutant General's Office, Portland, Oregon.

Was It You?

Some one started the whole day wrong— Was it you? Some one robbed the day of its song— Was it you? Early this morning someone frowned; Someone sulked until others scowled, And soon harsh words were passed around— Was it you? Some one started the day a-riht— Was it you? Someone made it happy and bright— Was it you? Early this morning, we were told, Someone smiled, and all through the day, This smile encouraged young and old— Was it you? —Stewart I. Long, in N. Y. Sun.

Supplying the Pulpit

Rev. E. P. Borden, of the Baptist church, is spending his vacation at Sea View. During his absence Mr. Harold Proppe is supplying the pulpit. His sermon next Sunday morning will be on Satan. He has delivered this sermon upon two other occasions, and says there is a thread running from Genesis to Revelations describing Satan. A little boy who has to be coaxed to church said on the way home last Sunday, "Why he didn't preach at all. I kept waiting for him to preach; he just told us things and stopped. I like him."—Reported.

Fine Residence For Sale

An eight room house, thoroughly modern throughout, distinctive in type, interior finely finished, located in one of the best overlook districts in St. Johns, overlooks the new ship plant, and in fact is one of the most desirable properties in St. Johns. Any one desiring a modern, up-to-date residence, ideally situated, and at a very reasonable price, should not fail to investigate this. Inquire at this office.

Cards of thanks notices are charged for at the rate of fifty cents each. Persons desiring to have such notices published should make a note of this.

Won in the Kitchens

The great Kitchener said "This war will be won in the kitchens;" Cromwell expressed the same by claiming "A soldier's nerve comes from his belly, keep it full." Believing this, the U. S. Navy Department has ordered an extra meal served to the men on night watch, increased the food allowance, and sent out an urgent call for cooks, bakers, stewards, and mess attendants. These great floating monsters, of our First Line of Defense, greatly resemble a first class hotel, with their large cold storage plants stocked with fresh meats, fruit and vegetables and large spotless kitchens, equipped with the latest electric ranges and appliances. The Navy offers a splendid position to both experienced cooks and bakers, and non-experienced men in the mess department. The former will board ship at once, and the latter will be given a complete course at the Navy Cooking School, near San Francisco. This will give many a young man the chance to travel, learn a trade, earn a good salary, and best of all strike a telling blow at the Kaiser. Application for enlistment can be made to any Postmaster or to the U. S. Navy Recruiting Station, Dekum Building, Portland, Oregon.

The Open Air Meeting

The open air union meeting last Sunday evening at the city hall plot was well attended and quite interesting. The message was brought by Rev. J. H. Irvine, of the Methodist church, and he made a most earnest plea for the unsaved. He took as the subject of his discourse, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." He handled his subject in an impressive and instructive manner, and brought out a number of new thoughts. He pointed out that there is a solidarity about this as well as any other community, and that it is so bounded together that it must all rise or fall together. That in order to save our boy and girl, we must, in self defense, as it were, save our neighbor's boy; that if he is not saved, he may drag our boy or girl down. The music was again a pleasing feature of the meeting. Next Sunday evening will terminate the series of outdoor meetings, and it is hoped all who can do so will attend.

Will Visit in Seattle

Mrs. Helen Howarth Lemmel has gone to Seattle for a ten day visit with friends and will there sing for the benefit of Red Cross and other war relief entertainment. Miss Nettie Leona Foy will spend her vacation in Seattle where she will act as accompanist for Mrs. Lemmel as she has done in Portland. The proceeds of Mrs. Lemmel's new patriotic song "My Dear O" has been generously donated by her to Red Cross work, especially for Oregon soldiers. It is now on sale at Foy's Variety Store.

It Always Pays

A party last week ran a little ad. in the Review for the sale of some furniture and a residence for sale or rent, and she said her phone was kept ringing almost constantly from the time the paper was distributed until 9 o'clock at night. She said she could have sold readily three times as much furniture as she had for sale, and she rented her house in a twinkling. It pays to advertise in the Review.

A man named Groat had his arm broken last Thursday night, while riding on a Montavilla car. He had allowed his arm to hang out of the car window and it was struck by a passing wagon, breaking it at the elbow. This is a practice indulged in quite too frequently, especially by youngsters riding in street cars should neither allow their arms or their head to stick out of the windows. It is a dangerous practice.

Send in your news items.