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The Circulation of THE REVIEW in the Peninsula exceeds that of all other papers combined. Advertisers, note this.

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

VOL. 1

ST. JOHNS, OREGON, FRIDAY, JUNE 2, 1905.

NO. 30

## St. Johns Park!

No. 2.

### Lots 50x106 ft.

With a 16-foot Alley back of each lot.

Prices:

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Terms:

## \$5 Down and \$5 per month

These lots are located on Jersey street, three blocks from car line and

Near the Great Weyerhauser Mill Site.

Don't pay \$350 and \$400 for building lots only 100 feet deep, and without alleys, when you can get extra sized lots with 16-foot alleys, all high and level, and in the best locality in St. Johns for \$200 and upwards.

Let us show you this property. We can sell only the first fifty lots at these prices. This is done to advertise the property. When these are sold prices will advance 25 per cent.

Within one year, when the great Weyerhauser mill is in operation, these lots will be worth double the present prices.

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### SLURS THE TOWN.

Portland Paper Persists in Placing Our People Peculiarly.

The Journal seems to take sport in slamming it into the residents of Saint Johns at intervals of so short duration that it looks like one perpetual jab. Our citizens are not averse to being skinned once in a while by some metropolitan paper—but when it comes to rubbing salt and pepper into the slots where they have been skinned an objection is bound to arise.

Facts are always beyond dispute. They are the real thing—and are, if they pertain to public acts or conditions, public property. But as the perfect shape of the brilliant rainbow can be distorted by viewing it through an imperfect glass so can the most conservative and lawful acts be burlesqued by one evilly-inclined.

Under the flaring caption "Saint Johns Chases Nimble Dollar" the Journal headlines "City Officers Strictly Enforce all Local and State Laws to Secure Funds." When it comes to the city of Portland the Journal is particularly eager that all laws and ordinances shall be enforced: when it handles Saint Johns the Journal is as equally insistent that to act in a like manner is a deep, dire, bloodthirsty wrong.

The Journal slams at the question of arresting and fining ordinance breakers; digs at the "fines" paid by Cedar Park; slurs at the fact of hucksters paying a license; and declares that City Recorder Hanks is now sipping from Marshal Organ while that official "raises prize strawberries." To read much of the Saint Johns matter as published in Portland papers is but to smile at the absurdities of the correspondent—who, either willfully or unconsciously, fearfully distorts facts for the purpose of creating damaging fiction.

While Saint Johns is bound for a while, as have been all newly-constructed cities, to have some absurd rulings and to have some conditions not at all favorable for progress, it is not requisite that matters be criticized in a caustic manner at the start. Some little time must perforce be allowed for the righting of wrongs; and incongruities will, as time passes on, be regulated.

The Journal should temper its talk to the tone of the town: help build rather than raze; throw a rose now and then instead of a decayed vegetable. And Saint Johns people will like that paper the better for it.

### Tried to Get Lost.

Saturday night last Miss Jessie Hanks, who works in Portland, came out on a late car—about eleven o'clock. The conductor was a new man and called "Point View" as the car neared Smith's crossing—whereat Miss Hanks left the car. She saw her error in a moment—but the car had left her.

The only remedy was to wait for the next car—or walk home; and the misguided passenger chose the latter. Several of those who came into Saint Johns on that car informed relatives of where Miss Hanks had been left and they immediately went to meet her, as the night was very dark. During her walk she heard several groups of men near the road—and when one of those who went to meet her blew his police whistle there were ejaculations and some lively getting away.

### Lodge Elects Officers.

Laurel Lodge No. 186, I. O. O. F., held its election of officers on Monday evening—with the following result:

N. G.—Paschal Hill.  
V. G.—George M. Hall.  
Secretary—E. F. Monohan.  
Treasurer—W. W. Hicks.  
Trustees—T. J. Monohan, O. Chapel, H. E. Hewitt.

Although the lodge has been instituted less than three months it has a pleasing membership and is steadily growing in strength. The newly-elected officers will not be installed till some date in July.

### For Mutual Good.

THE REVIEW is doing all it can to advertise Saint Johns in an honest manner. It is paying money to call attention to this paper—and the more THE REVIEW is circulated the better this town will be known and sought. Every resident should help circulate this paper—because it is for the good of the whole community. If you have an eastern acquaintance who might be induced to locate here send him the paper for a year: it is cheaper and better than writing letters, and much more complete. Come in and talk it over.

Just what you need to make you better: some of that fine pastry at the Saint Johns Bakery—opposite the Review office.

### BIG INDUSTRY.

Few People Realize The Vastness Of The "Basket Factory."

A visit to the plant of the Portland Manufacturing Company, here in Saint Johns, can be made productive of much information to those not already posted as to its scope and its products. The title of the concern is misleading in so far as it would lead one to infer that it was a Portland institution; yet as it has been under that title that its immense trade has been built up it will doubtless go ahead just the same.

Through the courtesy of G. H. Carlson, who is president as well as manager of the plant, the writer recently enjoyed a hurried trip over larger portion of the plant. It is enough to open the eyes of the most unbelieving to note how handily and how deftly the baskets are fashioned to suit the needs of the various products for which these goods are used.

Here one sees a lad weaving and interweaving strips of flexible wood into a long strip some three feet wide. Ere he is through with it the breadth may be a half mile long—or it may be needed at once to be cut by a hand saw into proper lengths for a measuring basket for hops. Here we see girls bending thin veneers and clamping them with metal bands to make fruit baskets. The quick eye in an instant discerns a bit of wood unfit for use: a knotty section or one partially split is at once thrown out as waste.

Then there's the lad who bends and fastens the steamed lengths into hoops for the barrels, the baskets, and the like. A couple of rapid motions, a few taps of the hammer, and the hoop is tossed over upon a spindle till it may be required. It is interesting to watch the construction of a hop-pickers' basket—where upon that center wood base is laid the thin, peculiarly-shaped bits of oak veneer, and the basket then tacked and shaped and rimmed; and it is all done so adroitly and so accurately as to be very interesting to the beholder.

Then there is the excelsior plant where wood is whittled down to a size as small as a politician's conscience and curled like a singed hair. There are wood-baskets, shaped like an old-fashioned sunbonnet with the end bitten out, strong and durable and not unhandy. Big baskets, little baskets, market baskets: lean baskets and baskets as robust as a Portland brewer: lunch baskets and baskets that never will hold a lunch.

Although only four years old this factory has built up a business of which the officials may well feel proud. The exhibit at the Portland fair would be a great attraction to thousands who may be interested in this line of work—and will bring considerable notoriety to the city of Saint Johns. The plant is proving some of the possibilities of Oregon wood—and every citizen of this community should say good words for it.

### Enjoyed a Picnic.

Seven little girls and two little boys enjoyed a picnic down by the Columbia slough on Saturday. They carried their lunches and gathered wild strawberries to their hearts' content. They reported a day of much pleasure. Their names are as follows: Maud, Ina and Philip Peterson, Jennie and Palmer McVicker, Gladys Brederson, Gertrude McCarty, Esther Leberman and Wylene Thorndyke.

### Fished With Forks.

Messrs. Adams, Titus and Wheeler—all of the Point View district—went fishing last Saturday "just like a lot o' kids." They had a good time—and told no fish stories upon their return. It is a fact, however, that some of the fish caught were landed by the aid of pitchforks—because they were too unwieldy to pull in with hook and line. At least a dozen of the catch weighed about five pounds each.

### Doing Some Hustling.

The W. H. King Land Company is certainly trying to secure new residents here, and helping push along. Thursday of last week this company sold for Mrs. Catlin block 24 in James Johns second addition. P. J. Peterson and F. A. Smith were the purchasers and the consideration was \$2500.

### Change of Firm.

The meat market heretofore conducted under the firm name of Smith & Donnelly has changed hands—and now E. Donnelly is the sole and only owner. R. B. Smith disposed of his interest—and intends to enter upon other business ventures.

### MEMORY.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH GOODRICH.

Sweet zephyrs, floating listlessly,  
Oh, gentle waves from everywhere  
With pure symphonies, where I look  
My soul thrills with their sacred air!  
True as the words of childhood dear,  
When dreamland shadows softly creep,  
Charmingly lips that evening prayer—  
"Now, as I lay me down to sleep!"

The pealing chimes ring soft and low  
In rhythmic waves through vaulted frame  
While from the nave I love to hear,  
Sweet songs and praises to His name.  
The organ's tones caress and kiss  
The gothic arch's majestic sweep;  
Trysting, I hear my mother's prayer—  
"I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep!"

Beyond the fain, on starry worlds,  
O'er boundless seas, my spirit flies;  
When through the night is shrilly borne  
The stormy petrel's plaintive cry:  
No place to rest her weary feet;  
Her tireless wings must ceaseless make:  
Throughout the storm there comes that prayer—  
"When God desires my soul to take!"

I watch her flight across the sea;  
I see the lightning's awful flash;  
I hear the thunder's deafening roar;  
I listen to the tempest's crash!  
But oft there comes that longing hope  
As combing waves their white crests  
break;  
The memory of sweet childhood's prayer,  
"Joyfully in His arms I'll wake!"

SAINT JOHNS, OREGON,  
May 30, 1905.

### Charmingly Entertained.

The Portland Women's auxiliary to the Railway Mail Service met at the home of Mrs. Charles Whitmer, of Point View, last Thursday. Eighteen members and two visitors were present.

Roll call was responded to by quotations and readings from James Russell Lowell. After the usual routine of business the following program was given:  
Sketch of Lowell's life and home—Mrs. A. B. Kidder.  
Review of "Sir Launfal's Vision"—Mrs. James Zehrunge.  
Reading—Mrs. Abrahams.  
Piano Solo—Miss Bessie Whitmer.

After adjournment the guests were invited to the dining room where delicious refreshments were daintily served. After a social hour the guests left for their homes voting Mrs. Whitmer and daughter ideal entertainers.

### A Few Thorns.

Down near Mist is a place called Kist. Many a dear delightful girl has also been.

Evidently the political parties of Portland think it is "a long Lane that has no turn."

Some journals now write it "Myr Wms." Others assert that after election it will be written "Pants." Well, let 'er roll!

A Hillsboro man secured his wife through "Heart and Hand." After a trial assay he lost her through "Liver and Lights."

The matter of abbreviation is carried entirely too far when a breeder of Wyandotte chickens writes his advertisement "Y &."

When a man has too many wives he's a bigamist. We know one man who has only one wife—and he thinks that's too many. Still, he's not a bigamist.

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet" may be correct—but to us it seems that arose by any other name would be "got up." Possibly we may be in error.

It is reported that a noiseless typewriter has been invented. We suppose that is one of the kind who will look up into your eyes as she puckers up her lips—and when she lets go, it sort o' soft like. They're all right too.

At Marceline, Missouri, a man who received \$3000 for the loss of a leg admitted that he purposely thrust it under the wheels of a moving locomotive. It's a pity he didn't chuck his head under and get twenty-seven cents for its loss.

If your scalp is itchy; or if you have a tired feeling; or if your mother-in-law abuses you; or if your corns are ripening; or if you are dizzy; if bothered with any of these, one year's subscription to THE REVIEW will help you. We make a rate of one dollar a year to anyone suffering as above.

Maud Muller gazed with gaze intense  
As she rubbed over the back-yard fence,  
To where some men, by fits and jumps,  
Were blowing the waddin' from old fir stumps.  
When a judge came along; he was sleek  
and good;  
He sauntered to where the maiden stood,  
He forgot all about the dynamite  
As he looked at the girl; oh, lovely sight!  
There came a boom—a dusty air—  
And chunks of stump went on a tear.  
A fragment struck—and struck him good  
Between his back and where Maud stood  
: : : : :  
When he came to be said, "Oh, Lord!  
I never knew that 'her name was Maud!"

THORN.

### SURE TO COME.

Sneak Thieves Will Surely be Seen Here this Summer.

Residents of Saint Johns will certainly have to be a bit careful from this time on regarding their property—because of the fact that some of the thieves brought to Portland by the fair will try to "pick up an easy dollar" in suburban points. We do not believe that this locality will be "over-run" with the critters—but we do assert that evidence now points to the fact that the business will be overdone in Portland and some of the mavericks will lie over to this point.

Some of this class have already been seen and heard here—although no deprecations have yet been reported to the authorities. One class of these fellows sends out as scouts someone who is either an agent for some small cheap article or one who may be taking orders for some household necessity. If he can get into a home and it "looks good to him" he reports—and that home will be marked as easy prey.

Sunday last there were a couple suspicious-appearing men closely studying the exterior of several houses and noting the adjoining grounds. It is possible, of course, that these men were upon a legitimate investigating tour—yet they seemed a bit too inquisitive. They spoke to no one and avoided conversation—and finally disappeared as quietly as they had a few hours before made their appearance.

It will be just as well to run no risks by keeping any large sums of cash about the homes or in insecure safes. The class of men who will annoy is not a class who will go beyond grabbing whatever may be loose about the premises. They would commit no serious crime. The opening of a bank here places a safe depository for cash within reach of all: heretofore other means have been taken to protect large sums of money, and, no doubt, this has been well known by the "fraternity."

It will remove the source of temptation if our citizens rely less upon their own ability to protect cash, and retain only small sums about them. And it will aid all if every case of attempt to force an entrance and every sign of any suspicious-appearing individuals be reported to the police department. It is simply impossible for a limited police force to cover a town so widely spread as is this one—but if all due aid be given the authorities no doubt possible loss will be averted.

### Opening Next Sunday.

The formal opening of the big Congregational Tabernacle of Saint Johns will take place next Sunday, June 4. At ten o'clock there will be a grand Sunday school rally for old and young, and a large children's chorus will furnish music. It will be conducted by State Superintendent H. N. Smith.

At eleven Rev. Cephas F. Clapp, state superintendent of missions, will conduct preaching service. The male quartette will sing at the "song and praise service" at two-thirty in the afternoon—which will be conducted by Arthur Johnson. At three o'clock Rev. Elwin L. House, D. D., pastor of First Congregational church of Portland, will preach.

At six-thirty John A. Rockwood, state president of Y. P. S. C. E., will conduct a young people's meeting. A gospel service will be held at seven-fortyfive, which will be conducted by Rev. W. L. Uphaw, of Oklahoma. The plan is to make this the beginning of a rousing gospel campaign in Saint Johns.

### A Foreign Shipment.

The Jobs flouring mill has finished its shipment of flour to China and Japan. There was a little bunch of more than 20,000 sacks of Saint Johns flour embraced in the deal—and it made the sweat start on the mill-hands to get the load off. There is no doubt of duplicate orders from the same source in the near future.

### Did Well Financially.

The Catholic ladies of Saint Johns are pleased with their success at their picnic and dance last Friday evening. The affair took place at Cedar Park and a goodly crowd was present. About \$40 is given as the net receipts, for which Mrs. Grady, who managed the affair, is grateful.

### TENTS.

We are agents for one of the largest tent and awning factories in Portland. Will save you money on that tent you are going to buy. POTTER & GOULD, next door to postoffice.

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