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ST. JOHNS REVIEW

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

VOL. 8

ST. JOHNS, OREGON, FRIDAY, MAY 3, 1912.

NO. 26

GET IN THE HABIT

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

Council Proceedings

All members were present at the regular meeting of the city council Tuesday evening, with Mayor Muck presiding.

The St. Johns Water Co. asked permission to improve by curb and macadam the northerly half of West John street, between Edison and Decatur. Granted on motion of Councilman Davis.

A petition to improve Ivanhoe from Mohawk to Richmond with six-foot cement sidewalks, 12-foot parking, and 24 feet of concrete surface in center was presented, and on motion of Alderman Valentine a resolution directing the engineer to prepare the necessary data for said improvement was adopted.

A petition presented for the improvement of Polk street from Willamette boulevard to Jersey street with macadam full width received like treatment.

The city attorney was directed to prepare an ordinance establishing the grade on Hartman street.

A petition was received asking council to change the width of the curb on the proposed improvement of South Hayes street from 12 to 14 feet. Several property owners were present and strongly objected to this. On motion of Councilman Hiller it was decided to let the width of the curb stand as originally petitioned for—12 feet.

P. H. Edleson, representing the Commercial club, brought up the Caples park question. He stated the option Mrs. Caples had given on a portion of her Dawson street property had expired, and that she was now willing to meet all the requirements that the council had formerly made in regard to the opening of Dawson street. Councilman Hill said he believed Mrs. Caples should have dealt directly with council instead of via the Commercial club. Councilman Davis explained that Mrs. Caples had first broached the subject to him, and he had suggested the club bring in a recommendation to the council. Councilman Perrine said he didn't care from what source it came; that he was in favor of a park, and he would work for it. Councilman Hiller said he did not think the park question would carry unless a small park or resting place was at the same time provided for North St. Johns. The two-park proposition met with general approbation. Mr. Hill stated that he would take off his coat and work to the best of his ability for a park if all objections to the opening and improvement of Dawson street were removed. It was the sense of the council that when Mrs. Caples presented the matter satisfactorily in writing a special election would be called to vote on the park question.

B. F. Crawshaw, secretary of the Commercial club, in behalf of the club, made a rousing speech in favor of the city purchasing a good team of horses for the purpose of handling the sprinkler in dusty times, to haul garbage at any and all times, and for hauling the apparatus for the firemen during the times of fire. His talk was invigorating, and he took occasion to pay tribute to the good work of the fire department, and deplored the handicap they labored under in getting their apparatus to the scenes of fires. His remarks were applauded by the club. Alderman Horsman, who, by the way, has developed into quite an orator, stated that he had always favored the city owning a team of its own, but his efforts heretofore to secure such an acquisition had been discouraged. It was decided to take the matter under advisement and report at the next meeting.

Bills to the amount of \$4,332.91 were allowed on motion of Alderman Hill; all yes. Included in the budget were electric light bills to date. They had lingered along for more than a year, and it was quite a relief to the solons to have them finally paid.

An annual report of city finances, presented by the former treasurer, W. S. Kellogg, showed that over a quarter of a million of dollars had been handled during the past year. Referred to the finance committee.

Councilman Hill, who had been appointed to interview the county commissioners in regard to paying twelve dollars per day for use of the ferry boat, James John, and the removal of one of the captains, reported that the court refused to pay more than six dollars per diem; would not discharge the captain, but would be responsible for any damage done to the boat through poor management.

As Richmond street is still a county road, Alderman Valentine urged that the county court be induced to macadamize it in conjunction with Willamette boulevard. Mr. Davis also suggested that Richmond street from Willamette boulevard to Bradford be cut four feet

If I Were a Suffragette

If I were a suffragette—which Heaven be praised, I'm not—I wouldn't smash up windows, Nor the 'Bobbies' beat to flinders, Nor spend my time in plugging at such bally, blooming rot— If I were a suffragette,

If I were a suffragette—the impeachment I forswear—I wouldn't go to pris'n, Nor be so hot and sizzin', For the crown that only martyrs ought to wear— If I were a suffragette,

If I were a suffragette—and the thought is most remote—I'd try to mind my Ps and Qs, Nor be so prone to air my views; Then some folks MIGHT think I'd a right to vote— If I were a suffragette.

—Pearson's Magazine.

to insure a better grade up the hill. Mr. Horsman demurred against this, and Mr. Hiller did not think it looked feasible to him on account of the relation to other streets, especially at Willamette boulevard, where the two sidewalks could not jibe. On motion of Mr. Hill Alderman Valentine and Davis were appointed to interview the county court relative to macadamizing only.

Remonstrance against the hard-surface improvement of Fessenden street between Oswego and Buchanan precipitated an animated talkfest that waxed emphatic at times. The remonstrators were represented by an attorney by the name of Wise, who introduced himself by stating that he was a corporation attorney for a quarter of a century, and should know what he was talking about. He deplored the attitude of the city in advocating this improvement at this time; that it was 15 blocks from the business center; that the trolley company should be compelled to pay for the whole improvement; that it was a disgrace to permit it to erect a curb along its track; that the former contract that entered into a contract with the company to allow such a thing were idiots, and he thought the entire proposition was a thing most foolish, being, in fact, nothing more than a real estate scheme. He is a splendid talker, of pleasing address and magnificent voice, but his talk made no more impression with the council than water on a duck's back. They believed they knew how to interpret the charter, and they intended to follow its dictates as they read it. Alderman Hill made a motion that the remonstrances be disregarded as insufficient. All voted in the affirmative but Mr. Perrine, who voted no. Mr. Whitsell, one of the property owners interested, deprecated the proposed improvement, believing it to be nothing but patchwork. R. G. Brand made a few remarks relative to the insufficiency of the remonstrance.

A time and manner ordinance providing for this improvement was then passed on motion of Mr. Horsman; all yes but Mr. Perrine.

An ordinance declaring the assessment for the improvement of Gresham street between Buchanan and Ida was passed on motion of Mr. Valentine.

A resolution repealing a former resolution whereby the contractors were bound to secure their rock for street improvement at the Whitewood quarry was adopted on motion of Alderman Perrine. This action leaves the field open to all suppliers of crushed rock. Councilman Davis thought the engineer a little too generous in employing street inspectors, and he advised the removal of one or two, since there didn't seem to be work enough to keep all busy all the time. This idea seemed strong upon all the councilmen, and chairman of the street committee, Davis, was authorized to eliminate all unnecessary labor along this line, on motion of Alderman Hill. Mr. Horsman wanted all inspectors appointed by the council instead of by the engineer, but this proposition was voted down. Mr. Perrine wanted a strict enforcement of the resolution passed last year that the street inspectors should be selected from the property owners directly interested in each improvement. No further action taken in the matter.

The youth who was smoking a cigarette opposite the monkey's cage took another from his pocket. "Would it do any harm," he asked, "if I offered him one of these?" "Not a bit," responded the attendant, "he wouldn't touch it. A monkey isn't half as big a fool as he looks."

Typewriter ribbons for sale at this office; 50 cents each.

Bay View Booming

H. S. Hewitt, sun-tanned as a trapper and happy as a clam, sifted into St. Johns Sunday, and spent a day or two getting acquainted with his home town again. He gives glowing accounts of the progressive spirit of the new resort, Bay View, where he and J. H. Smith are taking their summer vacation, while for exercise they are building a town to accommodate the newcomers.

H. S. says they have built a store building, several cottages, a hotel, besides several "castles in the air." He says one of the best attractions of the location is the life saving station there and the daily practice of the crew; that when the aquatic lads get out in their boat and make it turn turtle and then quickly right it, sporting in the water like mermen, clambering into their boat like so many water spaniels, he just can't keep Smith at work and that he is becoming wall-eyed himself from watching the frisky lads with his starboard eye while he watched the nails with his larboard optic.

Speaking of the culinary department as conducted by Mr. Smith, Bre'r Hewitt says his latest accomplishment is the manufacture of biscuits. Like man, these "biskits" are fearfully and wonderfully made. Needing a hammer to break up some "dornicks" for a foundation, they sent one of them to a foundry where a hole was drilled through the center and a handle fitted to it, making a fine implement for reducing the refractory rock.

Another incident illustrates the deceptive and fascinating nature of these works of art. The crows in that neighborhood like the fat, juicy clams. But when Mr. Crow captures him, the clam shuts up "just like a clam" and there is nothing doing. To overcome this the ingenious bird of sable pinion takes Bre'r Clam and flies up into the air about a mile and then drops the clam which has its shell broken by the fall. Then the crow drops down to a delectable feast. The other day one of the workmen was dozing away his noon-hour rest in the sun with his hat off, his bald head glistening in the sunlight like the top of Mount Hood. One of the "Smith biskits" which Towser had carried down to the water a few days before in a vain attempt to soften so he might eat it, caught the eye of a solitary Jim Crow who mistook it for a clam. Down he swooped, picked up the biscuit and mounted into the air. Reaching the desired altitude he spied the pate of the sleeping workman and mistaking it for a likely boulder, dropped his burden. True to aim the sphere whistled through the air striking the "flies" skating rink" fairly in the center. Bre'r Hewitt, hearing the swat, and observing the bread bounding away, ran to the assistance of his workman, who regained consciousness after a time, and his first words were: "Did the lightning kill anybody but me?" It never fazed the "biskit." Mrs. Smith is now at Bay View and the boys miss the delicious productions of Chef Smith.

Know When to Quit

Some years ago in Hartford we all went to church one sweltering night to hear the annual report of Mr. Hawley, a city missionary, who went around finding people who needed help and did not want to ask for it. He told of the life in cellars where poverty resided; he gave instances of heroism and devotion of the poor. "When a man with a million gives," he said, "we make a great deal of noise. It is a noise in the wrong place, for it is the widow's mite that counts." Well, Hawley worked me up to a great pitch. I could hardly wait until he got through. I had \$400 in my pocket. I wanted to give that and borrow more to give. You could see greenbacks in every eye. But instead of passing the plate then, he kept on talking and talking, and as he talked it grew hotter and hotter and hotter, and we grew sleeper and sleeper and still sleeper. My enthusiasm went down, down, down—\$100 a clip until finally, when the plate did come around, I stole ten cents out of it. This goes to show how a little thing like this can lead to crime.—Mark Twain.

ATTENTION!—Keep in mind D. E. Brodahl's Greenhouse, when you want bedding plants, cut flowers, shrubs, cabbage, tomato and cauliflower plants, etc. Also floral design work. Cor. Buchanan and So. Gresham streets. 24 4tp

For Insurance see F. W. Valentine

The Brooding Sorrow

The air is still heavy with the sorrow of the Titanic catastrophe. It broods over two continents and men cannot shake it off.

Of course, life is uncertain always. Death comes in pestilence and hurricane; in accidents; the industries that control the world pay their weekly toll in human life. On the more than 250,000 miles of railroads in the United States, every month there is a mighty drain on human life. Death is in the fetid air of the factories, it comes in the miasma of the swamps up to the farmer's door. It is everywhere, and still this horror upon the Atlantic leaves a peculiar and heavy sorrow on the hearts of men, for there was so much in combination to accentuate that sorrow that men cannot shake it off.

The ship was so beautiful and so strong, so much of human invention and human experience had been woven about it to make it safe that men said: "It makes but a ferry of the ocean. Let us pass over it." But sometimes in the smallest ferry the rope of the ferry boat breaks and those on board are lost.

There is no preventive of the inevitable, and there is so much about the Titanic, after all explanations are made, all allowances are made, after speculation exhausts itself—that is uncanny that it looks like fate. As the ship was leaving the harbor it was nearly in collision with another great ship and the account says the master of the Titanic and his crew looked upon it as a bad omen for the voyage.

One man reports that ten days before the disaster in a dream he saw the great ship go down with its precious freight, and wired to warn a friend not to take passage on the ship.

Is there a fate that follows ships and men? It really looks so. And still the burden of the sorrow of this last great ocean catastrophe is on the hearts and souls of men and cannot be shaken off. During the last ten years steamship companies have sought to outdo each other until they have taxed every resource, not only financially, but every other way. Genius has exhausted itself in devising new improvements and applying them. The public taste has been educated up until nothing but the fastest and the finest will do, and in ships the question of caste has been invoked and provisions have been made whereby the very rich can for the brief voyage, make clear to the less fortunate that money is omnipotent on shipboard as on land, and they are the favored class.

All this was smashed to atoms in the disaster and a stern notice was served that this human life is not sacred against the elements that are set to be overcome by ships and the skill of men. Some scientist has declared that the range of vision of a house fly is nine feet. The range of vision of mortals is not much more, and so, when judging of this disaster and contemplating it none of us should forget that our range of vision is so limited and our knowledge so infirm, that we, in the comfort of our homes, have no right to say where this man or that man did wrong, or where this or that plan was an imperfect one, or to criticize what men do in an emergency of that kind, because no man on earth can tell what he would do, unless in a similar situation he had been tried.—Goodwin's Weekly.

A Live Wire Mayor

It seems that the Portland Association members residing in St. Johns are the most prominent citizens in that community. K. C. Couch has been twice elected mayor of St. Johns, and in retiring the mantle has fallen on the shoulders of A. A. Muck, one of the most progressive members of our association. Mr. Muck is a live wire in more ways than one. He is a man of keen intelligence and ability. St. Johns is fortunate to find grocers who have the time to manage their municipal affairs in addition to running a successful business of their own. The Oregon Merchants' Magazine decides that St. Johns has honored itself by honoring Mr. Muck.—Oregon Merchants' Magazine.

How is Your Title?

Have your abstracts made, continued or examined at the Peninsula Title, Abstract and Realty Co. Accurate work. Reasonable fees. H. Henderson, manager, 208 North Jersey, McDonald building.

Preach the gospel of St. Johns.

Our Old Mush Kettle

In an honored position in our living room hangs the old mush kettle used so long in my father's home, but now filled with rose leaves and taking a rest after almost 80 years of active service. It was a fireplace kettle and when first used by my mother was not new then, so do not know how old it is. It has an iron bail, as fireplace kettles have, and at one time had long legs, but after the stoves came into use father filed the legs off, so that it could be used on the stove. Many a boiled dinner was cooked in it. But my best remembrance of it was when it was used for mush in the fall of the year. As soon as the corn was ripe enough some ears were picked and enough of the husks left to braid so as to be able to hang them up to dry quickly. Then the ears were shelled and taken to the mill with the wheat.

Our school house was a quarter of a mile from our house on the prairie and in full sight of the house, and as mother had the teakettle boiling in the time school was out as she saw us start from the school house, the mush was made in the kettle, and when we arrived at home the mush would be done, and some spoons, bowls and a crock of milk on the table ready for use, and we children were as ready to eat, and as we ate our mush and milk we talked over our day's happenings; how one came to miss a word in spelling and why the other did not get that sum right. In those days sums were sums in arithmetic, and examples were followed or let alone as the case might be, and, of course, the funny things that happened were talked over and laughed over with no teacher by to shake his head.

So, in the evening as I sit by the fire, the old mush kettle sets me dreaming of the long ago, when father and mother gathered together at home, home sweet home. Part of the family have gone on to the beyond, and some day, may that family have one of those "many mansions" that are in our "Father's house" above, and all be gathered there to spend a blessed eternity together, as is promised to those who love and serve him here.—Mrs. Mc.

The Right End First

Editor Review: St. Johns is growing, and is the natural home of the laboring man and great middle class, which makes up the bulk of American citizenship, and as such a place for homes, care should be taken by those in authority to hold the rate of taxation as low as possible. How can this be done? It may not be of general knowledge, but is the truth nevertheless, that if railroad companies were as extravagant in errors in the construction of their roads as the average municipality in America is, that every company would be in the hands of a receiver prior to the completion of 100 miles of road.

One error common in American city building is to pave the streets prior to sewer construction, and then cut the pavement at great expense and damage, to sewer the city. This may be necessary in a few instances, but the cases are rare where the "wrong end foremost" process is necessary.

Sewer the city first, with a system good for 100 years, and follow with the best quality of paving, when the home builders are able to bear the burdens.

Creosoted blocks placed on a cement foundation has proved satisfactory in Vancouver, B. C., where care was taken and good work done, and first class material used. Hassam is hard and noisy, but for steep sidehill streets, this paving, like vitrified brick, has proven satisfactory. A good quality of bitulithic, when well laid down gives satisfactory results. Before any Hassam is laid in St. Johns I would advise the council to carefully examine the Hassam pavement at Salem. Learn the date when laid down and carefully examine present condition.

Let us have the best when we do pave, and let us do our work "right end first." D. C. Lewis.

A young mother and her pretty baby were passengers on a train. An elderly gentleman addressed his proud mother: "A fine youngster that, madam. I hope you will bring him up to be an upright, conscientious man." "That will be a bit difficult," said the young mother, smilingly. "Pshaw," rejoined the elderly gentleman. "As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined." "I knew it," agreed the other, "but this twig is bent on being a girl."

The Library

Open Hours: 1:00 to 5:30 and 7:00 to 9:30 p. m. Sundays: 2:30 to 5:30

Through a mistake of the typesetter the explanation of the electrical list printed in last week's Review was omitted. The list is a graded one, prepared especially for the home study of a person who, while desiring to learn something of electricity, is not in a position to take a regular school course. Any one who is interested may secure one of the lists and the books themselves at the library.

A bulletin is now posted announcing the mothers' meeting to be held at Mrs. Kelley's next Monday afternoon. Mothers are invited to come and look over the books bearing on the subject: "The Reading of the Child up to Ten Years of Age."

The Magazines.—Some of the popular stories now running in the magazines are:

Stella Maris—Locke, in Century. The Amateur Gentleman—Farol, in McClures.

Stover at Yale—Johnson, in McClures. Heart of the Hills—Fox, in Scribners.

Captain of His Soul—Mitchell, in Sunset.

These are more easily secured in their present form than they will be a little later, when the books are in great demand. Back numbers of the magazines circulate.

Received this week: London—Cruise of the Snark. Merriweather—Seeing Europe by Automobile.

Twenty-five years ago the author, with a capital of \$200 started out to see the world and spend a year tramping about Europe at an expense of 50c a day. A quarter of a century later he and his wife followed his old trail as nearly as practicable and the tale of their adventures makes up the book. Careful details are given as to the expenses of the trip, the most convenient equipment for the automobile and the best roads.

Holland—Miss Gilbert's Career. By the author of Seven Oaks.

But few of the new books received each week can be noted here. Come in and examine them at first hand.

Bargain Days Advocated

Editor Review: I notice that you are advocating home patronage. This is a good idea. All things being equal, or nearly so, there should be no reason why the local stores should not receive patronage from all who live here. I notice that it is the bargain sales of the department stores that wear patronage from St. Johns. The only way to counteract this is to have bargain days in St. Johns, as at least one firm is now doing. The other day I noticed the wife of one of the men on the city pay roll coming from Portland with her arms laden with merchandise, which did not look good, nor show the right spirit, but happens right along. Bargain days in St. Johns will do more to keep people at home than anything that could be devised. It is human nature (feminine, at least) to seek bargains, and unless they are to be found in St. Johns they will undoubtedly be sought elsewhere. Observer.

Would Like to Come

In a business letter to this office W. H. Reid, proprietor of Reid's Hotel, Devil's Lake, N. D., takes occasion to remark: "I always had an inclination to retire to St. Johns at some future time, but I cannot break loose from here at present. May be on the Shriner's excursion, which reaches your town May 14, but we are so busy now it may become impossible to get away. I always thought so much of Portland, and thought St. Johns an ideal place to make a home. Going from this cold climate where we have seven months winter we appreciate it much more than those coming from a more moderate climate." Mr. Reid is the owner of a number of lots in St. Johns.

Lots Almost Given Away

Lots 31 to 34 in block 4, Point View, for \$1000. Write W. H. Reid, Devil's Lake, N. D. 26-6t

Wanted—Boys to learn to weave at night; pay while learning. Call at once. Portland Woolen Mills.

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Meets every Wednesday evening in Bickner's Hall

DORIC LODGE NO. 112 A. F. and A. M.

Regular communications on first Wednesday of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall. Visitors welcome.

S. Chas. Davis, W. M. C. O. Rogers, Secretary

Order Eastern Star

Minerva Chapter

Meets Every First and Third Tuesday Evening of Each Month in Odd Fellow Hall. Mrs. Susie Rogers, Secretary.

HOLMES LODGE NO. 101

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS

Meets every Friday night at 7:30 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Visitors always welcome.

V. W. MASON, C. C. D. F. HORSMAN, K. R. S.

LAUREL LODGE

No. 186 I. O. O. F. ST. JOHNS, OREGON

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