

ST. JOHNS REVIEW

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The Pier Accepted

Formal acceptance of Pier No. 1, at the St. Johns municipal terminal, from the contractors, the J. A. McEachern Company, which was carried out by the Commission of Public Docks Thursday, has been followed by active work toward completing details of electric wiring for lighting and power purposes and the connecting of railroad tracks so that the pier is virtually ready for business.

The covered section of the pier extends 600 feet inshore from the harbor line and is a two-level structure. The erection of an additional covered section of 600 feet, which is to protect the one-level lock, will be undertaken as soon as the commission arranges for bids being filed and an award made. There is also to be undertaken an extension of the slip serving Pier No. 1, so that both will have a total length of 1500 feet, as against 1200 feet now, and ultimately it is expected the pier will be covered by a warehouse the entire distance.

The Pacific Steamship Company contemplates using the St. Johns terminal for its Oriental service and the probabilities are some far eastern shipments will be assembled there during the coming week. Almost all other docks at which deepwater vessels berth are wholly or partly filled with freight or grain on storage. The use of the East Washington-street terminal for Coastwise freight, and space on the Fifteenth street terminal being largely taken with goods and equipment on storage, leaves the St. Johns facilities the only ones open to immediate utilization.

The Commission of Public Docks has agreed on the necessity for going ahead with the construction of Slip No. 2, which will serve as an open dock at first. A revival of the trans-Pacific business bids fair to hasten that project and no doubt steps will be taken as well to have the second pier covered with a warehouse.

Getting Along Fine

W. S. Gillmore is in receipt of the following letter from his son, John E. Gillmore: Saint Raphael, France, Dec. 31, 1918. Dear dad.—Just a few lines to let you know that everything is fine and dandy. At present am way down south in France, almost into Italy—down where the sun shines most of the time and the oranges hang ripe on the trees. This is just like California here only I believe it is more beautiful and especially more odd. We are right on the shore of the Mediterranean Sea and it sure is great. It is where the wealthy English people spend their winters.

We have two large hotels for our hospital and as yet we haven't but one patient, so you see we have plenty of time to see the scenery. This surely is a hard life we lead, living in only the largest hotels, no mud and rain for us. At Cannes we stayed at the favorite hotel of King George of England. It is about the most beautiful place I ever saw in my life. Have surely done a lot of traveling since I left home and am seeing a lot of the world without any expense. I would hate to have to pay the regular prices to live at some of the hotels that we have stopped at.

I haven't any idea as to when we are likely to start home, but I guess it won't be right away. I expect to see quite a lot of this country before then. Am not with the Base Hospital 93 just now; have been sent down about 20 miles from there to a convalescent hospital to do their office work for them. It isn't so bad, but I would rather be back with the old outfit. Am feeling fine and have no kick coming, but I would like to start home most any time now. Love.—John E. Gillmore.

In a certain Western city where the alien population is unusually large a candidate for a municipal office was obliged to apply for naturalization papers before his name could go on the ballot. The court asked him the usual budget of questions, the answers to which he had obviously learned beforehand, and then he was asked the difference between the powers and prerogatives of the King of England and the President of the United States. The candidate pondered a minute and then replied: "The king has a steady job."

See Goss paint landscapes at Ormandy's.

"Pigs is Pigs"

At a certain desk in the office building there is a vacant chair. In a certain home is a certain young lady, isolated from the joys of the world and weeping disconsolately because of the stern realization waited to her with every zephyr that stirs the family clothesline, that "pigs is pigs." Therein lies a story; one which the fair office beauties sacredly pledged to withhold forever from masculine ears.

Just below the yard is a romantic stretch of woodland where the Willamette winds its sinuous course and the sunbeams play on the rippling water. Thither tripped merrily the other day a group of blithesome office-girls, seeking pussy willows. Now the day was clear, the spirits of the girls exuberant, and after carefully scanning the landscape to make sure that they were free from masculine espionage, the young ladies proceeded to acquire sylphlike grace by frisking up some nearby trees. (Just among ourselves a crowd of the fellows chanced to observe the entire performance and though blushing up to their ears they solemnly declare that this "No Man's Land" had its compensations. One of the crowd was nearsighted and he has nourished a grudge ever since.) But that's neither here nor there and it's none of our business, but—

A tree extends over a pigsty, in which on this bright sunny day, a fond mother pig lay watching her happy little group of forty piglets satisfying their greedy little appetites in a hurried effort to make hogs of themselves. Now the mother pig in question was a good provider but a bad housekeeper which accounted for the dirty little faces and ears and feet of the piglets and the odors and appearance of things in general. (That too, is neither here nor there, and it's none of our business either,) but—

It so happened that one of the office girls in a spirit of adventure climbed far out on a limb that extended over the aforesaid pigpen, lost her balance and landed squarely on mother pig and in the midst of the forty badly scared little saunages. (We would never have got this story had not the mother pig squealed)—but that's neither here nor there, except—

Mother pig felt badly hurt because a fair visitor dropped in on her when she wasn't expecting company; the girl in question feels badly hurt, because she had already been quarantined for the "flu" and now she has to again stay in isolation. And that in a nutshell, is why a certain desk in the office building has a vacant chair; why a certain young lady weeps disconsolately because of the stern realization waited to her with every zephyr that stirs the family clothesline that "pigs is pigs;" and why she won't be back until the fumigating process again makes her safe for democracy.—From "Going Some."

Masks Not to be Worn

Influenza masks will not be worn in Portland according to a proclamation issued Saturday by John G. Abele, city health officer. An ordinance was recently passed by the city council requiring the wearing of masks in certain places under heavy penalty while the epidemic was prevalent. Since there has been such a decided decrease in the number of influenza cases, the edict has been issued that it is no longer considered epidemic and that the ordinance shall, therefore, be suspended. Health bureau officers recommend that the vigilance of the people be continued and no further drastic measures will then be necessary. The consolidated health bureau, under the direction of Dr. Sommer, closed its doors Saturday afternoon. Any further cases developing in Portland will be handled by the city or county health officers. In ordering the close of the office, Dr. Sommers believes the epidemic practically over.

We had two and a half years of talk before we got into the war and it now looks as if we would have the same spell of high sounding conversation before we got out of it.—Ex.

You are only "worth" as much as you are worth in the world. A millionaire is often a pauper, and gosh how I'd like to be one.—Ex.

Back to Old Ways

The war is done, and we get back to peace time's old accustomed track. We're sitting up and taking note of things that lately seemed remote. Once more I hear the auto fan explain as loudly as he can how he went up huge hills on high, and didn't have his motor die. His spiel seems relevant and sane, which would have been in war-time vain. Once more the dames, when cooped indoors, are talking of the dry goods stores and of the lovely lids they've seen, all decked with doodads red and green. And they allude to Mrs. Brown, who's bought the smoothest coat in town, while her poor husband strives to make his stand off something less a fake. And once again the ill health bores describe their ailments and their sores. A little time, while battles raged, their chronic sorrows were not staged, but now they're all come back again, to rasp the ears of patient men. I see the old ways coming back, and as of old the gossip clack; the private quarrels we forgot, we're resurrecting, smoking hot; the statesmen spring their oily smiles and hand out bunk in dry styles. I wonder if we'll ever sigh for good old war-time days gone by, when there were themes of which to speak, and keep on speaking for a week?—Wait Mason.

Why do wideawake people send their friends to buy my THICK SOLED WORK RUBBERS \$1.65? W. W. Rogers, The Raincoat Man.

The New Brunswick Phonograph is the all record phonograph without a superior. CURRIN SAYS SO.

Obeying Orders

Just simply obeying orders is often as hard as executing a big job. But the youth who does not acquire Amenability to discipline is not likely ever to be called upon. To do the big work of the world. If you mop a floor well. When ordered to mop a floor. And don't consider yourself outraged in doing it. You may some day stand among kings. And queens and aces and jacks. And the rest of the high cards in life's pack; But if your sensitive soul rebels At trivial things and tries to float. Amid the spheres. Before you have sprouted sphere-floating wings. At sixty you are likely to be occupying Your country home. With all expenses taken care of. By the county. And nothing to do except at meal times. When you march into the dining room. With the other inmates.—Ex.

You'll save more than car fare on my \$1.65 WORK RUBBERS, THICK SOLES. Didn't the last pair cost you \$2.00 down town? Don't take my word for it.—W. W. Rogers, The Raincoat Man.

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The funeral of George Robertson, who died February 6th, took place Tuesday morning from the chapel of the St. Johns Undertaking Co., Rev. J. H. Irvine preaching the sermon. Mr. Robertson was born near Aberdeen, Scotland, and for the past twelve years had resided in St. Johns. "Uncle George" as he was familiarly known by many of our people, was aged 88 years, 10 months and 27 days. He was the father of nine children, three of whom preceded him to the grave, and surviving him are his widow and six children, two of whom came from a distance.—Mrs. Geo. I. Platz of Brashear, Mo., and Mrs. John Platz of Loveland, Col.—to attend the funeral, Mr. Robertson was a blacksmith by trade, and an expert in his line. He was well liked by all who knew him, and he will be greatly missed in this community.

Mrs. Hicks was so constructed that she made life miserable for her family. One of her rules was that all members of the household must remove their shoes before entering the house. "Bill," she remonstrated one day with her husband, "I found a grease spot on one of the dining-room chairs, and I think it came off those pants you wear in the shop." A brief silence ensued, then a volcanic eruption. "Well, Mary, for the last fifteen years I have taken off my shoes every time I come into this house, but I'll be hanged if I'll go further."

We didn't go into this war to get anything, but neither did we go in for the proud privilege of giving up all we've got.—Ex.

Some of the oppressed nations of Europe now seem to be getting ready to do a little oppressing of their own.—Ex.

Note the label on your paper.

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Strictly modern four room cottage, furnished with high grade furniture; all the little things for the comfort of a modern cottage. An ideal little home for a newly married couple. There is everything right for housekeeping; The gas range in the kitchen, a gas water heater and a fine heating stove with water coils. This will be sold on easy installments to the party who can give assurance that his contract will be carried to a finish.

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High School Notes

The Girls' Glee Club met recently for election of officers. Gwladys Keeney, President, and Helen Story, Secretary, were elected.

The James John quintet played a game of basket-ball with Hill Military Academy, in the Jefferson gymnasium on Friday, Feb. 7, defeating the Hill boys by a score of 23 to 15.

The total enrollment of the pupils this semester is three hundred fifty, of which two hundred twenty-one are girls and one hundred twenty-nine, boys. The first term freshmen number sixty-two, thirty-five girls and twenty-eight boys. This record enrollment taxes the capacity of the building and has made necessary the election of an additional instructor.

The Student Body by election has recently filled vacancies left open by officers who could no longer qualify. Those newly elected were—Harlan Hiatt, President, Donald Schaeffer, Athletic Commissioner, and Rudy Anderson, Finance Commissioner. Joe Jower, Public Welfare Commissioner, Etta Patterson, Literary Commissioner, and Nana Seely, Music Commissioner, were held over from last semester.

Recently, two, the Philathenium met and elected Gwenth Young, President, Esther Piele, Secretary, and Gwladys Keeney, Chairman of the Program Committee. Tuesday, after school in the Auditorium an interesting address, on the "Speaking Voice" was given by Mrs. Drury Scott under the auspices of the club. Helen Story played a piano solo, Harriet Padden a violin solo, and Gladys Coon, gave a vocal number.

The girls entered enthusiastically into plans for indoor baseball. The captains of some of the teams have already been elected, but the teams will not be definitely organized until next week. The first and fifth termers have not as yet elected their respective captains. The second termers elected Sybil Larsen, the third termers Eliza Vinson, and the fourth termers Viola Kreyer, while the seventh and eighth termers joined forces, and elected Ora Wagner as their joint leader.

On Wednesday, the twelfth, in the school auditorium, a patriotic program was given in honor of the birthday of Abraham Lincoln. Mr. J. G. Chambers was the chairman of the afternoon who, after a few introductory remarks, presented the speaker, Colonel Milton Miller, Colonel Miller spoke eloquently of Lincoln's life and work, to an audience composed of many veterans, and high and grammar school students. The James John High School Orchestra rendered a spirited march, and a medley of patriotic numbers.

The Tumulus was distributed on Feb. 10, being the cause of much amusement and interest among the students. The Staff did some excellent work in producing such a creditable publication, and deserve a space of well-earned relaxation. The Staff was made up of—Editor-in-chief, Verda McNiven; Public Welfare, Alice Brown; Literary, Genevieve Brown; Athletics, Paul Chatterton; Arts and Jokes, Denby S. Coon; Business Manager, Hugh Whisler; Assistant Business Manager, Melford Wesleider. Copies of the Tumulus may be had by application to Hugh Whisler, also the supply is nearly exhausted.

When the "flu" ban was on, the school was unable to keep up the payments of the pledge for the Belgium Baby fund, which amounted to thirty dollars a month. To meet this expense, the different classes, at the suggestion of the Public Welfare Commissioner, Joe Jower, have been giving sandwich sales weekly. A short time before the closing of the preceding term, a few of the classes had their sales and turned over to the Public Welfare Commissioner, approximately twenty dollars. This term only two of the classes have had their sales, the fourth and second termers, who made respectively six dollars, and ten dollars and eighty cents. The latter amount is the largest that has been made so far by any single class.

With the exception of the first term class, which never elects officers, all the classes have organized. Meetings were held Monday for this purpose and the officers elected are as follows:—Eighth termers—Gordon Avery, president; Hazel Greene, vice-

president; Denby Coon, secretary; and Leona Ehret, treasurer. Seventh termers—Clarence Toole, president; Lowell Dotson, vice-president; Gwladys Keeney, secretary; Mary Keifer, treasurer; Tell Wilkinson, sergeant at arms; Genevieve, live wire. Sixth termers—Thomas Wood, president; Solan Bugbee, vice-president; Jacob Griffith, secretary and live wire; Gertrude Hanson, treasurer; and George Miksch, sergeant at arms. Fifth termers—Earlene Walton, president; Loleta York, vice-president; Dick Gert, secretary and treasurer, and Virginia Dunsmore, live wire. Fourth termers—James Miller, president; Fred Gerke, vice-president; Lee Haskins, secretary; Ellery Landers, treasurer; Lufe Walden, sergeant at arms; and Audrey James, live wire. Third termers—Helen Hincart, president; Truman Eggar, vice-president; Sara Abbott, secretary; and Richard Bowles, treasurer. Second termers—Jack Vinson, president; Eloise Gray, secretary; and Fern Day, treasurer.

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Found Feb. 1—Handbag containing purse with money. Owner may obtain same by calling at St. Johns police headquarters and paying for ad.

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For Sale—1918 Ford fully equipped, and 1916 summer hotair or garage. Call 309 S. Central avenue. 15

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For Sale or Trade—My equity in a 7 room plastered house, three blocks from stores and street cars in St. Johns. Inquire at this office.

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E. F. Goss, the landscape artist, is again at Ormandy's.

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