

ST. JOHNS REVIEW

Devoted to the interests of the Peninsula, the Manufacturing Center of the Northwest

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The Circulation of THE REVIEW in the Peninsula exceeds that of all other papers combined Advertisers, note this.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Various Topics of Local and General Interest Briefly and tersely Commented Upon

Numerous Matters Which Are Before the Public for General Discussion

An exchange asks: Are you doing all in your power for the general development and improvement of the community, or are you satisfied to sit back and ease and, as far as you are concerned, let things drift? Have you written those letters to Eastern friends telling them of the attractiveness of Oregon, and inviting them to the Fair, or are you allowing them to languish in ignorance of the land of plenty? Do you greet the newcomer with a hearty welcome and a word of encouragement, or do you try to scare him out by assuring him that this is no country for him anyway? Do you take an active interest in the appearance of the town, or do you look upon unsightly, shabby, rubbishy heaps and broken down fences as you look upon the poor—something we are always to have with us? Are you looking out for and saving your choicest products for the Lewis and Clark exposition? Is your lawn kept up and made presentable to visitors, or does it resemble a last year's bird's nest? Do you make an effort to show visiting friends about, and give them the magnificent view which may be had from surrounding hills, or are you satisfied in allowing them to leave without obtaining a correct idea of the Valley? Do you encourage the establishing of new industries and help along the movements which mean progress and improvement, or do you stand ready with a bucket of cold water to douse every proposition which has any relation to your pocket-book? In other words, are you a pusher or a knocker?

As an indication of the progress of St. Johns we call attention to the woolen mills, which are running night and day, and yet cannot supply the demand for its products. Last week the company refused an order for 65,000 yards of flannel. The monthly yield at present is about 40,000 yards of woolens. This is from 25 to 50 per cent above the yield when the mills were located at Sellwood. The mill pays to its employees about \$75,000 per year. It will use about 1,000,000 pounds of wool during the year, at the present rate of its working capacity. It is adopting the piece-work system, which enables its employees to earn more money than under the old system.

It is the intention of the company to make additions to the mill immediately in order to supply the demand for its output, which is far beyond its present capacity. That its products take the highest rank is proven from a statement of the editor of the Pacific Coast Manufacturing Journal of San Francisco, who said in a recent issue, that he had never handled better fabrics or examined better samples of fine cloth than that produced by the Portland woolen mills.

E. L. Thompson, general manager, says it is the intention of the company to make the mill site an attractive one, and forty feet of the land, between the mill and the street will be planted to lawn and flower beds, and later the entire grounds will be parked.

The stock of the company consists of \$175,000 common stock, and \$175,000 six per cent preferred stock, which is in the hands of Portland men, largely, there being only one heavy stockholder, W. E. Pettis of San Francisco, practically being the only outside holder to a large amount.

The growth of St. Johns has been materially assisted by the woolen mills, many of its employees having bought property, and built homes in St. Johns. A large part of the \$75,000 paid in wages to its employees goes to the merchants of St. Johns, and as an inducement for other enterprises to locate in St. Johns, it has proved a lodestone which is irresistible. St. Johns may point with pride to the many substantial enterprises which are becoming prominent features of its growth.

Sunday afternoon witnessed a fierce fight between two Italians in Portland. The cause of the fighting, which resulted in a shooting scrape, was a pool game. The defeated one could not take his defeat calmly, but wanted blood to wipe out the disgrace. This seems to be characteristic of the Italians in general. The sunny climate which gave them birth seems to have instilled into their veins a thirst for

blood which only blood will appease. It is recalled that something over two years ago, a prominent member of that nationality took a few potshots at a man who incurred his ill will. This man was a lawyer from whom better things were expected. But when the crucial test arrived, he, like all his countrymen, thirsted for gore. We owe a great deal to Italy for giving us Columbus, but we owe nothing for the modern type of Italians who are seeking homes among us.

The Weyerhaeuser Mill Co. have made preparations to begin the construction of their mammoth mill in St. Johns. A force of men was dispatched last Monday to Yacont, under the superintendency of A. Isenhardt, to begin the sawing of the lumber which will be used in its construction. Over 3,000,000 feet will be used in its construction. Some idea of its gigantic proportions may be formed from the amount of lumber used. The fact that over 1000 men will find employment in its various departments is also a criterion of its magnitude. This immense plant will be a further inducement for men of capital to locate in St. Johns. "Where the carcass is there will the eagles be gathered together," said the great Teacher, and it applies with the same potency today as it did when the "Man of Galilee" gave it utterance 2000 years ago. "Where the greatest interests are involved, there men of means will congregate, and capital will find splendid opportunities for investment. The impetus given the real estate of St. Johns is apparent already. Men are coming in daily and buying choice lots for the purpose of building cottages and stately dwellings. The price of lots and the terms on which they are sold, puts them within the reach of all wage earners to buy and build. It is to be hoped the day is not far distant when every resident of St. Johns may own his own dwelling; when the cry of the rent collector may not be heard in the land, but when every family may rest in the shade of its own vine and fig tree, content after the toils of the day, feeling assured that no gaunt wolf of want shall ever howl about its door, but rather that the dove of peace and plenty shall hover over it continually.

Attorney Charles F. Lord of Portland, has announced, publicly, that he will have the indictment against one Ford, ex-sheriff of Washington county, ex-detective of the city of Portland, at present private detective in Portland, quashed. The grounds upon which Mr. Lord bases his statement is, that the jury was not a legal one, several of its members being disqualified to sit as jurors. Mr. Lord claims that one of the jurors who served on the last federal grand jury is not a citizen of the United States. He argues that all indictments found by that grand jury are null and void. If this is true, it is not the fault of Mr. Heney, as he, being an entire stranger, had little chance to determine who were eligible to sit on that jury. If Mr. Lord is correct in his statements it is a matter of regret, on account of the time lost and the money expended to bring the indicted men to justice immediately. If all the indictments are quashed it will only postpone the day when those found guilty will be punished. Uncle Sam, Theodore Roosevelt and Mr. Heney are a formidable trio, and in their lexicon there is no such word as "fail." It is to be hoped, for the public good, that Mr. Lord is mistaken. Naturally he will do his best as he is a party deeply interested in the outcome of the Ford trial.

St. Johns has only, so far as known, been visited by one burglar, the one who made a water-haul at the postoffice, and so far as can be ascertained, but little petty thieving has been done, but University Park is not so fortunate. John Mock of that suburb had a valuable mare stolen one night last week, for which he is willing to pay \$25 to the person returning her. He will also give \$25 for the arrest of the man who stole her. This ought to be an incentive to our local sleuths to get busy and show the metal of which they are made.

Among the growing needs of St. Johns is a public library well stocked with good books. A taste for reading, can, and should be, cultivated in the mind of every child. The man or woman who is not well read in this progressive age is behind the times. The man who has no fund of information except what he has gathered from his own experience soon becomes a bore. His mental horizon is equal to a saucer and about as hollow. His whole conversation is punctuated with "says I" and "says he," and "we done" and "I done" until the poor, helpless victim who has fallen into the current of his inane talk becomes frantic, and would be delighted to see lightning strike the

platform hogs. The pseudo platform hog is receiving a great deal of notice through the press of late. Monday's Oregonian contained a cartoon showing his porcine majesty in all his repulsiveness; picturing him as the bete noir of ladies, the terror of young girls and the annoyance of all decent people. Last winter a woman wrote a very indignant letter to one of Portland's dailies in which she scored the platform hog unsparringly. She devoted especial attention to the smoking platform hog, who not only blocked the entrance to the car but blew his vile tobacco smoke into her lovely eyes, and almost smothered her. One cannot very well ignore such a pathetic letter from such a source, but there is much to say in favor of the passenger on the platform. Often the car is packed closely as sardines in a box. Passengers are clinging to every strap. Men are forced to stand on the platform or not ride at all. Especially is this true in the early morning, when the city toilers are going to their work, and in the evening when returning home after the toils of the day are done. Many ladies spend hours shopping in the city, fascinated with the occupation, and only become conscious when the evening shadows fall. Then gathering up their bundles, they rush for the car, determined to get home in time for supper at all hazards.

These women find the cars filled to overflowing, with the platform packed. They do not seem to realize that it is all their own fault, when they find themselves jammed among a mob of hungry, tired men who are anxious to reach their homes. If all the women of leisure will do their shopping during the less busy hours of travel, they will have less cause of complaint. It may be there are platform hogs by inclination. Things in the shape of men who stand in the way and stare at women and girls. Such men can be easily placed where they belong; but such instances are very rare.

A handsome woman never complains because men stare at her. She accepts it as a compliment to her beauty, and would be offended if she were not the object of admiration.

The woman with the mole on her nose, or a soft, downy growth of hair on her lip is the one who grows about men staring at her. There are other street car hogs which do not ride on the platform. They dress in purple and fine linen. They seem to be under the impression that all mankind should do them homage. If a gentleman surrenders his seat to one of them, she does not even thank him, but looks at him in a tone of voice, which seems to say, "It took you a long time."

OLD SONGS ARE BEST. "Sweet Betsy From Pike" and the Days of Forty-nine. "Nor cannot sing those old songs nor dream those dreams again," are lines which suggest themselves forcibly to any one who spends an hour in a modern vaudeville theater. The songs heard there are flippant, meretricious, many of them rag-time, which may be as well compared to the old-time songs as some impotent pipe of Pan to a grand organ voiced with every tone, from the hoarse roar of the sea to the winged warble of mated birds, which fills and floods cathedral aisles with all the wealth of sound.

Who can hear a strain from "Oh don't you remember sweet Betsy from Pike," without a thrill of rapture? and that other soul-stirring melody that we sang in childhood's happy hours, shedding tears of pity for "Joe Bowers" because his Sally married a butcher. And didn't we roar when we fell into that hole

with "Buffalo Bill?" Again, although it is sacrilege, just compare modern songs with "Sweet Alice Ben Bolt," "Way Down upon the Suwanee River," "Old Folks at Home," "Twenty Years Ago," and lastly that grand oaria of Langfellow's, "I stood on the Bridge at Midnight."

Men whose heads are white with frosts of many winters listen to those old melodies and, with cheeks bathed in tears, are boys again, with all the future before them, rosetate with the hopes of youth. They are "Down on the Farm" roving among the clover and the bees, sipping nectar from all life's sweetest flowers. Age falls from them like leaves in autumn; life's cares are forgotten; pictures of the long ago crowd and tumble over each other, and they are happy again.

TOM WILLIAMS IS DEAD. Well Known Portland Man Passes Away.

Tom Williams a well known sporting man of Portland died last Monday after a lingering illness. Many over-pious people can see but little good in any man who follows a sporting life, but if each one for whom Tom did some loving deed were to bring a blossom to his grave he would sleep tonight beneath a wilderness of flowers. No case of distress ever came to his notice that he did not thrust his hand into his pocket, and give cheerfully to relieve the suffering one.

When Alex. Campbell, who lost his life in the early '90's, was lying at home, mourned by his agonized family, sorrowing doubly on account of his death and their inability to give him a suitable burial, Tom Williams headed the contribution list with a twenty dollar gold piece, saying, "If you need more call again."

Many a poor man, sick and out of work, received a gold piece from Tom and did not have to ask for it. Generous by nature, honest and upright in his dealings, a "square" man always, he made friends in every walk in life, who will mourn the news of his death, and remember him as one of the noblest-hearted men that ever crossed the tangled thread of their lives.

THE FOOL AND HIS MONEY. Carl Cederman falls Among Sharks and Loses.

Carl Cederman, a laborer, who had succeeded by honest toil in laying up \$70,000, coin of the realm, which he carried secreted about his person, dropped into Portland, the first of the week to have a good time, and he had it. He struck Erickson's at high tide and formed the acquaintance of two suave gentlemen who invited him to join them in a game of draw, which just suited Carl. Sometime in his earlier career he had become imbued with the idea that he could play poker, and the two gentlemanly strangers looked good to him. Visions of \$70 doubling and trebling lured Carl into the game which proved his undoing. According to Carl's story, told to sympathetic ears at the corner of Second and Oak, it took the city boys all night to segregate him from his money, but they finally succeeded.

In the early morning hours, when the vagrant worm is abroad ready to furnish the watchful songster a meal, Carl arose from the table without the "price." Carl immediately felt an aching void where his breakfast ought to be, and another where his coin had erstwhile reposed. Filled with indignation and hunger he rushed down to the police station and recounted his loss, telling a sympathetic captain just how it happened.

From the latest reports, Carl's pockets are still empty and his stomach—well that is uncertain. He claimed at the station that he had been robbed, but if it took two men a whole night to get his money they certainly were not artists. Evidently Carl fought them a hard battle, and the question obtrudes itself as to whether, if he had won, he would have returned the money. (This howl, raised by a fool who will play poker with entire strangers, excites but little sympathy, and is deserving of none.)

A congressional party of ten senators and fifteen representatives will visit the Lewis and Clark exposition and take part in the ceremonies on the opening day, June 1. The expenses of the trip are provided for by an appropriation of \$10,000.

Five hundred thousand eggs are to be stripped from steel-head salmon at the Yakima hatchery for the Fisheries exhibit at the Lewis and Clark exposition.

WHY LOCATE IN ST. JOHNS?

A Few Potent Reasons Given by Old Reality.

Man was born with an interrogation point on the end of his tongue, projecting from his mouth. Woman is different. She was born with two on her tongue. This is why she is able to ask two questions to man's one.

Every child shortly after birth, gets hold of an idea. Usually it is about the size of a candle, and the little fellow sticks to it until, like most people of one idea, he burns his fingers. This suggests the question, "why?"

From the time that question is formulated in the mind until the once happy child has grown old, and is painfully taking life's last slow step with staff and crutch, the whys are continually bobbing up, projecting themselves across the horizon of our mental vision and demanding an answer. Many of them cannot be answered. Others only in part, and then not satisfactorily.

Why is St. Johns a desirable location for home building? is one that is often asked. It is one that is easily answered, and a thousand reasons can be assigned, all of them good and substantial ones.

Its location makes it the most desirable one on the peninsula for a home. It is fitted by nature to be the site of a great city. To the west lies "Beautiful Willamett," immortalized by Sam L. Simpson, Oregon's most gifted poet. Its beauties can only be fully appreciated after reading that wonderful poem. The channel is deep along the river front, and a little improvement will make it an ideal harbor where deep sea-going vessels may lie in safety.

The summer winds blow softly from the northwest, cool and healthful. Adjacent to St. Johns are groves of fir trees where the carol of the blue bird and the wren is heard in the early morning hours. Here one may lie in the deep shades on a Sunday afternoon and rest after the toils of the week.

These beautiful groves are Nature's handiwork for the happiness of man. They are within the reach of the most lowly, and can be enjoyed without money and without price. A short walk from his residence, and the tired worker is hidden in the solitudes where he may enjoy himself the whole long day. Aside from these features one may note the location of St. Johns. Almost touching the Columbia it lies high above the swell of the June freshets, free from any fear of the rising waters. The soil is dry, having a sub-stratum of sand through which the winter's rains soon disappear.

Its growth has been phenomenal during the past year. Property has enhanced in value one hundred per cent. Gigantic enterprises are finding a footing here. Thousands of homes will be built during this year by the employees of the various business enterprises that are located here. As an investment, no more desirable point can be selected adjacent to Portland. It is not a question of what may be but rather of what is. Its business enterprises are resting on a solid foundation. They will grow and expand out of all proportion during the next few years. The man who buys property today in St. Johns will find himself richer by a thousand fold in a few short years. Fortunes are made in real estate, and St. Johns offers today the best inducements of any city on the Pacific coast.

OLD REALITY.

Mrs. Eva Emery Dye, author of "The Conquest," who has been busy for several months tracing descendants of the Lewis and Clark party other than the leaders of that famous expedition, has located at Fowler, California, a son of the "Boy Shannon" frequently mentioned in the journals of the explorers. He is Judge J. B. Shannon, an aged and respected resident of Fowler for many years. Judge Shannon has accepted an invitation to be the guest of the Lewis and Clark exposition, which is to be held in celebration of the centennial of the Lewis and Clark expedition, on June 1, the opening day.

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