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

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DRAG NET CAPTURES SIX

Raid on Gambling Dens of the City Results in Arrest of Several Business Men.

At the last council meeting the city attorney scored the police department for laxity in their duty, criticised the council for permitting such crimes as had been of frequent occurrence of late. The mayor was induced to put on another policeman. Wednesday evening of last week the cops made a raid on 113 Burlington street and arrested John Bunn and Frank Heck for gambling.

At Al Harris' old stand another grab was made and Mr. Harris, L. E. Walker, R. D. Jackson and a man who answers to the name of Gregory were captured on the same charge. These gentlemen were permitted to go on depositing bail of \$20 each, with the exception of Mr. Gregory, who gave leg bail in the confusion incident to the depositing of the yellow metal with the recorder. Mr. Gregory, too, has evidently left the country for the country's good, as he cannot be found anywhere.

The time of trial was set for Thursday at 2 p. m. at which time John Bunn and Frank Heck appeared and plead guilty. As they were being tried under the provisions of the city charter which makes the minimum fine \$20, in view of the fact that these gentlemen had heretofore borne a good character, this being the first time they had been arraigned before the court, the judge was disposed to be lenient with them, fined them \$20 and remanded half the fine.

Messrs. Harris, Walker and Jackson not having appeared the court adjourned, after having declared their bail forfeited, ordered bench warrants for their arrest, continuing the cases until Friday at 2 p. m. Messrs. Walker and Jackson met the municipal judge just as he entered his office and explained that they had come just as soon as it was possible for them to do so and that they would be on hands promptly the next day and for this reason their bail was returned to them when they appeared for trial. On the day set for the trial at 2 p. m. Messrs. Walker and Jackson appeared and plead guilty and the court assessed \$15 for each. Mr. Harris did not appear in person, but sent in the plea of guilty, also, by Mr. Walker; as the law requires the personal attendance of the party charged with any crime, the court declared his bail forfeited and assessed him \$15. The last three cases, when they failed to appear under the city jurisdiction, the court placed the matter in the justice court and made state cases out of them which gave greater latitude as to fines, the maximum being \$500 and the minimum nothing.

Home Telephone Co. to Soon Extend Line Here.

When in Portland last week we called at the headquarters of the Home Telephone company to see what we could learn of the prospect of that most excellent phone system getting into St. Johns.

We met Mr. Tetro the general manager of the company, who informed us that he would bend every effort to get into St. Johns at the earliest moment, and that he was as anxious to get into this city as we could possibly be to have them here. He also stated that they were crowded to the limit on orders already ahead of us and that he could not state just how soon they would come, because he would not make a promise he could not make good. Until the construction department put the line in here, he said he was in their hands. Mr. Tucker, the manager of that department had just returned from an extended trip in the East and he has not yet had an opportunity to speak with him, but he took a note of the matter and said he would consult him about it at the first opportunity. He told us to say to the people here that he would get here just as quickly as possible and when that time came would put in a system that would give satisfaction to the most exacting.

WOOD AND IRON ENTERPRISES

Novel and Ingenious Machinery in Shops of Douglas & Son and J. T. Murphy Excites Interest and Admiration

Industries That Help Make St. Johns Flourish

At the foot of Pittsburg street is located the wood working establishment of Douglas & Son. Here they have a fine little building for their business 40x100 well equipped with up-to-date machinery consisting of a "sticker." Why it should ever have been afflicted with such a cognomen is more than we can tell, for it is a fine little machine capable of turning out an endless variety of different kinds of moulding and other ornamental work for finishing the inside of houses. In addition to the sticker these people have two lathes, a band saw, a universal wood working machine and one of the largest rip saws in use on the coast, in fact there is but one other like it, located in one of the Portland mills.

The universal woodworker is an ingenious machine with a tilting table and a number of cutting blades which can be put on the saw arbor with which they can cut gains, tenons and dozens of other things incident to the manufacture of articles from wood. They also have a most ingenious boring machine with which they bore mortises for sash pulleys, and a cut off saw arranged on a bench so marked that material may be trimmed instantly any length desired. The power is furnished by a 12-horse power electric motor.

Messrs. Douglas & Sons have been overcrowded with work all during the dull season and when the rush of building comes it is hard to tell where they will land. They will have to do like the rich man in the old story, tear down and build larger, most likely. They have a fine stock of finishing stuff on hand at all times, a most convenient thing for our contractors and builders.

Just a block north on Bradford street is located the machine shop of J. T. Murphy. This machine shop like Douglas & Son's establishment is obliged to work overtime in order to keep up with their work and then cannot do it. Mr. Murphy has a small building, in fact, too small, and is expecting soon to erect a larger one to accommodate his constantly growing business. He has in his shop a 10-foot power screw cutting lathe with a 24-inch swing with reversible gear, and while it is as good a lathe as money will buy for its size it is too small to accommodate a great deal of the business that comes to him, and he has been obliged to order a larger lathe. He also has a Steptoe shaper with a capacity of 25 inches, a power drill with a 26-inch throat, a power saw for cutting iron, forge and vices and a fine set of tools necessary for doing expert work in his line. The power for the present is furnished by a 7-horse power upright engine, the steam being furnished by an upright boiler. These are soon to be replaced by a 10-horse power electric motor, and other machines will be added as the business demands. Mr. Murphy and his employes are expert workmen and turn out a fine class of work, and are prepared to do almost anything in the matter of repairing and building of machines.

The work of the lathe will interest the beholder perhaps more than that of any machine in the shop. A bar of round iron or steel is placed in this machine and a cutting tool in the head is brought in touch at a point where the size is to be reduced to fit a collar or the opening in the center of the wheel which is to work on the shaft. The lever is thrown over, putting on the power, and the cutting tool takes off a steel shaving which curls up in ringlets much like those on the head of your sweetheart, except for color. When the cutting tool reaches the end of the cut, another lever is thrown to another point, thus reversing the travel of the tool carriage and the tool going back smooths up the work. This operation is repeated until the shaft is of the desired dimensions.

The shaper is operated much the same way, except instead of the material revolving as in a lathe, the tool carriage moves over the surface of the plane cutting it away until it is as smooth as the side of a board coming from the carpenter's bench.

WILLIE MAGOON DEAD

Father Fails to Reach Bedside of Dying Son at San Jose.

We announced in last week's issue that E. O. Magoon had received information of the dangerous illness of his son in California and his departure for San Jose. Friday we received a copy of the San Jose Daily Times with the following account of the death of his son before Mr. Magoon reached him. Mr. and Mrs. Magoon have the sincere sympathy of all their friends:

A large concourse of sorrowing friends and playmates attended the funeral yesterday afternoon, September 3, of Willie Magoon, the 13-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Magoon, who passed away in this city Sunday afternoon after a brief illness of a few days. The services were most impressive and many beautiful floral pieces were in evidence as a token of the esteem in which he was held.

Services were conducted at the house, 230 North First street, by Rev. Gresham of the Episcopal church, after which the cortege proceeded to Oak Hill cemetery, where the interment was held. At the grave several boy companions of the deceased rendered appropriate songs, followed by the regular ritualistic service.

A pathetic incident in connection with the boy's death was the father's vain endeavor to reach the bedside of his dying son before the visit of the grim Reaper. The father is a business man in Portland and when notified of his son's serious illness he instantly boarded a train for San Jose, but in the race with death he lost, arriving after the spark of life had fluttered.

The mother, who resides in San Jose, tried in every available manner to reach her husband by telegraph, but owing to the present strike of the operators, she was unable to notify him. A telephone call finally reached him in Portland and as soon as he received the sad message he started for San Jose, but arrived too late.

Willie Magoon was a native of Fresno and was in his thirteenth year. He was a student at the Longfellow grammar school and his teachers and playmates speak of him as a studious scholar with a bright future. Besides his grieving parents he is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Frank Heath and Roma Magoon.

If you know any news tell us.

PUBLIC FOUNTAIN

Location in Front of City Hall Has Been Suggested.

That drinking fountain has not been placed in evidence yet, and many of our citizens are wondering. Just a word or two as to location right here might not be amiss. Do you know that the location which has been favored by many will not be a desirable one? Just think what it would be if located in the center of the open space at the junction of Burlington, Philadelphia and Jersey street's when these business streets become as congested as First, Second and Third streets of Portland between Pine and Morrison. It would simply have to be removed, that is all. Then why not place it in a situation where it will never be necessary to remove it? There is just such a place, a much more appropriate place, one that will add much more to the beauty and reputation of the city property. We refer to the park in front of the city hall.

The old city hall is to be removed, the park graded and put in the finest of shape and there is all kinds of room there for the drinking fountain. It will never be congested by traffic and commerce as the location first referred to is bound to be in a very few years and the fountain in front of the city hall will be an ornament to the city property there, every citizen of the town will be proud of. To us it is the only logical position for the fountain and our city fathers will most certainly do well to consider this before the location is named, and if they are wise they will keep this open space at the junction of the three streets named entirely free for the operation of the business that is as sure to come to St. Johns as the sun shines. We would be glad to hear from our people on the subject. Our columns are open for brief expressions from any one on the subject.

The Oberg, Ingledue and Hunkins families, all of Modoc street, are in the hopfields in the neighborhood of Newberg.

Mrs. O. E. Learned is at an Astoria sanitarium, where she went after visiting at Skamakowa. Mrs. Alice Learned has been visiting her this week at Astoria.

Mrs. C. N. Braasch and daughter Hattie, from Estacada, have been visiting numerous friends and relatives in St. Johns and Portland this week.

Remember the Gresham Fair.

CUT ALL TO PIECES

Who? Why? Haven't You Heard About It?

The butchers in St. Johns, Portsmouth and University have decided to cut the prices of meats down so LOW that the people who have been, cannot afford to continue going to Portland and being burdened with carrying from one to fifty pounds of meat home with them.

Some people ask: "Why can't the St. Johns butchers sell meat as cheap as those two large meat markets in Portland?" Why don't they? Stop and think! Because you do not patronize them. If all you CITY buyers would buy at HOME and PAY the CASH for it the same as you HAVE to do in Portland, our business would be large enough to enable us to better compete with the Portland markets and sell you meats cheaper. Remember the more trade we have the cheaper we can buy and sell. It would surprise you at the number of business men, property owners and laboring people, who expect and want St. Johns to grow into a large city, and at the same time do nearly all of their trading in Portland. Watch for our price lists. Thanking you for being kind and patient enough to read these few lines and hoping you will give us a call and see for yourselves, we remain,

Respectfully yours,
ST. JOHNS BUTCHERS.

Grangers on Easy Street.

The following resume of the financial situation is to the point and should make the heart of the granger swell with pride:

The man who wrestles with the cow and learns the calves to suck; who casts the corn before the swine, is now in greatest luck, for butter is on the upper grade; veal's higher than a kite; fresh pork is climbing up the scale; and beef is out of sight. The eggs he gathers every day are worth their weight in gold, and we are in the soup. His corn brings fancy prices, it is rising every day, and he rakes in all kinds of cash for half a ton of hay. The farmer's in the saddle, and when he comes to town, the rest of us by right should go way back, and then sit down.—Nebraska exchange.

NO WOMAN IN THE CASE

Vacation Adventures and Misadventures of St. Johns Young Man in Neighboring State.

George Butt and Dick Armstrong, two of St. Johns' popular young men are having the time of their lives in the wilds of Washington, hunting and fishing. Our first notice of their vacation was the following clipped from the Vancouver (Wash.) Columbian, recounting Mr. Butt's first adventure in the land named for the father of his country:

A young man by the name of George Butt came into the county auditor's office last Monday. The genial deputy county auditor, Carl Quarnberg stepped up to the counter and politely asked the gentleman what he could do for him. From his experience of several months in issuing passports to bliss to a large number of young men, and those not so young as they once were, Mr. Quarnberg had sized up his man and concluded he was one of those who had decided to enter the Benedict order. The deputy auditor was sure that the gentleman he was about to wait on had all the distinguishing marks and looks and attitude and hesitation and shyness and withal Cupid-stricken countenance of one about to enter the state of matrimony. In answer to his inquiry the answer came that a license was wanted. The kind of license was not expressed very plainly, but the deputy was used to hearing young men stumble over the fatal or blissful (as the case may be) word, and at once proceeded to make the preliminary entries in a marriage license. When he came to the blank to be filled in with the lady's name he looked up and modestly requested the name of the charming bride-to-be. "The name of whom?" inquired Mr. Butt. "I want a hunting license, and don't see what a lady's name has to do with that." The deputy auditor was floored so to speak. He hurriedly issued the hunter's license, but he could not help feeling there was a mistake somewhere, and that some fair damsel was being cheated of her dues, though he was conscious that he had done his best for the unknown fair one.

Further inquiry elicited the cheery information that the adventurers were still in the business. The next morning after reaching the point where they were to pitch their head camp in the wild and woolly fastnesses of Copper creek, they were hunting through the woods admiring the stately monarchs of the forest, and keeping an eye out for a like tree to mount should the exigencies of the case demand a hasty refuge from the ire of a wounded bear or other denizen of the woods, when suddenly Mr. Butt's eagle eye caught sight of what he took to be a grizzly. Instantly his trusty rifle came to his shoulder and at the report a the gun a big Southdown with a baa-aa turned a back somersault and kicked his last. Away up there they have no rock pile or Kelley's Butte for delinquents to exercise their muscles while doing penance and it became necessary for Mr. Butt to do a two-days' stunt in a nearby farmer's hay field to square his account with the rural owner of the "grizzly."

Later reports from the gentlemen are to the effect that they are having a fine time fishing along Copper Creek and will do Mount St. Helens either this week or next. The Review registers herewith an order for a generous bear steak or venison roast.

Ole Madison, son of Osmund Madison of Richmond street, is visiting his parents. Ole has been in Alaska for the past eight years and comes home to see his parents and get acquainted with St. Johns. We trust he will bring one of the big gold mines down after he has squeezed all the dirt out of it and invest the good, clean, yellow metal in St. Johns property.

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