

THE ST. JOHNS REVIEW

Published Every Friday
At 112 West Burlington Street, St. Johns.
By MARKLE & BYERLEE.

THE REVIEW is entered at post office in Saint Johns, Oregon, as mail matter of the second class under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Advertising rates, \$1.00 per inch per month. All communications should be addressed to The Review, St. Johns, Oregon.

Job Printing executed in first-class style. Bills for Job Printing cash on delivery. Official Newspaper of the City of St. Johns.

Subscription price \$1.50 per year. A. W. Markle, Manager. D. N. Byerlee, Editor.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1908.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

The worst about relations is that those that are not too poor are apt to be too rich to be comfortable and convenient.

The principal reason why people can't be happy on a thousand a year is because they can't raise the thous.

Ever notice that many people seem to think it necessary to talk in a loud voice in order to call attention to the fact that they have nothing to say?



One of the perfectly splendid things in life is that we don't think the same next week.

The man who discovers a hero in his neighbor is reasonably sure of a good thing.

Some men are so unsophisticated that they can't tell the difference between love and hay fever.

Hidden sins may be and undoubtedly are bad enough, but it is those that he boasts of that show what a fool a man is.

While most of us are great admirers of integrity, there is no doubt that the majority would rather be comfortable than candid.

There is always a choice even in bad habits, and it is well to keep changing lest you become too fixed and expert in any one.

He is really a smart person who keeps himself from being suspected of it.

An unsophisticated person would rather be an angel, but the experienced exploiter would rather have an angel.

Just a Mixup.

A little ray of sunshine, A little dash of rain, A little streak of pleasure, A little spell of pain.

Some moments of contentment, Some days of care and strife, Peace coming after conflict— These go to make up life.

A meal of eggs and bacon, Hash after Christmas fare, And once or twice each season A breath of country air.

A quarrel with a neighbor About a trifle small, A wrestle with a mortgage, A game of basket ball,

A season of hay fever, A swollen dentist's bill, Forgetfulness in summer, Some quinine for a child.

Perhaps it seems a hunderd All laid away on ice, But there are you will notice, Variety and spice,

Some luck without an effort And failure, though we strive, Enough to keep a fellow Aware he is alive.

Too Close For Safety.



"Who was the man you nodded to?" "My tailor."

"Introduce me." "I can't. I never speak to him except from across the street."

Humble Calling. "See that fellow over there?" "Yes." "He is master of the hounds."

Child of the Rich. "They are coaching him for his examinations." "No." "So I hear." "Fshaw! They are automobiling him!"

Working at His Trade. "Where has old Bill Scrags gone?" "Out west somewhere." "What is he doing out there?" "Trying to earn a dishonest living."

Good Reason. "Why were you so still last night?" "Me?" "Yes; you never moved." "Oh, my 'Merry Widow' hat had only two pins in it."

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UNSOLICITED FRIENDSHIP.

You cannot ignore the mosquito. He doesn't retreat at your scolding. And no invitation is needed.

Although on your dignity standing, Preferring to be but a stranger, He isn't rebuffed by your coldness.

His calling is not ostentatious, For when you are reading or writing He stealthily comes without knocking.

You cannot ignore the mosquito. He is not by dignity hated. This skillful, persistent mound builder strikes back, though he's not been asked.

The Standard Cure. "She has it at home now by golly!"



"He married her to reform her." "You don't say."

One Woman's Wish. When we leave this world's distress, Bound for lands beyond the skies, How I hope there'll be no dresses Fastened up with hooks and eyes!

Possible Relief. Alexander had just shed a couple of buckets of large moist tears and was preparing for another happy day of weeping.

Its Main Attraction. The children who are growing up Will on the past look back And speak about their childhood as The age of crackerjack.

Matrimonial. Mrs. Visitor—Do the girls in your school have any training that will fit them for the duties of a wife?

Practical Kind. "That patent medicine works miracles." "You don't say?"

Wise Girl. "It is never too late to mend, my daughter." "I know a better one, mother."

Fatal. 'Twas the verdict of the neighbors When he'd drawn his final breath That he lived an strenuous a life He'd lived himself to death.

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

When we get home and take stock of our chiggers, blisters, burns and bills we are inclined to be glad to think it is over.

Querer that your next door neighbor should think you are a mean, interfering wretch when you tell her that little Johnnie has a fire under the front porch.

Between being overfed and underfed we seem to be a much distressed and long suffering people.

A burned child dreads the licking he's going to get when dad finds out he has been playing with matches.

The man who tells a secret to a woman isn't foolish, but just diplomatic and crafty. It is his way of announcing it to the world.

Lots of girls are as mild as milk and as sweet as honey, and still they may have the tabasco sauce up their sleeve.

Many a hobo would make a good emperor, but the distressing thing about it is that there is more call for harvest hands in this country than for emperors.

To the temperance people there is an interesting article in our clipping from the Sunday's Journal.

they put into their "Near Beer" and it has become a little too "Near." If they were permitted to go on it would be but a short time until the "Real old stuff" would be their commercial output.

Prospects. "Come over and look at my new gown tonight, Clara." "I'd like to very much, but it will be impossible."

Note the label on your paper.

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PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Money is supposed to be a vulgar thing, but those who are removed from common things were so removed by the power of the coin.

The farther away from your own immediate atmosphere sin is the blacker it looks.

A person of firm character and decided opinions need not find life monotonous, for there are always plenty waiting to give battle and make things interesting.

Of all ready made things perhaps the thinnest and the shoddiest are ready made friendships.

Like charity, a reputation for honesty covers a multitude of sins and of short accounts.

There are people who have a perfect genius for getting in the way and staying right there.

The general idea seems to be that the man that has made repeated failures is good authority on how to make a success—how not to do it, as it were.

It is rare that we notice greed in another unless we are afflicted with a desire to possess what he chanced to pre-empt.

The Dead Game Sport. Have you ever in your travels Met a Dead Game Sport?

Made no difference to him whether He was flush or he was short? Open hearted and impatient Every one he met to treat,

One of whom you could be certain If you had him for a friend And should meet him in the city He would hold aloft his end.

Though his children might have hardy Any decent shoes to wear, Though the tailor and the grocer For their money might despair,

Accommodating. "This cow gives sweet milk, I suppose," said the amateur farmer.

Liked a Contrast. "He is rich, they say." "Yes, but he is so slow."

Appreciation. Wifey—Tie Browns called on us last week for dinner, you know.

The New Office Boy. "Do you tell the truth?" "Well, I can make it sound that way."

A Mistake. How oft we see him blinking With assurances so sublime, The man who thinks he's thinking When he's only killing time!

Safe Venture. "I am going back to the old town for the first time in twenty years."

Prospects. "Come over and look at my new gown tonight, Clara." "I'd like to very much, but it will be impossible."

Child of the Rich. "They are coaching him for his examinations." "No." "So I hear." "Fshaw! They are automobiling him!"

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