

**THE ST. JOHNS REVIEW**  
A. W. MARKLE

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One of the stock in trade preparations of the political agitator is that capital gets the lion's share of modern industry and that labor gets only one-third to one-fifth. The national civic federation, composed of big men in education, industry and practical affairs, has given the result of a prolonged investigation to get at the truth of this economic problem. They find there is no truth in the ancient and threadbare fabrication that labor gets only a minimum of production. The opposite is more nearly the truth. The committee came to the conclusion that "in general, after miscellaneous expenses and the cost of materials or supplies are deducted, the net earnings in industry are divided two-thirds for salaries and wages and one-third for interest, profits and the upkeep of capital, since out of this share the capitalist must provide for depreciation." In other words, labor in America receives 66 2-3 per cent of the net earnings of industry, but capital only 33 1-3 per cent. Capital, without allowing for depreciation, receives only half of the share of the product that labor receives. — Pacific Coast Manufacturer.

To the casual visitor at the San Francisco Fair the greatest attractions in the Oregon building are the specimens of myrtle wood furniture from the Coos Bay region. The myrtle is classed as a hardwood, has a beautiful grain, takes a marvelous polish and in table, desk, chair, lodge room arch and small wares, as well as in panels, it constitutes the most beautiful wood attraction on the grounds and gives Representative J. A. Ward opportunity to do all the talking he wants to. A myrtle wood booth disposes of immense quantities of souvenirs at rather "stiff" prices, for the visitors cannot resist their beauty.

The twelve foot Hood River apple, inside of which is a panorama reproduction of the Hood River valley, with a constantly moving train in the foreground, is the stellar attraction of the Oregon exhibit at the Palace of Horticulture. This catches the eye and holds the visitor fascinated. It is truly an attractive display and is much talked about. But while this is an attraction, the fruit from Rogue river the Willamette Valley and Hood River is the marvel. Much of it is superfine and it will be remembered that Director Raylin has displayed it well enough to win the Grand Prize. Other sections of Oregon could contribute magnificent fruit to the display but it has not yet arrived. Some high class easterners saw the immense cherries on display there the other day and were hard to convince that these were not some variety of prune.

Several persons have asked: "Are you going to continue the paper right along?" Sure we are. Because St. Johns has merged with Portland is no reason why we should all stagnate and lie dormant out here. If a paper was useful in St. Johns before merging, it is surely more so now. Since the council meetings have been abandoned the city dailies cannot afford to send a representative out here to pick up the little happenings—happenings that are interesting to this section alone. There are newspapers at Lents, Sellwood and Montavilla, places of far less importance than the Peninsula. So why not here? It is true that the loss of the city printing is felt, but there are avenues for business that we have never made much effort to develop that we shall now go after good and hard. We have reduced the subscription price of the Review in order to get a larger subscription list. We felt that we would rather give the subscriber the benefit of the 25 cents reduction than give that amount to a solicitor for securing the subscription or spend it on a premium, as so many publishers do. Times have been hard and the subscribers are entitled to all the advantages that can be secured for them. We want to get all the news that it is possible to get. We want the paper filled up with home happenings, as they will not likely be found in any other publication. The city papers cannot devote their space to anything but the more important happenings, while the Review will deal with the little occurrences that have a community interest, as well as the more important ones. Its chief aim will be to boost this lower Peninsula to the best of its ability. If you are not already a subscriber, have your name enrolled at once, and we feel sure that you will get your money's worth before the year has expired.



I ONCE HAD MONEY  
I HAD FRIENDS  
I LOANED MY MONEY TO MY FRIENDS  
I ASKED MY MONEY OF MY FRIENDS  
I HAVE NO MONEY  
I HAVE NO FRIENDS

IF HE HAD ONLY HAD IT IN OUR BANK HE WOULD HAVE IT NOW.

Young man, you have no friends as good as YOUR OWN MONEY. It can always be relied upon. If you lose your job, or get hurt or sick, if other friends forsake you, which they would, your money will stay with you. Have it in OUR BANK where it is safe and where you can get it when you want it.

Make OUR bank YOUR bank  
We pay 4 per cent interest on Savings Accounts  
**FIRST NATIONAL BANK, ST. JOHNS, OREGON**

**A BILL IN THE BOX**

Story of a Legislative Prank in the New York Assembly.

**DILEMMA OF A TIMID MEMBER.**

Though His Name Was Signed to the Measure He Was Not Its Author and When Ordered to Withdraw It What Little Courage He Had Failed Him.

There was a fake bill introduced in the assembly of New York state during the session of 1902 that really became a famous piece of legislation before it arrived at its formal final, although it has never until the present time been chronicled in print.

The act was placed in the assembly bill box by two jokers of the assembly. It was drawn up in the regular form, beginning with the necessary verbiage, "The people of the state of New York do enact and assemble represented," etc. The provisions of the first two or three sections were also very plausible, and, in fact, the entire measure was put together in such a way that only a technician in legislative matters could have discerned the joke.

The assembly bill box is a receptacle placed for the measures of the legislators who may wish to have them introduced at the next regular daily session subsequent to their deposit. The box is only used "between times," for when the assembly is in session the bill may be handed up to the clerk for reading. Bills are introduced in duplicate and must bear, of course, the introducer's name.

The jokers dropped the fake bill into the box on a Thursday night. They attached a member's name whose district was in the crowded east side section of New York. He was what was known as a machine man and had little initiative or individuality. He never waited over for Friday morning sessions, as they lasted but a few minutes, and it was easier to take the train to New York Thursday night, returning after recess the following Monday night.

The fake bill with the east side member's name was duly taken out of the box Friday morning and its title read. It was referred to its proper committee and ordered printed. Its purpose was made very plain. At every crossroad throughout the state of New York there must be placed at once by the state engineer and surveyor a signpost with a sign of exactly described dimensions, and lettering measured to a dot, directing travelers to the nearest place for entertainment of man and beast. The grades of the crossroads were specified in their exact degrees with respect to the proper placing of the sign.

No sooner was the title of the bill read than the afternoon newspaper representatives at Albany pricked up their ears. They were on the alert always for New York city legislation, but here was a bill making it mandatory to erect signposts throughout the state, and essentially of rural benefit. Yet a member from a congested New York district had introduced it. Something strange. They searched around for the alleged introducer. He was in New York. They took no chances, however, and telegraphed a column to their papers telling of the attempt to signpost the state by an east side legislator.

The morning papers took it up. Reporters hunted up the assemblyman at his home. He roared out his denial. But nobody believed him. He got a hurry telephone call from his district leader, to whom he swore he had introduced no such bill. He was ordered to ask for the privilege of the floor at Monday night's session and compel the withdrawal of the bill. He had stage fright over the idea. He was almost too bashful to raise his voice when voting at roll call. Meanwhile the news of the bill spread, and from all quarters of the city the luckless assemblymen received telephone messages asking to be "let in on the signpost graft."

The following Monday night the alleged introducer arrived in Albany almost in a state of collapse. All during the ensuing week he was ordered to demand the withdrawal of the bill, but would not rise in his seat and ask it. Finally a member in the secret told the

facts to Speaker Nixon. The speaker called the assemblyman to his desk and questioned him. He was satisfied that the legislator was altogether too timid to introduce such a radical bill and exonerated him.

But the bill had been printed. When it was supposed that it had been killed in committee the first thing known was a request for a hearing on it by some good roads workers, who saw in it a blessing and who sent the alleged introducer a congratulatory letter for his public spirited act. The bill of course died in committee, but its memory clung to the east side legislator for many years.—New York Sun.

**WITH HONORS OF WAR.**

Rights Those Conditions Confer Upon a Defeated Foe.

Ordinarily in all siege operations a surrender of a fortress is unconditional, and the vanquished tacitly agree to accept whatever terms the victor, in his wisdom, may impose, relying upon the latter's magnanimity for good and lenient treatment. The usual course is this: The garrison is disarmed. They are made to fall in, all so many prisoners, and escorted to wherever their conquerors decide they shall be detained.

The conquerors, of course, see that the escort is a strong guard, properly armed, able to put down at once any attempt on the prisoners' part to escape or disobey orders. Worst of all and certainly the most galling to any real soldier, the almost sacred trophies of the different regiments become the spoils of the victors.

Guns, ammunition, colors and such like things all have to be given up, though men have given their lives to defend them. For the future they grace the homes of the enemy or are turned against their old owners in the field.

It is in these things that the humiliation of surrender becomes complete. Yet all of it is saved when the beaten garrison is granted the "honors of war." That means the defenders were simply "defeated, but not disgraced."

By its use the successful besiegers admit to the world that the garrison was able to make something better than an unconditional surrender. Their heroic defenses had not left them at their last gasp. They could maintain hostilities for some time yet, and, although they would undoubtedly be beaten at the finish, the fortress could only be taken after more loss had been suffered.

In such a case all that is demanded of the beaten man is that he should evacuate all their positions. These the enemy takes possession of as what he has been striving for. All the colors and other trophies are retained by the garrison. The defenders are not prisoners of war, compelled to surrender. They are simply beaten men, voluntarily giving up the unequal contest.

They are not disarmed and escorted by guards. Mustering under their own leaders, they have no enemy over them giving orders. Headed by their own bands, with their own colors flying above them and no foreign flag near, they "march out" of the positions they have so nobly held, saluted by their successors and acclaimed by the world as heroes for whom circumstances have been too strong.

It has been previously settled where they should go, and thither they march by themselves, their officers wearing their swords by their sides, just as if they were victors instead of conquered men. They merely evacuate their positions and at all purposes are free men, not prisoners.

This is marching out with the "honors of war."—Pearson's.

**Home's Birthplace.**  
Chios is the most probable birthplace of Homer and shows the blind bard's cradle, school, house and tomb. Near the poet's alleged "school," says the Fall Mail Gazette, is a little wine shop bearing across the front the coating saying of Hercules to Hector, "Wine doth vastly increase the strength of a weary man." Although almost exterminated by the terrible massacre of 1822, the people of Chios are the most prosperous in the Levant. Nearly all leading Greek bankers and merchants hail from this island, and the well known families of Kallis and Rodocanachi are of Chios origin.

Note the label on your paper.

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**Of Shoes, shoes, shoes**

We still have 600 pairs of Ladies', Misses', Boys' and Children's Shoes on hand. These Shoes must be disposed of in the coming week, and we have divided them in two lots and put very low prices on them.

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