

THE ST JOHNS REVIEW

Published Every Friday
By MARKLE & BYERLEE.

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1907.

Christmas and New Years are near at hand. Our merchants who handle this class of goods should secure favorable space for their advertisements at once and catch all the holiday trade before it goes elsewhere.

What will our council do for the freeboys when the holidays take a hike? Will they make it possible for the boys to organize and develop a strong, vigorous firefighting corps? It will mean hundreds of thousands of dollars saved to the city in general and the citizens in particular.

Which would you rather do, trade with the merchant who will have to pay back part of your money to you through the business life of the city, or buy of every rag-tag and bob-tail that comes to town who will carry every dollar they get away with them leaving you to hold the sack?

It is not every rich man who will step into the breach when not compelled to do so as has Wm. M. Ladd in the case of the Title Guarantee and Trust company bank. Generally, when possessed of wealth such as that of Mr. Ladd the average homo acts on the principle of "every man for himself and the devil for us all." His action in protecting the poor depositors of this unfortunate bank is refreshing in a superlative degree, to say the least, and shows that William isn't a bad sort of a Ladd at heart. May his tribe increase.

You may well pay the home merchant a little more for the same article than you will have to pay elsewhere, for you will get back a part of your money in the merchant's share of the city expenses, benevolence, etc. Why not look at the matter in its true light? Why rob your own merchants to support those of other cities? By the same token, why do not more of our merchants tell the people through the Review what they have to sell? The merchant who is too stingy to advertise must not be angry if the people for lack of knowledge go elsewhere for the goods he carries.

The O. A. C. Barometer of last Saturday announces the retirement of Ex-President, Dr. Thomas Gatch, and that he will be the recipient of a pension from Andrew Carnegie of \$2000 per annum. Dr. Gatch has spent a lifetime as an educator and is one of the most popular in the country. The closing remarks made by the editor of the Barometer which follows, expresses the sentiments of hundreds of Dr. Gatch's old pupils and friends in Oregon: "Farewell, Dr. Gatch! And may your remaining years, whether they be spent here or elsewhere, abroad or in the bosom of your family, be years of gladness, peace and joy, such as are promised unto him who has done well his life's work and has unreservedly given himself to the service of his fellowmen."

We will soon have a complete list of all the residents in the city and to those who are not subscribers we will occasionally send sample copies, that they may know just what we have to sell for a dollar. We believe in advertising and we send a sample of the goods, for we think that is the best way, even if it is a little more expensive. We want a copy of our paper to reach every home in the city every week. We think when the canvass is completed there will be much over too homes our paper will not reach and we are after that hundred. If our merchants would advertise as energetically, there would be less trading in Portland. If you are not a subscriber, please take this personally, come in and see us. We think we can interest you in the paper.

Now comes Charles Cole, not old King Cole, and yet one who might be crowned king of the Ananias tribe, declaring that he has visited in the flesh the planets Mars, Jupiter and Saturn, that people on Mars live to be 400 and 500 years old and then commit mental suicide that others may have room to live on the planet, that if they did not chose to do so they might live on forever. What sticks us is, that once in such a land of immortality why the venerable disciple of Ananias ever returned to this earth where he cannot hope to operate at his calling for more than a dozen years? Another thing, too, he knew what sceptics we poor mortals are, why did not he bring home a few souvenirs of his trip, photographs, etc., to illustrate his coming book? We think both he and his sponsor Hon. C. E. S. Wood should migrate to their newly discovered territory and become permanent settlers.

THE I. O. U. HOLIDAYS.

In another column will be found a poem by W. W. Holcomb, attorney at law, 241 First street, Portland, Ore., so he signs, and invites an answer. We are very obtuse, prosaic, illiterate and all that, therefore our illustrious friend could not expect us to appreciate the fine points of his erudite effusion. In looking at the financial skies, too, we are short sighted, for instead of those dreadful storms poetic license has given to our illustrious disciple of Blackstone, we cannot see even a cloud that has not a lining of both silver and gold. The non-judicial days which he deprecates alongside the convenient I. O. U.'s have proven and will continue to prove the wisest measures available under the circumstances, and instead of the direst of extremities to which our friend looks, if he would but rub the smoke from his glass plate front, he would clearly see greater business activity and prosperity than our nation has ever yet experienced. To his appeal to Bryan and Johnson we will but append a recent utterance of our old time neighbor of Nebraska, William Jennings Bryan:

"The coinage of silver has no bearing upon the monetary conditions which exist today. The restoration of bimetalism would have given more money than we have at present, but the unprecedented discovery of gold has given us such an increase in the volume of money that prices have risen. The present stringency is not due to the scarcity of money, but to the scare that has spread among depositors."

Therefore the remedy would be to quit being a financial coward, seeing all kinds of impecunious ghosts where there are none, and get busy making money as usual; then there can be no more panic than there could be a foot race if everybody would sit down and whittly sticks in the arena.

The man who howls the loudest about the government, national, state and municipal is often the one who knows the least about it. We have little patience with the man who never attends the meetings of the council and yet howls about the rottenness and dishonesty of that body. We believe if those who do this are strictly honest themselves and will attend the meetings of the city dads regularly every week, they will have less to say. The council do things sometimes that we think is not right. We would not give a tinker's dam for a council that wouldn't; but we believe they are honestly trying to do the best they can for the city. If we thought they were not we would say so and give our reason to them, and not out on the streets.

Told you so! The inevitable has happened again! Brother Thorndyke announces that on the first Saturday in December there will be born in the city of Astoria another "child of his brain." He, she or it, will be a weekly, and its name shall be called "The Leader." Will be illustrated, printed on fine book stock, of from four to eight pages and published every Saturday at 180 Eleventh street, Astoria with subscription price of \$1.50 per annum. Here's a welcome back to the ranks and best wishes for an abundant success to Brother Thorn. May he make a million.

UNIVERSITY PARK

Interesting Notes Concerning Things and People.

The Thanksgiving services of this place were held in the Congregational church on that morning. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Waltz of the Baptist church.

Jesse Collamore went to Washington last week.

An entertainment was held by the Rebecca and Oddfellow lodges of University Park last evening.

B. Ingram, who recently came from the east, has purchased a lot on Portsmouth avenue, and expects to build soon.

The members of the Methodist church will give an entertainment in the Artisans' Temple tonight. The Baraca Male Quartet is expected to be present.

Mrs. E. Perry of Houlton, Ore., is here spending the week with her daughter, Mrs. J. E. Brown.

The girls of Mrs. Pratt's class will elect their officers tomorrow.

Oregon Fern.

Misplaced Confidence.

He came into the office last Friday evening with a breath of 40-rd strong enough to bear up an egg and a tale of woe about shipping in from Spokane four days ago and going to work on the North Bank road and being laid off and walking into St. Johns and not having a cent of money and "would you be kind enough to advance me a car fare to Portland?" We thought he wanted just one more and fished up a nickel. As he went out we watched to be sure that he hit the first jag shop on the street, but he went to the car stop and when the car came in deliberately went in and took his seat. And we record this as another case of misplaced confidence, and the folly of judging from appearances.

Poultry Business.

One of our good friends asks: "What is the matter with the hens in St. Johns?" We think there is nothing wrong with them. We have "raised" poultry (from the roost) for a half century, nearly. It has always been our experience that when the hen was treated rightly she always responded liberally with the berries. Our friend says that the grocers are offering 45 cents per dozen for fresh eggs and cannot get more than four or five dozen a week, and that one of these establishments has sold as high as 120 dozen in a single day.

Now, the trouble with the most of us is that we either do not know how to handle the hens, or are too negligent to give them the proper care. Another thing, the varieties we grew in the east and the methods we used there do not bring results here. Neither will the poultry papers there help us out in any alarming extent. What our poultry people should do is to subscribe for the Northwest Poultry Journal, printed in Salem and get next to the best methods of handling the biddies in this section. A poultryman at Linton, our friend tells us, has 175 hens and receives but five or six eggs per day. Gee whiz! That would break a bank. The price of this poultry journal is but 50 cents a year if paid in advance and we will be glad to receive your subscription and forward your name. There is no commission in it, but there is lots of satisfaction in helping out our brother chicken fiends. If you do not say every number of this magazine is worth the yearly price we will think you don't know a good thing when you see it. Brother Minton knows all about poultry, and what he don't know his friends tell him. A copy of the Journal may be seen in this office.

Death of Miss Condon.

On November 20 there departed this life a young woman who has resided in our city for the past two years, being the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Condon. During her short residence in St. Johns she made friends with all she came in contact with, being ever ready to assist those in need by her generous disposition and kind words. Miss Jennetta Condon was 24 years and 6 months old, and though ill but five months her parents grieve the loss of their only child, in which a large circle of friends join in their sympathy. Miss Condon was a prominent member of Arbutus Circle No. 273, Women of Woodcraft, also the Pythian Sisters, Helmette Temple, No. 29 and the Ladies of the Maccabees of the World.

I O U HOLIDAYS.

The following bit of "doggerel" was written for the Review by W. W. Holcomb, an attorney of Portland and a native pioneer of Oregon. While the sentiment expressed in verse does not meet with our approval, as a request we present it to our readers:

Three seasons of this fleeting year—
Spring, summer and autumn drear—
Have fled, and the winter is here
With a panic to mark its tier.

Winter's cold and dark financial storm
Wrecked the banks that hoard our gold;
They pay I O U in legal form,
Instead of good old silver and gold.

Non-judicial days are now proclaimed
So that the depositors cannot sue,
And Shylack be praised or blamed
And float his less worth I O U.

The many poor, honest sons of toil—
Great God! What are they to do?
Banks have their gold, they have no toil,
Only holidays and I O U.

Who should be called an honest man,
That takes your gold to keep for you,
And says he'll pay you when he can
Or give his less worth I O U?

If Bryan or Johnson had their say
You'd hear their voice and loudly, too,
Honest money, trade, toil and pay
Instead of less worth I O U.

Sixteen to one or free coinage would
Make the gambling thieves few;
Protecting who? What could be worse?
To the legal holidays adieu, adieu!

Non-judicial days to shield crime
Or delay honest debts is new;
Justice is the theme of my rhyme,
To the legal holidays adieu, adieu!

Let me hear from bankers or their friends
If I am wrong I'd like to know—
Shall we have the coin we gave them
Or be forced to take the I O U?

—W. W. Holcomb.

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.)

FOR RENT—Two rooms for light house keeping, ground floor, outside entrance, 215 Mohawk. 4-1d

LOST—Gold necklace with locket. Loved for old associations. Value paid as reward. Return to room 10 Central School house. 3-1d

WOULD EXCHANGE—Collapsible Box Factory stock or equity in six room house for lots or acreage. Exchange, care Re view. 3-1d

WANTED—Renter for one housekeeping room. Also roomers and boarders. Very finest accommodations. Apply D. G. Bushy, 528 Ivanhoe street. 3-1d

FURNISHED HOUSE TO RENT—If you want a furnished house in a good locality, cheap rent, ask J. E. Williams. He has one.

Bring in your job printing.

A PLEASING PROGRAM

High School Pupils Render Creditable Exercises.

At the high school building in North St. Johns Friday of last week the pupils presented their first literary program. To say the very least it was a creditable performance even for St. Johns, where we expect something better than the common run of events. It would be more than our limited space would permit were we to attempt to give each number the mention it deserved and we will necessarily have to confine our remarks to some of the best. They were all good, not a single failure and not a poor number in the entire program of the two departments.

The little ones of the lower grades began their program just as we arrived at the building and secured a seat. We were gratified to find that seating room was at a premium by reason of the number of parents and friends who were in attendance. We would have been happy to have been obliged to stand during the entire entertainment if enough of them had come to make it necessary. The stage was prettily decorated with ferns and autumn leaves for the occasion. The entire school arose and sang a Thanksgiving song, without a leader or instrument to direct them and we think their execution was remarkable, under the circumstances. We do not believe a similar number of adult people in the city could have done so well, but it clearly demonstrated the great need of a piano or organ for the school. We trust that some generous hearted friend of the school who may have an instrument they do not need will have the grace to donate the use of one until the school board finds funds to provide one for the school. We have no musical instrument but an old fiddle, but if one of the lady teachers can use it we will be glad to put it at their service.

Then the program began. The Jolly Pumpkins, An Autumn Thought, and An Escaped Turkey were just fine. The little fellows all spoke clearly and distinctly, and had the recitations well committed. The Little Puritan Maids dressed in the quaint garb of 200 years ago were especially fine. The Little Cooks of the first grade class were splendid and their pumpkin pie made one lick his lips and almost imagine he could taste it while they described the manner of the making. But we cannot mention all the numbers. There is one, however, that deserves more than a passing notice. It is the song "Little Sunbeam" by the two little Misses Baldwin. The elder of the two pretty little ones sang alto and the younger the soprano. We have heard thousands of little ones sing, but we can assert positively we have never heard a child so young with such sweet, clear, pure, flute-like tones and such volume as this little lot. Her voice would be a credit to a maid of 16 and we do not believe we have heard a voice from one in St. Johns of that age that is the equal of little Miss Baldwin. We do not know her parents, but if we did we would urge them to have their little daughter placed under the care of the best vocalist available, if they have not already done so, and take the best possible care of her voice; for as sure as there is anything in early indications of the little one lives to maturity and receives the proper care she will win worldwide fame for her singing. After the closing song the principal, Miss Boss, announced a vacation of one week which elicited the most hearty applause of the entire program.

The high school program began just as the little folks were closing theirs, and we missed the opening song of America, except as the familiar strains were caught through the opening of the door to their room upstairs. We also missed the first number, but we reached the room in time to be admitted by a solemn faced old Puritan with his tall hat and regulation cloak, and afterwards learned that his name was Arthur Clark. This gentleman told all about the landing of the pilgrims and their difficulties. His recitation was original and exceedingly well done and if our people could but realize what our forefathers went through in those days, they would be ashamed to growl about our little difficulties of today. Verily, we are degenerating through the influence of the great wealth of our nation. The latin class will find a remedy in the remarks of one of Caesar's rugged old generals; but such a plan would cause a bigger row than Strenuous Teddy's famous order for the line officers of our regular army to take their fifteen mile horseback constitutional.

Mr. Clark was followed by Will Carleton's "Farmer's Wife," and was very nicely rendered by Miss Ruth Crouch. The next number was an original description of the customs and fashions of old New England by Miss Lulu Hollenbeck. Whittier's "Huskers" by Miss Ellen Vierhus, the next number, was excellently rendered. We do not know of any authors with better descriptive powers than Whittier and Will Carleton. Possibly because we may have read them more and because they take us back to the old times when we

were a boy on the farm; and in this "huskin' bee" as described by Miss Vierhus we could almost see the youngsters scramble for the red ears and the premium that went with them. The girls quartet, rendered a good song very nicely indeed. The next number we are mixed on a little. The only criticism we can possibly present to the high school program is that the participants were not named as they came on nor the title of the different numbers. One followed the other and not in the order placed on the board where the program was written. It therefore kept a greenhorn, who was not acquainted with the speakers or the subjects guessing. We do not know in this instance whether the number in question was "The Indian Guest at the First Thanksgiving" or "A New England Story" adapted from Mary E. Wilkins, and whether the pretty young lady speaker was Miss Mabel Crosby or Miss Ermon Wheelock, but we are inclined to think the latter one is the guilty party. In any event the matter presented was quite original, well worded and well rendered and would be applicable to either of the subjects from a literary standpoint; describing the day, the feast and the Indian guest, Massasoit. The menu of venison and wild turkey with the dessert of pumpkin pies and fruits, with all the fixin's incident to the day just made us hungry.

Then the next one we could not locate, but it was the history of Mrs. Penn's troubles. She was one of those awful women who sometimes get their minds set on one thing and then there is no use in talking that one thing just "has" to come to pass. Mrs. Penn had lived in a little old hut for forty years, where another little cooped up room was added as each new youngster became large enough to need a separate room. Here they grew up to young manhood and womanhood and dad had built a big barn for the increasing crops and enlarging herds. At the time of the story, dad built a new barn, a "buster," with a basement, box stalls and all up-to-date features, while Mrs. Penn vainly begged him to build a new house instead. About the time the barn was finished dad heard of a fine, high bred horse in another section of the country which it would take two days to reach and return. He must have that horse. He gave instructions to have the hay hauled from the meadow into the new barn, had the new bunch of thoroughbred cattle put into the new stalls when they came and went for his horse. Soon as dad was gone mother up and moved into the new barn, had the hay put into the old barn and the new dairy cows stabled in the old house. When dad got back with his fine horse he went in to supper but when he opened the kitchen door a big, black bossie looked up and said "Moo." Dad like to have had a fit. Nothing in the house but his new cows. He went to put the horse in his stall and met mother at the door and smelled his supper and said "Why, mother!" Mother went out behind the ash-hopper and cried. Dad went out to her and put his arm around her like he used to do in their sparkling days and said "I didn't know you wanted a new house so badly as that!" and they lived together happily ever after. These women are just awful, and the pretty brownhaired girl who gave the recitation so acceptably, we don't know her other name, looks just like mother used to at her age.

The autobiography of a pumpkin was very interesting, by Emery Gilmore, as was also the autobiography of a turkey by Cecil Magone. Cecil's turkey just missed Thanksgiving by about three seconds and a deceitful boy, but we will bet the doughnuts he didn't get by Christmas. Autumn in literature was we believe, the best literary production of the entire program, by Miss Ethel Crosby. Miss Crosby wove into her sketch some of the most beautiful sentiments with reference to autumn of Longfellow, Whittier and others, but missed one which we have always highly appreciated, to wit: James Whitcomb Riley's "When the frost is on the punkin and the foddlers in the shock." This was followed by a courtin' scene which brought down the house and reminded some of the grown-ups present of the good old awkward days when they were guilty. Messrs. Brice and Alderson, and Miss Anna Brice covered themselves with glory and the little mother very gracefully conferred the maternal blessing. As a whole the entertainment was most interesting and as we said at the beginning of this article, was a credit to the pupils and instructors of this school. Being the first of the kind for the school makes it appear to us particularly so, and we anticipate many such events during the school year.

A Good Liniment.

When you need a good reliable liniment try Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It has no superior for sprains and swellings. A piece of flannel slightly dampened with Pain Balm is superior to a plaster for lame back or pains in the side or chest. It also relieves rheumatic pains and makes sleep and rest possible. For sale by St. Johns drug store.

Bring in your printing now.

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A home institution—Factory located on block 2, Northern Hill acreage, in course of construction. Will have new machinery installed within two weeks. Watch this institution grow. Apply to

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Good four-room house, full lot, on Jersey street	\$ 1,100
Two lots in Point View	275
Fractional block on Burlington street, near R. R., 3 fronts	2,250
Full block, river view	4,000
100x100 close in, corner, five-room house	3,100
50x100 on alley close in, monthly payments	375
50x100 fine business location on Jersey street	4,000
25x100 two story income business property	2,750
80 acres 3 miles from Forest Grove, improved	1,000
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50x100 income property, Jersey street	13,500

Good buys in factory sites, business locations, and modern flats for rent.

Lots and acreage in Whitwood Court, across the river, cheap and on easy payments.

H. G. OGDEN

REVIEW OFFICE.

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For quick cash. \$5 to \$25 more money for you to ship your Furs and Hides to us than to sell on your own. Write for Price List, Market Report, Shipping Tags, and latest information. We are now buying all kinds of furs and hides. We pay highest prices for all kinds of furs and hides. We are now buying all kinds of furs and hides. We pay highest prices for all kinds of furs and hides.

HUNTERS' & TRAPPERS' GUIDE

For more information, write to us. We will send you a copy of our guide free of charge. It is a valuable reference for all hunters and trappers. It contains information on all kinds of furs and hides, and on the best places to hunt and trap. It is a must for all hunters and trappers.

DR. W. W. LOONEY

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Holbrook building, St. Johns, Oregon

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The

St. Johns Review

and

watch your business grow.

Work Wanted.

A good, sober and industrious man desires to secure employment. Anybody who has use for the services of such a person, who is willing to work at anything, is requested to leave word at this office.

Cleaning and Dyeing Works.

Ladies' and gentlemen's suits cleaned and pressed. We do all kinds of repairing. Slight repairing done free. City Steam Cleaning and Dyeing Works, cor. Burlington and Ivanhoe streets.

Money Wanted.

\$2800 or \$3000 for ten years or less, at 7 per cent interest payable monthly; good security. Apply at this office.