

St. Helens Mist

FOUNDED 1881.

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THE MIST PUBLISHING COMPANY.
 S. L. MOORHEAD Editor and Manager
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COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

PECULIAR PRIDE.

Mr. Moorhead, the new editor of the St. Helens Mist, boasts in his salutatory that he is a Republican "standpatter." The Apaches of Paris proudly claim their descent from a long line of thieves. The standpat Republicans are the ones responsible for Democratic success at the last election. Their methods at the National Convention disgusted millions of Republican voters—far in excess of the number who voted for Theodore Roosevelt. Thousands of such men as Borah, and Cummins and LaFollette denounced the standpat methods of the gang that dominated the convention, but thought that reform might be brought about within the party. A standpat Republican is as harmful to the Republican party as is his prototype—a Bourbon Democrat of the old school to the Democracy. The standpatter, whether Republican, Democrat, or so-called Progressive, thinks more of party than he does of principle, and would vote the entire state, county and national ticket without regard to nominees or platform. Quay, Platt, Tweed, Cannon, Sullivan, are the class of leaders Mr. Moorhead and other standpatters regard as their ideals in national affairs; but we believe the great mass of Republican voters will insist on the nomination of a different type—and then, of course, Mr. Moorhead will fall into line and support the nominee—just as that eminent standpatter, Ralph Williams, supported Mr. Cake.—Warrenton News.

The editor of the News has the facts badly mixed up and places his own construction on the "standpatter." He is entitled to his highly sentimental views of the purity of the anti-party.

The Bull Moose, who esteemed individual above principle, are alone responsible for the overthrow of the Republican party. The hero worshippers who attempted to secure seats in the national Republican convention, irrespective of worth or means, bolted. They were filled with hatred and spite and anything to beat the Republican party was their war cry, and for fear that the party might possibly triumph, many deserted their own tin god and supported Wilson.

They had their progressive candidate and their progressive party and that was all, and swallowed any old thing in their frantic endeavor to win.

William Lloyd Garrison was a standpatter; Grant before Vicksburg was a standpatter; likewise Sherman in his march to the sea, but Benedict Arnold was not.

LaFollette should be dumped into the pot with peace-at-any-price Bryan, but for real manhood and purity of mind, we prefer the latter.

The Republican party stands for principle. It has a record for usefulness and prosperity unequalled in the world. Yes, we "point with pride" to its achievements and are proud of the "peculiar pride" that the News thought a stigma.

If the "holier than thou" bolters can find any comfort in these nickle-searching times, they are welcome to it. Even Warrenton, the home of the gifted author of the above excerpt, feels the dire and calamitous effect of Democratic times. Thousands are out of employment, soup houses are well patronized, the mills of the great manufacturing centers, save those manufacturing munitions of war, are idle. Few lumber mills of the great Northwest are running on full time, the full dinner pail a curiosity and the already overburdened taxpayer is paying a war tax in the time of peace. Even the cotton raisers of the solid south are crying for relief.

Yes, the editor of the Mist is a standpatter. He stands for a protective tariff and protection to the American industries and American homes; honesty and cleanliness in politics and conscientious and temperate men in office. A candidate who cannot line up to these qualifications, cannot secure his support.

AND YET SOME WON'T SEE IT.

An Albany merchant, says the Albany Herald, who did a \$20,000 business last year, appropriated three per cent of that amount for newspaper advertising this year, with the result that for the first half of the year his business shows that he will do a \$40,000 business this year at a reduction of 8 1-3 per cent in operating cost. He anticipated a gain in business and marked his goods five per cent lower this year.

Let's analyze the results. Say he cleared 10 per cent last year; he made \$2000. This year he gave his customers five per cent off, leaving him five per cent. He saved 8 1-3 per cent on operating cost, which added to his profit of five per cent gave him 13 1-3 per cent profit this year. His business is \$40,000 and his profit is 13 1-3 per cent, which is \$5333.33.

a gain of \$3333.33. The customers were saved five per cent of \$40,000 or \$2000 on the investment.

Some of our merchants can't see how advertising is a good investment. The people will soon see who is saving them money. They will see that it is the intelligent advertiser. The merchant can't make a profit like that by just buying space in the newspaper. They have to learn to use it. If you take space and fail to use it, you are wasting your money. You must be legitimate and intelligent and then you can make money for yourself and customers on money invested in advertising space.

The mail order house would go out of business if it failed to put its prices before the people. You will do this same thing or go out of business. Which had you rather do? The small towns of the United States are getting smaller for this very reason. Some of our business men can't change their ways as times change and the larger concerns go after business in a scientific way.

WORDS OF GREETING.

Once again in the course of events a new editor is at the helm of affairs in the office of the "St. Helens Mist." S. L. Moorhead, the new editor and manager, was formerly editor and founder of the Junction City "Times," being the editorial genius presiding over its destinies for twenty-three years. In taking up the duties of his office in St. Helens, he announces himself as a "stayer" and his "f-reword" as published in the last issue of the "Mist" is breezy and optimistic. Mr. Moorhead is a stranger in this part of the state, but has a reputation which is more or less state wide, having been for a period of ten years chief clerk in the Oregon state senate. In choosing Columbia county for the scene of his future activities Mr. Moorhead has acted wisely, since those of us who have been identified with its affairs for the past ten or more years realize that we are only beginning to make history these days, and that the development of our resources has only as yet reached the infantile stage in its progress. Our history for the most part lies unmade before us, providing incentive for our best endeavor, instead of behind us. We are glad to welcome boosters to our midst and no one can read Mr. Moorhead's greeting without coming to the conclusion that he is a booster. The "Chief" extends greetings and feels safe in making the assertion that the impression which the county seat has made upon Mr. Moorhead will be augmented and strengthened as he becomes familiar with the rest of the county.—Clatskanie Chief.

FROM AN OLD TIMER.

S. L. Moorhead, who founded the Junction City Times twenty-three years ago, holding on to it up to about a year ago, and who during that period also held on to the same cut of black chin whisker that he brought with him from Kansas, has bought the old established paper, the St. Helens Mist. Of course when he sold out at Junction City he intended to stay out of the newspaper game, but new tricks were hard to get accustomed to, and he is busy with the ink pot and paste pot again. The writer became acquainted with Mr. Moorhead soon after he took up newspaper work in Oregon, and his handshake and hearty "hello!" has always been an inspiration. He was the father of the Junction City "Punkin Show," which has served to advertise the place more than any other one feature. For several terms he was chief clerk of the state senate, and consequently has mixed with the politicians sufficiently to give him a wide acquaintance over the state. We wish him success in his new field of newspaper endeavor.—Newberg Graphic

The various prosecuting attorneys are "up a tree" in regard to the Sunday closing law. The law is on the statutes and the prosecuting attorneys were elected to enforce them, but it is a law that will work a hardship on some lines of business, but the law knows no discrimination, hence its enforcement will make it exceedingly tropical for the law's representative. However, at the recent conference at Salem its enforcement was left to the several communities. If its enforcement is desired, complaint must be made in the usual form and manner.

They are having a miniature war along the border between the United States and Mexico. Numerous Mexican raids have been made, but when Uncle Sam's boys show up they scatter like quails. The U. S. boys do not like guerilla warfare and are anxious that war should be declared. They would like to put a few holes in those greasers.

Hon. C. N. McArthur (Pat) announces that he will be a candidate for re-election in the First congressional district. Congress will meet December 6, when he will be "shown a seat." In the forthcoming campaign he will remain in Washington.

England is very diplomatic. Its issue for conscription will not be operative for six months. It requires time for an Englishman to laugh at a joke, so time is given for the knowledge of conscription to soak in.

An order abolishing the \$5 advance required by the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Co. for its flat rate service, has been issued by the public service commission. The order becomes effective November 1.

The slaughter of birds at the opening of the season is nothing compared with the slaughter of human lives in Europe.

The state fair could not wind up its big show without rain. Friday the track was heavy and Saturday it was mud everywhere.

Many men who are self made are sometimes mighty proud of the job.

OREGON TO THE FORE.

Oregon Building, Panama-Pacific Exposition—Oregon fresh fruit is causing the thousands of visitors, and Californians in particular, to sit up and take notice. Southern Oregon peaches, eight to the yard, are absolutely beyond the comprehension of Californians, and those who imagined that the Sebastopol country raised the only magnificent Gravenstein apples got a terrific jar when they looked upon the big display sent in by the Coquille Valley Fruit Growers' association at Myrtle Point, Coos county. And when it comes to other varieties of apples, Hood River Winter Bananas, a five box display by Gus Miller, is as beautiful fruit as any human ever looked at. Of splendid size, perfect in contour, and colored beyond the imagination of any not seeing them, these apples have caused experts in the Horticultural building to pick them up and examine them closely to determine whether they are the real thing. Miller is the Hood River man who won the grand sweepstakes at the Pacific Land Products show last year. Even Eastern Oregon has been getting in an excellent showing of peaches, a great quantity of beautifully colored specimens coming from L. G. Willis at Brogan, Malheur county. But it has taken Southern Oregon—Jackson county—to clean up everything in pears. There has been a steady dew of pears from that section, all of superb fruit, and it is confidently expected that this fruit is going to land the coveted award for Southern Oregon. The only other pears in this class have come from Mosier, a single shipment of excellent D'Anjou from the East Hood River company. Southern Oregon also boasts of the first shipment of Newtown apples. A five box display is beautiful. As some may not know, the new townships are green in color, a glorious green, while the ripened fruit is a beautiful golden yellow. The new fruit is now on display beside the old, and it is difficult to convince visitors that the two apples are the same. The old fruit has been off the trees a year now, and it is absolutely remarkable that it suffers so little in comparison with the new fruit. It is generally conceded here that Oregon fruit can not be excelled for keeping quality.

There now hangs in the Oregon section at the Palace of Horticulture an eighteen-inch orange ribbon with a large rosette at the top and gold braid at the bottom, gold lettering, a silver medal, and a score of names above pretentious titles, proclaiming that the Oregon horticultural exhibit is the "best, most complete, and most attractive installation" at the P. P. I. E. Each of the nine exhibit palaces has one of these ribbons, and it hangs at the best exhibit in that particular palace. This is the highest honor that can be awarded, and in the case of Oregon this award means more than any other, for Oregon landed this coveted ribbon with what is, in comparison, an almost insignificant exhibit in point of size. The actual fact is that Oregon sent the least here with which to make an exhibit; and but for the ingenuity in making the very most of the least, Oregon would have been lost in the shuffle. As it is, Oregonians pass along and very properly swell up and push out their chests, but they ought to go home prepared to insist that Oregon should never again put it up to a chief of horticulture to make a winning exhibit with so little co-operation as was given to make this one. Hood River and the Rogue River valleys have really done it all so far as horticulture is concerned. The Willamette valley has an insignificant showing though it grows some of the finest fruit to be found on the coast. The Umpqua valley, especially favored for fruit, sent nothing, and the offerings from other sections than the two named have been insignificant in quantity and usually in general worth—yet they grow much fine fruit. But "we should worry"—the ribbon hangs there and all Oregon gets the benefit. The award was made some time ago, but the ribbon was just now delivered.

NATURAL INSTINCT OF HOMERS

When "Lightfoot," a homer pigeon once owned by R. C. Hamill, a well known pigeon fancier of Deer Island, returned to the home loft on Oct. 3, 1915, it created a feeling of pride. This bird was sold to H. J. Hamlet of the Oregon Carneau Company of Portland. It was sold on Sept. 25, 1914. Another bird owned by this fancier returned after being away 19 months. Mr. Hamill has had a pigeon fly from Chicago to its old home in Clatskanie, which is quite a flight. The homing instinct is visibly apparent in yet another instance. He has birds which flew from New Mexico to Chicago, a distance of 1200 miles. Mr. Hamill had his birds in the Columbia County fair twice and once in the Clatskanie Poultry show. From these three shows he received 18 firsts, 11 seconds and one third—certainly a fine record.

SUMMONS.
 In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Columbia. Jack Bonuray, plaintiff, vs. Grace Bonuray, defendant. To Grace Bonuray, above named defendant: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit on or before October 30, 1915, said day being after the expiration of six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, and if you fail to appear and answer said complaint, for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein, to-wit: for a decree forever dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, and for such other and further relief as to the Court may seem just and equitable. This summons is published by order of the Hon. J. A. Eakin, Judge of the above entitled court, which order was made and entered on the 13th day of September, 1915, and the time prescribed for publication thereof is six weeks, beginning with the issue of September 17, 1915, and continuing each week thereafter to and including the issue of October 29, 1915. W. L. COOPER, Attorney for Plaintiff, Chamber of Commerce, Portland Ore. 39-7 t.

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