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ST. JOHNS REVIEW

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

VOL. 5

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NO. 36

GET IN THE HABIT

Of advertising in THIS Paper and you'll never regret it. Be glad at once and keep right at it

LOTS OF STREET WORK ON

Council Kept Busy Pushing Matters Along

Street work once more occupied the time of the city council until a late hour Tuesday night. Each street that is brought up for improvement is carefully investigated and discussed from all practical points of view, and much time must be necessarily consumed in this manner. All members were present with the Mayor presiding. Minutes of last meeting were read and approved.

An extension of time on the improvement of Allegheny and Stafford streets was prayed for by contractor Thomas Cochran owing to the difficulty of securing crushed rock when it was needed. An extension of 60 days was cheerfully granted by council.

A petition for the improvement of Portland boulevard, St. Johns avenue to Fessenden street, was read, accepted and the engineer was instructed to prepare the necessary plans and estimates for the proposed improvement at standard grade.

Petitions for the improvement of a bunch of North End streets were then brought up, as follows: Leonard street, St. Johns avenue to Bruce; Willis boulevard, St. Johns avenue to Bruce; Holbrook avenue, Kellogg to James; Chapel street, St. Johns avenue to Bruce; Weyerhaeuser avenue, St. Johns avenue to James. Petitions were accepted and resolutions ordered drawn instructing the engineer to prepare the necessary plans and estimates for the improvement thereof.

A petition for the improvement of St. Johns avenue, Kellogg to Chapel, was tabled on account of a strip there on not yet having been dedicated, but Councilman Dobie believed he could induce the property owners of the strip to dedicate same in a few days, and he was commissioned to use his horse shoe along this line.

A communication from M. L. Holbrook, who is vitally interested in the improvement of these streets, stated that he is agreeable to any grade or sort of improvement the majority of property owners desire.

A communication from Special Policeman P. Hill charging Police Officer R. S. McKinney with neglect of duty in various ways was read, and a committee consisting of J. W. Davis, C. L. Johnson and J. E. Hiller was appointed to investigate the charges and report at a later date.

Bills to the amount of \$257.22 were allowed.

As Mrs. Caples had registered a kick against the viewers who had assessed the benefits and damages on Buchanan street, claiming one member thereof was an interested party, and that one or two parties had not been duly notified, it was decided to appoint new viewers in order to avoid complications and to expedite the work. Therefore, K. C. Couch, H. W. Bonham and H. W. Elice were appointed to assume the onerous duties of this position. The resolution declaring them such may be found in this issue.

Resolutions for the improvement of South Hayes, Buchanan to Ida; Mohawk, Jersey to Willis boulevard, and South Ivanhoe, Polk to Ida street, were adopted and are published this week.

A resolution authorizing the engineer to prepare plans and estimates for the improvement of Portland boulevard, Fessenden to Bruce streets, was adopted.

Councilman A. W. Davis made a motion which carried that bids be asked for the leasing of the rock crusher.

Have a Kick Coming

Passengers on the North Bank line desiring to get off at the St. Johns depot complain that the trainmen never announce the fact when the depot is reached. It seems that the railroad officials are desirous of taking all the passengers to Portland, but since a depot has been erected at East St. Johns it is not more than right that they should make the stop. A little "jacking up" by the Commercial Club might have a salutary effect.

Preach the gospel of St. Johns.

WOODMEN HOLD A JUBILEE

Number of Out-of-Town Guests Participate

St. Johns Camp No. 772, W. O. W., and Oregon Grape Circle No. 541, Women of Woodcraft, celebrated the climax of a successful log rolling campaign in a joint installation of officers on Wednesday night, July 7th. Both orders have increased their membership materially in the past few months, and are now very worthy local representatives of the substantial Order they represent.

On this occasion the uniform rank team from Webfoot Camp of Portland was present and, with their splendid evolutions, added a military dash and vigor to the ceremonies.

Mrs. Tracey Harrington of Portland Circle acted as installing officer for the Circle in a most effective manner, assisted by the Guards of the home Circle, while Frank Motter, Past Consul Commander of Webfoot Camp, officiated for the Camp. On hearing the name some one was heard to inquire if it were the same Frank Motter he once knew. The answer was "he never was but one Frank Motter." And this was made very evident in the conduct of the ceremony and in a talk later in the evening. Other notables from Webfoot Camp were present.

The ceremonies were interspersed with a few excellent musical selections, and ice cream and cake followed in abundance. Much credit for the success of the evening is due Neighbor Lillie M. Hunter of the Circle for general all around hustling.

Following are the officers of Oregon Grape Circle installed:

- G. N.—Zella Dunbar,
 - Advisor—Ann L. Harrington,
 - Magician—Maud Newton,
 - Attendant—Marguerite Buery,
 - Clerk—Hannah Vincent,
 - Banker—Lillie M. Hunter,
 - I. S.—Emma Kilkenny,
 - O. S.—Rosetta Smith,
 - Capt. of Guards—Gertrude Baker,
 - Musician—Valla B. Smith,
 - Manager—Loretto Armstrong.
- Officers of St. Johns Camp:
 Con. Com.—J. A. Cole,
 Advisor—Lee Tallman,
 Banker—M. D. Newton,
 Clerk—W. E. Swengel,
 Watchman—W. Dickinson,
 Sentry—B. H. Darling,
 Escort—W. James.

Leads in the Race

Mrs. A. W. Vincent is meeting with splendid success in the Journal circulation contest. She carried off the prize of a ladies' \$45 suit as a special prize for the most subscribers sent in for one week and she is now leading the list in the contestants for the \$1500 automobile. They do things in St. Johns, and the newspapers of Portland should remember that the people here are supporting them nobly and they should reflect seriously before speaking disparagingly of our city, as they have done in the past.

New Jewelry Store

I. H. Lynch, formerly of Ohio, but lately of Portland, is opening up a first class jewelry store and repair shop in the St. Johns hotel annex on Burlington street. He will also conduct an optician department in connection. Mr. Lynch comes highly recommended as a first class workman and will no doubt secure a goodly portion of the trade in his line. Being a believer in the efficacy of newspaper advertising his announcement will appear in the Review when he is ready for business.

House Raising Party

Carl Moe and wife gave a house raising party on their new site at Whitwood Court last Sunday. The party worked valiantly and a couple of rooms were made ready for the occupants. Mr. and Mrs. Moe moved to their new location Wednesday, where Mr. Moe can complete the residence at his leisure.

WATER FRONT MUCH TOO DEAR

Owners Have Raised Prices Sky High Greatly to the Detriment and Injury of St. Johns, and Its Progress is Seriously Impeded and Hindered

The high prices at which realty is being held along the water front in this immediate vicinity has a deterrent effect in keeping out new industries and manufacturing plants. There can be no question but that as long as the owners of this property continue to demand prices that are far and away beyond reason, just so long will the city of St. Johns be held back in its onward progress. Why these people place such a high value on land that in some instances only cost them a song is beyond the ken of the ordinary individual. No one can pay for manufacturing sites the prices they ask, for no business would justify it at this stage of the city's development. If all the old timers had held their property in St. Johns proportionately to the prices now asked for water frontage there would be no city here today. Man is prone to get all he can for anything he sells, but where a person will not sell when he gets what is conceded to be a high figure by conservative business men, and when by refusing to sell he stunts and obstructs the growth of the city, is he to be classed as a desirable citizen? If it was a residence site or even a business location he could not be censured in the least for holding on as long as he desired at as high price as he could imagine. Instances of this nature would in no wise retard the progress of this municipality because business streets could be developed almost anywhere. But water frontage is vastly different. Situated as St. Johns is, it is the life of the city. Here as nowhere else is found the adaptability and advantages so necessary for the successful operation of industrial plants. With both water and rail facilities the land adjoining the water is especially and particularly adapted for manufacturing industries, and what is more, it is limited. That being true, when this property is held at such exorbitant prices that manufacturing institutions cannot avail themselves of it, the greatest drawing card of the city becomes null and void and in turn it becomes a boomerang and knocker against the welfare and advancement of St. Johns. There should be enough public spirit and unselfishness among the owners of this property that when an institution that promises to be of immense value to the city comes along and offers a fair price for a site that the same be given.

Only recently one real estate man tells us that he was called up by phone by a party from Portland and asked if he had any good river frontage on the string, as a large manufacturing concern was looking for a suitable location and they were quite favorable to St. Johns. The realty man replied that he had one good piece consisting of about fourteen acres, but it was priced at \$125,000. The Portland man, after being informed as to its location, immediately replied: "Nail it, quick," and said the parties would be down to make out the necessary documents for the transfer. The realty man, naturally feeling highly elated over the prospect of such a large sale, at once called up the owners and told of the prospective sale, but the representative he talked with only laughed and said: "Why, we have raised the price to \$225,000, and the fact is we believe we do not want to sell at all." The realty man then began to kick himself for not having the former agreement in writing, but he told the representative what he thought of the owners for making a piece of property on the market at a ridiculous price when they did not want to sell.

Another man, we are told, was offered \$100,000 in cash for a strip

of land that was wanted for huge grain docks by the Hill road, but the offer was refused. Yet the most optimistic real estate man in St. Johns will tell you that \$50,000 would be an exceedingly big price for the land.

A couple of weeks ago the Commercial Club was in communication with a firm having a plant in tow that would employ about 500 men and erect a plant costing \$350,000. Twenty acres of land on the water front was desired and the location at St. Johns was quite satisfactory to the company, yet no member of the club could name a piece that could be secured within reason, and the fact was that all of the members were ashamed to quote any prices now asked for this kind of property, as they didn't care to be laughed at.

We do not like to publish matters of this sort, because we do not like our subscribers at a distance to know of the humiliating situation the city is now in, but it is a condition that must be met with, discussed and if possible be overcome. But the great question is, how are we to remedy this deplorable condition? It has been suggested that if the assessor was put right in relation to the prices now asked for this property that the taxes would be made so strong that they would be glad to reduce the price and get away from paying several thousand dollars each year for taxes. The proposition may be a good one, and if the assessor would do his duty it is likely it would be quite effective. If any of our citizens have any solutions to offer the Review would be glad to give them publicity. There is no use to dodge the issue. It must be faced and solved if possible, and there is no better time than the present in which to bring it up and try to find a way out.

Now a Good 'Coon

Arnold Unger's pet raccoon departed this life in a sudden manner one day last week and silently took its departure for 'coon heaven. The animal had become a great pet and had furnished amusement and entertainment for throngs of people at different times in front of Unger's ice cream emporium by its many accomplishments and laughable antics. It had learned to go through a person's pocket like a professional pick pocket, and several dogs that got a little too inquisitive were a sore nose for a few days by coming in contact with a nailed paw. Captured in its infancy, it quickly adapted itself to the ways of civilization and was conducting itself in an irreproachable manner until in an evil hour a hen with a brood of chicks in Mr. Unger's yard came under its observation, and he at once formulated plans for its annihilation. So one day it slipped around to the headquarters of Mrs. Hen and quietly nipped off its head. The squabble set in motion by the brood attracted the attention of Mr. Unger's daughter, Hilda, and she hurried to the scene, and when she saw what had occurred, called her father, who attempted to capture the critter, but the taste of blood was too much. The wild nature of its ancestors, which had lain dormant within it for many moons, was fully aroused, and the "call of the wild" resounded in its ears. It became surly, cross and ferocious, and no one could approach too closely, with impunity. Not improving in temperament Mr. Unger decided the best and safest thing to do was to make a "good" 'coon of it for all time to come, and an execution was planned and carried out whereby Mr. Raccoon was gathered to its fathers, and with Mrs. Hen are buried side by side in good old Mother Earth.

Two Old Cronies Meet

H. B. Cox, of the Department of Justice, Washington, D. C., wife and son, dropped in upon his old time friend and "dilicium," Chief of Police Bredeson, this week. Both held positions in the Rosebud Indian Reservation in South Dakota at one time and the stories they have to tell of the good old days there are both interesting and marvelous. The many chases they had after coyotes, prairie chickens and jack rabbits would fill a good sized volume, and many happy reminiscences were called to mind. The meeting between these two cronies was a most joyous one, and they were more than pleased to greet one another again. Mr. Cox will spend a few days in seeing the charming sights of the Peninsula under the Chief's guiding wing, and will return home after a tour of the Coast by way of San Francisco and Los Angeles.

The Chief, in company with Mayor Hendricks, transported Mr. Cox and family from the East St. Johns depot in fine style with the aid of a large auto.

Big Pear Crop

Southern Oregon alone expects to ship pears to the value of half a million dollars this season. From present indications, it is thought Southern Oregon will send away 500 cars of pears to the Eastern markets. The value of each carload is placed at \$1000, making the value of the crop worth \$500,000. Other sections of the state will increase the value of the pear crop largely, making a very large total for this one great Oregon product.

Go to the baby show at the Electric Theatre. The contest is arousing much interest and is well worth witnessing. A good entertainment is afforded each evening besides the baby pictures. Contest closes Sunday evening, 18th. Join the crowd and vote for the babies.

Pay your subscription.

SWIFT PACKING PLANT

Local Man Visits Their Chicago Institution

The following is a letter from D. N. Zyerlee, formerly editor of this paper but now traveling salesman for the Collapsible Box Company of this place. It deals with the packing plant proposition as found in Chicago, and to one who has never made a trip through one of these mammoth plants the letter should prove of special interest. It follows:

(Continued from last week.) Today was the Jewish slaughtering day and a Jewish rabbi was killing the cattle. The Jews will eat meat only that is killed by their rabbis. The rabbi, in this instance, was a fine picture of Aaron, with a flowing beard and a dignified bearing, and his arms bared to the shoulders, and he carried a knife sharp as a razor and about 16 inches long. The "beef critter" is swung up by one leg just as the sheep was except that its head was allowed to rest upon the floor and an attendant caught its nose with a sort of iron muzzle attached to a long handle and turned the head so as to hold it steady, while the rabbi with two or three quick strokes more than half severs the head. The animal is then swung up about three feet above the floor and allowed to bleed. They kill about 200 per hour when everything works smoothly.

Following our guide we were shown through the soap factory. A store room containing 100,000 boxes was one feature. In the boiling room 15 vats 25 feet deep and 8 or 10 feet across, containing 150,000 pounds of soap, is kept boiling for a week before it is ready for the mixers. These little machines mix, crush and grind the soap until it is perfectly smooth and of perfect consistency throughout, and it is here perfumed and colored and carried into moulds to cool into cakes weighing 1000 to 1200 pounds. These are then run through slicers which cut it into slices and then into cakes we see in stores for sale. Before they are ready for the counter jumpers, however, they go to the drying room, and the fine toilet soaps are put through a stamp mill that shapes them and squeezes the moisture out. Then the cakes are wrapped, some by hand and others by a most ingenious machine that wraps the cakes as fast as two buxom young ladies could stack them up.

In all these processes the utmost care is exercised as to cleanliness, and the harrowing tales of filthiness portrayed by a certain sensational sheet of Portland as prevalent there, do not obtain here. There are no foul odors either in the houses or in the yards. The only unpleasant smells noticeable was in the slaughtering rooms, where it is unavoidable, but the animals are kept far above the blood and dirt of the floors and are perfectly clean even before they are washed, and all are washed free from every drop of blood before going into the cooling room. This is done by means of a scrubbing brush fixed upon a handle and a hose with water running constantly into the brush, which washes the blood all away.

There are many by-products from this packing plant. Several grades of crushed bones from the shanks of animals, dried and ground blood and meats from the "offal" of the animals, besides soap, washing powder, lard, etc.

It would make this letter too long to go into the details of all these processes, but we will be able soon to see this all at home when the big Swift plant at St. Johns is in full operation. One thing I wish to emphasize, and that is the absence of odors about the stock yards and slaughter houses. Thirty years ago, when I used to come to Chicago with my father when he shipped stock here we could smell these yards and packing plants for ten miles if the wind was right, but now, although during a time of high temperature and when one would expect the strongest odors, if one were blindfolded he could not tell he was about such an institution except when in the slaughtering rooms. (Continued on page two.)

TRI-CITY LEAGUE CLOSES

Vancouver First, St. Johns Second in the Race

The concluding game of the Tri-City league was played on the local grounds Sunday afternoon. The Albina team was the opponents of the Apostles and succeeded in winning their first game from St. Johns by a score of 4 to 2. The game was rather an interesting one and the locals had several chances to land a victory, but poor base running killed all hope. Several times men were on third base, but none headed plays spoiled the bright prospects. Pitcher Stone was not in his usual good form, but should have won his game anyway had poor base running and bad throwing not intervened.

The Tri-City league proposition has not proven a paying one at any time this year, and it was decided to terminate the schedule at this time, and get in shape for next season. Whether base ball interest is on the wane or whether it is all centered on the major leagues is something uncertain, but it is certain that the Junior leagues have not been attended in the manner they formerly were, hence the termination. Manager Valentine has been compelled to dig up expense money out of his own pockets on several occasions with a chance to have it replaced. Philanthropy in the interest of sport is all right, but when it comes too regularly and too persistently it gets a little too monotonous. Hereafter for the balance of the base ball season only independent ball will be played, if any, in St. Johns, and the "rabid" fan may content himself with going to Portland or some other point to see the national game in the interim.

Some Weird Playing

The woolen mills ball club and a picked nine pulled off a game of ball on the Hill grounds Sunday evening, in which the cloth makers came out victors by a score of 10 to 2. The game was replete with weird, strange and wonderful throwing on the part of the pitcher and other members of the picked nine, and errors became so frequent that they were lost sight of. The woolen boys put up a fairly good game and won with ease. They looked well in their natty new uniforms of blue, and expect to make quite a showing on the diamond before the season is over. Charlie Lee played a star game at second for the picked ones, and Chas. Garlick's pitching for the woolen mill was responsible for the easy victory. Tom Carroll covered third base for the picked boys in a manner seldom witnessed before and he wore out two pair of shoes in chasing the leather that would in some manner persist in slipping by him in spite of all he could do to prevent it.

Officers Installed

The following officers of Laurelwood Lodge, I. O. O. F., were installed at the regular meeting Monday night:
 N. G.—P. Hill,
 P. G.—W. J. Cheney,
 Warden—M. Lee Davis,
 Conductor—Geo. E. Taylor,
 Chaplain—H. S. Simmons,
 I. G.—Gilbert Ward,
 O. G.—E. S. Wright,
 R. S. N. G.—C. P. Gates,
 L. S. N. G.—A. C. Gesler,
 R. S. V. G.—Guy Morton,
 L. S. V. G.—Homer Herald.

Three candidates were initiated and the Lodge starts out this term with brighter prospects than ever before.

The first degree will be conferred next Monday night.

Bring your sick watch or clock, also jewelry repairing, to S. W. Rogers. Promptness and first class work. Charges moderate. I am here to live and let live. No. 399 N. Jersey street. Open Wednesday and Saturday evenings until 8 o'clock.