Our Local Grist

It now seems to grow warmer.

Anyway, the nights are always cool.

And still our subscription list increases.

Mrs. T. J. Monahan was on the sick list the first of this week.

Mrs. Ida Wing, of Hot Spring, visited Mrs. Effie Mossman last Thursday.

Four inches below the surface in well tilled gardens soil is nicely damp.

Mrs. Mary Schilling, of Minneapolis, is visiting her father, John Haggerty.

S. W. Simmons figures that he has the finest team of draft horses in the district.

Mrs. Valla Smith, daughter of B. F. Reilley, has been on the sick list for a few days.

On Tuesday, June 27, a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. S. Rasperson. And so we grow.

Noah Hufford, of Thayer, Kansas, is spending the summer with his brother, E. J. Hufford.

Mrs. H. Cummings, of Forrest Grove, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. E. C. Cole, of Point View.

James Stotts and wife, of LaGrande, were visiting and sight-seeing in Saint Johns last pressday.

J. A. Kissel, of Anacortes, Washington, was visiting with Edward Magoon one day last week.

Mrs. Sarah Riede, of Elroy, Wisconsin, sister of Mrs. Edward Legard, is visiting here for the summer.

C. W. Bolen has returned from a visit with his brother-in-law, W. Dickerson, of Rockwood, Oregon.

Oscar Isaacson commenced work on his new house in North Saint Johns the latter part of last week.

G. A. Dyson, interested at Eugene and Jacksonville, was looking over this city the latter part of the week.

B. F. Reilly is home from Eagle Gorge, Washington. He is a sawyer in the Page Lumber Mill of that place.

J. W. Davis lately moved into his fine residence on Tyler street. Mr. Davis is a retired farmer of Vancouver district.

Mrs. Emma Looney and Ida Bonser, of The Oakes, visited Mrs. C. W. Bolen on Tyler street Thursday of last week.

D. F. Mack and wife, of Nampa, Idaho, was in town last Saturday, looking around. They like Saint Johns very well.

A lady coming out from Portland recently on the car asked her friend, very earnestly, "How much larger is Saint Johns than Portland?"

With one exception last Saturday was the hottest day Portland has experienced in thirty years. It was unfairly warm here in Saint Johns also.

E. Simmons, of Saginaw, Michigan, who is visiting relatives in Portland, was in this city last Saturday. He says that Saint Johns has a great future.

R. D. Southwell started to Eastern Oregon with his team and wagon last Sunday to work in the harvest field. He will be gone about two months.

Mrs. Fred Valentine is visiting her mother at LaCrosse, Washington. Before returning Mrs. Valentine will make brief visits with relatives elsewhere.

In last weeks' issue the name of Miss Cora Dingle was mentioned as a guest of Rev. and Mrs. E. E. McVicker. The name should have read Miss Cora Spangle.

R. H. Hoegan, who received injuries at the shingle mill two months ago, does not improve very fast. He is doing light work around the mill, most of the time acting as watchman.

C. A. Ross, who has been repairing the footwear of the people of Portsmouth, is now in Saint Johns in the same business. His shop is on Tacoma street, at rear of W. J. Peddicord's office.

Mrs. S. J. Mak and Mrs. G. W. Lyons and daughter, of Inwood, Iowa, are visiting at the home of Mrs. Massey. Mr. Mak, who expects soon to come out here, is the editor of the Inwood Herald and the Doon Press.

Hans Freeman, who hails from Volga, South Dakota, is in Saint Johns. He is guest of his old-time acquaintances P. J. Peterson and C. H. Brederson. He was at one time a barber, but, having become wealthy, he has quit work.

S. W. Simmons commenced at seven o'clock Monday morning the work of excavating for the large addition to the schoolhouse. The surplus soil is being dumped in the low spots on the block north of the school property.

Honorable L. M. Curl, of Albany, and L. M. Stinson, of Salem, Grand Chancellor and Grand Keeper of Records and Seal respectively, were guests of the fellow Knights of Pythias in general and C. W. Potter in particular last Monday.

O. R. Downs and family left Monday for Newport, Oregon, intending to spend a couple of months on the coast. They were accompanied by Mr. Downs' daughter, Mrs. Dobson, of Helena, Oregon, and his sister, Mrs. Fogel, of Red Cloud, Nebraska.

Mrs. G. C. Mellott, who has been confined to her room for the last few days on account of the heat, expects to return to her Alaskan home as soon as she is in condition to stand the trip. Mr. Mellott, who is in Alaska now, is interested in gold mines there.

Baptists are endeavoring to form a church in Saint Johns and nearly fifty people gathered at the home of Edward Stockton last Friday night for a prayer meeting. All spent an enjoyable time on the fine large veranda and lawn. Rev. Bledso, of South Portland, gave a short interesting talk.

If the owners of some of the outhouses about the city would consider health they would occasionally drop into the vault a few pounds of quicklime to deodorize the place. In several places about the city unhealthful odors are wafted upon every breeze, a condition not conducive to health, comfort or pleasure.

J. A. Leach and son, Oscar, are here from Kansas City visiting with Thomas Higgins and family. Mr. Leach is in the stock business and is buying western horses to send east. He has already shipped seventeen carloads from Colorado and Wyoming. He likes Oregon very much and is especially pleased with Saint Johns.

W. H. Graves, who lives down the hill on the waterfront, concluded last week that his home needed a bit of fixing. His roof had not been touched for more than a score of years and was heavily covered with moss. This was cleaned by Moe & Clark and a coat of their fireproof roof paint applied, making the roof appear about as new. Other betterments to the property will soon follow.

A Few Thorns.

Willie had a cigaret
And a little match
Sat beside a powder-keg
Never thought 'twould catch.
Willie was a pretty boy,
Aged about eleven.
Funeral tomorrow noon,
If he gets down by seven!

Goodbye, Royal Anne, goodbye!

According to the Advance, Adams had a fine "gelebration" on the Fourth.

Many a man figures that he wishes a real wife when what he really needs is a nurse and some gum.

The number of wedding permits issued in Portland last month broke the record. Many of these permits, very likely, broke the groom.

When an attorney thinks it is all up with his client he usually tries to make out a faulty indictment. See Senator Mitchell's attorney.

When Portland's city council makes a present to the mayor there seems to be a string on the gift. Wonder if trading stamps went with it?

June brides are not in it any more—but the yearn for a new flavor of ice cream and a new issue of a man still agitates the young maids' breasts.

A Toledo, Ohio, man has invented a "successful" airship. As the inventor's name is Knabenshue it is believed that he has glued wings to the thing.

For financial reaon the writer i$ not attending any of the more fa$hionable gathering$. It co$t$ real dollar$ to buy real clothe$ and $o we are $imply $taying $eque$tered.

Sometimes a man gets grouchy when he sees his wife minus her warpaint and wearing a dirty apron. Still, she has to see him without any collar on and his galluses hanging down his back. Which is worse?

John D. Rockefeller has just given ten millions of dollars for "higher education." If he'll give us that much we'll study the oil business on the top floor of a twenty-story building. That ought to be high enough.

If you care to know how it feels to be a mayor and receive a cut-glass-and-silver "loving cup" as a gift from the council—and then have to dig down in your own pocket and pay for it—just try to borrow $103 from yourself.

The Woodburn Independent has what many a country paper lacks—a real editorial column. Some of our exchanges have editorials on "Proud Pills for Pretty People," "Uneeda Shave," and arnica salve, mixed with editorials written with the shears. Not so the Independent.

"I love you, dear!" I've often heard this
termed a sweet expression
Whether uttered by the mother, by the
sweetheart or the wife;
I know it often proves a most extravagant expression,
And I've seen it keep a man tied down
for life.
I've seen it end in lawsuits: I have seen
it end in marriage:
I've seen it when the fellow said he
wished he hadn't spoke:
I've seen it cost a lover a fine sealskin
cloak or carriage:
I have seen it where the husband, too,
went badly, sadly broke.
Four other little words I know that cause
a heap of sorrow,
That often make us gnash our teeth
and grumble for a while;
We note and frequently observe "We'll
settle that tomorrow."
Although when that is said to us we
never, never smile.
Those little words we hear so oft, those
simple little creatures,
That make the living of our life seem
pretty near up hill,
Come at us all so frequently we recognize
their features
When we see the man approaching,
saying
"Mister
Here's
Your
Bill!"

THORN.

THIS IS OFFICIAL.

(Concluded from Page One.)

strong as it might be, I think it heavy enough to throw a stream over any building in town. Unfortunately for the water company there are no hills in Saint Johns, and we cannot get pressure unless we build elevated tanks, and this is what we are preparing to do.

"Do we wish to sell the plant? Well, we have offered it to the city of Saint Johns for what it has cost us. We have expended $30000 and will sell it for that amount. At present the plant does not pay. If we keep the plant a number of years and get it on a paying basis it will not be for sale. Operating a water system is a business proposition, and should be treated as such. Again I repeat we are trying to keep up to the requirements of the town, and think we are doing so.

"Have we any kicks to make? Possibly one or two. However, we are not complaining."

THE REVIEW gives the above interview for the information it contains, and to straighten out the conflicting stories in regard to the water system of Saint Johns.

The Wicked Flea Whom All Men Pursueth.

Fleas bite,
Hold tight,
Wife fight
All night.
Morning,
Same thing;
Fleas—Bing!
By jing!