

PERSONAL NOTES.

Mrs. J. D. Lawrence, of Livingston, Mont., is visiting the Hubert family in St. Johns.

Mrs. W. L. Axtel, of Dilley, Ore., is the guest of her aunt Mrs. W. H. King. She will spend a couple of weeks here.

E. W. Scott and family left Tuesday for their old home in Clark County, Illinois. Mr. Scott will return in the spring—at least it is hoped so.

William Shepard, a brother of Richard Shepard, recently arrived from Iowa, to visit his brother and is looking around with a view of becoming a resident of St. Johns.

The Elections.

The result of last Tuesday's election was a landslide for the republicans, carrying their opponents out of sight. The result in Oregon was a foregone conclusion, so far as the presidential vote was concerned, the only live issue being prohibition. Five counties only voted in favor of prohibition, while only three precincts in Multnomah County voted in the affirmative, University Park, Montavilla and Powell Valley.

In St. Johns precinct prohibition was defeated by eleven votes—108 for and 117 against. Of course, this does not mean that St. Johns is, without further question a "wet" town. The matter will have to be determined by the city council, and Mayor Cook says most emphatically that the council will fight saloon licenses to the bitter end. It is understood the council unanimously supports the position of the mayor.

The school bond question was a living issue here. The electors decided by a vote 40 for and 55 against the proposed issuance of \$10,000 of bonds to make additions to the present school building.

The total vote cast here was very light. Sixty-eight persons swore in their votes, having failed to register.

The venerable John H. Scherrer and wife, of East Portland, visited our city Thursday of this week. He expressed himself as more than delighted with St. Johns. Mr. Scherrer is said to be the oldest Odd Fellow in the state. Tuesday he went to the polls and cast his vote. We suggested Roosevelt, by way of a guess. "Oh, yes! oh, yes! for Roosevelt, of course!" interposed the well pleased wife. Mr. Scherrer was born June, 1811, and is therefore in his 94th year. He has resided in Paris, New York, Chicago and Portland, and may yet live in St. Johns. He was just 40 years old when he crossed the Atlantic, but it took so long then, 49 days, he said, that he said "I felt that I must have been born on the ocean." The old gentleman is quite cheerful and witty. And, gentle dames, it would do you good to hear his loving and attentive wife always address him "Honey." "He never wants to get old," remarked the wife.

C. W. Potter, formerly one of the owners of the Linnton sawmill, is building a fine residence on his lots in St. Johns Park.

S. L. Ogden, of North St. Johns, called yesterday, and stated that work continues boring for oil, and the prospects are encouraging.

The St. Johns Land Co. is erecting a neat building on east side of Jersey street. The company will occupy the front for their own offices. The Review has leased the rear room, and hopes to be located before the next issue of the paper. The room has been specially finished to accommodate the fine new printing plant ordered for The Review.

A masquerade ball has been announced for Wednesday evening, November 23, at Bickner's hall, under the auspices of St. Johns Camp No. 773, Woodmen of the World. Good music has been secured, and a good time is anticipated.

C. D. Edwards sold his house and lot, near the veneer works, for \$550. Daniel Brecht was the purchaser.

DON'T WAIT TO DO GOOD.

Now is the time to do good now is the time to scatter sunshine and above all now is the time to cheer a brother who is lonely and sad by kind words and loving deeds.

Oh if you have a smile for anyone give it now, don't wait! Life is said to be "what we make it;" but oh, I think our friends and brothers yes, and all whom we meet from day to day add their mite in forming our lives for we are susceptible to influence more or less.

The geniality and warmth of the smile invigorates whereas the frown and the harsh words depress; but how thoughtless we are, many a time when we frown, we might just as well smile. If anyone has a kind word—a word that would cheer another—Oh, give it now.

Don't wait until it is too late, for the days are fleeting by and now is the time they need your words of comfort and cheer to help them tread the rough path of life.

If you have a strange brother in your midst make him welcome that he may feel that he has a place in your heart and your Lodge.

If you have a kiss for someone give it now while the lips are warm with life and can thrill with love and joy.

It is grand and noble to be able to produce a smile instead of a frown like a flash of light in the darkness.

The frown is darkness—yea, death itself, but the smile is life, sweet life.

Let us—as brothers—all send out more sunshine in the world to lighten the pathway of our brothers, friends and neighbors.

Our flowers, our love or our smiles will most assuredly help the living. We all hunger after each other's sympathy and love; give it ere it be too late.

It is grand and noble to love; and in love we share each other's burdens and dispel the darkness and scatter sunshine all around.

"Let's be awful happy boys

Every blessed minute,

Then the old world's bound to have

Lots of sunshine in it;

For the old sun when he sees

Us so blooming jolly,

Bet you he'll cheer up and say

I'm with you boys o'golly."

—L. S. Livingston.

WHEN ADAM WAS A KID.

There ain't much fun in livin' now
For little kids like me,
'Cause ev'rybody's down on me
An' folks won't let us be.
It didn't use to be that way
When Adam was a kid.
He Wasn't bullyragged and jawed
For everything he did.

He didn't have to go to church
An' Sunday-school an' such,
Nor wash himself, nor brush his hair
Nor sit up straight—not much.
He done whatever he'd a mind—
For nuthin' was forbid—
You bet that boys had jolly times
When Adam was a kid.

If he went through the melon patch—
As kids most always do,
He didn't have no dad to take
An' lick him black and blue;
An' when he heard his mother's voice
He never run an' hid;
Boys didn't have no pa and ma
When Adam was a kid.

The world, folks say, is wiser now,
An' better too, than then,
But I can't see that latter times
Turns out much better men.
May be we've got more books and
schools
Than what the ancients did
But people had more common sense
When Adam was a kid.

I wish them times would come ag'n
To little kids once more
And let the world wag on ag'n,
Just like it done before.
Who wouldn't like to be a boy
If he could live amid
Such bully times as them
When Adam was a kid?
—C. C. Johnson.

Somebody did a golden deed;
Somebody proved a friend in need;
Somebody sang a beautiful song;
Somebody smiled the whole day long
Somebody thought, "'Tis sweet to
live."
Somebody said, "I'm glad to give;"
Somebody fought a valiant fight;
Somebody lived to shield the right;
Was that somebody you?

AMATEURS AND PROFESSIONALS.

(Frank S. Butterworth in November Outing).
An amateur is one who plays for pleasure only; he can play with whom he pleases, as long as he plays for pleasure alone. He may play with or against a team which is being paid or playing for gate money; he may play with professionals or against them. There is no reason why an amateur should not play in any company he pleases so long as he enjoys it, provided he plays only for that reason. The professional is one who engages in athletics for a livelihood. This, however, would not make a professional baseball player a professional tennis player, men who are playing for a livelihood, that Experience has taught, that as a rule is for money, place a small value on pleasure and are ready to mar the game by quarreling, trickery or unfair dealing. It is only when the professional hurts the pleasure of the game that he is objectionable. This is not the distinction perceived by our makers of rules, who have been so absorbed in the money, summer baseball and summer board question that they have failed to notice how rapidly they were erasing in the amateur world all the unpleasant characteristics of the professional, the most notable of which is quarrelsomeness and making a business of it all.

The colleges for their athletic intercourse need only the common rule that an amateur is one who has received no compensation for his athletic skill; that those who have received such compensation are professionals, and that professionals are barred. With all subscribing to this simple rule and living up to it only an agreement to meet annually each year for a common period would be further needed.

I cannot walk fast in mama's shoes.
—Belle.

Well, and why did you loan yours to your dry goods clerk. By this time he should have a pair of his own.

If it costs me 50 cents I am going to take Della to the theater.—William the law student.

W. J. Peddicord

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