

## THE ST JOHNS REVIEW

Published Every Friday

By MARKLE & BYERLEE

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Official Newspaper of the City of St. Johns.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1907.

The half page ad in the Oregonian and Journal boomer St. Johns should bear much fruit. It was well written and displays a spirit of enterprise that is commendable. It was inserted by the Bank of St. Johns.

The Jamestown exposition is reported to be a gigantic failure from a financial stand point and that the director-general and several other officers of the association have resigned or abandoned their positions. Jamestown is too far away from the "western" people who make these big expositions successful.

Cassie Chadwick, who has caused more misery in the world than most women do, died in prison last week after a lingering illness. Cassie certainly loved the yellow metal, and few were so bold and unscrupulous in obtaining it as she. She will live long in the memory of many rich men in the east.

For October weather the past couple weeks could not be beaten in any climate. When it comes to nice weather St. Johns is in the front row. Our poor deluded eastern brethren, who will not believe, will have the pleasure of slowly freezing to death for the next six months while we sit out and watch our roses grow.

Things are doing in St. Johns these days. On every hand is heard the music of the saw and hammer. And still greater things are to come. Capitalists are making many trips to St. Johns, and it means something. Nothing definite has been given out, but many rumors are rife. Prospects were never brighter for St. Johns than they are at present.

The two telephone lines which recently received franchises to use our streets and erect centrals here had better get a hustle. The Home Telephone company agreed to make a good showing within six months from the acceptance of the franchise by the council. The time is nearly up and yet nothing is doing out this way. There should be some way to bring these gentlemen to time. We need the phones and we are getting awful tired waiting.

More street improvement in St. Johns is now under way. The first step was taken last week when resolutions by council to improve portions of Tacoma and Philadelphia streets were published. This will be the first street work undertaken by the present council, and although late in the season, it promises not to be the last. Street work is something that can be carried on in the winter time here almost as well as in the summer. Thus the progress of St. Johns goes marching on.

If a single reader of this paper has failed to write letters to some old friend, acquaintance, relative or other person who may be benefited by coming to Oregon, he should write to day. The columnist rates close Oct. 31st and if you want your letter to get results it must be forwarded at once. The rates are \$25 from Missouri River points, St. Paul, Winnipeg, and all the country adjacent, \$30 from St. Louis and \$33 from Chicago, with a reduction of \$2.50 to points East of Unatilla. Similar rates from every point in the United States. Get busy and add one family to the population of Oregon.

January 6th is the time appointed for voting on the amendment to the city charter, a copy of which will soon be in the hands of every voter in St. Johns. This amendment makes all the crooked places in the old charter straight and eliminates anything that was contradictory in the old volume. Much time and labor was spent in compiling this new version, and the city has gone to quite an expense in order to bring the same before the people. While it is quite probable that some sections may not suit all, the commission believes on the whole it is the best that could be done in justice to all. Therefore, we hope the amendment will meet with public favor.

### Pence Wants More Time.

Lafe Pence filed a petition in the county court Monday morning asking that his franchise for the construction of an electric line on the Linton road be extended for such a time and under such conditions as the court may deem wise. Pence also asked that a common user clause be inserted in the franchise.

## A Little Goosebone Rot.

Welcome, welcome, sweet October when the quail shall whistle shrill, when the coal man gets in action with his pesky little bill; when the frost and pumpkin poets sing the old familiar strains, and the foot ball gladiators scramble one another's brains. Doubly welcome, hallowed season.

When the wild goose travels space, when the hunter in the wild-wood shoots the rabbit in the face. When the last year's hat made over shows up in the new fall stock, and the bug-fed turkey shudders every time he sees the block.

The husky husker in the corn will trill his little ballad, the raccoon in the forest deep will eat persimmon salad, the robin red-breast, growing chilled, will slowly southward flutter, and the angels in the skies will catch the scent of apple butter.

The football rooster, full of root, will go off on his autumn toot; the player with the college hair, the while the horns and trumpets blare, will butt around till he is thrown and someone breaks his collar bone. The lusty sound of rah rahs will urge the fell and bloody cause; the girls in mass and colors come, will sing and scream and swallow gum. The giant full-back, fierce and stout, will pick a little fellow out, kick in his slats and change his face, and maul him up and down the place, and when the foe shall cease to breathe, will proudly claim the victor's wreath.

The baseball fan will lose his job, the highball fiend is broke, the mothball crank is now abroad spreading odor thick as smoke. The ice cream soda has fizzed out, the ice man slacks his pace, the small boys save their nickels now to buy a comic face. For Halloween will soon be here with pumpkin, spooks and pranks, and if the hoodlums pass us up we surely may give thanks.

Be glad, be glad, the worst is past, the next few weeks look good. The tramp has quit the road because it's time for sawing wood. November crisp is on the way with cold Thanksgiving airs, and the president will set the day in time for turkey prayers.

### Business Changes.

The new Bickner building which is now under course of construction has already been leased. W. M. Seabrook will occupy one room with his North Bank pharmacy; Butterworth, the jeweler, who recently purchased the outfit of C. M. Salisbury, will occupy another room, and Owens Bros. will move their pool and billiard tables into the third compartment.

Uhlrig, the furniture man, has decided to go out of business. The room which he has been occupying seems to be a particularly unlucky one. He makes the fourth party to go out of business in that location in a little over a year. C. M. Salisbury has also retired from business in St. Johns, and we understand the Palace restaurant has closed up shop. This does not mean by any means that business is getting poorer in this city. Competition and high rents have much to do with it, and

He who by his biz would rise Must either bust or advertise.

### Make Your Kick Now.

For the first time in many years the taxpayers of Multnomah county have an opportunity to examine the assessment rolls which have been open for inspection all this week. The books will remain open in County Assessor Sigler's office until tomorrow evening to afford dissatisfied taxpayers an opportunity to discover any errors, which they may take up with the board of equalization when it meets next Monday. Therefore, any one who is not satisfied with his assessment should register his kick now or forever after hold his peace.

### Free Lecture.

Rev. E. W. Brenneisen of St. Paul, Minn., will speak in the M. W. A. hall Sunday afternoon and evening next. The people of this city who are interested in Bible study or who like to hear a good speaker discourse upon Bible subjects which are not commonly understood, may have their desire in listening to two lectures by this gentleman, who visits us under the auspices of the Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society of Pennsylvania. At 3 p. m. the subject will be: "The Three Worlds of the Bible." At 7:30 p. m.: "The Three Ways of the Bible." Everybody invited. No admission fee, no collection.

### From London Bridge in a Sack.

Some years ago a porter named Fuller, employed at Billingsgate market, London, made a bet that he would jump from London bridge tied up in a sack, his only stipulation being that he should be provided with a knife, which he was not to open till he touched the water, with which to rip open the sack. He succeeded in accomplishing the feat and when picked up by some friends in a boat was none the worse for his dive.

## SWIFT GETTING ACTIVE.

### Twenty-eight Acres of Floor Space Under One Roof.

Swift & Company plan to begin the work of excavating for their mammoth packing plant on the peninsula within the next 60 days, says the Telegram. The main building, slaughter-house, dressing and packing departments will be a seven-story brick structure covering ground space equal to four city blocks. Its stupendous size may be realized when it is stated that there will be four acres of space on each of the seven floors or 28 acres under the one roof, a total of 1,120,000 square feet.

C. C. Colt, local manager for Swift & Company, has just left for Chicago, where plans and specifications for the main building above mentioned, for the cold storage plant, the ice-plant, engine house and power plant, will be drawn forthwith, following in a general way the plans of construction of the vast establishment at "Packington" Chicago. It may be stated definitely that not an industry in the Northwest will be operated on so large a scale or embrace so many large and up-to-date buildings as will the "beef trust" plant and stockyards here.

Mr. Leonard, of Chicago, who is chief of construction for all the building operations and extensions of the Swift people, has been in Portland for two days looking over the local situation with a view of determining the convenience, cost and opportunity of getting the structural material needed for the vast plant in the local market. Portland, it is said, will be given the first chance of supplying every brick, beam, spike and shingle for the plant, and a good deal of the equipment in case local people can furnish it. This decision has been reached by the Swift people because of the car shortage and the inability to get orders for structural material filled in the East, inside of many months. It is almost an indication that the beef trust desires to hasten work on its plant.

Messrs. Leonard and Colt have gone carefully over the monster tract of more than 3000 acres recently secured by the Swift people, and it is understood the most desirable locations for the various buildings, more than a dozen in number, as well as the site for the huge stockyards, have been decided upon, after careful consultation with the survey charts and engineers' plans.

Leonard is now in Tacoma looking over the conditions there, as to availability of structural material, and the chances of establishing a large branch plant at the City of Destiny. He will rejoin Mr. Colt in Chicago in a few days, and they will pitch into the plans and specifications at once.

A woman cannot charm because she wants to. A man is not agreeable because he sets out to be. The proper effect must, like repartee, be spontaneous and unpremeditated. It must be radiated naturally, like light and love. Books there are that pretend to tell how it is done. They do so quite as completely as grasshoppers teach entomology. The ability to charm, to be agreeable, to entertain perfectly and to be perfectly entertaining is an art apprehensible only through influences generally prenatal, but always prolonged. The mere technique is so volatile that it must be inhaled. Like the Mayfair intonation, little by little, it must be absorbed, says Edgar Saltus in the Delineator. Kings and thugs may abash the amateur in the art of teasing, but the artist is at home with them. He puts himself in harmony with them. In the ability to do that is the whole secret of the art of pleasing.

### A Disgusted Salesman.

Henry Sweetser many years ago was a salesman for Joel Goldthwaite, carpet dealer, of Boston. One day he was called to show carpets to a lady who had plans of all the rooms of a house for which she wished to select suitable carpets. Thinking it a chance for a good sale, for two hours he showed carpets, helping her with his judgment to make a good choice for each room, and, having decided on the carpets, he said, "Now we will have these cut off, and where shall we send them?"

"Well," the lady said, "my husband is looking at a lot, and if he buys it we shall build this house, and then we shall want the carpets."

Mr. Sweetser was too astonished to speak, and she walked calmly from the store after bidding him good morning.—Boston Herald.

### Read's Only Bird Hunt.

Thomas B. Reed used to tell the following:

I never felt more ashamed in all my life than I did one day after killing a bird. I never shot but one bird in my life. I spent a whole day doing that. It was a sandpiper. I chased him for hours up and down a millstream. When at last I potted him and held him up by one of his poor little legs I asked a small boy who had been looking on what he thought of it. "Oh," he replied, "I was only thinking of how big you are and how small the bird is!"—Boston Herald.

## A GREAT MAN'S SILENCE.

Calmly Dignified Under the Most Trying Circumstances.

A great man whose wife was devoted to him, but was subject to insane attacks of jealousy and resentment, was once visited at his country house by two old time friends. He welcomed them with marked cordiality, and, seating himself between them on the piazza, was soon deep in confidential conversation. While he was listening to what they had to say and occasionally replying to an argument which seemed to him more plausible than logical the door behind him was suddenly opened, and from it emerged his wife, with an angry face and a pail of water.

Without a word she deliberately upset the pail and drenched him from head to foot. The two friends sprang to their feet in astonishment and caught sight of the resentful woman retreating into the house with a triumphant air.

The man who had been subjected to this shower bath arose without a word, went into the house and in ten minutes returned to the piazza, having made a complete change of dress.

His friends were still in the yard and were wishing that they could be transported by balloon or magic carpet to their own homes, where they would not be witnesses of strange and embarrassing domestic scenes.

Their host called to them and placed the chairs on the piazza. When they were all seated he resumed the conversation with the simple remark, "As I was saying, my friends," and then went on with the discussion, picking up the thread where it had been dropped and making no reference to what had happened.

He was quiet and dignified and did not betray in his manner a trace of the mortification and annoyance which his wife's exasperating attack must have caused.

A weaker man would either have appealed to his friends for sympathy or striven to apologize for the strange and irrational conduct of the woman. He had neither accusations to make nor excuses to offer. He strove to put his friends at ease by diverting their attention from the painful exhibition of his wife's infirmity by engaging them in animated conversation.

So successful was he that the three were soon laughing, chatting and arguing together as though nothing unpleasant had happened. When the time came for the two visitors to drive to the station to take a train their host said goodbye to them at the gate with the remark that they had had a delightful afternoon together.

The great man loved his wife and knew that she was not responsible at all times for her caprices and resentments. Unwilling to talk about her infirmities, even with old and trusted friends, he acted with rare self possession and good taste in maintaining rigid silence and leaving them to infer for themselves the reasons for his reserve.—Glasgow Times.

### A Ride For His Temper.

A certain farmer living near the town of Derby having got himself disliked on account of his quarrelsome habits, the other farmers decided one night to cool him down a bit. At midnight the farmer was disturbed by a voice shouting, "Your horse is stolen!"

The irate farmer hurried on his clothes and, hastening to the door, asked, "Which way has he gone?" "Toward H.," replied one of the farmers. Another offered the loan of a horse he bestrode, which offer the sleepy farmer accepted. After riding all night he found himself at daylight next morning riding his own horse.—London Tit-Bits.

### An Impossible Photograph.

Business was not booming at the little studio.

"Only one order yesterday," said the photographer, "and that was an impossible one. A lady came in with her little daughter. She had seen, she said, my famous photograph of a little girl kissing herself on the mouth in a mirror, and she wanted her child taken likewise, only she had scruples against kissing on the mouth on account of germs, and so she wanted me to photograph the youngster kissing itself in the mirror on the forehead."

### Points on a Point.

A student undergoing examination in the principles of mechanics was asked, "Why will not a pin stand on its point?" He returned the following answer: "In the first place, a point is defined by Euclid as that which has no parts and no magnitude, and how can a pin stand on that which has no parts and no magnitude? In the second place, a pin will not stand on its head; much less, therefore, will it stand on its point. Thirdly and lastly, it will if you stick it in hard enough."

### To Whom it May Concern.

For the name and residence of the owner of any property in St. Johns or vicinity, call on or write T. T. Parker, attorney at law, in Holbrook building.

Titles to real property

E. C. MONNICH

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## Miss Jones Maid of Honor.

Miss Ida Jones, who was a candidate for queen at the Multnomah county Fair and Carnival held at Gresham this week, we are sorry to state, failed to be elected to that position. It was through no fault of hers nor of Frank Goodell, who had the voting in charge, that St. Johns did not secure this honor. Both labored hard and incessantly for her election, but the time was too short in which to secure the necessary votes. She was, however, elected first maid of honor. The number of votes she received was 800, being just four votes less than the alleged number received by the Gresham candidate who was bedecked as queen Tuesday. If the statement which appeared in the dailies is true which stated that the Gresham candidate had her regalia as queen almost completed before the votes were counted, it seems no other candidate had a ghost of a show. Anyhow Miss Jones should feel proud of the vote she received in so short a time.

### How to Cure a Cold.

The question of how to cure a cold without unnecessary loss of time is one in which we are all more or less interested, for the quicker a cold is gotten rid of the less the danger of pneumonia and other serious diseases. Mr. B. W. L. Hall, of Waverly, Va., has used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for years and says: "I firmly believe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to be absolutely the best preparation on the market for colds. I have recommended it to my friends and they all agree with me."—For sale by St. Johns Drug Store.

The West Coast Laundry makes a specialty of lace curtains.

## ONE BIT-A-WEEK

All advertisements under this head one bit for each week. No ad. taken for less than two bits. Over 24 words two bits a week charged.

If You want to buy, rent, sell or exchange property see Wolcott (The Rent Man.)

WANTED—Hand ironers at the West Coast Laundry. Apply at once.

HELP WANTED—At the Woolen Mills. Experienced hands preferred. Several good positions open. Apply at office.

TAKEN UP—A setter pup by Captain Bredson. Owner can have same by proving property and doing the needful.

WANTED.—Every body to know that the Variety store sells the best goods at lowest prices.

FOR SALE—A \$50 Masaba range with four large and two small holes, nearly as good as new, with reservoir and water pipes, for \$30. Mrs. D. Busby. 4616

FOR SALE—A launch hull 23 feet long 3 feet 6 inch beam; price \$40. Also three row boats for sale. Inquire at the boat house. J. B. Campbell. 849

WASHING WANTED—Home laundry work and will go out and wash by the day. Address 519 Tioga, Point View. 507

WANTED.—To borrow \$900 on St. Johns property; value \$1500 for two years. 7 per cent. Address M. Cardwell, St. Johns. 477

FOR SALE—At a bargain. Boarding house in St. Johns, call 115 Crawford St. or Leavitt Street. 476

FOR RENT—Nice 5 room bungalow in care of Mrs. Carlson, Corner Chicago and Hayes streets. 477

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms, 107 Tacoma street. Mrs. T. R. Anderson.

LOST—In or near the skating rink a pair of rimless eyeglasses in black case. Finder notify Rev. F. L. Young and receive reward.

ROOMS FOR RENT—No. 414 Oswego street.

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## BEST INVESTMENTS —IN ST. JOHNS—

Lots in Hill's Addition on the car line, one block from the Postoffice Facing two streets, for a short time,  
**FROM \$500 To \$600**  
10 per cent down, balance \$10 per month

GET IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR

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110 North Jersey St. St. Johns, Oregon