

ST. JOHNS REVIEW

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Now Materializing

The Greeley street extension, so much talked of and so long awaited by the thousands of residents and property owners of St. Johns and the Peninsula district, seem at last to be on the verge of materializing. The advisory budget committee, composed of nine taxpayers of Multnomah county, recommended that a tax levy of \$141,000 be provided this year for the proposed roadway and the county commissioners have decided to devote \$100,000 to preliminary work this year. The money will be spent in widening the roadway and in grading and macadamizing. No pavement can be laid for several years, as there are a number of fills on the route and these must settle before hard surface can be put on. What is known as the Greeley street extension is a proposed roadway to shorten the distance between the great Peninsula and St. Johns districts and the heart of the city. The roadway when completed, will follow as near a straight line as possible from Greeley and Killingsworth streets to the Larrabee street approach to the Broadway bridge. The greater part of the improvement will be made through private property, the owners of which have donated a 70 foot strip to the public for the roadway. The O. W. R. & N. Co., the Portland Flouring mills, Amos Benson and other heavily interested taxpayers have been the chief donors.

The route follows the line of the O. W. R. & N. company for a long stretch. In order to make it as nearly a direct road as possible a number of fills and cuts will have to be made, but when completed there will be no grade steeper than 4 per cent. The tortuous windings of the old St. Johns road, which followed the topography of the country, will be avoided in the new project. It is planned to have a street car line constructed on one side of the roadway. This line, say officials of the city and county engineers' offices, will afford residents of the district affected a means of rapid transit to the business section of the city. It is believed that from 15 to 25 minutes can be saved on the present schedule of the street car company. The new line would avoid 49 street intersections that are now crossed by the St. Johns cars. The approximate length of the entire extension is two miles.—Portland Journal.

O. E. S. Installation

With the exception of Mrs. Minnie C. Thurston and Mrs. Mary Downey, who were unable to be present on account of sickness, Minerva Chapter No. 105, O. E. S., installed the following officers Tuesday evening, January 7th, 1919: Miss Dixie M. Lewis, W. M.; Jas. A. Stephens, W. P.; Mrs. Catherine E. Stephens, A. M.; Mrs. Ruby Ray Davis, Secretary; Mrs. Mary Carroll, Treasurer; Miss Alda Overstreet, Conductress; Mrs. Stella C. Lewis, A. Cond.; Mrs. Myrtle A. Weeks, Chaplain; Mrs. Josephine Hendricks, Marshal; Miss Grace Rogers, Organist; Mrs. Mabel E. Lillig, Adah; Mrs. Anna Cox, Ruth; Miss Phila Nicoli, Esther; Mrs. Minnie C. Thurston, Martha; Mrs. Zella E. Johnston, Electa; Mrs. Mary Downey, Warder; Chas. Stratton, Sentinel.

Death of Walter L. Speer

Walter L. Speer died Tuesday, January 7th, of influenza, aged 31 years. He was born in Indiana and came to Portland in 1904, residing in St. Johns most of the time since. For some time he had assisted S. H. Satterlee in the barbering business, but for some time past had been employed at the ship plant. He is survived by a wife and four small children, besides father, mother and two sisters, all residing in St. Johns. Mr. Speer was a fine young man and well liked by all who knew him. The funeral takes place tomorrow afternoon, Saturday, at 1:30 from Miller & Tracey's undertaking parlors, the remains being shipped to White Salmon, Wash., for interment.

Spanish influenza is seldom contracted by those who wear "RAINEST" Coats, Pants, and Shirts. They save you from exposure—W. W. Rogers, The Raincoat Man.

Had Quite An Experience

Mrs. W. J. Nolan is in receipt of the following interesting letter written by Maude L. Scott, who has been in France for some months, under date of November 13th:

Dear Folks All: We are very happy today over the probable outcome of this awful war. It seems almost too good to be true, and am sure our folks at home are equally as happy. It's "Fin la Guerre" everywhere, and the French people especially are celebrating the event to the best of their ability. We got mixed up in the very thick of the affair, Monday, Nov. 11th, unintentionally, however, I had for some time wanted to visit Nancy, a city of about 100,000 population, and about 55 or so kilometers from us. So, consequently, six of us got leave of absence for the day and pass to the above city. Had expected transportation by machine, but at last moment came the word the car could not be had. Privilege was given us to find some other way if possible, and not wanting the disappointment of not seeing Nancy, we started, trusting for a ride some way, it mattered not how. Were fortunate at start by riding in truck to Neuf Chateau, where had hopes of getting Red Cross bus out at 10 a. m., but missed it by five minutes. Started out on the main road, walked, imagine one-third mile, and a convoy of trucks came up to us. There were forty in all. Miss Holt and I got in the first one, front seat with the driver, and the other girls in the next two following. All were heavy machines used for hauling supplies to the front. We rode this way nearly an hour—slow riding you may know—when they stopped for quite a few minutes. In the meantime one of the boys came up to us and asked us to ride in his truck, a light Ford, and would make much better time. He was English, and my companion, Miss Holt, was, too, and guess what got us to make the change. Called back to the others of our party and told them we'd meet them in Toul, which was as far as the convoy would go and within 25 kilometers of our destination. Surely enjoyed our forenoon's ride, for it was a beautiful morning. Arrived at Toul just at noon, far ahead of the other girls, and found the people of that town celebrating—band music, parades and everything—and not until then did we know that the armistice had been signed and war was "Fin."

Streets were profusely decorated with flags and simply crowded, could hardly make our way thru. Stopped and had lunch, went in two or three stores, and before could realize it was one o'clock. Proceeded to make our way back to meet the girls, for surely expected they'd be waiting for us, but no sign of them. After waiting over half an hour made up our minds they must have come in by another road and probably gotten a way to go on to Nancy. Decided we had better go ahead. Soon a French car going to Nancy picked us up and took with in one and one-half mile from the city, when a tire burst. We started to walk again for didn't want to waste time waiting for them to repair their machine. But light Ford truck driven by our boys passed and took us the remainder of way. Found the streets crowded and everybody having one hilarious time, continuous parades up and down. We walked around about an hour and not running across our friends who had started with us, decided we'd go to the Y. M. and might find them there, but not so. Had some chocolates and back up on the main streets. Another hour spent in sight seeing and making few purchases, for many of the stores were closed, and it began to get dark, so thought we'd better begin to think of going home, for we must depend on truck or other machine to get us there. Went to the Officers' Club for our dinner, and from there inquired if any truck or ambulance going to Neuf Chateau, but none, and didn't give us much encouragement about finding one. From there went over to Y. M., and such a crowd and such howling as those people did. Many didn't know what they were doing, were so drunk. Every one they met of women in civilian clothes they would throw their arms around and kiss and very likely drag them off in the parade. As long as it was day we were safe on account of our uniform, but after dark all women were alike. It was, of course, dark when started over to Y. M. When about a block from the

place about four or five Frenchmen and Miss Holt said there was an American in the crowd, surrounded and closed in on us. Thought sure we were in for a probable hug and kiss, but I gave one push with my arm, saying, "Cut this out!" They separated and we lost no time in getting to the Y. M. There we learned of no way assured us of getting home that night and no train until 4:36 a. m., and we didn't fancy running around in that drunken crowd long, and decided the thing for us to do was to return to the Officers' Club and get a room for the night, but must send a message to our chief nurse. One of the boys from Y. M. offered to help us find the phone office, which was at the railroad station. After getting there tried for three-fourths of an hour to get a message thru, but could not; guess the operators all along the line were out on parade. Finally left the message for the office man, which was one of our boys, but put thru as soon as possible, and in company with this boy from the Y., started in search of a room. We felt much safer and were unmolested in our journey thru the streets, having a gentleman in uniform escort. The Officers' Club had no rooms left, but directed us to another near. There, too, it was "Fin!" room, and the third or fourth hotel we went to all the same "Fin." At the last place we had about made up our minds to go down to the station and sit up until train time, when a couple soldier boys stepped up and insisted we take their room, which they had engaged early in the day, and they would find some place at the Y. M. We thanked them heartily and felt it was a Godsend. For oh! we were so tired, and thought now good our bed at camp would seem to us if we were only in it. Our escort

took us clear into Neuf Chateau, and got out to our camp about 1:30 p. m. Didn't know what punishment would fall to us for not getting home the night before, but explained the situation and all was well. We're not busy on the wards now, so were not missed greatly. Cannot finish this tonight.

Sunday, Nov. 24th.—Several days since started this letter. Took another trip this last week and went up to the front. Will tell you about it in my next. We have only about 150 patients in the hospital now and not getting many new ones in. Don't know what they are going to do with us, but hardly look for us to be sent back to the States for a while yet. It surely seems good not to be constantly looking for fresh convoys of our wounded boys. I can hardly realize yet that the war is over. It surely as awful here for a while. It seems more like a dream. I have ready to mail a small package—just a small Xmas remembrance, and also a book for Dardell which am sending to Cornelius; and mailed a German helmet to Will a couple of days ago; hope it gets there O. K.; sent Bert one, too. Got them at the front. Several small shells, but can't send them.

Haven't much time now for want to write a note to Marshall. Shall think of you all Thanksgiving and Christmas, and hope you have a merry time. We surely have lots to be thankful for this year. Much love to every one of you.—Maude L. Scott.

Favors Consolidation

City Commissioner Barbur announces that the plans for the consolidation of the City of Portland and Multnomah county will likely go before the next Legislature in the form of a constitutional amendment, which has already been prepared. The amendment, if presented and passed by the Legislature, will affect only Portland and Multnomah county, as it provides that cities of 100,000 population or over may, at their own discretion, consolidate, merge and combine their departments with the county. If the amendment is passed by the Legislature it must be ratified by the people of Multnomah county and the earliest possible date that the amendment can be placed before the people will be in November, 1920. If the bill is then approved by the people, the Legislature must pass an enabling act, so it is hardly likely that, should the bill be carried by both the Legislature and the people, it can be placed into effect in Multnomah county before 1922.

The amendment is in the hands of the budget committee and a special committee appointed by the Realty Board.

Did you ever stumble around in the dark and find that—
Doors stand out nine feet from the wall?
The table reaches entirely across the room?
The electric light switch has disappeared?
The wall advances to the center of the room to meet you?
The chairs each have twenty-seven legs?
And the bureau on which you left the matches, has disappeared entirely?—Baltimore Sun.

High School Notes

James John played her first basket ball game of the season Thursday evening in the Peninsula park gymnasium against the "Silent Fire" from the Deaf and Dumb College.

A matinee dance was held in the school gymnasium Friday, January 3. Music was furnished by Stanley O'Conner. Although only a few attended, no "pep" was lacking. Miss Everts of the faculty chaperoned.

The Latin Club meeting scheduled for Jan. 10 has been postponed to Friday, Jan. 17 because of the school play. A very interesting program carried out in the group system has been planned. All members are urged to attend.

Many preparations are now being made for the new term. Forecasts were made out this week. Information as to whether students expect to enter college has been made a permanent part of the school register. Term examinations will be held the 21-22-23 of this month.

Struggling for life during the "flu" ban and Christmas holidays, the James John orchestra has at last revived and will furnish music for the school play. This year no piano is being used so that as nearly as possible an all string orchestra can be had. Mr. F. D. Carruth is carrying this work on very successfully.

All thru the holidays the cast for the school play, "Esmeralda," has worked hard so that it will be able to present the best play ever staged in James John. With Helen Story and Harlan Hiatt in the leading roles, the greatest success is assured. The play will be given in the school auditorium Jan. 10 and 11 under the direction of Mrs. Drury-Scott, who has coached other school plays with such satisfactory results.

At 3:30 Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 14, James John will play a basketball game against Christian Brothers Business College. The game will be contested in the Washington High School gymnasium. Since the James John players have secured the Peninsula Park gymnasium to practice in instead of the "cigar box," they are better prepared to play on a large floor than ever before. Consequently an exciting game is predicted in which James John will surely come out on the top.

The holiday vacation ended, James John students gladly returned to school, brimming over with New Year's resolutions and the spirit with it. Many pupils who had been ill with the "flu" were welcomed back along with some of our discharged S. A. T. C. men and school ma'ams home for the holidays. As if to help us get together and give 1919 a good start, Mr. Boyer came to conduct a musical assembly. Among the songs we sang were the Doxology, a selection from the opera "Chimes of Normandy," some humorous and popular songs, and the National anthem to close the assembly.

In the school gymnasium on Monday evening, Dec. 29th, the senior class entertained the June 18 alumni with a very clever party. An enjoyable program consisting of numbers representing each month in the year was greatly appreciated by the alumni. The Sympathy Orchestra, under the direction of Ray Bredeen, contributed musical numbers to the program. Of course Father Time, impersonated by George Larsen, was there to distribute resolutions and usher in each new month. Edward Rood, alias Santa Claus, was on hand with his bag of presents, giving useful gifts such as baby rattles, pictures of fountain pens and popcorn poppers to the alumni and bunches of violets, the class flower, to the Seniors. After the program light refreshments were served. Dancing concluded the evening's entertainment. The party was chaperoned by Miss Van and Miss Clinton, both of the faculty.

Residents of St. Johns having taxes and city liens to pay in Portland can make their payments without inconvenience by availing themselves of our services. We will pay same and secure your receipt without inconvenience to you. Fee, 25 cents. References: Any St. Johns Bank—Peninsula Title, Abstract and Realty Co., by H. Henderson, Manager; 402 North Jersey street.

Pay your subscription.

GIRL MISSING 6 YEARS IS FOUND

Husband Clears Case of Lillian Ricketts, Who Flew From Stern Father.

DIED OF PNEUMONIA

Young Woman Deceased She Could Live No Longer With Father and Fled to Detroit—Worked for Auto Concern.

Chicago.—Lillian Ricketts has been found. Death solved the mystery of a vanished girl after the police of the nation, hunting six years, had failed. Lillian Ricketts' father, Dr. Richard Ricketts, formerly of Hammond, Ind., is said to have spent his entire fortune, nearly \$50,000, trying to find her. At one time it was thought Chicago had swallowed her up.

Francis McAlvey, 347 Larchmont avenue, for three years the young woman's husband, broke the news to the family. She sleeps in a graveyard in Detroit. She died of pneumonia on October 26, leaving a little son, eight months old.

When Lillian Ricketts dropped out of the world in 1912 she was twenty-two years old. For some reason she decided she could no longer live at home with her father. She went to Detroit, and relatives there, fearing to arouse Doctor Ricketts, a stern man, declined to help her if she ever communicated with any one at home, the husband in Detroit explained.

She made the promise and kept it. Taking the name of Clara Butler, she went to work for an automobile concern. In time she met and married McAlvey under her own name. He knew her secret.

When McAlvey telephoned to his dead wife's sister in Indianapolis she said: "Oh, why didn't you tell us before? Mother has grown gray with worry."

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"I Used to Urge Her to Write to Her People."

McAlvey was told that his wife's pledge had been all in vain; that the father, long since separated from the rest of the family, had moved away and has been living in Knoxville, Tenn., where he is practicing medicine. He made the fortune he spent looking for the girl in the manufacture of medicines.

QUICK WIT OF LITTLE GIRL

Helps Police Capture Criminals by Writing Auto License Number in Sand.

Cleveland, O.—The quick wit of a Cleveland girl enabled police here to clear up the mysterious shooting of Andrew Jablonski, seventeen. Stella Kamulaska, twelve, saw five men firing revolvers from an automobile. Not having a pencil or paper, she quickly wrote the license number of the machine in the sand with a stick. Police traced the bandits through this number and made five arrests.

OWES LIFE TO WATCH CHAIN

Deflects Bullet Fired by Former Police Officer and Inflicts Trivial Flesh Wound.

Thompsonville, Conn.—Policeman Alton C. Payne of this place owes his life to a heavy gold watch chain which he wears. When shot by a former policeman the only shot which would have proven fatal struck the chain just over his heart, cutting out three links and penetrating his clothing. He sustained only a flesh wound.

Note the label on your paper.

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