

ST. JOHNS REVIEW

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NUMBER 1

SURVIVORS OF FEUDAL TIMES

Prussian Junkers Rooted in Their Belief of Their Complete Superiority to Ordinary Man.

A Junker is a member of a noble Prussian family, who belongs to the landed aristocracy, and, as a rule, adopts the profession of arms and enters the caste circle of the officer corps. Thanks to the survival of feudalism in the organization of German society, the term has acquired a broader significance. Hence as commonly used today it indicates a narrow-minded, arrogant, and, often, bellicose member of the aristocracy.

Since 1862, when, under the leadership of Bismarck, the aristocratic party came into political power, the term has been applied to those who hold reactionary views, because they desire to preserve intact the exclusive social, military and political privileges belonging traditionally to the "well born."

Junkerism and Junkerdom indicate the policies and the customary round of ideas, judgments, and prejudices characteristic of the Junker class.

They have been and still are of great influence, for they have affected Prussian domestic policies by their organized efforts to preserve and protect large landed estates; they have molded German social life by their assumption of complete superiority to the ordinary man, especially to the man who engages in trade or manufactures, while the Prussian officer corps has taken its distinctive tone from their haughty aloofness from the civilian population.

RELIGIOUS CULT MAY SPREAD

Bahism Freed From Persecution Through the Downfall of the Turkish Power in Palestine.

With the breaking of the Turkish power in Palestine another religious cult has been liberated from persecution, that of Bahism, or Bahais. The leader of this spiritual movement is Abdul Baha, or Abbas Effendi, as he is generally known. This religion was first founded by Baha'ullah, the father of the present leader, and he chose his son to preach its doctrines before the world. Due to the antagonism of the movement to the Islam religion, Abdul Baha was imprisoned by the sultan of Turkey, who feared his teachings, and was kept a prisoner in the fortress of Akko, near Haifa, for 40 years. Upon his release in 1908, when a mild constitutional form of government was established in Turkey, Baha traveled through France and England preaching his doctrines, also coming to the United States, in 1912.

Abdul Baha strove to be called the "arbitrator of humanity." While in the Orient he won many friends by caring for the sick and oppressed, and among the many titles given him by his neighbors was one especially applied to him, namely "Father of the Poor." While in this country he established colonies of supporters of his teachings in Chicago and Kenosha, Wis. His teachings have a close relation with those of Christianity and Judaism.

Muskat Stops Train.

The marshes around the Boston & Maine railroad yards in Boston are full of muskrats. Charley Brown, a yard brakeman, has been realizing over \$100 a season since the war by shooting rats on his spare time and selling the fur, which now commands a high price.

Brown has been known to shoot a muskrat from the top of a moving freight car with a rifle.

A short time ago a muskrat tied up the interlocking switch system at signal tower C. The big rat crawled into the switchpoints to eat out the grease used to lubricate the switches just as the lever man in the tower tried to close the switch for a fast express passenger train.

The rat had wedged in so close the switch wouldn't close and the plant was tied up. The mechanic found the rat wedged into the points and crushed into a mass of fur and flesh.

American Opportunity.

Although the populated area of Siberia is only a belt along the Trans-Siberian railway, that belt is 6,000 miles long and contains nearly 20,000,000 people. Before the war Siberian foreign trade was largely in the hands of German houses, which undoubtedly will make desperate efforts to regain it when the return of normal conditions has brought back the demand for general merchandise, rolling stock and agricultural machinery. But in spite of the geographical proximity of Germany eastern Siberia, when its railway service has been reorganized, will be most easily reached by way of Vladivostok. The commercial opportunity is one that America cannot afford to neglect.—Youth's Companion.

The Confused Hun.

Dr. Thomas C. Ely of Philadelphia tells a story of his son, Lieut. William C. Ely, heard at Fort McPherson, Atlanta, which illustrates the heroism of the negro troops.

A German officer, taken captive complained that nothing could stop the Americans. They were not afraid of the shells, they defied the flame projectors, they advanced through fusillades of the machine guns of 280 to 300 bullets a minute.

"How about the gas?" some one said to the German.

"Gas?" replied the captive Hun. "It was no use to turn on the gas. It merely blackened their faces and frizzled their hair, and they came on just the same!"

HOW PLEASANT IT IS TO DRINK SWEET WATER AND EAT GOOD BREAD!

Note the label on your paper.

Thrilling Experiences

From Portland News.

Metcalf was a bookkeeper in the Grant-Smith Porter yards before he went to sea in the ill-fated Dumuru, which had been built on the Grant-Smith Porter ways. He has just arrived in Portland and may go to work again at his old job. Metcalf is 25 years old and lives at 202 1/2 Grand ave., north.

By Melvin Metcalf.

This is the story of how we battled to live. The story of how we pitted average human intelligence against the blind forces of nature for 24 days in an open boat in the South Seas. When lightning shot into the "Dumuru's" gasoline and dynamite filled hold, off the island of Guam, 33 of us cast adrift in a metal life boat before the ship exploded. And we who live hardly understand why we live. Madness, Hunger, Thirst. They sat at the oars with us for 24 days and nights. We had scrambled from the blazing ship with no foreboding of what was to come. Guam was in plain sight. One of the crew had even dissuaded us from taking a sextant. A stealthy current bore us away. We could make no headway against it and the wind, Guam fell below the horizon.

We looked at one another—beginning to understand. We peered into the water tanks. One full. The other had leaked away. At once we were thirsty. We counted the sea biscuits, our only food. And at once we were unaturally hungry. After six days of heartbreaking effort, we gave up trying to reach Guam, surrendered to fate and began making towards the Philippines, leagues away.

That was the prelude. A tropic sun began blistering us. Sweating the moisture out of us. From the water glare, we were almost blinded. Words became fewer in the boat. There were long silences—men drawing on their moral reserves.

An American negro was the first to go. He died on the thirteenth day, after praying for four days and nights almost ceaselessly, and then blubbering curses with his last breath. The chief engineer was raving. He kept reassuring us with drooling smiles that a water barge would soon be alongside. Our water supply had entirely given out.

There was the first big challenge to human intelligence and ingenuity, faced by a world of salt water and cloudless sky.

During the 24 days we were adrift, not one drop of rain fell. And he who drinks brine goes mad in agony! We contrived an apparatus for evaporating sea water. With a ship's bucket as the fire pot, an empty biscuit tin as the container, signal torches for heat, and a piece of hosing from the bail pumps to convey the steam to our water tank, we managed to get a few drops of sweet water. It was doled out three times a day—a teaspoonful for each man.

Three days after our tank had gone dry, our biscuits gave out. By constructing a gaff from a pump rod, heated in the fire pot and then laboriously whittled and beaten out, we speared three dolphins at night. We ate them raw, for cooked fish but increases thirst. Sleep was next to impossible. I averaged an hour a night. We lay under the seats, on beds made of oars laid across the seats, and on life preservers. If you had a lucky place it was up to you to guard it. After the negro died, we had one or more funerals every day. Behind our boat the sharks, fins streaking, formed a cortege. The dead were stripped of their clothes, which was given to the living, many of whom hadn't sufficient against the scorching sun. Some, after raving horribly, lay down quietly to die. Others battled to the bitter end. One in his insanity tried to slash our sail.

Another attempted to break the compass—to drink the drop of spirits it contained. But in all these 24 days, in our common battle to survive, not one man fought another for the meager necessities of life. And so—blistered, gaunt, our very bones cracking under the heat—we washed up on the island of Samar, P. I. were battered in the breakers and crawled ashore, two men losing their lives at the very edge of deliverance. Natives found us. Gave us water! Fed us rice soup, chicken, goat meat! I was carried to Lorente and from there reached Manila—one of 17 of the 33 in our boat who survived.

HOW PLEASANT IT IS TO DRINK SWEET WATER AND EAT GOOD BREAD!

Exciting Adventures

To be torpedoed at sea is a tragic event about as thrilling as the ordinary individual would care to experience. Add to that a dozen "scraps" with German aviators far above the clouds; hair breadth escapes from death in a bombing plane riddled with machine gun bullets while high in the air and you have a pretty fair idea of what William Moe, (1788) employed on the dock, has passed through during the last year.

Moe is a modest chap, 27 years old, who enlisted December 13, 1917. He is a St. Johns boy, and typifies well the real daring American spirit that made the Hun scratch their wooden heads and yell "Kamarad" so loud that they had laryngitis.

Here's his story, told in a modest way, and without any attempt at self praise:

"When we started for France, we were anxious to get at the Huns, but met them somewhat sooner and differently than we expected. Our ship had reached a point about 40 miles off Queenstown about 4 o'clock one afternoon, when the very unwelcome sight of a U-boat periscope made its appearance. Life belts were quickly donned and in the next few minutes two huge torpedoes ploughed their way in our direction and crashed with a deafening explosion against the ship. There wasn't much excitement on board and though we were listing heavily most of the fellows seemed content to watch a fight that ensued between the torpedo boats and the submarine. It was a thrilling sight and the torpedo boats made it decidedly interesting for the undersea murderers. Racing back and forth across the path of the submarine, depth bombs

with our bombs, escorted by 15 or 20 smaller planes, whose duty it was to afford us as much protection as possible and attack enemy aviators who repeatedly tried to down the bombing machine. We usually flew in V shape formation, with the bombing plane in the center. Time and again we were attacked by the Germans, and on one occasion the bullets struck about my head so frequently that our machine was actually riddled with bullets. Several other times, too, the enemy aviators got within our defense but though the machine gun lead whistled all around me, I somehow escaped. The smaller planes of our escort were like sparrows, and they darted in and out, around and above and below the enemy, invariably driving them off. It is a glorious sight to see the Huns dropping like a rocket to earth, but a sickening sight to see our own aviators plunging to certain death. The Germans are good fighters, so long as they have plenty of ammunition and things in their favor; once the odds are against them, though, they quit. I know of instances where German soldiers would throw up their hands and yell "Kamarad" and at the same time use a machine gun with deadly effect with their feet. They are great with their feet, especially when they're traveling toward Berlin.

"Our most effective work was done after the Allies had lain down a barrage fire and the infantry and tanks started to advance. The Germans usually turned on their heels at such times and then we would fly low and harass their retreat with our machine guns and bombs. Whenever we found a dense formation we would let a bomb drop from a trap in the bottom of the plane and would kill them by the thousands. It was risky

W. C. T. U. Subjects

January 6—Why my department is the best. Symposium led by the Superintendent.

January 20—Roll Call, Current Events. Subject: Effects of War on Juvenile Delinquency. Leader, Mrs. Turrell.

February 3—Roll Call, Names of Prominent Sunday School Workers. Subject: Temperance in the Sunday School. Leader, Mrs. S. C. Cook.

February 17—Roll Call, Quotations on Giving. Subject: Systematic Giving. Leader, Mrs. Scott.

March 3—Roll Call, Great Mothers in History. Subject: Mothers' Meetings. Leader, Mrs. Kerr.

March 17—Roll Call, Imitations from Miss Willard's Writings. Subject: Willard Memorial. Leader, Mrs. White.

April 7—Roll Call, Children of the Bible. Subject: Winning the Young for Service. Leader, Mrs. Jeffcott.

April 21—Roll Call, Current Events. Subject: Temperance and Labor. Leader, Mrs. Addison.

May 5—Roll Call, Names of Orators. Subject: Medal Contests. Leader, Mrs. Olsen.

May 19—Roll Call, Current Events. Leader, Mrs. Burton.

June 2—Roll Call, Children's Books. Subject: What instruction and literature should a child have to make him a good soldier of Christ. Leader, Mrs. Kerr.

June 16—Roll Call, Current Events. Subject: Flower Mission and Social Service. Leader, Mrs. Beam.

July 7—Roll Call, Patriotic Quotations. Tidings from the Field. Speaker, Mrs. Steele, State President.

July 21—Roll Call, Quotations from Mrs. Gordon's Writings. Paper, Mrs. Gordon's work. Leader, Mrs. Trunbull.

August 4—Roll Call, Current Events. Subject: What the W. C. T. U. means to the Community. Leader, Mrs. Tutts.

August 18—Roll Call, W. C. T. U. workers in Foreign Fields. Subject: Work among Foreign speaking People. Leader, Mrs. Mary Palmer.

September 8—Roll Call, Current Events. Subject: Anti-Narcotics and Stimulants. Leader, Mrs. Willikson.

September 22—Roll Call, Current Events. Subject: Party and Rescue Work. Leader, Mrs. Serrurier.

October 6—Roll Call, Current Events. Subject: Our Work and Workers. Leader, Mrs. Gilbert.

October 20—Snap Shots from Mission Fields. Subject: Co-operation with Missionary Society. Leader, Mrs. Foul.

November 3—Roll Call, Names of prominent teachers. Subject: Co-operation of Parent and Teacher. Leaders, Mrs. Scott, Serrurier, and Mrs. Overstreet.

November 17—Roll Call, My Favorite Hymn. Subject: Music in the Home. Leader, Mrs. Shaw.

December 1—Roll Call, Names of Prohibition Leaders. Subject: Progress along the Line of Prohibition. Leader, Mrs. Estinger.

December 15—Roll Call, Christmas Imitations. What the year has meant to me. By Members of the Union.

List of W. C. T. U. Superintendents: Evangelistic—Mrs. Burton. Tidings—Mrs. Scott. Mothers' Meetings—Mrs. Kerr. Music—Mrs. Shaw. Sunday School—Mrs. Cook. Medal Contest—Mrs. Olsen. Party and Rescue—Mrs. Serrurier. Co-operation with Missionary Societies—Mrs. Foul. Flower Mission and Social Service—Mrs. Beam. Anti-Narcotics—Mrs. Willikson.

Residents of St. Johns having taxes and city liens to pay in Portland can make their payments without inconvenience by availing themselves of our services. We will pay same and secure your receipt without inconvenience to you. Fee, 25 cents. References: Any St. Johns Bank—Peninsula Title, Abstract and Realty Co., by H. Henderson, Manager; 402 North Jersey street.

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YALE GETS WEBSTER'S HOUSE

Historic Building at New Haven Has Recently Become the Property of the University.

In purchasing and taking possession of the famous Noah Webster house, Yale university has come into possession of one of the oldest and perhaps the most historical building in New Haven.

When the venerable lexicographer wrote the dictionary a century ago, he never dreamed that the home in which he performed his literary labors would prove the quarters of United States troops in the greatest of world wars. Yet that was the destiny of the plain wooden building. The university turned it over to the Student Army Training corps and it was occupied by soldiers till the final demobilization.

It was the home of Webster while he resided in the city, although part of his dictionary was written at Amherst, Mass. He was one of Yale's most famous professors, his work ranking a world value with that of his fellow professors, Samuel F. B. Morse and Eli Whitney.

The home stands at the corner of Grove and Temple streets and was formerly the property of Courland T. Trowbridge, a relative of the lexicographer. The university has acquired it because of its scheme to fill the square bounded by Wall, Temple, Grove and College streets with dormitories for the Sheffield Scientific school. The entire group, it is expected will be given by Frederick W. Vanderbilt of New York city, a graduate of the class of '75. He already has given two large dormitories.

HAD THE LAUGH ON COOTIES

Soldier's Humorous Explanation of Why He Was Wearing Such "Giddy Lingerie."

Life on the front had its whimsicalities at times in spite of rolling barages, the hail of bullets, the jangle of caissons and the whining of truck motors. Lieut. Harry B. Henderson tells of a beautiful red rose on his camp table, in a letter to the Wyoming State Tribune, beside an Austrian shell with a bit of scenery painted on it, which served as a paper-weight. Then there are incidents that excite the "risibles" and afford needed diversion to the mind. For instance:

"The other day they were keeping us a bit busy and I had my ear on top of my head all the time deciding on each 'whiz' as it approached. Just in the hottest part of it, one of my gunners came tearing down a rutty road, and in a Prince Isaac coat he'd found in a raid and wearing a Boche cap. He was pushing a baby-buggy full of potatoes and dynamite which he thought I could use. We had the enable for lunch and then blasted a new dugout with the explosive. You can't imagine how you laugh when you've been a bit under a strain for several days of fring, and then see something funny. But for my sense of the proprieties I'd describe the giddy lingerie the young man was using for underwear. He explained to me that cooties get so tired of wandering through lace" Literary Digest.

Japanese Activity in Siberia. Canadian papers are commenting on the activity of the Japanese throughout the maritime provinces of Siberia. Agents of Japanese syndicates are reported to be negotiating for the purchase of a large number of mines, flour mills, brickworks, sawmills and other industrial undertakings, while commercially they are making every effort to extend their influence. The Japanese firms, which for the most part have only recently been established at Vladivostok, are enlarging their operations and endeavoring to obtain as large a share as possible of the trade of the territory. The scouts of these firms are reported to be securing the country for scrap iron, hides, wool, bristles, beans and other Siberian and Manchurian products required in Japan.

Monument to Stand on Prairie. Solitary on a Texas prairie there will be seen next spring a heroic bronze statue of a man and horse. It is a memorial to young Charles Noyes, of a ranch near Melvin, who was killed in a range accident three years ago, and is the work of Pompeu Coppin. The Texas lad was six feet four inches in height and the sculptor has modeled him as he was in life, while the horse stands 16 hands high. The pose is striking. Mr. Coppin is now at work on Chicago's monument to her heroes.

Owned Fine Library. Andrew D. White, the eminent American diplomat, who died recently, was the owner of one of the finest libraries in America. Mr. White began early in life to accumulate books, chiefly on the subjects of the world's history. At last he had 40,000 volumes, a respectable total, as Mr. Birrell would admit, who once said that a man should never talk of his library until he had 10,000 books. Mr. White left his library to Cornell university.

Russia Destitute of Scythes. Before the war Russia's need of scythes was estimated at 6,000,000 annually, of which about half were required in Siberia. To fill these requirements about 4,500,000 scythes were imported annually and the remainder manufactured in Russia. According to latest information there are hardly any scythes to be found, Russian industry being at a standstill and the importation closed.

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were dropped and within a few minutes the oily water and floating debris was mute evidence that the depredations of the iron terror of the seas were at an end. Even the ship joined in the celebration, for though it seemed to be sinking, it managed to limp into Queenstown under tow.

"Later I was assigned to the bombing squadron and thereafter my hope for thrilling adventure was fully realized. My plane was a high affair, equipped with liberty motors, 1600 horse power, and capable of carrying 40 passengers. We usually carried about three tons of bombs, any one of which would annihilate anything within a radius of 1000 square feet of where it exploded. Due to the ponderous weight of the machine, we usually started out

work with anti-aircraft guns and Hun aviators raking you constantly with a deadly fire, but it was all in the game of war, and retribution for some of the horrible crimes the Germans had committed. It's a wonderful sight to witness a big battle line of infantry swing back and forth; to observe the shell explosions and watch the tanks move grimly forward belching fire as they go.

"I'm sorry the war ended as soon as it did, for we had been told that plans were prepared for a big raid over Berlin the week the armistice was signed, and my bombing plane was among the hundreds that were supposed to participate."—From "Going Some."

FOR SALE We offer for sale up to and including February 3rd, the following described property: A strictly modern four room cottage known as 501 Oswego Street, built last May. This house was furnished and has been lived in by one of the technical men of the ship plant; the wife was a first class housekeeper. They are called to Boston and we have taken over the furniture which is all new and high grade. Everything is there to go right to housekeeping with. Among the conveniences is a gas range connected with a gas water-heater and a dandy little wood heater with water coils. This complete home can be bought on easy installments with a small payment down but will have to be taken quick as we have a tenant who will rent if we do not sell. Credentials required unless a substantial payment can be made.

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