

THE ST JOHNS REVIEW

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FRIDAY, JUNE 14, 1907.

Will Mayor Lane swing a big stick during his second term.

If things keep on the name of Oregon will be changed to U'Ren.

The business men composing the Marshfield Commercial club spend \$500 a month advertising the resources of that town. Suppose—

The furniture trust is reported to have been dissolved. Whether this will have any effect on the price of furniture remains to be seen.

Irrespective of the guilt of Moyer, Haywood or Pettibone that creature Orchard will go down in history as one of the greatest monsters of modern times.

Who is the man to wage the war upon obnoxious weeds and thistles? There are many of them growing nicely and will soon be going to seed in this man's town unless destroyed at once.

Talk about punishing your enemies! Look at Mayor Lane of Portland giving the saloons keepers the pumpkin smile and at the same time letting the district attorney knock the tar out of them. Doctor Harry has a unique way of chastising.

Many of us have heard that old, old story about the dollar that was sent away to a mail order house, but when it comes to sending away from home for what you want St. Johns has a bunch that can give the mail order buyers cards and spades and then have something left.

Guess all you want to on this bluff about closing the saloons on Sunday, but guess twice that it will not stick. It is simply a grand stand play for a little cheap advertising. The saloons may close for one or two Sundays but a way will be discovered to avoid the enforcement of the law.

Oregon, a Republican state, has a Democratic governor; Portland, a Republican city, has a Democratic mayor. And now Tom Richardson threatens to run for congress on the Democratic ticket. If he runs that means a Democratic member of congress from a Republican state. You bet, Oregon is going some.

Coal to right of us, coal to left of us, coal on all sides of us and millions of cords of wood on a thousand hills, and still Oregon is threatened with a fuel famine next winter. The thought is something awful, but it is a fact nevertheless. But as long as the railroads do not send out a signal to hog the and rob us of our valuables we may all be thankful.

We have all heard the big crop stories from many parts of the country, but a White River Valley rancher living near Tacoma spoke his little piece the other day. When he finished all the crop lies between Kalamazoo and the Salton sea hung their heads. The Washington man claims to have cleared \$100,000 off of a 125-acre field of potatoes.

Joaquin Miller says he will soon return to Oregon to take up a residence for the purpose of becoming a candidate for the United States senate. This is all perfectly right and proper, but if the quaint old mountaineer will explain away the charge of plagiarism against him concerning one of his most popular rhymes the people of Oregon will be just as well satisfied.

That little election technicality did not seem to invalidate the big issue of bonds by the city of Portland, and the \$5,000,000 bonds voted at the recent election are 22-carats fine according to the Portland bankers who want to nibble at the pile. But when St. Johns wanted to issue a little bit of a bond to build a city hall she had an awful hard row to hoe all on account of the decision of these very same bankers.

W. S. U'Ren, the man who mutilated the referendum law last winter so as to make it unintelligible to the ordinary understanding, now suggests that the people get up another bill and pass it by the initiative process. Thanks. Before the people go to all this trouble we would suggest that they first catch this schemer and wring his neck. Anything less would be too good for Billy.

ANOTHER TRUST.

Only a few days ago the great furniture trust of the Northwest was exposed and broken up, and Judge Wolverton was not done passing sentence on the violators of the law when the Portland Journal laid bare the acts and extortions of another combine—the plumbers of Portland—one of the most villainous schemes ever devised to rob an unsuspecting people. The Journal estimates that this infamous combination has robbed the builders of blocks and dwelling houses of \$81,000 during the last five months. For some time past people began to suspect that there was something wrong when they called for bids from these gentlemen. They knew that their prices were enormous—about double what they used to be—but they were put off by the statement that the price of iron had so advanced that it was impossible to sell their wares at the old prices; and not only that, but that all the material used in plumbing had also advanced, and the poor victim would call on another establishment only to get precisely the same figures again. When any new firm refused to join the combine he was forced into it by the others. The wholesalers refused to furnish him goods, and he had to either throw in his lot with the others or go out of business.

Now what is to be done? Will this combine be allowed to go on robbing the people in defiance of the law? We hope not. There is no good reason why this trust cannot be "busted" as well as the furniture trust. Let it be done.

Walter Wellman has only a short time in which to advertise that trip to the north pole.

School election on Monday next. We trust that whoever is elected will be a clean, progressive citizen—an honor to himself and a credit to the schoolboard.

Old Mayor Schmitz is now on the gridiron in San Francisco. Hope Hency will roast him to a finish. No punishment is too severe for this old mountebank.

Orchard may be a scoundrel, liar and murderer, but he possesses excellent nerve, wonderful courage and an extraordinary memory. Pity that such an able man should be such a consummate rascal.

The Helix Herald publishes a notice to the effect that it will cease to exist after June 14. Bro. Ferguson has been giving the people of the eastern Oregon town a mighty good paper and more than the worth of their money.

Steel is being laid upon the new north bank road at the rate of a mile a day. At the same time the O. R. & N. is shortening its road by eliminating all curves possible. A trip up the Columbia shows hundreds of laborers employed at every available point on both sides of the river, and the blasting for the building of a new railroad on one side is reechoed by the blasts caused by the improvements on the old one on the other.

No special delivery postage stamps will be needed after July 1 to insure the immediate delivery of a letter. Pursuant to an Act of the last session of congress, Postmaster General Meyer has issued an order that on and after July 1, if there be attached to any letter or package of mail matter to cents worth of stamps of any denomination, with the words "special delivery" written or printed on the envelope or covering, in addition to the postage required for ordinary delivery, the article will be handled as if it were a regulation special delivery stamp.

A man in Portland who is supposed "to be in on the know" says in regard to the proposed Sunday closing law: "John Manning does not want to close the saloons on Sunday. The law is there, however, and he can shut them up as tight as a cork in a bottle. If the law is carried out The Oaks will have to close. That would be hitting the street car company below the belt. None of the wise ones will stand for this. But Manning will have to do something, now that he has made the play. Perhaps there will be a close up for a Sunday or two, and then a way will be discovered that will lead the troubled ones out of the woods."

The matter of vacating that portion of Charleston street bordering on the river near the Marine Iron works, although scheduled to come before the council last Tuesday night, was not called up. It is understood the matter will come up at the meeting next Tuesday night. From members of the council we learn that the application of the Marine Iron works is likely to be rejected. It should be. Just why the city should give away this valuable piece of property because some one asks for it is a hard matter to explain. Let this strip sixty feet wide be exchanged for a strip of the same width adjoining the city dock. Or, if this cannot be done, let things stand as they are. Again, if the council wishes to get rid of this particular tract of ground, let it be leased for a term of years. But never give it away.

CHINA AND GLASSWARE.

When Broken, Don't Be Too Hasty In Throwing It Away.
Because glassware, china and bric-a-brac get broken is no reason for throwing them away, for unless some of the pieces are lost they can be patched and glued together and made to look like new, if one is careful to fit the edges closely together. They should be practical for use, too, if water or liquid are not left standing in them.

Clear glass is the most difficult of these to mend because it must be done so expertly to prevent the crack from showing.
The best kind of glue for clear glass is made from a solution of two ounces of isinglass and half a pint of gin poured into an open mouthed bottle and set in the sun until it dissolves. It should be shaken well every day and before being used should be strained through a clean lawn cloth.

When ready for the gluing the broken glass pieces should be well washed in hot suds, especially on the edges, dried, and then with a small camel's hair brush the cement should be put on the edges of both pieces and when they are nicely fitted together rubber bands or clean strips of cloth should be banded tightly around them to hold the edges well together until the glue dries.

If the cement has been properly made the break should really not be visible when dry, for the reason many cracks look jagged when mended is because the edges have not been well joined and, bubbles of air getting in, reflect the light, making the ragged, broken lines glaringly apparent.

Bric-a-brac that is part metal and glass should not be so difficult to fix over, particularly where the two materials meet, for often a paste of sifted plaster of paris mixed with the beaten white of an egg will make them as strong and good as new. This work must be done quickly, for within five minutes after putting it on the pieces it hardens and holds the metal and glass or china tightly together.

Two metal pieces should be mended with solder. To do this the edges should first be carefully dusted, washed if they are very dirty and resin brushed over them. Then when fitted well together and tied in place a stick of solder should be laid above the break and a hot iron brought down lightly on it. When the solder cools the melted resin may be removed with a cloth dipped in alcohol.

The Man in the Moon in Germany.
The German legend tells us that ages ago an old man went one Sunday morning into the forest to cut timber (heavens!). He cut a bundle of fagots and swung them over his shoulder and began to trudge home.

On the way he met a remarkable looking individual with a face as bright as the sun. "Do you know, old man, that it is Sunday on earth, but when they rest from their labors?" asked the stranger. "Sunday on earth or Monday in hell, it is all the same to me," said the hardened old wretch.

"Then bear your bundle forever," said the stranger as he vanished from sight. A moment later the old man and his fagots were deposited on the moon, where they stand to this day, a perpetual warning to all Sabbath breakers.

A Conscientious Patient.
"Medicine won't help you any," the doctor told his patient. "What you need is a complete change of living. Get away to some quiet country place for a month. Go to bed early, eat more roast beef, drink plenty of good, rich milk, and smoke just one cigar a day."
A month later the patient walked into the doctor's office. He looked like a new man, and the doctor told him so.

"Yes, doctor, your advice certainly did the business. I went to bed early and did all the other things you told me. But, say, doctor, that one cigar a day almost killed me at first. It's no joke starting in to smoke at my time of life."—Everybody's Magazine.

Not in the Succession.
The young pastor was examining the Sunday school and asked the class just in front of him if any of them could tell anything about the Apostle Peter. A little girl raised her hand.

"Come up here, my little lady," said the minister. "I am much gratified to see that you have remembered your lesson. Now, tell the school what you know about Peter."

The little girl was quite willing, and commenced, "Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater, had a wife and couldn't keep her, put her in a"—
But they never heard where he put her, on account of the general uproar.—Congregationalist.

To Exchange.
Farm of 160 acres, near Albany, Ore., worth \$5000, to trade for St. Johns property. Inquire 7 1/2 First street, Portland. Also 80 acres to trade for lots.

For Trade.
Property in Hood River for St. Johns lots. Henderson, 243 Stark.

Call in and subscribe now.

AN INDIAN EXPERIENCE.

Trials of a Girl Who Was Captured by the Sioux.

The winter of 1856-57 was one long to be remembered by the people of Iowa and Minnesota for its bitter cold weather, deep snow and violent storms, which rendered communication between the different settlements almost impossible. A great many of the settlements were on the extreme frontier and absolutely unprotected and defenseless. It was during this winter that the Sioux attacked and destroyed the family of Mr. Rowland Gardner. They killed all except a young daughter, Abbie, who was taken into captivity, but was rescued through the efforts of the United States government. In "The Spirit Lake Massacre" she tells something of her captivity:

Whenever the Indians thought to torture me by threatening to take my life I would merely bow my head. My tearless acquiescence and willingness to die seemed to fill them all with wonder. They thought it a sign of bravery.
Soon after my capture one of the warriors, who was sitting by me one day in the tent, thinking to test my courage or to be amused at my fears, took his revolver from his belt and began loading it, while he gave me to understand that he would kill me as soon as it was loaded. I merely bowed my head to signify that I was ready.

When the revolver was all loaded he drew back the hammer and held the weapon close to my head. I quietly bowed my head, expecting he would do as he said. But instead of that he lowered the weapon and looked at me as if astonished and then laughed uproariously. So amused was he that he told his companions of it, and it was a favorite subject of conversation.

These Indians were at a loss to know what to do with much of the plunder they had taken. Among the spoils were quantities of soda and cream of tartar. They interrogated me as to their use, and when I told them we used it in making bread they wished me to make some. They seemed greatly surprised and pleased when they saw the bread "grow" during the process of baking. Although pleased with the "growing," they were too suspicious of being poisoned to eat any until I had eaten. Then they devoured it greedily.

A Perambulating Pudding.
A commutator who lives up the Hudson river and who is, of course, accustomed to go downtown every morning contributes a specimen of Finnish humor to the New York Sun. By the commutator's confession he is prone to prowl around the refrigerator almost every night and quietly dispose of any unconscionable trifle that may tempt his appetite without publishing the same to the household at large. Recently his wife was discussing luncheon with a new importation from Finland named Hilda and, remembering a pudding that they had not been able to finish the day before, said to the kitchen autocrat:

"Do you know where that piece of cold pudding is?"
Without a smile on her face Hilda answered:
"Yes, ma'am. It has gone downtown!"

A Slight Disadvantage.
She was only ten years old, little Margaret, but there were two younger children, and she had already taken upon her shoulders some of the responsibilities of life, but did not pretend to enjoy them all.

"Where are Helen and Agatha?" asked a visitor, who found Margaret sitting on the doorstep alone one afternoon, looking particularly sober.
"They've gone off to have what mother calls 'mischief' and they call 'fun,'" said the solitary one.
"And you didn't go with them," said the visitor, with a hint of sympathy in her voice.
"Oh, no," said Margaret, with a sigh; "mother trusts me so dreadfully! I can't have much of any fun."—Youth's Companion.

The Price of Disobedience.
An Italian prince had strictly forbidden one of his daughters to smoke, but so great a hold had the habit obtained over her that she secretly engaged in the practice at every opportunity. One day she was indulging in a cigarette as she reclined on a balcony attired in a dress of the lightest muslin. Suddenly her father appeared on the scene. In the hurry to hide the evidence of her disobedience the princess placed her hand with the burning cigarette behind her back. The result was startling and tragic. Her frock was immediately in a blaze, and she was fearfully burned from head to foot, dying after suffering intensely.

Colic and Diarrhoea.
Pains in the stomach, colic and diarrhoea are quickly relieved by the use of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For sale by St. Johns Drug Store.

Hotel For Sale.
First class hotel of 16 rooms at No. 24 Albina avenue. Has good transient trade. Inquire 516 E. Charleston street.

Wanted.
Hand ironers at the West Coast Laundry. Apply at once.

Bring in your printing now.

A NATIONAL TRAGEDY.

Dramatic Scene at the Degradation of Captain Dreyfus.

Nine o'clock; General Darras draws his sword; orders ring out; the infantrymen shoulder arms; the sabers of the cavalry gleam; at the far edge of the field a little group appears. It is made up of four artillerymen in somber dolmans. In the center is Dreyfus, the light flashing on his sword, the three gold gallons that mark his rank. Beside him strides the adjutant of the guard, the executioner of the military decree, a giant of a man, cloaked, plumed, and gloriously across the naked field. The "traitor's" step is firm, his head is high, his left hand grasps the hilt of his sword. Without the mob lifts its dull clamor, the sulky growl of 6,000 alcoholic throats. Where the general sits on his horse the little group halts. The cannoners fall back, and Dreyfus stands alone. Very small he seems; motionless, cut in steel. And the general speaks:

"Dreyfus, you are unworthy to bear arms. In the name of the French republic I degrade you!"
Then the desolate man raises suddenly his arms to heaven and cries with a loud voice, "I am innocent!"
As sudden is the roar that comes from the Latin mob, surging against the iron fence, "Death!" and "Judas!" and "Traitor!" A silence more terrible than the roar of the mob falls as the executioner steps forward, strips off the epaulettes, the gold braid, the gold buttons—ensigns of a man's honor—and breaks across his knee the soldier's sword. And Dreyfus stands immobile, beaten upon by all the winds of fate. Only when the sword snaps in twain a great cry comes from him—a male cry, sonorous and stern:

"On the heads of my wife and children I swear I am innocent! I swear it! Vive la France!"
And the mob, in the streets, at the gates, on the roof tops, howls: "Death! Death!" It is the answer of France. The parade begins. The little group is led now by two officers of the Republican guard. Slowly it passes the long files of the soldiers, just beyond sword reach—lost an impulsive sabre should reach the "traitor's" heart. The little man is dressed in black rags now. But he marches steadily, his head erect. There is not a quiver in him, so firm is his drilled courage of a soldier. When he passes the fence, behind which the mob seethes, he cries once more his innocence and "Vive la France!" What he says they cannot hear, but they answer him with crucifying clamor. To the journalists he says, "Tell France I am innocent!" And they call him "Judas" and "traitor." Not once does he lower his head in this grim parade of agony. Not once does he give way to fear or anger. As though he had made himself iron, he passes, proclaiming his guiltless honor and his love for France.—Vance Thompson in Success Magazine.

His Weapon.
In some parts of Ireland it is a custom among bank clerks to speak of one another as "officers" to the bank, but little Jim Bender, the recently imported Cockney waiter in a County Mayo hotel, was not aware of this custom.

"Have you seen any of our officers here this morning?" asked a lordly knight of the quill of Jim a few days ago.
Jim glanced keenly at his interrogator.
"Yussir," he answered promptly; "it isn't three minutes ago since one of 'em went out with his sword be 'nd 'is ear."—London Answers.

Made It Even.
Curran, when master of the rolls in Ireland, was going one day to a levee at the castle. There was a great press of carriages, when all at once he was startled by the pole of the carriage which followed him crashing through the back of his. He hastily put his head out of the window, crying to his coachman: "Stop, stop! The pole of the carriage behind is driven into us."
"Arrah, then, it's all right again, your honor," said Pat, "for I've just driven my pole into the carriage before."

Dividing a Journey.
An Englishman was sent out on a journey to take a parcel to a place about twelve miles from Maldon, Essex, a little town near the coast. As he started rather late in the day his master was surprised to see him back soon after dark. "You surely haven't been there and back," his employer said to him. "No, no, master," the man replied; "I got halfway there, and it began to get dark, so I com'd back ag'in. I'll goo t'other half tomorrow."

Clear Evidence.
Judge—What's your name?
Prisoner—I'm Pat Murphy, your honor.
"Where do you live?"
"Sure, I don't live anywhere, sorr."
Judge (to second prisoner)—What's your name?
"I'm Denis McCarthy, sorr."
"Where do you live?"
"Begorra, your honor, I live next door to Pat Murphy."—London Punch.

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For Sale.
Milk cow, first class, Guernsey. Inquire 202 Polk street, St. Johns Heights.

MEERSCHAUM PIPES.

Americans, It Seems, Do Not Make or Keep Them Right.

"You don't see the best meerschaum pipes in this country," said a German pipe dealer who learned his trade in Vienna.

"Why? Because the Americans are in too big a hurry—haven't time to take care of a meerschaum, haven't even time to learn how. When the American is through smoking he knocks his pipe on the heel of his shoe to remove the ashes, shoves it in the most handy pocket and is on the run.

"Now, in the old country a man takes his pipe seriously, very seriously. He expects his meerschaum to last him a lifetime and then he is in good repair to hand down to his heir. The pipe is passed from generation to generation, and it is always handled as carefully as a newborn babe. The smoker never touches the bowl while it is warm. That would spoil the fine, glossy color. When the German has completed his serious and meditative smoke his pipe is laid very carefully away where it will cool properly and without danger of scratching. He does not ram it into his pocket with other miscellaneous articles, as the rushing American does. He takes his time and gives it his care and attention.

"The best meerschaum pipes in the old country are made of soft meerschaum and are hand carved. Then they are boiled in beeswax. The soft meerschaum absorbs the wax. The fine color is produced by the wax and the nicotine combining. When the pipe is smoked the wax softens from the heat. That is why the pipe should not be touched while warm. Touching mars the gloss.

"The American manufacturer does not carve or polish them by hand. The work is done by machines. The soft meerschaum, if treated that way, would break, so hard meerschaum, a low grade, is used. The hard clay will not absorb beeswax, so it is boiled in glycerin. The most beautiful colors cannot be produced with glycerin."
—Kansas City Times.

A Poet Physician.
Hearing of Dr. Goldsmith's great humanity, a poor woman, who believed him to be a physician, once wrote to him begging him to prescribe for her husband, who had lost his appetite and was altogether in a very sad state. The kind hearted poet immediately went to see her and after some talk with the man found him almost overwhelmed with sickness and poverty.

"You shall hear from me in an hour," said the doctor on leaving, "and I shall send you some pills which I am sure will do you good."
Before the time was up Goldsmith's servant brought the poor woman a small box, which on being opened was found to contain 10 guineas, with the following directions:

"To be used as necessities require. Be patient and of good heart."

No Reward Offered.
"Have you lost anything, madam?" asked the polite floorwalker of the square jawed, austere looking shopper who stood before the "Lost and Found" window of the large department store.
"Yes, sir," she replied; "I've lost 114 pounds of husband in a light brown suit, with black derby hat, small tuft of hair on his chin and a frightened look. I lost it in a crush at the fancy goods counter. It's probably wandering through the building in search of me, and I thought perhaps you could find it easier than I can. I want it on account of a bundle it is carrying under its arm."—Woman's Home Journal.

Absorbing.
"What are you reading that causes you to smile so delightedly?"
"I beg your pardon."
"I ask you what are you reading? Something new in fiction?"
"Fiction? Just a trace."
"Any poetry?"
"Well, that's more like it."
"Not philosophy?"
"Plenty of it."
"Oh, come! What are you reading?"
"The report of the secretary of agriculture. Don't bother me."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Clear Evidence.
Judge—What's your name?
Prisoner—I'm Pat Murphy, your honor.
"Where do you live?"
"Sure, I don't live anywhere, sorr."
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For Sale.
Milk cow, first class, Guernsey. Inquire 202 Polk street, St. Johns Heights.

Every Man His Own Doctor.

The average man cannot afford to employ a physician for every slight ailment or injury that may occur in his family, nor can he afford to neglect them, as so slight an injury as the scratch of a pin has been known to cause the loss of a limb. Hence every man must from necessity be his own doctor for this class of ailments. Success often depends upon treatment, which can only be had when suitable medicines are kept at hand. Chamberlain's Remedies have been in the market for many years and enjoy a good reputation.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for bowel complaints.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough.

Chamberlain's Pain Balm, (an antiseptic liniment) for cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, swellings, lame back and rheumatic pains.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets for constipation, biliousness and stomach troubles.

Chamberlain's Salve for diseases of the skin.

One bottle of each of these five preparations costs but \$1.25. For sale by St. Johns Drug Store.

St. Johns Market

FULL LINE OF
BEEF, PORK, MUTTON and
VEAL, HAMS, BACON,
HOME MADE LARD and
SAUSAGES.

Also all kinds of Pickled Meats. Poultry Dressed to Order.

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time to
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Agents for West Coast Laundry, Jersey street St. Johns