

ST. JOHNS REVIEW

Little Jimmy

"Jimmy"—that was his name. He was just a little, wee fellow, with a face freckled with freckles and fathomless blue eyes that looked straight at you as though in somewhat dubious inquiry as to what your attitude might be toward Jimmy himself; for there were those in the neighborhood with whom he was not in high favor; who regarded him as a sort of necessary evil, perhaps. Undoubtedly, he made a lot of noise.

He had an old dilapidated wagon whose dismal creaking and noisy, persistent rattle broke forth on the stillness of the street simultaneously with the dawn. For Jimmy was an early riser; and it seemed to me that he regarded it his special mission in life to rumble over the pavement with that disreputable, raucously protesting wagon and keep people awake who wanted to sleep.

He loved that wagon; it was his most treasured possession. If he chose to get up at dawn just to rattle along with it over the pavement—well, perhaps he had a right to; but we didn't use to look at the matter in that light.

Came then a day, the dawn of which was unaccompanied by the creakings and groanings of Jimmy's wagon. The day following—and the next—the sounds were likewise missing. Then glancing from my window down toward Jimmy's house, I saw a physician leaving there; as he looked very grave and thoughtful as he climbed into his car.

Early the next week a little procession started slowly from the house where Jimmy had lived, and I learned that he had left the dilapidated little wagon behind—forever; that the small, wee boy had crossed over the border where discords and jarring sounds do not intrude.

And sometimes now, when I awaken in the morn, there is something strangely oppressive about the silence and stillness of the street. Something is sadly, vitally missing.

I go to the window which looks out upon the street and then the realization comes to me that I have gone there to catch the sound of an old, creaking wagon, coming rumbling along over the pavement; that I am thinking of a little, wee boy as I gaze out into the deserted street; that I am striving hopelessly to catch a fleeting glimpse of Jimmy.—Exchange.

Receiving Good Care

Mrs. J. M. Gillespie is in receipt of the following letter from San Antonio Texas, concerning her son, Edmund, who is a patient there: American Red Cross Fort Sam Houston Hospital Sept. 6, 1918. Mrs. J. M. Gillespie, 802 Pittsburg street, Portland, Oregon.—My dear Mrs. Gillespie: As the representative of the American Red Cross, I am writing you concerning Edmund S. Gillespie, who is a patient at the Base Hospital as the result of an operation.

It may relieve your anxiety to some extent to be assured that he is having good care, and we are glad to give you his assurance. No pains will be spared to bring about an early recovery. We trust this will relieve any undue anxiety that you may feel. His condition is reported as being apparently good.

The ward workers of the Red Cross try to keep in touch with the patients and render any service they may be called upon to perform. If there is any way in which we can be of any use to you or Edmund please do not hesitate to call upon us.—Very sincerely yours, American Red Cross, Wm. K. Ewing, Asst. Field Director.

The teacher was trying to give her pupils an illustration of the word "perseverance." "What is it," she asked, "that carries a man along rough roads and smooth roads, up hill and down, through the jungles of doubt and through the swamps of despair?" There was a silence, and then Johnny, whose father was an automobile dealer, spoke up. "Please, ma'am," he said, "there ain't no such automobile."—People's Home Journal.

Price Knocked Down \$2,000. Fine hotel site near station, St. Johns; 160x137 1/2 feet. Address 837 Willamette boulevard.

High School Notes

Students are congratulating Mr. Fletcher upon the birth of a new son who arrived last Monday.

The Junior girls will give a "Sandwich Sale" Oct. 2, the proceeds to go to the Student Body treasury.

The Juniors have announced their class rating by means of pennants in the school colors and every member wears the named badge proudly.

The Junior girls are having one last spurge of girlhood before assuming the dignified attitude of Seniors next year. Each may be seen wearing an immense bow of purple paper.

The school will give a reception in honor of the Freshmen and their parents, Friday evening, Oct. 4. It is the desire of the school to have, not only all the parents of the Freshmen class present, but the parents of all the new students.

The girls' basket-ball teams have been organized. A schedule will be arranged by the managers of the various classes so that they will not conflict in their practices. Mrs. Richards, our new Science teacher, a very efficient coach, is going to have charge of the girls.

Under the supervision of Mr. Price, our Thrift and War Stamp Campaign has started with vim. More than one hundred and thirty dollars worth have already been sold, and it has been arranged that every Monday shall be our W. S. S. Day, on which stamps may be bought.

The foot ball men are practicing daily and hope to be in fine shape to play Lincoln High, Friday of this week. Although a great many of our foot ball men have gone into the service at O. A. C. we still have a good team and hope to have as successful a season as that of 1917.

The girls literary society Philathenium at a regular meeting on Tuesday elected its officers for the term as follows: President, Genevieve Brown; vice president, Dorothy Hoyt; secretary, Virginia Dunsmore. Chairman of program committee, Gwladys Keeney; custodian of properties, Leona Boomsalter.

The Public Welfare and Music Commissioners elected last spring, have become ineligible for office, so it has been necessary to elect some new ones. Those nominated for Public Welfare were Gordon Avery, Joe Jower and Rudy Anderson, with Jower the winner. Nana Seely, Gwladys Keeney and Tell Willikson, were nominated for Music, Nana Seely being elected.

The Juniors of James John High enjoyed their first party of this term, at the home of Gwladys Keeney. Nearly all participated in a unique program, which was followed by interesting games and refreshments. The party was given as a farewell to Edmund Kugel and Kelsey Cook, former presidents, who left with the boys of the class of Jan. 1919, for O. A. C.

Many of our older James John boys have gone to O. A. C., where they will take up intensive military training and special college work, with other boys who have left Portland's schools. They are popular boys and we shall miss them greatly, of course, but we are proud that they are giving their just and patriotic service to their country. They are: Everett Day, Russell Smith, Joe Toole, Raymond Miller, Merritt Whitmer, Edmund Kugel, Merle Harrington, Max Stearns, Kelsey Cook.

James John will perform patriotic service by cleaning Sphagnum moss for the Red Cross. Each room is to clean moss individually under the supervision of Muriel Thomas, who has been appointed to this position on account of her experience with the moss. Every boy or girl who cleans moss is requested to wear a towel or cap to prevent any hair from getting into the moss, as hair cannot be sterilized and will work thru a bandage into a wound, doing much harm.

Recently, a French officer, Vincent de Wiertzbicki, who is here from Washington D. C. gave us a very interesting and eloquent talk on the subject, "What France thinks of this war." Among the things he told us that the Allies thought the United States had remained neutral for good reasons and for some not so good; that Germany had long before planned for this war that she might gain more power. He traced the main events from the beginning of the war, giving us, in detail, the

Deportation Probable

Five declarant aliens of Swedish, Finnish and Russian nationalities have in the past three weeks turned over to local exemption board No. 10 at St. Johns cancellations of their first citizenship papers, thereby obtaining exemption from military service.

Each of these declarants was in class 1 of the draft and fishermen. The names have been transmitted to the Government naturalization bureau, where record that will forever bar them from becoming American citizens is made. Eventual deportation probably will be the portion of these men.

"A little investigation convinces me," said a draft official, "that these men believe they will not be deported until the end of the war at least, and that in the meantime they can amass a lot of American money. I believe their deportation at an early date will be arranged. I only wish that employers would refuse to engage them, as in the case of pro-Germans." Legal advisers, helping the new registrants fill out their questionnaires, encounter many men who withdraw their first papers and thus relieve themselves of liability to military service. The largest numbers of such cases are reported by boards No. 1, No. 2 and No. 10, which number many aliens on their lists.—Oregonian.

Be Slow to Judge

I often hear a fellow say, when pointing to a neighbor, "I really think that idle jay should do some useful labor. He tramps the village selling books, and in these times of war, gadzooks, we have small use for letters. He ought to beg or steal a hoe, and work out his salvation, and make a hill of spinach grow, to help to feed the nation." Perhaps the neighbor's wearing bells, as on his path he's drifting; perhaps the clothbound books he sells are loyal and uplifting. I well may chance his helpful tomes inspire some husky trueton to go and cleave some Tueton domes, and make the Kaiser bitter. I've never found it safer or sane to judge the other fellow, to say his motives all are vain, or that his course is yellow. We all can't labor with our hands, with energy untiring; we can't hew wood or till the lands, or keep the forge fires burning. For some must clerk, and some must preach, or run the railway station, and some must take their clubs and teach the rising generation. The doctor cannot leave his sick who look to him for healing, because some loud offensive hick of slackers still is spilling. Before I'd throw out darksome hints, or whisper things abusive, I'd have to have the charts and prints and diagrams conclusive.—Walt Mason.

How the Money is Used

In normal times—in peace times—it costs about a billion dollars a year to run the Government. For the fiscal year ended June 30, 1918, Congress appropriated in round numbers, including deficiencies, \$18,882,000,000. For 1919 Congress has appropriated in round numbers at the present session, including deficiencies and appropriation bills pending, \$24,330,000,000.

The mind is often confused over "appropriations" and "expenditures." Congressional appropriations fix the limit of what may be used. Then the Government Departments and bureaus spend what is necessary, and at the end of the year the appropriation lapses. Official figures show that for the fiscal year 1918 the Government spent \$12,696,702,471.14, and in addition during the war months of 1917 disbursed \$885,000,000 for loans to Allies.

Up to the very day we entered the war Germany believed that victory for the General powers lay just ahead. A strong factor in this calculation was their belief that the Entente powers were financially exhausted.

Germany had spent fifty years preparing for a war of conquest. She knew that from its very start she must wage it from within the circle compose of herself and her Allies, that she must produce from within this circle her raw stuffs and manufacture material and by doing this beyond the eighteen months that Germany set for its winning—if there was to be a winning—she kept her money at home, used it over and over again, as the same water turns the wheels of many mills.

Our Allies, on the other hand, owing chiefly to their lack of preparation, had to come into the markets of the United States for most of their war necessities, and in the years of our neutrality their account with us totaled approximately \$9,453,524,547.

A nation and an individual are alike when they want to buy anything—they must have money or credit which is based on money. Our Allies were short on both and we supplied their need. We advanced them money and credit, and we called the transaction a loan. In the fiscal years 1917 and 1918 we loaned them \$5,623,000,000. Their securities and governmental undertakings to repay lie in the vaults of the Treasury of the United States.

What our Allies did with that credit, or money is of vast importance to us. They look to us to supply them with wheat and corn and cotton from our fields, coal and ore from our mines, and finished products from our factories and foundries, otherwise they could not remain at war, so they brought this credit that we had lent them into our markets and spent it over our counters.

During the fiscal year 1918 our exports amounted to \$6,000,000,000. Six billion is six thousand million! Most of these went to our Allies, and was turned immediately and eagerly into fighting stuff for winning their war—our war.

You will be interested in knowing some of the things our Allies really did with the sums we lent them. First they used over \$150,000,000 for relief in Belgium and Serbia. The people in Belgium call it "blessed money." Besides the enormous expenditures embraced in the term "munitions of war," they have spent \$800,000,000 for cereals, \$800,000,000 for meat and other foods, and \$600,000,000 for cotton.

Sambo had been haled before the court on a charge of chicken-stealing. A great deal of very damaging testimony had been submitted to substantiate the charge. There was no lawyer present to defend Sambo, and when the prosecution had completed its case the judge turned to him and said: "You are charged with stealing chickens; have you any witnesses?" "No, sah!" answered Sambo. "When I steal chickens I don't have no witnesses!"

A little boy just four years old is permitted to go out each morning and get the mail after its delivery by the rural carrier. The other morning he came strolling up the path with the Oregonian held up before his face, scanning the headlines eagerly. "What does it say this morning, Toots?" asked his mother. "The Americans are giving the Huns hell," was the serious reply.

St. Johns' Honor Roll

Following is a list of those from St. Johns who have enlisted in Uncle Sam's service. Persons knowing of any names omitted will render a favor by reporting same to this office.

Taylor M. Whitmore, Athill W. Irvine, Dean H. Knowles, Earl H. Knowles, Theodore Bugbee, H. Bryon Poff, Armand Olin, Claude E. Harris, Russell Poff, R. P. Galloway, Chas. E. Garlick, Murne Donaldson, Glenn Haskell, Ray Clark, Benajah T. Swan, Hubert Martin, Leon Sorber, Donald Strickland, Lowell Anderson, John Lavillet, Frank L. Thompson, Oron Lear, Hal J. Davis, Donald N. Trowbridge, Bert Larson, Alan Rutherford, Homer Plaskett, Henry Brandenberg, J. W. Welsh, David Bowe, Clyde Heath, Walter Mayer, Fred Scmallings, John Boggs, Ernest Johnson, Hiram Eatinger, Kenneth Simmons, Thornton Toole, Eugene Hiatt, Dove Walker, August Jensen, Ray Meyer, Walter Pearson, Elmer Maples, Roy Gagnon, Lester D. and Basil B. Smith, Bryant Kilkenny, Paul Rude, Emory Gilmore, Lewis Wirth, Harold Meredith, Ray Hawkins, Hugh Ward, Kindle C. Satterlee, Gordon and Wilbur Bellingier, Zelta Rice, Leslie B. Moulton, Harry Truman, Frank Green, Walter Rickson, Frank Whitney, Thomas Reynolds, Carlyle Cunningham, Percy Smith, Frank Whitney, Arthur C. Clark, Alphonso Fox, Harry O. Hughes, Geo. Downey, Thos. E. Willikson, Edw. G. Willikson, Ingolf Willikson, F. Edward Isbell, Graham Moxon, G. Lincoln Fassett, Harley Manning, Grover Carroll, Clyde Miller, Adolph Ancher, John Basey, Wm. Moe, Albert Hyde, Reed Chamberlain, Ray Vanderbeck, Richard Barley, Cecil Magone, Frank Bugbee, Ivan Faber, Bert Sundstrom, Gail Perrine, Norman Nelson, Grover Barron, Harry J. Simmons, Thos. Roberts, Max J. Witters, A. Tallman, G. W. Stevens, Christ Lind, William E. Galloway, Geo. Worthington, Jack L. Douglas, Joy Milton Carnahan, Elmer Flynn, J. Elmer Thomas, Eugene Small, Howard and Basil Holcomb, Carl Smith, Sprague B. Marsh, William Ward, Bert Sundstrom, Glen Weiser, Louis St. Johns, John F. Brownley, Ross Gattton, Thos. Cochran, Dewey Brown, Henry J. Amala, Alva and Ralph Smith, Eugene Thurmond, Harry Reichtmeyer, George Schmidt, William Sneed, Alec S. Cokalas, Louis Fletcher, Roy Muck, Paul Irvine, R. L. Smith, Frank Steichen, George I. Larson, Merle Andrew Teeling, Guy Edwin Teeling, Albert Wrinkle, Eneas Small, Raymond Sprouls, Robert and Roy Andrews, Leonard H. Gages, Frank Carlson, John B. White, Donald M. Flynn, Raymond Smith, Tony Halicki, Fred Marlett, Albert V. Marcy, John Bakke, Edward Crosson, Anton Fielkip, F. E. Wright, Vernon C. Scott, Emil Bronaert, Lester E. Ellis, Fred De Villette, Elmer Sneed, Harry W. Fassett, Percy M. Johnston, Fred Sterritt, Willis Vinson, Claude L. Peters, Lester E. Barry, Cyril W. Magone, Jerome H. Whisler, Eugene Brown, A. Earl Jayne, Wyeth Jayne, John McGregor, Thos. J. Donlon, Roy Thompson, J. Morton Lindley, Wylie R. Hessinger, Harry A. Imboden, George H. Royer, William Hughes, Clyde Thayer, Leo Sterna, Edward Hanson, Casper Hanson, Sam Dewey Peterson, Theo. Fred Muller, Viking Larson, Gardner M. Whipple, William M. Koeter, Gilbert M. Olson, Earl Keliher, Ernest Jensen, Clyde Hein, Melvin A. Butts, Raymond F. Bueermann, Allen F. Sterritt, Wm. J. Kirkham, Olney Crosson, Lawrence Layton, Alva J. Asper, Geo. S. Payne, Fred Herwick, Robert G. Clark, Jos. C. Galloway, David Dickson, Chas. Spackman, Elgin L. Barton, Frank Walden, Jos. G. Allen, Michael B. Ferschweiler, Clarence J. Cannard, Francis W. Cannard, Albert G. Cannard, Joseph J. Bowley, Albert Vanderbeck, A. Fred Iringer, Amandus L. Vardegan, Harvey P. Brown, Chas. S. Dane, N. R. Zimmerman, George Hufford, Everett Smith, Carl Dahl, George L. Urban, George J. Hufford.

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Each morn at six the bugle calls
And out for Reville I fall,
With eyes not dull, but clear and bright
Because I've had a restful night
And with pure air my lungs I fill.
Not at all I mind the daily drill.
The only that that I have now
Is to double time up to the chow.
I feel so well, so fit and strong
I burst with others into song.
Each is anxious for his chance,
To face the Bosche away in France.
Perhaps in France I'll find my grave,
But think of all the cares I'm saved,
My folks will know I left behind,
I fell with face toward the Rhine,
For out of nothing our Uncle Sam,
If given time can make a man.
Think not I'm going across to die
I'll be home in the Sweet Bye and Bye,
And I shall live my life again
At peace at home and with my friends.
In all the world I'll have no care
I'll know that I have done my share.
—Fred Marlett, Camp Fremont, Cal.

since the members will be greatly scattered. Some of the objects in view for the society are to hold the members together; keep up their interest of the school, and put up a standard for those who are working for membership. The practical side of it's work is to start a scholarship fund which will enable future members to go to college if they need aid. They have planned to hold a reunion every four years, and elect their officers for that period of time.

declarations and the orders in which they occurred.

The Seniors gave the boys of the graduating class, who left for O. A. C., a farewell party at the school building, Friday, Sept. 28th, and had a glorious time. The graduation of these boys, which would have been in February was hastened by order of Superintendent Grant, who allowed them to graduate last week. These boys gave, as a very practical present to the school, a pencil sharpener which is established in the main hall, for the use of all. The pile of shavings on the floor attests its usefulness.

The Student Body of James John High has voted to publish the Tumulium, the school magazine, every quarter, instead of annually, as has been the custom. In this way no one class will have all the responsibility, as the Seniors heretofore have had. The student council, after long consideration, nominated candidates for the positions necessary to the publication of the Tumulium. These candidates were voted upon last week, with the following results: Hugh Whisler, business manager; Melvin Westlieder, asst. manager; Alverda McNiven, editor in chief; Genevieve Brown, literary editor; Denby Coon, art and music editor; Paul Chatterton, athletics; Alice Brown, public welfare.

A society has been organized among our Alumni, the members of which are those who received enough honor points to get their pins at graduation. During the summer the members met and elected Charles Spackman temporary-chairman and Opal Weimer temporary secretary. Opal Weimer and Alice Gilstrap, who are on the committee for drafting constitution, have been busily working on it for several weeks. The business will be largely carried on by correspondence,