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YE EDITOR'S TRIP EAST

Description of Journey From St. Johns to Iowa
--Interesting Notes by the Wayside.

(Continued from last week)

We forgot to mention a gentleman we met on leaving Omaha, W. F. Edwards, of Perkins county, Neb., who was on his way to visit his old home in Knox county, Ill. He moved to Nebraska 22 years ago and homesteaded his first holdings and now with his boys owns 2080 acres of land. He said that he sowed alfalfa on the 20th of May this year and measured the growth on the 20th of August before cutting and it averaged 24 inches. When he went to Nebraska he hauled wheat 27 miles. He had with him some of the finest specimens of wheat and corn that we have ever seen in that or any country. In all the time he has lived in Nebraska he has not had an entire failure of crops.

We had a most delightful time in our old home and town. The changes were so numerous we could not tell all of them in an entire page of the Review. Many of the old boys and girls we knew in boyhood are gone to other states and other parts of the home state. Little boys and girls of those early days are grandfathers and grandmothers. The old town has grown from 1200 or 1500 to about 4500 in population and there are five or six new mining towns in a circle of ten miles around Albia of which Buxton, the largest contains about 4000 inhabitants and about half of the town is on our father's old place where we did our first farming. The old swimming hole where we took our first lessons in aquatic sport is filled with the debris of the mines and the sand from surrounding hills and we could scarcely recognize the place. We did not go swimming this time. The first acquaintance we met up town was Curg Anderson, our old "fellow devil." He is now editor, manager and senior proprietor of the old "Union" where we toiled in the days of yore. A. R. Barnes, who has friends in St. Johns is operating Albia's first daily. The other newspaper men are new to us except Horace Barnes, son of A. R., who is connected with the "Republican." This paper was just installing a linotype machine the day we left. We cannot enumerate all the dear old friends we met, nor would our readers care to hear of those they did not know. Of course, it would not be Albia in the good old summer time without a thunder storm and we were treated to an old fashioned entertainment of this kind. The lightning struck a small barn in the north end of town and burned it, possibly the same flash burned some of the electric connections in Strasburger & Vermeer's mammoth department store and burned or damaged their immense stock of goods. The old Albia fire department was Johnny on the spot, however and saved the building from much damage and saved the Odd Fellows hall on the third floor from any damage. They are using the same old engine we followed 25 years ago and it is one of the best in the state. It has been rebuilt changing it from a 16 to a 20-horse power two cylinder rotary. A picture of the old machine may be seen in our window.

After a week spent with the best of friends—the old friends—which seemed but a day, and we did not get to visit all of them then, our time was up and we were obliged to return home. We came via the C. B. & Q., B. & M. and Northern Pacific. It was the one mistake of the trip. There is as much difference in traveling over the O. R. & N., O. S. L. and U. P. and the B. & M. and N. P. as there is between riding in a stage coach and a 90-horse power Cadillac. The B. & M. is the better of the two. The coaches were clean and the employes gentlemanly, but the N. P. was the acme of imperfection. We

(Concluded on fourth page)

A MOVE IN RIGHT DIRECTION

Petition of T. J. Monahan in the Interests of City Dock and Park Meets with Unqualified Favor.

It will be remembered that we mentioned the fact last week that T. J. Monahan was circulating a petition asking for a place on the ballot at some convenient election to vote \$75,000 bonds for the purpose of purchasing land for a city dock and for a city park. We have interviewed a number of our most substantial and enterprising citizens since Mr. Monahan started the petition. We have failed to find a single one who was opposed to the purchase of a location, provided it can be obtained at a reasonable price, and the erection of a first class dock which would accommodate any vessel that may desire to tie up at St. Johns. There was some objection to the park but no serious objections to that feature.

There were no restrictions placed in the petition as to the amount of money that should be devoted to the different objects to be obtained, nor the locations designated for the same, the division of the funds and the locations would be settled by a committee appointed or elected in case the bonds carried. We have maintained ever since coming to St. Johns the utmost importance of improving to the water front Philadelphia street and erecting there an uptodate city dock. We cannot too strongly emphasize the fact that the most important and desirable acquisition this city can possibly achieve in the near future is a commodious and substantial dock at this point. We are not interested in this location, do not even know who owns the property there and do not care a picayune who does; that matter has no bearing upon the merits of the case. Whoever does own land on either side of Philadelphia street on the water front, if he is enterprising and has the interests of the city at heart, will give the city a reasonable price on land enough to extend the dock to a sufficient size to accommodate the commerce which will be as sure to come as the sun rises after the dock is put in.

A dock here would mean thousands of dollars saved to the merchants of the city in freights paid and thousands more in time saved in the transportation of their goods.

As a case in point we mention our own experience when coming to St. Johns. When we came down from Hood River we shipped a small lot of household goods and they were just nine days getting from the Hood River depot to St. Johns. The freight charges were the same from Portland to St. Johns that they were from Hood River, seven times as far away, to Portland. We are not complaining particularly about this little additional expense in this case; but figure the matter on the same basis and it runs up into the thousands of dollars in a year's business in the city. When our family came down from Hood River, we shipped the remainder of our household effects by boat instead of rail and it was just two instead of nine days coming down, and had the boat been able to land here and unload the goods we would have received them the same day they were shipped. In this case too, the charges were more from Portland here than from Hood River to Portland. Will our business men just stop counting up their profits long enough to figure out how much more will be added to their revenue when this is accomplished? They can divide half of this saving with their patrons and still have a good dividend in their favor. The saving of time and money would reimburse the citizens the price of the street improvement and erection of the dock ten times before the bonds would become due. More than that it would increase the value of the property in the business section of the city many times the cost of the improvement petitioned for. We trust our citizens will weigh this matter carefully and move as a man in favor of this dock.

It is a matter of great importance that we have a city park before the native timber is all cut off and before the price of realty has advanced beyond the reach of the city for park purposes. The face of the peninsula is being rapidly changed, every week some lot or piece of land is being cleared and it will not be but a year or two until we shall not be able to find a place for a park that is as nature made it. The price, too, is steadily advancing and every year adds hundreds of dollars to the value of our virgin soil and it will be but a short time until land for park purposes will be beyond the reach of our little city. Before these conditions obtain suitable place should be secured for an extensive park, easily improved covered with the native firs, cedars, pines and oaks, with the smaller shrubbery indigenous to this location.

The matter of expense was the only objection offered by any one and that is not a serious one. We would rather the amount asked for had been \$100,000 than \$75,000. The assessed valuation of the city of St. Johns last year was \$2,181,135, on this valuation 3.2 per cent would more than raise the \$75,000. This divided into twenty annual payments would take less than 1.6 mills on the present valuation and if we figure the increase of St. Johns valuation at the most conservative figures, by the time of the maturity of the bonds, if we but keep up the interest it will take but the very smallest of one mill to pay the entire amount. Will our citizens please consider this matter with an eye to the future. Think what it will mean in a few years to the city, and if there are any who wish to express themselves either for or against the measure and will do so as briefly as possible we will be glad to present their views to our readers.

A RAMBLE ABOUT TOWN

Ye Editor Takes a Trip Through Several of Our Business Houses and Tells About It

ST. JOHNS PHOTO GALLERY.

There are many in our city who do not know that we have a studio here the products of which are equal to anything to be had in Portland. P. M. Hart of Los Angeles purchased the old gallery in the Hollbrook block, remodeled it, retinted the walls, put up the latest in light screens and backgrounds, installed two of the best cameras made and is prepared to make any kind of a portrait from a stamp picture to life size. His portrait camera is an Anthony of the latest model with special gearing for adjusting and fitted with the best Goumaz lenses obtainable, of which he has two for different classes of work. His stamp picture machine is equally as good as the other making the finest, sharpest, clearest of the little portraits that can be produced. His dressing room and parlor are models of convenience and neatness and are furnished in a modest and comfortable manner. They are particularly inviting to his patrons and his work will be his best advertisement. Note his card in the professional column and when in need of the work of an artist be assured that you can get as good work done here in St. Johns as anywhere.

PETERSEN & NOCE

These enterprising gentlemen are the pioneer tailors of St. Johns being the first merchant tailors in the city. They have a neat little brick building on Jersey street just south of the postoffice. They began business here in February, 1906, erected this building, the south room of which they occupy with their establishment and the north room is occupied by the Vogue millinery. Messrs. Petersen & Noce are manufacturing tailors, building anything in the gentlemen's line, suits, overcoats, etc. and carry a fine line of gents' furnishings. They also do repairing, cleaning, pressing and dyeing. They have five employes busy all the time and they are a jolly bunch, from the man with the axle grease on his face to the pretty girl sitting tailor fashion on the work table. Their work is giving the best of satisfaction and their business is prosperous and growing daily. This is another instance where you can do better at home than by going away, for they are using the latest styles in their work from eastern models and are strictly up to date.

HAMER THE TAILOR

This is a new acquisition to the business of St. Johns. Mr. Hamer, who has been engaged in the business in Portland has come to St. Johns and opened up a shop one door south of the corner of Burlington and Ivanhoe streets, west side. Here Mr. Hamer does all kinds of tailoring, as per hand bills distributed this week and besides this he cleans, presses and blocks soft and stiff hats, a matter that was overlooked when we printed his bills. He has also connected with his shop a short loan office to accommodate his patrons and a fine line of notions and curios.

SMITH & GROVE

These gentlemen have but recently opened up their plant next door west of the harness shop on Tacoma street. They were formerly employed in the City Dye Works of Portland and are adepts in the art of cleaning, pressing and dyeing garments, and are operating a modern cleaning, pressing and dyeing establishment. They make ladies' work a specialty and guarantee all their work. They expect to install a regular steam cleaning plant within a few days and be ready for all classes of work. Their machinery has not yet arrived and they are doing the ordinary work here until it arrived, the other classes of work they take over to the home concern. They are young, energetic men and we speak for them a liberal patronage as soon as they become known to our citizens.

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Wants His Name in Paper.

There is in the employ of the St. Johns Lumber company an individual who is thirsting for fame, we are told, whose name is Hober Voste, if we have been rightly informed. This gentleman hails from Deutschland, the home of Wilhelm der Koenig by divine right, of sauer kraut, hot wienies, lager beer und pretzels mit fixings. He claims to have served his time in the German army and has evidently come to this country to reform it and make it a good one like his fatherland where he worked for 18 cents a day and his beer or 20 cents a day and go dry.

There is, however, one bias in the character of this otherwise good and great man. He heaps maledictions upon President Roosevelt because that enterprising and energetic gentleman when he goes bear hunting and chases bruin for a week in a Louisiana canebrake and catches but one little, measly, black bear every newspaper in the country, except the St. Johns Review, has a story about it; while if he should himself kill 100 bears not a paper in the land would put his name in the paper. We are ever in sympathy with unappreciated greatness. We have put his name in our paper, the greatest publication in the city of St. Johns. We have done so without his having killed the 100 bears, and will put his name in the Review for every bear scalp he will produce, this one being in advance for his first bear. We would not object to his envy of President Roosevelt and his success if he had himself achieved something better than piling slabs for our big lumber company. That, in itself, is praiseworthy, but he spoils it by cursing the president and talking some of Herr Most's dynamite tommyrot. That is like skippers in the cheese, it doesn't damage very much, but it spoils the whole business for commercial purposes. We are a kraut eater ourselves. Our fathers a few centuries ago, wore wooden shoes and partook of the exhilarating diet of hot wienies und limburger, Schneidam schnapps und pretzels and we have a fellow feeling for our illustrious countryman; so we will give him a little tip: Cut out cursing the president for it does not hurt the national bear killer any more than our friend

Voste could hurt the big end of one of the lumber company's big logs by butting his Dutch head against it.

On the contrary it will be about as disastrous to him in this country for him to do the former as the latter. If he will achieve something praiseworthy, if nothing more than an honest day's work, he will most certainly reap the reward due him.

This is a long story about a small affair, but because it touches a principle that is doing untold harm to the common people of our land we give it space. We are of the commonest of the common people, because our fathers were not millionaires. We work for our living, and because we like to work and would not change places with the president if we could. We do not envy the greatness of any man who has been able to achieve more than we have. We have our hands full attending to our own business. We believe it is the duty and should be the happy privilege of every citizen to honor our officials so long as they are doing their duty, to the best of their ability, and when they fail to do that to use the ballot, not the bullet to remove them; to use the dynamite of public opinion and not that of gun cotton to send them to the shades of oblivion. If our illustrious slapper will proceed upon the same tactics our experience of half a century guarantees him better friends, more of them, a happier life, a more useful existence and a world made better by his having lived in it.

Now this does not apply alone to our misguided teutonic friend Voste. We are glad to say, Hoch der Roosevelt. Come, join us with a glass of our unsurpassed St. Johns city water, Hoch der Roosevelt.

Ortleys Bring \$15 a Box.

Peter Mohr, of the Pine Grove district, has just sold five boxes of Ortleys for \$15 a box. They were bought by a Portland firm for Andrew Carnegie, and of course at this price they were selected, choice fruit, and a large number of boxes were picked over to get the finest.

A year ago Mr. Carnegie purchased 40 boxes of Winter Bananas from Oscar Vanderbilt, and is again back to Hood River for the finest apples. The Ortleys is a very fine apple, a good keeper, but like the Royal Ann cherry, is hard to ship, as it bruises easily. The skin is light and tender, requiring very careful handling. — Hood River Glacier. And yet Brother Lowndale thinks he can grow "just as good as Hood River." It is to laugh, yet.

Back From Holland.

Mr. E. VanDermeer, who is an old St. Johnite, returned this week from across the big pond after spending some time in Holland visiting his mother and other relatives. He says he found his mother and others all well and that the country is much more prosperous there now than when he left 16 years ago. In fact, he says there is but one Holland. However, St. Johns looks good to him and while he is at present located in Portland he cannot stay away from his old stamping ground. He said he could not bring home a pair of wooden shoes for each of his old friends, so he brought a small specimen of the coin of the realm for each one and honored the newsman with one, which he prizes very highly.

Hood River Brighteyes.

The pretty girls of Hood River must be all coming to Portland. Saturday we had occasion to go to that city and stepping into Woodard & Clark's store, we met Miss Edith Copple and going out we had not gone a block before we met Miss Gladys Hartley, Hood River's sweet singer and music teacher. It is just like a letter from home to see the Hood River "Brighteyes" coming down our way.

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