

St. Helens Mist Issued Every Friday by THE MIST PUBLISHING COMPANY O. D. HEILBORN, Vice President and Manager. S. C. MORTON, Editor. SUBSCRIPTION RATES One Year \$1.50 Six Months .75

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MORE RESPONSIBILITY Tuesday morning, forty-one young men of Columbia county entrained for the army training camp at Camp Lewis, Washington. They were men called in the selective draft and go to fight for those of us who remain at home.

In these h. c. l. times, it takes quite a few dollars to support any individual and this applies to Uncle Sam's soldiers just as much as to any other person. Now, to get down to actual facts and facts that should be impressed upon you. Supposing each of the 41 men who left Tuesday will receive a private's pay which is approximately \$30 per month; that would amount to \$1230 and then his uniform and equipment will cost just about \$100 per man. There is another \$4100. We must remember, also that these soldiers have to be fed and housed and this will cost about \$30 per month per man, or another \$1230. Without going further, add these figures and you will see that Columbia county should furnish the government \$6760 to cover the first month's expense of the men sent in Tuesday's call.

Any sacrifice you may make in order to purchase W. S. S. cannot be compared with the sacrifices some of these boys have made and, possibly, the supreme sacrifice they will be called on to make.

ALL FOR COUNTRY

Passing through the beautiful Irvington section of Portland some days ago, our attention was drawn to a magnificent stone residence, evidently the home of some of the wealthy. Above the front door was an American flag and in the window of the front room where it would be more conspicuous, was the service flag of the American army.

Approaching the Broadway bridge we saw in the upper story of a store building which was used as a residence, another service star and it told us another red blooded American had heard the call and answered and further out on the west side, a humble cottage was passed, and in the window there was the service flag with two stars. Two more young Americans had answered. And thus it is; not a matter of poor or rich, high or low, but all red blooded Americans who have gone to make the world safe for democracy, and who will make it safe even though it requires a million Yankee bayonets held by a million Yankee soldiers charging on Berlin itself.

It is cheaper to spend a lot of money to win the war than not to win it.

A LETTER FROM THE BATTLE FRONT

The Call to America

Editor's Note:—This is the first of several articles which will be furnished the Mist by E. G. Pipp, formerly editor-in-chief of one of Detroit's largest papers. Mr. Pipp recently returned from the European battle fronts, and will give the readers of the Mist the benefit of his observations.

Another article will be published in the next issue of the Mist.

What word can be given to the father or mother who has seen a son march away to war?

What can be said to the parent who has tossed open-eyed until dawn, wondering how it all would end?

What message can go to him or to her who has spoken cheerful words when tears were welling, who has walked into silence where once there was a son's voice?

Brave fathers and mothers are they who have given up a million sons to risk their all in the struggle for world decency. Uncomplaining they go their way, but in the still of the night there come thoughts.

In a London restaurant a young wife was serving at the tables. A man in khaki came in—her husband. He extended a hand and she pressed it in both of hers.

The husband had offered his services in the early days of the war, but was rejected as physically unfit. But now—now England needs men to help hold the lines. So, what if this man has one bad eye? He can level a gun with the other. What if his form is not robust? His head has overcome that before and can again.

There they stood and talked in hushed voices—husband and wife, hand in hand, the scene too sacred for any thought of impatience on the part of the waiting guests.

Then she kissed him and patted his shoulder encouragingly as he left. She watched him descend the stairs, a quiver coming to his chin and lips. She asked another maid to take up the work of serving her tables and disappeared into a cloak room.

When she came out her eyes were wet, but her head was erect, her step firm, her whole bearing one of resolution.

And so it is that brave young wives of America shed their tears in the secret of their closets as do no less brave wives of Britain and the equally brave wives of France.

And what can there be in a message for them?

We all love peace, but we are at war.

Can aught be gained by glossing over war when we are in the conflict? We are not a people who must deceive ourselves into the thought that war is a mere game when the instruments of play are rifle and bayonet, machine gun and bomb.

He is best armed who knows his task. Ours is a people of that stern mettle that can look Grim War straight in the face and buckle in for that long, hard winning fight that will beat him down.

It must be so for we have entered and there is no turning back.

Our people may not have been a unit for entering the war, but we are and must continue a unit for pushing it to a right finish and an honorable peace.

It must be so for this is more than a war for the life of a nation. This is a war for keeping pure the life blood of all nations, which flows in honor among peoples, in keeping sacred the given word, in ending world brigandage and cheating a ruthless military spirit of its unholy reward.

Wars of nations are won by pitting men against men—justice of cause, numbers, equipment, food, skill, relative position, staying quality, unity of action, they count.

How stands it, then, with our boys over seas and those to follow? Which means, how stands it with our people as a nation? Which means, how stands it with the stars and stripes and all they have meant to a free people? Which means how stands it with England, proud mistress of the sea? Which means how stands it with France and other nations in the conflict? Which means, how stands it with world civilization—shall its future be built in the arts of peace, swayed by love in the heart, resting its hope in fertile valleys, humming industry, peaceful firesides, or shall it wear helmet and spur riding the steed of hatred, pushing its way with the thrust of the bayonet?

How it stands with these depends largely on how it stands with Americans at home.

Our people must understand the enemy they have to fight; they must understand, too, the strength of our allies, and that which we must supply to make the winning sure.

The great conflict centers in the western front; there rages the struggle

of peoples who love the arts of peace against a people who would rule by the sword.

In 1809, when Napoleon Bonaparte was having things very much his own way in Europe, he whipped Prussia, took a large portion of Prussian territory and about half of Prussian subjects away from the Prussian sovereign, and finding the rulers and finding the rulers still very much inclined toward militarism, prescribed limits to their army, to which Prussia agreed because she had to.

The agreement was that Prussia should not have an army of over 42,000 men. Prussia lived up to that agreement to the letter, but—

Even in that early day she showed her ability to wriggle out of an agreement that was distasteful to her, and she did not live up to the spirit of it.

She did not maintain an army of more than 42,000 men at any one time—that is an active army—but she kept men in until they were well trained; then they went out and others went in for training, and so it was until a very large portion of the male population was drilled and ready for action should necessity arise.

The military policy instituted then has been maintained to this day, as has the policy of the rulers of bending their morals to their personal desires, and, taking the other half of the step, violating agreements in letter as well as in spirit.

That Prussian military spirit did not subside or even lie dormant. When others thought they had it paralyzed, it still thrived. In 1848, it had become so strong that many Germans themselves rebelled against it, and left the country rather than submit to its advocates. Hundreds of thousands of others left later.

In 1871 it was even stronger, and it was then that Germany reaped the greatest harvest of its policy, wresting Alsac and Lorraine from France.

And it is this same military spirit that the world faces today.

Stronger, more arrogant, grown selfish, cold and brutal, militarism is trying to fasten itself on the remainder of the world, to the profit of one nation that became an armed camp.

It is the fruit of this militarism that one sees everywhere along the fighting front in Europe, the militarism that menaces America today as it menaces every European country that has fought and is fighting to prevent its spread.

To understand fully all that this war means to us and the problems America has to face—serious problems, more serious than many of us realized—we must consider the situation in four important phases. They are:

What is it going to take thoroughly to whip Germany?

How much of it can and will England do?

How much of it can and will France do?

How much must America do to finish the job? We cannot understand what it is going to take to whip Germany unless we get something of a notion of what there is left of Germany to whip and the method of fighting our men must face.

In studying war conditions I had gone into England first, where I had observed all the various activities, with the view of watching both men and materials from the recruiting of the men, through the training in all branches, to the battle front and back through base hospitals, hospital ships and into the general hospitals; also the manufacture of munitions from the factory to the front and back to the salvage plants.

This brought me to the British front the week before the German offensive of 1918 began. Driving through all the larger cities north of the Somme and about 75 smaller villages, stopping at scores of places of interest, I had the opportunity of observing all the lines of British defense and to get something of an understanding of the terrible sacrifice that an army must make in an effort to break through.

As we walked through the trenches and on into the various lines of defense the British and German cannon were even then sounding out each other's guns and trying to silence the opposition with shell fire.

In one place there was constant booming for two hours with a whizz and a whir, but they were of no great danger to us, for they were aimed far enough in front and back of us to pass safely over us.

At times we stood by cannon as they were fired at the enemy. Everywhere was seen desolation. In Belgium and in many parts of France the ground was all shell-holes, pitted in so thick that they lapped into each other. They were filled with muddy water and with stranded tanks, cannon, shells, dead horses, helmets, bayonets, barbed wire, wrecked trucks and here and there the body of a German soldier that probably had been buried with boots and uniform but had been blown to the surface again by the explosion of shells.

Save for the country's sake.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR COLUMBIA COUNTY

F. J. Harms, Plaintiff, vs. Peter Felton, Lolo Felton and A. S. Harrison, Defendants.

By Virtue of an Execution, judgment order, decree and order of sale issued out of the above entitled court in the above entitled cause, to me directed and dated the 13th day of June, 1918, upon a judgment rendered and entered in said Court on the 7th day of June, 1918, in favor of F. J. Harms, plaintiff, and against Peter Felton and Lolo Felton, defendants for the sum of \$550.00 with interest thereon at the rate of 8 per cent per annum from the 30th day of August, 1917, and the further sum of \$18.23 with interest at the rate of 6 per cent per annum from the 30th day of March, 1918, and the further sum of \$75.00, and the further sum of \$43.45 costs and disbursements and the costs of and upon this writ, commanding me to make sale of the following described real property, situated in the City of St. Helens, Columbia County, State of Oregon, to-wit: Lot 19 in Block 46, as appears by the plat of said City of St. Helens of record in the office of the County Clerk of said Columbia County, State of Oregon.

Now therefore, by virtue of said execution, judgment order, decree and order of sale and in compliance with the commands of said writ, I will on Saturday the 13th day of July, 1918, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the front door of the County Court House in St. Helens, Columbia County, Oregon, sell at public auction (subject to redemption) to the highest bidder for cash in hand, all the right, title and interest which the within named defendants or either of them had on the 30th day of August, 1917, the date of the said mortgage herein foreclosed, or since that date had in and to the above described property or any part thereof, to satisfy said execution, judgment order and decree, interests, costs and accruing costs.

Dated this 13th day of June, 1918. E. C. STANWOOD, Sheriff of Columbia County, Ore. By H. E. LABARE, Deputy.

First pub, June 14th, 1918 Last pub., July 12th, 1918

NOTICE TO CREDITORS IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR THE COUNTY OF COLUMBIA.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the estate of John W. Patrick, deceased, by the County Court of the State of Oregon for Columbia County and has qualified. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present same duly verified, as by law required, to the undersigned at Reuben, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated and first published June 7, 1918. T. C. WATTS, Administrator. GLEN R. METSKER, Attorney. 25-5

NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT IN J. S. BACON ESTATE

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, as executor of the estate of J. S. Bacon, has filed his final account in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Columbia County, and that Monday the 15th day of July, 1918, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day and the Court room of said Court have been appointed by said Court as the time and place for the hearing of objections thereto and the settlement thereof.

Dated and first published June 14, 1918. J. H. SOUTHARD, Executor of the estate of J. S. Bacon, Deceased. J. W. Day, Attorney. 26-5

Chiropodist

Corns, Ingrowing Nails and other Foot Troubles taken care of by Dr. Mills. Call office of Dr. S. H. Russell, between 6 and 8 P. M., June 12, 13 and Saturday afternoon, June 14. Other hours by appointment. ANTISEPTIC — PAINLESS



Advantages of the Checking Account

Now safety for one's funds is not the only advantage a Checking Account affords. It also provides—

- Convenience in paying bills. System for receiving money. Record of all transactions. Indisputable receipts of payment.

Now the business—the household and the individual equally benefit by having an account and connection with the Columbia County Bank.



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American and European Plan All Busses Call at Hotel Everything Modern — Steam Heating Plant Hot and Cold Water in Rooms

St. Helens Lumber Co.

Wood and Lath Electric Lighting



Lumber Manufacturers

W. S. S.

Teach the Children Thrift

Don't hide away the baby's pennies in a toy bank. Put them to work. Invest in Thrift and War Savings Stamps, and watch the investment grow.

Baby Bonds are the best investment for the baby. Let your children learn what it means to have money out at interest. Teach them patriotism. Make them feel that they too, can do something for their government.

When their War Savings Stamps, bought from money they otherwise would have wasted, come due five years from now, the little folks, then grown larger, will thank their lucky stars that they had parents who taught them thrift.

This space paid for and donated by A. T. KIBLAN, West St. Helens PHONE 35