

A STRANGE ISLAND.

Curious Climatic Conditions on Sakhalin, in Siberia.

Sakhalin, on the eastern coast of Siberia, presents a very curious anomaly of climate. The island is bathed by two cold ocean currents, and in winter nothing protects it against the icy northwest winds coming from Siberia. At the sea level the snow falls continually and stays on the ground till the end of May, and the seashore is very cold. Farther inland, however, especially as we go higher up, the climate is modified—just the opposite to what is observed elsewhere. It has often been observed in Siberia and in central Europe that in winter the cold is greater in the plains and the valleys, and that the highlands have a sensibly milder temperature. It is as if the denser cold air accumulated in the lowlands. This fact is very often observed in our climate. There are several very good examples of it. All the trees and shrubs of a valley have been known to be killed by frost, while above a certain level, very clearly marked out, on the hill or the mountain, the vegetation has not suffered at all. The cold air often flows from the summits toward their bases. This is what takes place at Sakhalin. The cold air accumulates in the low regions of the island and on the coast. The higher regions have a more elevated temperature. So it happens that the lower parts have an arctic vegetation, while the intermediate altitudes have the vegetation of a temperate zone, sometimes subtropical.

The birch, the ash, the pine, the fir abound in the low regions and form often impenetrable forests, but toward the center of the island appear bamboo, hydrangeas, azaleas and other plants that are a great surprise to meet and whose presence can be explained only by the altogether abnormal climatic conditions of the island.

Settling a Bet.

The quiet of the room in which the answers to queries editor sat was disturbed by the entrance of two half grown boys. One of them pulled off his hat and addressed him:

"Me and this feller have made a bet," he said, "and we've agreed to leave it to you. He bets that all the turkeys that was set last Christmas was placed in a line they would reach around the world, and I bet they wouldn't. Who's lost?"

"You have, my son," answered the man in the chair. "They might be placed a mile apart and they would still be in a line, you know."

As they turned and went out of the room the boy who had acted as spokesman was seen to hand a small coin over to the other with great reluctance and distinctly heard to say:

"Well, I can lick you, anyhow."

"Bet you a nickel on that, too," replied the other boy.

The Zoroastrian Today.

With regard to their family life, the Zoroastrians at Yazd are monogamists, except in a few isolated cases where Mohammedan influence has led to polygamy, especially if the first wife has borne no children. The sentiment of the community as a rule is strongly against dual marriages. In the home the wife occupies a freer position than among the Mohammedans. There was no evidence of seclusion, and the impression the women gave was one of modesty and dignity without any special shyness. Like the men, they have to adopt a particular style of dress to distinguish them from Moslem women. They do not wear veils except on the street or in the bazaar to avoid insult or unpleasant remarks.—A. V. Williams Jackson in Century.

A Trouble Breeder.

"Don't you think it's about time our daughter began to look out for a husband?" asked Mr. Green mildly. "She is getting on, and she'll be an old maid if she is not careful."

"Indeed, yes, it is time," answered Mrs. Green, "but she is just the same as I was. I never thought of marriage until my mother warned me that if I were ever to marry at all I had no time to lose. I tell you I was so alarmed that I made up my mind to take the first fool that offered, and that very evening you came!"—Kansas City Independent.

Fatal Ambition.

"What brought you here, my friend?" asked the philanthropic visitor at the penitentiary.

"Unsuccessful as a scholar, ma'am," answered the man in cell 444.

"How could there be anything criminal in that? Please explain."

"I was busily engaged on a little work on the national currency, when the secret service men swooped down on me and caught me with the tools in my hand."—Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. E. N. Blythe, daughter, Barbara, Misses Lola Hammond and Esther Butterworth, all of Portland, called on our little chaperone Wednesday. The only kick we have is that Ned did not come with the pretty girls; but his duties as Northwest editor on the Oregonian would not admit of his doing so. We will look for him next time.

Wanted.

Girls at New St. Johns Hotel. Good wages, apply at once.

DOES THE DOG REASON?

Authentic Instances That Seem to Warrant That Conclusion.

A dog I owned suffered a great deal with indigestion. The least indiscreet diet would bring on these attacks, and as they occurred very frequently I had a large bottle of medicine always on hand and kept it on a shelf in his kennel. The dog seemed to have acquired a thorough comprehension as to the relief bringing quality of that bottle. Whenever he was ill and food was placed before him he would scent it, walk away without touching it, then turn to the shelf and, gazing steadily at the bottle, indicate plainly his wants. He took the medicine without the slightest balking, which is rather exceptional, as any one who ever tried to dose a dog will agree.

This dog when let out would never disturb anything in the poultry yard, but the moment a stray chick lost her way into his yard he would catch the unfortunate straggler, kill and devour it, leaving only a few feathers as evidence of the "murder." Punishment always followed. The remnants of feathers were shown to the dog so as to impress on him his wrong doings and make the cause of the punishment clear to him. From time to time young chickens would be missing, and all efforts to locate the guilty one were vain. The dog's yard was always scrutinized, but nothing found.

My best broilers were disappearing at a rapid rate, and I decided to have the dog watched. Soon he was caught in the act and the mystery solved. The moment the dog had finished his meal he scratched the feathers in a heap and carried them with his teeth to a corner of his yard, where he buried them. The dog had the most embarrassed and helpless expression at the time he was caught that I ever noticed on a dog. An extra severe punishment was dealt out, and I do not know if the mortification of being trapped or the punishment did the work, but the dog was cured from that moment on.

The related observations show reasoning in order to accomplish something for a set purpose. I believe most animals possess the quality in some degree, more or less, according to their mental development.

In the last case described the dog's instinct led him to catch and kill the chicken, but memory told him that punishment would follow if found out. He reasoned that by hiding the evidence of his guilt he would escape punishment for his actions, which he understood to be wrong. The very fact of being able to discriminate between right and wrong and trying to check the consequences of the latter shows the necessity of thinking and therefore of reasoning power.—S. L. De Fabry in Outing.

The Steamboat and an "If."

If Robert Fulton had succeeded in proving to Napoleon that his steamboat was a revolutionary invention the history of the whole world might have been changed. A critic reasons as follows: "Fulton laid before the French emperor his plan for steam navigation. It might have appealed to Napoleon had he personally investigated it, but he preferred to leave the decision to a commission of wiseacres, who reported that navigation by the aid of steam was an obvious absurdity. That was two years before the battle of Trafalgar was fought. Had he accepted the advice of Fulton and gone at once to building, the great army massed at Boulogne might after all have landed in England and wrought its military miracles upon British soil instead of at Austerlitz, to which Trafalgar turned it."

He Relied on the Doctor.

While I was a student in the medical college I had a patient, an Irishman, with a broken leg. When the plaster bandage was removed and a lighter one put on in its place I noticed that one of the pins went in with great difficulty, and I could not understand it. A week afterward what was my astonishment to find that the pin had been run through the skin twice instead of through the cloth.

"Why, Pat," said I, "didn't you know the pin was sticking in you?"

"To be sure I did," replied Pat, "but I thought you knew your business, so I hit me tongue."

The Difficulty.

Two Irishmen driving through the country noticed that many of the barns had weathervanes in the shape of huge roosters.

"Pat," said one man to the other, "can you tell me why they always have a rooster and never a hen on the top iv thim barns?"

"Sure," replied Pat, "an' it must be because av the difficulty they'd have in collecting the eggs."—Chicago News.

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A POLICE CHIEF'S STORY.

The Way the Notorious Jack Graeme Was Arrested.

"A man and a woman," said the police chief, "occupied a compartment of a Pullman. In a desolate place, the train speeding like lightning along, the man said to the woman:

"Madam, I will ask you to look out of the window a few minutes. I am going to make some changes in my apparel."

"Certainly, sir," said the woman politely.

"Two or three minutes, filled with odd, rustling noises, passed. Then the man said:

"Now, madam, I am finished." "She looked at him, and, behold, he had transformed himself into a dashing girl, heavily veiled, fashionably dressed and with rich and beautiful blond hair.

"Some moments later in her turn the lady said:

"Now, sir, or madam, whichever you are, I'll ask you also to look out of the window. I have some changes to make in my own dress."

"The other complied, and when he was permitted to withdraw his gaze from the passing landscape, what was his surprise to find the lady changed into a man. He gave a loud laugh.

"It seems," he said, "that we are both fugitives; hence we should be pals. I am a bank robber. What are you?"

"I," said the other, 'am Detective Hawke of San Francisco, and for three days in female attire I have been shadowing you. Wrists together, please, so that I may now slip the nippers on."

"Thus," concluded the police chief, "did Detective Hawke arrest the notorious Jack Graeme in 1879. It was the neatest arrest, from the melodramatic standpoint, of the year."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How to See the Wind.

Take a polished metal surface of two feet or more and with a straight edge. A large handsaw will answer the purpose. Take a windy day on which to make the experiment, paying no attention to atmospheric conditions, for such an experiment can be as successfully made on a clear day as it can on a cloudy one, and the results will be equally good in summer and winter. The only thing you need to look out for is that you do not attempt to "see the wind" on a rainy or murky day, as conditions are then very unfavorable. When everything is in readiness, hold the metallic surface at right angles to the direction of the wind—i. e., if the wind is in the north hold the metal east and west, but instead of holding it vertical incline it about 42 degrees to the horizon. When this has been done sight carefully along the edge of a sharply defined object for some moments and you will see the wind pouring over in graceful curves almost like water.

The Juvenile Way.

Children are the real humorists. They never rack their brains to say something funny. Here is a small boy's ingenious "composition" on politeness:

"Never eat quickly, or you might get bones in your throat. My father knows of a boy who got killed over his Sunday dinner. The greedy boy was picking a rabbit's head in a hurry and swallowed one jaw of it, and my father says he was choked to death there and then. Be very polite over your meals, then, especially when it's rabbita. Since my father told me that I have always felt rather queer over a rabbit dinner. I don't talk much and don't ask for any more."

A definition that won a little girl praise despite its strangeness was "Turf, sir, is grass and clean dirt stuck together by God."

The Retort Caustic.

An American in Devonshire, according to the London Tribune, had been told he must not miss seeing a certain peculiar rock formation known locally as "Satan's Stool." While leisurely examining the curiosity he was accosted by an irate military looking man, who demanded in unprintable language what he meant by trespassing on private property. "Waal," said the Yankee, "I was told I should make a point of seeing 'Satan's Stool,' but I never guessed I should have the pleasure of meeting the owner."

He Was Real Industrious.

Two Washington negroes, meeting in the street, fell into a discussion of the peculiarities of a mutual friend. Said one: "What kind of a punson is dat man anyhow? Seems to me he never do no work."

"Oh, he is industrious, all right," promptly responded the second negro, "even if he don't do nothin' hisself. Why, only las' week dat man spent two whole days tryin' to git his wife a job!"—Success Magazine.

Mr. G. W. Garlick, who has been suffering from the effect of a felon on the thumb of his left hand for the past 8 weeks found it necessary to have the thumb amputated because of the bone having become diseased and the operation was performed at the Good Samaritan hospital last Monday. Mr. Garlick is getting along nicely since the operation.

Charles Blom of Portland was in the city this week visiting friends.

BACKWARD BOYS.

Brilliant Men Who Did Not Shine in Their Younger Days.

I think most men who have been educated at our large public school will readily call to mind numerous instances of boys who were always winning prizes, yet have not done anything worth mentioning in after life. And I am confident that upon investigating the early years of those who have led a strenuous and remarkably successful career it will be found that the majority were rather lazy than not before they entered upon the actual battle of life.

Oliver Goldsmith was looked upon by his schoolmaster as a dunce. That may possibly have been the fault of the latter. I fancy there is something specially narrowing to the mind in a scholastic career, just as there is in a doctor's. That at least is my individual experience. Gladstone never took a prize at school, if I remember aright, though he subsequently gained a double first at Oxford. Those high priests of science and philosophy, Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall and Herbert Spencer, did not particularly shine in their younger days.

We find plenty of evidence that people who in the first stages of their career make prolonged and exhaustive demands on their stores of nerve force rarely attain length of days. Whether those demands have been made merely in the pursuit of wealth or for some more noble object does not matter. The result is the same. Thus Napoleon considered about four hours in bed "a good night's rest." He joined the majority at fifty-one. Dickens passed over at fifty-eight, his great rival, Thackeray, at fifty-two. Byron achieved his unique reputation in the short compass of thirty-six years. Mozart in thirty-five and Schiller in forty-five. Alfred Bolet died at fifty-three and Cecil Rhodes at forty-eight.—London Chronicle.

Jupiter's Double Moon.

The most wonderful of all the remarkable things which nightly come within the range of the powerful modern telescopes is the double moon which continually circles around and around Jupiter, the "giant of the skies." This astronomical oddity was not known until after the great Lick telescope was put in position on Mount Hamilton, the discovery of the tiny satellite only dating back to 1891. The first hint of the presence of this "moon of a moon" was given when one of the Lick observatory men reported that one of Jupiter's satellites appeared to be casting a double shadow on the giant planet's surface. From that time forward for some weeks a sharp lookout was kept, and at last the observers were rewarded in getting a glimpse of the curiosity—a tiny dot of a moon revolving around another moon, both held in position by the great Jupiter.

Might Have Changed History.

Napoleon III. of France, when a prisoner in the fortress at Ham, wrote and published a paper on the possibility of linking the Pacific and Atlantic oceans by means of a canal. This created so profound an impression that the minister plenipotentiary of Guatemala offered him the presidency of the construction of the Nicaragua canal. The proposal was followed by the offer of the presidency of the Ecuador republic. The latter offer was conditional upon King Louis Philippe's releasing the captive and upon the latter's giving his parole never to return to Europe. Louis Napoleon was prepared to give his parole, and Sir Robert Peel, then prime minister of Great Britain, was willing to back up his application for release upon these terms. Lord Aberdeen, however, would not hear of it, so the prisoner remained to be president and emperor of his native land.

Two Girls.

Does it pay to have good sense? In an Atchison family there are two girls. One of the girls insists upon taking music lessons, which the family finds very hard to pay for. She devotes her entire time to her music and never lifts her hand to do a stitch of sewing. The family says, "Jennie is so ambitious." The other daughter will not take music lessons or study art. She puts up preserves, does the housework and all her own sewing and is a fine cook. The family says: "Poor Lizzie. It is too bad she has not Jennie's ambition."—Atchison Globe.

The Lucky Rich.

Mamma Roxtobern—Ethel will be five years old in a week.

Papa Roxtobern—True.

"Of course she will have to have her own footman now, as well as her three maids."

"Of course."

"And I've been wondering"—

"Well?"

"If she oughtn't to have her own social secretary likewise, what with all the affairs she will be invited to."

The Baptist Ladies will have a food sale in Uhlig's store Saturday afternoon. Friends that will help are solicited to bring donations at 1 o'clock.

"A Serving Freeman" is the subject for the discourse at the United Evangelical Church on Sunday morning Aug. 25. Evening service in the Baptist church at 8 P. M. All invited. Chester Paul Gates pastor.

Bring in your printing now.

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This property is one of the finest pieces of land in the city and any one looking for an ideal home or a good investment cannot afford to pass it by. The property is admirably located, being one block from the city hall, two blocks from the street car station and three blocks from the postoffice, in the heart of the city. There is a substantial frame dwelling of five rooms with wood house, etc., on the lot and an abundance of fruit for family use, including pears, plums, prunes, quinces, grapes, currants, cherries and 25 or 30 fine rose bushes. The lot is 100x100 feet, on an improved street, has city water and would make a delightful home for any one.

The price of this property today is \$3420

Tomorrow it will be \$3410, and each day thereafter for 28 days, unless taken, the price will drop \$10 per day. Compared with other property in St. Johns the property is cheap at \$3500. Don't delay too long. Reasonable terms given. The first money down takes the lot. If you mean business, for further particulars apply to

H. G. OGDEN, Review Office.

THE CITY DADS IN SESSION
Council Meets Tuesday Evening and Transacts Its Usual Budget of Municipal Business

The city fathers got right down to business Tuesday evening and passed unanimously the third reading of the Pacific States Telephone company's franchise and it is now up to the company to put in a central office here.

On motion of King the Davidor franchise was taken from the table and passed to its second reading, and on motion of Walker passed the second reading. It remains to be published before it can be granted. We honestly believe that the city council in granting this franchise has made a ten strike that will result in vastly more good to St. Johns than is generally recognized by our citizens.

The Portland gas light company presented a franchise to the town of St. Johns, Ore., which the city recorder read, but as a careful search on the map of Oregon failed to disclose the location of any such place no action was necessary on the part of the council. Possibly the gas company may have meant the city of St. Johns, but if they did, they are up against it, for the franchise reads like the effort of a sixth grade schoolboy. There was no time set for a beginning of the work, no time for the completion of same, no bond for proper construction, no compensation to the city for the use of the franchise, no specified quality of the gas except it was to be as good as that of Portland, which is said to be rotten. The price to the consumer was to be \$1.35 per 1000 feet to start with and a discount of 10 per cent. on the gas bill for being good in the matter of paying for same, and other defects which made it read like a burlesque, which it may have been intended for. They must have taken us for "a geese."

Tom Monahan came before the council with a splendid portrait of James John, the founder of the city, enlarged from a photograph, most excellently executed and suggested that it would be only doing the right thing, for the city to place one of these pictures in the council chamber. City Attorney Greene ably seconded Mr. Monahan's suggestion by a short, earnest speech in which he spoke of many qualities of the old pioneer, whose memory we love to honor. The most remarkable characteristic being his undying faith in the future of St. Johns. He manifested this in the making of his will, giving to St. Johns his entire estate, consisting of 35 or 40 blocks, worth at that time but a few hundreds of dollars, but which, if they had been handled as he wished, could before this time have realized a sum sufficient to have covered the munificent bequests he made and had a large sum of money left to be used in the education of the children of the city for whom he had a wealth of affection. Had this good man lived until today he would have been able to have the laugh on those deriding him as a visionary, because of his wonderful foresight of the great possibilities of St. Johns. Mr. John's prophetic vision has been more than fulfilled, said Mr. Green, and but for the vicious manner in which his estate was handled all his expectations would have been more than realized and that it was proper in the highest degree that the city should thus show

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We are making the hardware business our study, and it's not how cheap we can buy but how good, and we must have the quality.

Our Universal Stoves and Ranges are as good as the BEST made.

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No. 111 Burlington street

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, COUNTY OF MULTNOMAH: E. R. Hogan, Plaintiff vs. Mary Hogan, Defendant.

To Mary Hogan, Defendant: You are hereby summoned and required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit on or before the 28th day of September, 1927, which is after six weeks have expired from the date of the first publication of this summons. It is prescribed in the order for the publication of summons that the summons be published for six successive weeks, and said order was made and dated the 15th day of August, 1927, and the first publication thereof is made the 15th day of August, 1927, and if you fail to appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in his said complaint, to wit: that the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between the plaintiff and defendant be dissolved, and for such other and further relief as shall seem equitable.

This summons is published once a week for six successive weeks in the St. Johns Review by order of the Honorable Judge T. V. Gatenbaue, Judge of the above entitled court, and made the 15th day of August, 1927.

H. DESTINGER, Attorney for the Plaintiff, 414 Chamber of Commerce, First insertion August 16, 1927; last insertion Sept. 27, 1927.

HOP PICKERS WANTED

Address Mrs. J. P. Ranza, Woodburn, Ore.