

THE ST. JOHNS REVIEW

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BY MARKLE & BYERLEE.

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A. W. Markle, Manager.
D. N. Byerlee, Editor.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 1, 1909.

A WORD OF GOODBYE.

With this issue of the Review we sever our connection with the paper. What we shall do or where we shall go is not decided. We have two or three propositions under consideration. But as this is the last "whack" we shall have at our readers we wish to say a few words in parting which we hope they will remember.

Some have accused us of spouting hot air about the future of St. Johns. What we have said, we have said. History will verify our judgment. St. Johns will in time be the busiest, richest part of Portland. It will come whether the people will work for it or not. The citizens here can hasten or delay it, but they cannot prevent it. Which is the more sensible plan, work together to hasten St. Johns supremacy or fight among yourselves and delay the progress as long as possible?

In parting we wish to thank the many good friends we have found here for their many kindnesses and their good, genial friendship. The earth does not sustain better people than many we have found in St. Johns. In fact the majority of people here. It is true here, as anywhere you may go, there are a few yellow curs living as parasites upon St. Johns society. It must be so to the end of time. The only consolation we have is that we know hell is fattening on their miserable hulks and it will be but a few years until they will have all been gathered to that place prepared for their father, the devil, and his angels.

As a last word we wish to urge upon our friends and enemies alike as long as you live in St. Johns pull together, do not fight among yourselves. You can get anything you want if you will stand together, but if you keep fighting among yourselves you will get nothing and be a long time getting that. There is not another city in the state with as fine prospects and as many opportunities for advancement as St. Johns. Then set together on every question and you will work wonders here in an inconceivably short time. As for the paper we leave it in the best of hands. All young blood and the squeaking set of fellows to do business with in the city. Stand by your home paper, its every interest is identified with yours. No one can help you more than the local paper, no one will willingly do more for you. Then it deserves your heartiest support. Give it that support and do it graciously not grudgingly. And now personally, we will wipe out all unpleasant feelings we may have entertained against some of the rotten, hearted yellow, mangy curs who infest St. Johns, and simply forget them; but we shall ever cherish with the warmest feeling of friendship those honest, earnest, warmhearted friends who have made life so pleasant here, and to all we kiss our hand to you, Adios! D. N. BYERLEE.

What is the matter with our interprising ladies organizing a civic improvement league or some such organization to assist their lords in beautifying and improving the city? Such an auxiliary to the commercial club would be of incalculable value and the best thing that could happen. What do you say ladies?

How fortunate it is for us here in St. Johns that we are not at the mercy of the elements, we are freed from the biting cold of the eastern and northern winters and the torrid heat of the southern summers. We have neither the electric storms nor the tornado, nor yet do we have any reason to fear the terrible earthquake. Fortunate indeed are we in this protected place.

All the horrors of the San Francisco earthquake greatly intimated and extended over vastly larger territory is the awful catastrophe from which Italy is suffering. It is estimated that in Sicily and Southern Italy the deaths by the catastrophe will reach 50,000. The beautiful city of Messina, a city of 100,000 population is burning as San Francisco burned, because of having no water to extinguish the fires.

We do not hear anything about the free ferry. What is the matter? Have you all become frightened because you are afraid that St. Johns will lose 75 cents a day in trade if that free ferry goes in? Don't be foolish. We are no prophet, nor son of a prophet nor yet a son of a gun, but we are just as sure that it would be a good thing financially for St. Johns as if we had it down in cold figures, as we possessed a mercantile establishment in St. Johns, we would use our every endeavor to get a free ferry between here and Whitwood, Court so that we could entice all the trade from that side of the river that is possible.

Note the label on your paper.

The Michigan Legislature has taken step in advance of almost if not all the states, in the recent action in regard to hunters killing their companions in mistake for deer or other animals. The penalty there is 10 years in the penitentiary for this crime. The verdict in such cases should be murder in the first degree. There is not the least excuse for a man shooting until he knows what he is shooting at and if he kills a human being instead of some game animal he should suffer the penalty for his criminal carelessness.

The January number of the Success Magazine has just reached our exchange table and is a splendid number. There are two articles that should be committed to memory by every voter in the nation and every legislator who does not take advantage of the suggestions therein should be relegated to the political graveyard. They are the articles by Roland Phillips under the title "When Wood is Gone," and "The Hat and the Boardwalk," by Michael Williams. Japan, new as she is among the nations of the earth, is 1000 years ahead of us on the conservation of her forests and we may well take lessons from the land of Nippon in this matter.

It is said that in England 700,000 people are suffering for the bare necessities of life. And at the same time a few hundreds of men own most of the land of that country and cannot devise ways to spend their incomes.—Exchange. The tendencies of the times is in the same direction in this country and if there is nothing done to stop the rapacity of the trusts and other monopolies within another generation the United States will be in the same position as England. This is one of the strongest arguments in favor of the initiative and referendum. We believe the people of this country are intelligent enough to stand by this measure and to use it to their good and the howling of the sympathizers with the trusts will not deter them from doing so.

Don't forget that it is the duty of every reader of this paper to write to some friend at a distance and tell him of the advantages of Oregon both as to climate and production. Remember that the people of older states, where the weather is cold, are hovering around the fire and have a lot of time to read—get busy, and furnish them with something from St. Johns to read. If you have nothing but the Review send them that, the little home newspaper will have more weight with the majority than any other literature you might send them, for they know the makers of the home paper try to put everything in the light they see it and they have more confidence in that than they have in all the boosters that money will buy. A booster supplemented by the home paper is the best possible combination; for if the booster tells the truth and the home paper substantiates its statement that ends all controversy.

A bill is to be presented to the United States legislature this session by Congressman Simms of Tennessee prohibiting the carrying of revolvers, pistols and daggers. This is for the government of the district of Columbia and is hoped to induce the legislature of the several states to take the same steps in their respective states this winter. There should be something of this kind done. It should be made a felony. It should also be made a felony to own, and the responsibility would be keeping a record of the same and then sold only upon permit issued by the judge of some court or other responsible officer. There is no sense in an ordinary citizen carrying a revolver. Ninety-five per cent of the accidental deaths from gunshot wounds and of murder by shooting would be prevented by such legislation, and the responsibility would be much easier traced in cases of such deaths.

Bonville's Monthly for sale at this office.

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Recorder—A. M. Esson
Treasurer—J. E. Trench
Attorney—H. E. Collier
Engineer—C. Andrews
Physician—A. W. Vincent
Chief of Police—J. H. Black
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Councilmen First Ward:
P. J. Miller, W. W. Wandle
Councilmen Second Ward:
H. C. Hunter, H. W. Bonham
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License—H. W. Bonham, H. C. Hunter, W. W. Wandle
Water and Light—C. L. Johnson, A. W. Davis, H. W. Bonham
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TIME TABLE O. R. & N.

Union Depot, Portland.
No. 2 Chicago Special leaves 8:30 a. m.
No. 4 Spokane Flyer leaves at 7:00 p. m.
No. 6 Kansas City Exp. leaves 7:40 p. m.
No. 8 Local Passenger leaves 8:00 a. m.
No. 1 Chicago Special arrives 8:20 p. m.
No. 3 Spokane Flyer arrives at 8:30 a. m.
No. 5 Kansas City Exp. arrives 9:45 a. m.
No. 7 Local Passenger arrives 5:45 p. m.

Note the label on your paper.

THE RULE OF THREE.

A Superstition of the Men Who Build the Skyscrapers.

These airy crews are a generous crowd, says Ernest Poole, writing in Everybody's Magazine of men who work on skyscrapers. They earn high pay. When working full time they make \$27 a week, and like their rough brothers out on the plains, they are quick to give of their earnings. On Saturday afternoons when they line up at the pay window the Sisters of Charity are always there, and quarters and dimes jingle merrily into their little tin boxes.

Behind this generous giving is a superstitious belief that amid risks like these it is well to propitiate fate all you can, for fate is a relentless old machine, and when once its wheels begin grinding no power on earth can stop them. The "rule of three" is centuries old. You may hear of it out on the ocean, in the steel mills, in the railroad camps and down in the mines. And you find it up here on the jobs in the skies.

"Believe it?" said an old foreman. "You bet they believe it."

"Do you?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "all I can say is this: It may be a spell or it may be because the way of the whole crew is expecting it. But, anyhow, when two accidents come close together you can be sure that the third ain't very far off."

BUYING CHAIRS BY SIGHT.

Few Folks Ever Think to Try Them by Sitting in Them.

"I went with some folks the other day," the man said, "to buy a couple of chairs. We went to a furniture store and looked over what they had to offer."

"There were just ordinary chairs for a bedroom, so that it wasn't a very momentous purchase. The folks I was with looked at the cloth on the chairs and asked questions about the wood and how the chairs would wear. Then they bought the chairs and ordered them sent home."

"What struck me as peculiar about the transaction was that never once did either of the two persons with whom I was thinking of sitting down in the chairs to see whether or not they were comfortable. I dropped into a furniture store not long afterward and asked a salesman about it, and I wasn't surprised to learn that very few persons buying chairs ever seem to think about testing them by sitting in them."

"Except in the case of rockers, that is. Few persons can resist the temptation to take a few preliminary rocks in a prospective purchase."—New York Sun.

Learned by Experience.

"I always make it a point," said the man with a wart on his nose, a couple of cross eyes and a hair lip, but otherwise possessing a perfectly good face, "to say polite and complimentary things to the ladies. It does me no harm, and I notice it always gives them a lot of pleasure. My motto is to scatter sunshine provided it costs no money as I journey along."

"I used to do that, too," said the man whose set of neglected whiskers were calling plaintively for the lawn mower, "but I have been broken of the habit. No more sunshine radiating from these quarters."

"And what cured you?" asked the other.

"A couple of breach of promise suits."

Yes, It Was True.

"Is it true that you threw something at Mike that caused the swelling over his eye?" the squirrel inquired of a little woman.

"Yes, sir, I did," said the woman, catching her breath, "but I never meant to hurt him, an' well he knows it. We'd just come home from me cousin's wedding, an' I was feelin' kinder soft to Mike, an' I up an' axed him if he loved me as much as he did the day we was married, an'—an', yer anner, he was so slow answerin' me that I up and wld the mop an' dung it at him! If we poor women don't have love our hearts fill breaks inside us!"

Origin of Geography.

The Phoenicians were the first people to communicate to other nations a knowledge of distant lands. It is now known that before the time of Homer that enterprising people had passed beyond the limit of the Mediterranean into the great western ocean, and it was by their sailors that the first rough charts of the world as then known were made. But geography as a science originated among the Greeks.

Herodotus, about B. C. 484.

No Encouragement.

Mrs. Short—Oh, dear, I do wish we were rich! Just think of the good we could do if we only had lots of money!

Mr. Short—True, my dear, but we can do a great deal of good in a quiet way now. Mrs. Short—Yes, of course, but no one will ever hear of it.

His Excuse.

Diggs—You believe that whiskey is good for a cold, don't you? Swiggs—Yes, but how did you know? Diggs—Oh, I've noticed that you nearly always have a cold.—Chicago News.

Repetition.

Husband (entering house with bag of chestnuts)—I brought home some more chestnuts, dear. Wife (wearily, without glancing up)—I'm listening.—Judge.

The face of a wife shows what her husband is; the shirt of the husband shows what his wife is.—Servian Proverb.

Think of it 1,000,000 homeless people in Italy. Here is a case deserving the charities of the entire globe.

Wanted.

To exchange Hood River land for St. Johns property. Inquire at this office.

Bonville's Monthly for sale at this office.

A LIVE COAL TRICK.

Teaches Natural Law, Yet Has All the Appearance of Magic.

No one would suppose that it is possible to hold a glowing coal on a piece of linen or cotton without burning the cloth, but that such can be done is easy for any one to prove, and at the same time the experiment teaches an important natural law. Every child knows that the telephone and telegraph wires are made of copper because that metal is a good conductor of heat and electricity, which is only another form of heat. If a poker is heated in the fire you pick up a cloth to hold the outer end, although it has not been in the fire, because experience has taught you that the heat is conducted through the metal from the fire to the outer end.

This experiment with the flaming coal is based upon this principle and the additional one that linen and cotton are poor conductors of heat. Take a globe of copper and draw a piece of cloth tightly over it so that there is not a wrinkle at the top. If the linen or cotton is closely woven the trick is all the more certain. Then, holding the cloth tightly in place, you can safely put a glowing coal on top of the cloth, and, while it burns fiercely, the cloth will not even be scorched.

The reason is that the great conductivity of the copper draws the heat of the coal before it can burn the cloth. Do not make this experiment with a good handkerchief first, for if the cloth is not tightly drawn it may burn, but take some worthless piece of linen or muslin, and after you are certain of your experience you can astonish your friends who do not know the secret.—Washington Post.

DEADLY POISONS.

One Whiff of Pure Prussic Acid is Sufficient to Kill.

The discoverer of prussic acid was instantly killed by inhaling one whiff of his own handwork.

Pure prussic acid is never sold or handled. The smell of it is always fatal. It kills not in three minutes or half an hour, but the instant it enters the lungs as a gas. The mixture ordinarily sold as prussic acid is 98 parts water to two parts of the drug. Even in this form it is very deadly. A 20 per cent mixture of the acid would kill nearly as quickly as if pure.

Atropine, though it has no harmful odor, is so deadly that as much of it as would adhere to the end of a moistened forefinger would instantly cause death.

Cyanide of potassium has a pleasant smell which is not injurious, but a small quantity swallowed kills at once.

Pure ammonia if inhaled would cause death almost as quickly as prussic acid.

When a carboy of nitric acid is broken some one has to suffer. It will burn wood, eat through iron plates and destroy whatever it touches. Such an accident once happened in an acid factory. Every one ran away, leaving the acid to amuse itself by setting fire to things. Soon it was seen that the building would be destroyed and hundreds of people thrown out of work, and four men volunteered to put out the fire in the acid room. They succeeded and came out all right. Five hours later all were dead.

His Gallantry.

"See that man who just gave his seat to a young woman?" queried an elevated railroad passenger. "Queer case that. Never encountered one before just like it."

"He's not a New Yorker, he is not a ready maker of friends, and he is so diffident where women are concerned that he really has not one among his acquaintances, with the possible exception of a landlady and a landlady."

"Yet the fellow has a longing for feminine recognition. I happen to know that he always relinquishes his seat to a woman where the opportunity is presented, and I also know that his only reason for doing so is the hope of receiving a smile and a 'Thank you' in return. It's like a bone to a hungry dog. Queer case, don't you think?"—New York Globe.

The Suicide Symphony.

The idea that music may be harmful—that it can create a fever in the blood dangerous to life and reason—will come as a revelation to many. Friedrich Nietzsche, the well known German philosopher, declares that there is something in some music, most notable in Wagner and Tchaikovsky, which acts unfavorably on the brain and nerves of many people. Tchaikovsky's fatal influence cannot be denied. He destroyed himself after composing his famous "Sixth Symphony," and, as several have died by their own hand after playing it, it has come to be known as the "suicide symphony."

Extravagant.

Stranger (in Drearhurst)—Is there a place here where I can get a square meal? Uncle Welby Gosh—Yes, sir. There's a restaurant round the corner where you can get the best meal this side of Chicago. If you don't mind its being a little expensive. They'll sock you for 35 cents, but, by gum, it's worth it!—Chicago Tribune.

Luck.

"Do you believe in such a thing as luck?"

"Of course," answered Miss Cayenne. "Otherwise it would be impossible to explain the success of people we don't like."—Washington Star.

Troubles of the Inanimate.

"Tough old world this," sighed the anvil. "I get nothing but hard knocks all day long."

"Yes," assented the bellows, "and I am always hard pressed to raise the wind."—Boston Transcript.

Our Charges.

As is customary, we will charge for card of thanks, 50c; for resolutions of respect, \$1.00; for notices of church or lodge entertainments, suppers, socials, etc., where there are charges for admission, 5c per line, but where there are no charges for these events, we will break the rule and insert them free. We make this announcement so that our good friends may understand our rule in this respect.

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ANNIVERSARY ODE.

The following verses were written by Mrs. Mabel Stuart of Monroe, Minnesota, on the sixtieth anniversary of the marriage of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Malone. Mrs. Stuart is a niece of Mr. E. F. Day of St. Mary.

Dear father and mother
We all meet here today
To have a family gathering
And celebrate the day
That you were joined in wedlock
Then in the prime of life
Can it be sixty years
Since you were man and wife?

Come, let us have a little talk
Of those days of the long ago.
When mother you were a blooming maiden
And father was your chosen beau.

Your hearts were light your hopes were bright
For the future lay before,
And in air you built large castles
In those happy days of yore.

Just think 'twas sixty years ago—
The time has fairly flown—
Since you were joined in wedlock
And settled in your home.

It was 1842, on a beautiful October day,
The leaves were golden, the fields were green—
A picture now that's seldom seen
On any October day.

Your home was in the forest,
In a cottage rude and rough;
But to you was worth a dozen
Built of grander, richer stuff.

And many sweet reflections
That old cottage brings today,
Though 'tis sixty years since you
Settled here.

On that beautiful October day,
The world looked bright before you,
You were bound to make your way,
For on this dear old home place
You had surely come to stay.

Some children came to bless you
And cheer you on your way,
For what is home without them?
We may think it seems complete
Until we've had their prattle
And the sound of romping feet.

Of the dear ones, eight that were
Born to you,
You can greet but four today,
For two while very young
Our Master called away.

The other two were spared
Till in the summer of life,
When they were of the chosen
From this world of care and strife.

How precious the promise, how cheering
The thought,
That when our life of toil is o'er
In the sweet bye and bye,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

So for sixty years together
You have traveled the path of life,
With many a sob to stifle
Amid the cares and strifes.

Though you faced these cares and sorrows
Have had your griefs and tears,
Yet many a joy and blessing
You have shared in these sixty years.

You always thought this world
Was what you designed to make it,
That there is joy for every one
If only they choose to take it.

Your children are all settled
In homes that make you glad,
And now in this bright and beautiful world
There is naught to make you sad.

Proudly you greet your children,
On this anniversary day;
With children and children's children
To bless them on their way.

Your friends and neighbors, alas,
Who have gathered here to day,
You kindly welcome them
On this, your wedding day.

For many happy hours
With all these friends you've

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passed,
Hours never to be forgotten
But cherished to the last.
Should the diamond find you here,
Hand and hand you've passed the Golden Tie;
God grant we may meet with you again
And now I'll say good bye.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Multnomah.

In the matter of the Estate of W. W. Raser, Deceased.

The undersigned having been appointed by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Multnomah County, Administratrix of the estate of W. W. Raser, deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to present them verified as by law required, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice to the undersigned at the office of Collier & Collier, Holbrook building, Saint Johns, Oregon.

E. E. RASER,
Administratrix of the Estate of W. W. Raser, deceased.

First publication, Dec. 18—08.

We wish to secure a good correspondent and solicitor in every section of the Peninsula. Will not the different push clubs take this matter up and see that their own particular locality is covered each week with one or more correspondents. If two correspondents from the same locality send the same item we will cut out the duplicated notes. This means much to the Peninsula and we hope our friends will take hold of the matter and give us all the news on the entire Peninsula. Any one wishing to do this work please call at our office or address us here and we will give all the information necessary for the work.

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