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Largest on the Coast

A concrete driveway is being constructed at the local woolen mills leading to the ware houses from the interior. The new warehouse, which was recently completed, extends the full length of the yard. Formerly the goods had to be trucked, but the new driveway will permit of wagons and motor trucks driving right through to the warehouses in the rear. In the loop created by the new driveway will be constructed a large fountain banked with flowers, which will be a thing of beauty.

The Portland Woolen Mills is the largest on the Coast. Recently three spinning frames and three broad looms were added to the equipment, making a total of 110 broad looms and two sample looms, practically all of which are in active operation. The woolen mill at Oregon City is the nearest competitor in size, with 100 looms in operation. There are almost 400 men and women employed at the local plant.

During Superintendent Carter's absence in the Middle West on business connected with the institution, Mr. Henderson is acting in that capacity, which he is temporarily filling in a capable manner.

The local woolen mill has been and continues to be one of the most important industries in St. Johns. In times past it has been the mainstay of the town. It is said that since its construction a dozen years or more ago it has never been idle, and today it is fairly teeming with activity. Business men of St. Johns especially have a warm feeling for the woolen mills, because had it not been for this institution, failure would no doubt in the past have stared a number in the face. So it is pleasing to note that the woolen mill is securing its share of the prosperity that is becoming general throughout the country, and the hope is expressed that it may continue to expand and never know a day's idleness.

Services Well Attended

Mrs. Gabriel Pullin sang at the evening service at the Baptist church last Sunday. She was accompanied by Miss Nettie Leona Foy. Her magnificent voice was highly appreciated by the large audience present. Miss Foy is a very talented accompanist. B. Y. P. U. was led by Ferris Swisher, our newly elected president. The other officers are Maxine Likens, vice-president; Bernice Shaw, secretary; and Earl Keliher treasurer. We look forward to a year of great accomplishments under our new leadership. Everybody is invited to our prayer service Sunday evenings at 6:45. Miss Nettie Leona Foy has consented to take charge of the choir, which is doing splendid under her able direction.

The Philatheas held their business meeting at the home of Dr. Borden. Maxine Likens was elected president, Hollis DeLuech, vice-president; Margaret McCarty, secretary; and Eleanor Thomas, treasurer.—Flo McNiven, Reporter.

Capt. Jenkins Promoted

Captain Jenkins, of the local police station will be promoted to headquarters the first of next month, Captain L. A. Harms taking charge here. It is a matter of much regret to St. Johns people to lose Captain Jenkins. Through his unfailing good nature, courtesy and accommodating manner, besides strict and faithful adherence to his duties, he has made many warm and enduring friends in St. Johns, and while they are pleased to know that he will be promoted to a higher position, the pleasure is tinged with much regret at his leaving St. Johns. Capt. Harms, who is to succeed him here, is said to be a fine gentleman as well as efficient official.

William Burley and family have returned from an enjoyable outing in the hop fields near Independence. William says they enjoyed the experience immensely, that their health was of the finest and the way the children did eat was something wonderful. The open air combined with the healthful perfume from the hops create great appetites.

World is Moving Some

The world is moving some, by jings—the price of meat and other things, has gone so high by jumps and tilts a fellow has to walk on stilts to get within the reach of meat or any other thing to eat. The kaiser with his Zepp and Sub has raised a lot of hob with grub. We tremble at the price of spuds—the laundry man has raised on suds, the barber says the war time air is making bristles of our hair which dulls his razor and his shears and does a lot of things that queers the barber game, increasing toil—and, too, the price of polecat oil has got so high these war scared days the barber says he has got to raise the price of hair cut, singe and shave to save him from a pauper's grave. They've done away with all our booze and now the man who smokes and chews must add to every smoke and chews a lot of wartime revenue.

The slaughter house has moved to Mars, the price of pork is in the stars and butcher stuff has gone to stray somewhere along the Milky Way, and I surmise that very soon that gink who stays up in the moon, will take to wearing on his yops some very fancy mutton chops. The poultry, too, has hit the breeze and way up in the highest trees have found a roosting for their legs—and Mr. Man, the price of eggs has gone so high above the earth and sell for lots more than they are worth. Wheat and corn and oats and rye have got Mt. Baker skinned for high, and even now the new mown hay, has taken wings and flown away, and all that we can do is wish when we bethink ourselves of fish. The Sockeye almost failed to sock, and Cod, the Ling and Kelp and Rock, are humping where the Humpback humps, with prices going up by jumps.

A man today would have to steal to meet the upward price of veal, and it's as hard as saying prayers to get a mess of Belgian hares. The middleman has cornered yams, the law has gobbled up the clams the ducks and geese come in by drabs, the submarines have killed the crabs. The Jersey cows with coats of silk, demand a fortune for their milk, and butterfat and cottage cheese—I never saw such things as these in all my life; though it's a crime I'm going to raise the price on rhyme and prose and ads and little books to where I can be introduced to one good old square meal a day—puffs come higher anyway. We've stinted all that we can stunt, the trust has raised the price of print, so in the high price days to come the printer he'll be going some.

The clothier's raised the price of clothes, the hosier's raised the price of hose, the "pans-ter's" raised the price of pants—it only takes a half a glance to see I'm patched from bow to stern, it's taking all that I can earn to furnish paper, press and ink to print this sheet and so I think that quite a squad of you old ginks who sponge the dope a printer thinks, never come through with a sou—it's wartime and it's up to you to drift in with a little kale—we need some more wind in the sail—we want to moisten throat and lips and sing more about the ships we're building here to carry grub to fight the chap called Kaiser Bill—We'll lick that cuss, you bet we will and change his name to "Sissor Bill." But while we sing another verse just please extract that trusty purse; we need the money, on the square, there's rheumatism in our hair.—Sellwood Bee.

A Hopping Good Time

Laurelwood Rebekah Lodge No. 160, held a Chili Hop after lodge last meeting night which was enjoyed by all in attendance. The hall was decorated with hops and everyone hopped instead of walking. Noble Grand Canright had a small jar which contained 502 beans and then the guessing contest began. Mrs. Rose Robinson was the winner. Mrs. Emily Churchill carried the most beans across the room on a knife, but I am not saying how she did it, as she had to hop. After guessing a few conundrums we were served with chili and salted wafers and all went home hopping.—Laurelwood Reporter.

Electric Vacuum Cleaner for rent.—H. F. Clark.

Vacation Days Over Now

Vacation days are over now, And summer has gone by; We did not get an average crop, It was too warm and dry. We plan no more a week ahead, Or wonder, will it rain; We fill no more our picnic box— We eat at home again.

I s'pose you went to Columbia Beach, While there you took a swim, And saw some of those bathing suits. That's rather short and thin, I'll tell you that's a dandy place, For any one to go; It beats the vaudeville they had Down at the Lyric show.

I s'pose you've been out to The Oaks, Went to the skating rink, And saw the free show that they have, And had some pop to drink. I s'pose you rode in everything, A round trip on the train, And after trying many times Won a prize at some game.

Of course you went out to the dance, They have on Council Crest, Where always one finds a cool breeze

A good view while you rest. I guess you've been to Bull Run park, To Estacada, too, At Canemah park, you spent a day

And took your lunch with you, I s'pose you took the Islands in The Rock, also the Deer, And took the Swan to Souvies, too.

Not many miles from here, To Crystal Lake, I s'pose you went

To take a little ride, And spent some evenings at the park That is called Riverside.

There are many parks right here in town, Where one can spend a day, And then the best part of it all, They are not far away.

I s'pose you took the Highway in Where Nature loudly calls, And spent some moments of your trip At Multnomah Falls.

I guess you took the circus in And saw the Ringling show, Perhaps you saw the Roundup, too, At Pendleton you know.

As we return from picking hops, From mountains and sea shore We're glad to see the Fall rains come

And stay at home once more. —O. O. Smith, Linnton.

Checking Up Petitions

Checking of petitions for and remonstrances against the proposed extension of Greeley street from Killingsworth avenue to Delay street will be completed this week by the Public Works Department, after which City Commissioner Barbur will recommend either for or against the starting of official proceedings for the improvement. The Council went over the project, which involves assessments against about 14,000 lots on the East Side, and left it to Mr. Barbur to check remonstrances and petitions to determine whether the people in the assessment district really want the improvement.—Oregonian.

A Serious Mishap

A. O. Beam had the misfortune to fall and break both arms at the wrist, besides otherwise injuring himself Monday morning. He was engaged in painting the Chicago Rooming house, and was upon a ladder at the time. The legs of the ladder were resting upon a couple of jacks; one of them slipped, precipitating Mr. Beam upon the roof and then falling to the concrete curbing below. The fall was about twelve feet. Both wrists were broken and his neck was injured to some extent by striking the curb. He was taken home by his son, H. D. Beam, where he is getting along as well as could be expected.

After the first of next month another patrolman will be added to the local police station as a permanent fixture, making eight in all, including the captain, for this district.

Night School to Open

The educational advantages of a night school is usually underestimated by many people in the absence of investigation. The facts are, that the night schools offer many advantages which are foreign to the day schools. One of the most important of these is individual instruction. The night schools of Portland are opened to old and young alike, where, if a desire still survives in the heart for self improvement, it can be gratified, and the individual education necessity can be supplied. As our population increases under the present industrial conditions, it becomes more difficult for the individual to get profitable employment and provide the necessities of life. In this day of progressive commercialism, proficiency becomes a necessity. The night school steps in and supplies an opportunity for the individual who is unable to attend day school to acquire this if he or she so desires. Remember that its success depends largely upon the community, educationally speaking, in whose interest it is established. One of its functions is for the betterment of home life. The mother can attend the Domestic Science Department and learn many new things about cooking and economy in the household. The daughter may learn to sew. In this department, one of the most practical essentials is the repairing and construction of garments used in the home. Business men and all progressive people should give the night schools all encouragement possible.

The James John Night School will open Monday evening, October 1st, with the following departments: Sewing and millinery, domestic science with emphasis on food conservation and economy in the home, a complete commercial course including commercial law, elementary and high school studies, manual training, Spanish, expression and public speaking, a complete course for foreigners including English, American History and citizenship. The ferry boat schedule will enable students living on the west side of the river to attend.

M. L. Pratt, principal.

The Body Identified

The body of the man who was found in the Columbia Slough Wednesday last week has been identified as that of a man named Johnson. Peter Repp, who has a ranch not far from the Slough, says that a man called at his place on the 14th day of this month. He said he was entirely "broke," and asked for work to earn a meal. He said his name was Johnson, that he was 60 years of age, that he was too old to hold a job and that he was wandering around. After Peter had given him a meal and a pack of tobacco, for which the man appeared very grateful, he started on down the Slough. Just how he came to drown is unknown, and it probably never will be known whether it was a case of suicide or accidental drowning. He told Peter that he had relatives in Wisconsin and expected to go there when able to do so.

Later—a body found floating in Columbia slough on September 19 was identified Monday by Patrolman Roberts of the St. Johns station as that of Peter J. Johnson, a blacksmith helper in the Grant-Smith-Porter-Guthrie shipbuilding plant. The man had been staying at the Central hotel in St. Johns since August 30. He was last seen on August 30. Tax receipts found in his effects in the hotel show that he owned land in St. Helens and Clatskanie, Ore.—Journal.

Injured by the Car

Mrs. Hilda Williamson, who resides at 110 Dickens street, formerly Scott avenue, St. Johns, was quite seriously injured last Saturday evening at about 8:20. From information that we have been able to glean it seems that she attempted to get onto the street car while same was in motion near the Peninsula Bank corner. In the attempt to get upon the step she lost her hold, and the next step struck her, breaking her leg and otherwise badly bruising her body. She was taken to the Good Samaritan hospital.

Interference Charged

Interference with the registration of Portland women by the local branch of the National Council of Defense by outsiders, whose identity at present is unknown, probably will result in an investigation by United States Attorney Reames. Mrs. Sadie Orr Dunbar, secretary treasurer of the women's committee of the State Council of Defense, has evidence which she will give Mr. Reames. She will today instruct all precinct chairmen to report any discourtesy or ill feeling encountered in the distribution of cards or otherwise. Whether the pro-German propaganda was responsible for failure of women to register, that it cut no small figure is believed by officers in charge of the work. Probably less than 15 per cent were registered.

It was reported to Mrs. Dunbar that a woman, whose identity is unknown, went from house to house in the St. Johns district warning women not to sign the cards for registration. "There is going to be plenty for you to do without registering," this woman is reported as telling housewives in St. Johns. "There will be 700 babies in Portland without fathers or mothers in a short time, and you will be called upon to care for some of them, sure. The Government is going to draft the women who sign the registration cards for various duties. The best service you can render is to hold yourself in readiness to help care for those babies rather than to register for other things."

At first little attention was paid to the fact, but after a large number of women were found to have been visited and the same story told to them by a woman answering the same description an investigation disclosed the activities of the mysterious woman. "This St. Johns experience is the most peculiar and remarkable coming to my attention," said Mrs. Dunbar. "It looks too suspicious to be further ignored. Other incidents, such as women shutting doors in our workers' faces, hurling the registration cards back at them and the use of discourteous language toward them, have been too common to be overlooked. I shall call upon our precinct women to give us detailed statements of any such occurrences and shall turn them all over to the United States Attorney for his use."—Oregonian.

So far as we have been able to ascertain upon inquiry such a woman on such a mission as mentioned above did not labor in St. Johns. Some other district must have been confounded with this. The registration here was 20 per cent larger than the average in the city of Portland.—Ed.

The Same Distance

A man who drove across the country last summer to a little town in western Kansas, met a farmer hauling a wagon load of water.

"Where do you get water?" he asked.

"Up the road about seven miles," the farmer replied.

"And you haul water seven miles for your family and stock?"

"Yep."

"Why in the world don't you dig a well?" asked the traveler, excitedly.

"Because, stranger," the farmer said firmly, "it's just as fur one way as the other."

They Kept a Bee

The young daughter of a prominent financier who had passed most of her years either in the city or at the larger summer resorts, recently paid her first visit to a real country home. She was anxious to show that she was not altogether ignorant of rural conditions, and when a dish of honey was set before her on the breakfast table she saw her opportunity.

"Ah," she observed, carelessly, "I see you keep a bee."

Many of the high school pupils in particular are taking advantage of the fact that they can secure typewriting paper at a most reasonable price at this office. Five hundred sheets for 75 cents; good quality.

The Ship Knee Industry

Another new industry has started in this city in connection with shipbuilding activities. It is the manufacture of ship knees for wooden vessels. These knees are made from the stumps of trees because they are of the right shape and are tough. Big prices are being paid for stumps from which the timber has recently been cut. This industry has been brought to the attention of the council by T. T. Parker, who asks that if the city decides to purchase timber for wood he be given opportunity to purchase the stumps for ship knees. He says he will pay from 50 cents to \$2 for material for each knee. Sometimes one big stump will make several knees, the number depending upon the number of big roots to each stump. Heretofore what knees were used in the manufacture of wooden ships came from the Atlantic slope. The supply in that section of the country is inadequate to supply the demand and the fir and spruce forests of the Pacific coast have been called upon to furnish the knees for the ships not only under construction on this coast, but also on the Atlantic seaboard. It is said that the profit from the manufacture of the knees is large.—Telegram.

A Pretty Wedding

A very pretty home wedding in which two well known St. Johns young people were the principals, took place Monday evening at 6 o'clock. The contracting parties were Mr. Oscar F. Mason and Miss Merta J. Gatten. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. R. T. Gatten, 802 North Willamette boulevard. The nuptial knot was tied by Dr. H. F. Jones of the Christian church in his usual faultless and impressive manner. Only the immediate friends of the family were in attendance. The groom is a well known and well liked St. Johns man, a prominent member of the Bachelor Club and holds a responsible position with the Portland Manufacturing Company. The bride is one of St. Johns' fairest daughters, accomplished and possessed of hosts of friends. The happy young couple are spending their honeymoon at Seaside and other Coast resorts, after which they will be at home to their many friends at 936 N. Jersey street. The Review joins with the numerous friends of the newly mated pair in wishing them a most prosperous and happy journey down the sea of life.

Would Be a Reflection

Many charming stories showing how the quick-witted Belgians succeed in taking "a rise" out of their German oppressors, are told in a recently published volume by Jean Masart.

One of the best of these concerns was a peasant with a donkey cart, who was ordered by a German guard at the entrance to town to give the name of his donkey, so that it might be entered on the official pass in.

"My donkey's name!" exclaimed the peasant, scratching his head. "He hasn't got one."

"Then call him Albert."

"That would be a reflection on my King."

"Call him William then."

"That would be a reflection on my donkey." —Ex.

Still in the Water

A man who was showing off by diving into the sea and staying under the water for a time, after one dive came up and found that he had remained under water for two minutes.

"That's going some!" he bragged.

"I'll bet that's a record around here!"

"Oh, no, it ain't!" replied a spectator. "A man dived in here this time yesterday, and he ain't come up yet!"

St. Johns' Roll of Honor

Following is a list of those from St. Johns who have enlisted since the war started and who are now at the different training camps. We probably overlooked some, as it is exceedingly difficult to learn them all. So if you know of any overlooked, will you kindly furnish their names, so that they may be added to St. Johns Roll of Honor.

Taylor M. Whitmore, Athill W. Irvine, Deane H. Knowles, Earl H. Knowles, Theodore Bugbee, H. Byron Poff, Armand Olin, Claude E. Harris, Russell Poff, R. P. Galloway, Chas. E. Garlick, Murne Donaldson, Glenn Haskell, Ray Clark, Benjamin Swan, Hubert Martin, Leon Sorber, Donald Strickland, Lowell Anderson, John LaVillett, Frank L. Thompson, Orin Lear, Hal J. Davis, Donald N. Trowbridge, Bert Larson, Alan Ruth-erford, Homer Plaskett, Henry Brandenburg, J. W. Welch, David Bove, Clyde Heath, Walter Mayer, Fred Scmallings, John Boggs, Ernest Johnson, Hiram Eatinger, Kenneth Simmons, Thornton Toole, Eugene Hiatt, Dowe Walker, August Jensen, Ray Myers, Walter Pearson, Elmer Maples, Roy Gagnon, Harold and Arthur Holcomb, Lester D. and Basil B. Smith, Bryant Kilkenny, Paul Rude, Emory Gilmore, Lewis Wirth, Harold Meredith, Ray Hawkins, Hugh Ward, Kenneth Satterlee, Gordon and Wilbur Beilinger.

Reap Excessive Profits

Following the passage in the Senate of the two billion dollar war revenue bill, and while awaiting the final action of the conferees with respect to the adjustment of all differences in the measure as it passed the two branches of Congress, Senator Charles L. McNary made a public statement in which he said:

"I voted for the revenue bill upon its final passage as the war cannot be fought without money; yet, I hoped that a greater portion of the revenue could be collected from those colossal institutions which are enjoying the fruits of the war and are thriving upon the enormous expenditures made necessary by this world conflict. I would not advocate a revenue policy that would disturb or frighten business nor would support a measure that considers the profitters too tenderly."

"The only objection I have to the bill now in conference is that it did not bear down more heavily upon the reapers of large war profits. For example, the Dupont Powder Company made annually from 1913 to 1915 inclusive profits amounting to five million dollars while in 1916 its profits climbed to the stupendous sum of eighty-two millions. The United States Steel Corporation made in the year preceding our entrance into the war sixty-three millions of dollars and based upon the first six months of the current year it is estimated that its profits for 1917 will rise to the unprecedented figure of five hundred millions. Many other similar examples could be cited, though these are of the larger class."

"One excellent result obtained in the Senate was striking from the bill the provision relating to table taxes—those upon tea, coffee, sugar and the like. Every dollar now paid is a dollar and accumulated interest less to pay in the future by the long and distressing process of taxation, which eventually falls upon the shoulders of the great mass of the people. A failure sufficiently to tax great profits, which are an accompaniment of war, and an over issuance of bonds, brings about inflation, increase in cost of living and commercial distress following the arrest of war, and for these plain reasons I supported every effort to impose a heavy load of taxation upon those thriving institutions which are enjoying a harvest of profits above the dream of avarice."

Cards of thanks notices are charged for at the rate of fifty cents each. Persons desiring to have such notices published should make a note of this.

For Sale—Two five room cottages, lot 100x100, East Charleston. Will be sold at a bargain. Call 718 East Richmond street.