

THE ST. JOHNS REVIEW
A. W. Markle Editor
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THE REVIEW is entered at post office in Portland, Oregon, as mail matter of the second class under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.
Considerable building is now taking place in St. Johns.
We expected to get nothing out of the war and we are getting it, multiplied many times.
Laborers in Germany receive net more than ten dollars per month while women work for ten cents per day.

Birth control is doomed. The poor don't believe in it and the rich need the income tax exemption.
The woman who once spanked her son for smoking cigarettes now spans her grandson for stealing her cigarettes.
Our idea of a rich man is one who can smoke fifteen cent cigars without wishing it had been given to him.
The average \$27 cow would certainly be stuck up if she knew she was wearing \$95 worth of shoes on her back at the present prices.
We don't know whether the girl of today has as much backbone as the girl of our boyhood days, but she certainly shows more.

Good cow for sale cheap—Call 624 North Kellogg street.
For Sale—Oak Upright Bailey Piano; 25 folding double bench chairs.—Inquire at Review Office.
For Rent—Three room H. K. apts. and sleeping room. Lights, heat, water and phone furnished; close to Cooperage and Woolen Mills.—Riverside Hotel, 116 S. Decatur street, St. Johns. Col 1127.
Forty acres, 16 miles from Bandon, 9 miles from Myrtle Point, 3 miles from Coquille river—7 room house, good barn, good orchard, for sale cheap; will give good terms; will trade for city property. Will take Ford car for partial payment. M. N. Amizich, 301 N. Jersey street, St. Johns.

Repairing Has Dropped
I will half sole Shoes at these prices:
Men's heavy half soles.....\$1.25
Men's light half soles.....1.00
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Boys' heavy soles.....1.00
Boys' light soles......75
Girls' soles......75
Patching.....15c up
I use the best of leather that money will buy. I have come to stay and I believe in living and let you live.
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St. Peter at the Gate
St. Peter stood guard at the Golden Gate,
With a solemn mien and air sedate,
When up to the top of the Golden Stair
A man and a woman ascending there,
Applied for admission. They came and stood
Before St. Peter, so great and good,
In hopes the City of Peace to win—
To ask St. Peter to let them in.
The woman was tall and lank and thin,
With a scraggy beardlet upon her chin.
The man was short and thick and stout,
His stomach was built so it rounded out;
His face was pleasant, and all the while
He wore a kindly and gentle smile.
The choir in the distance the echoes
Awoke,
And the man kept still while the woman
Spoke.
"Oh, thou who guardest the gate,"
Said she,
"We come hither beseeching thee
To let us enter the heavenly land,
And play our harps with the angel band.
Of me, St. Peter, there is no doubt;
There's nothing from heaven to bar me
out—
I've been to meeting three times a week
And almost always I'd rise and speak.
"I've told sinners about the day
When they'd repent of their evil way;
I've told my neighbors—I've told 'em all
'Bout Adam and Eve and the primeval
fall;
I've showed them what they'd have to do
If they'd pass in with the chosen few;
I've marked their path of duty clear,
Laid out the plan for their whole career.
"I've talked and talked to 'em loud and
long,
For my lungs are good and my voice is
strong.
So, good St. Peter, you'll clearly see
The gate of heaven is open to me.
But my old man, I regret to say,
Hasn't walked exactly in the narrow
way.
He smokes and he swears, and grave
faults he's got,
And I don't know whether he'll pass or
not.
"He never would pray with an earnest
vim
Or go to a revival or join a hymn,
So I had to leave him in sorrow there,
While I, with the chosen, united in
prayer.
He ate what the pantry chose to afford,
While I, in my purity, sang to the Lord.
And if cucumbers were all he got,
It's a chance if he merited them or not.
"But Oh, St. Peter, I love him so,
To the pleasures of heaven please let
him go.
I've done enough—a saint I've been;
Won't that atone? Can't you let him in?
By my grim gospel I know 'tis so,
That the unrepentant must go below.
But isn't there some way you can see,
That he may enter who's dear to me.
"It's a narrow gospel by which I pray
But, the chosen expect to find some way
Of coaxing or fooling, or bribing you,
So that their relations can amble thru.
And say, St. Peter, it seems to me,

This gate isn't kept as it ought to be;
You ought to stand right by the opening
there
And never sit down in that easy chair.
"And say, St. Peter, my sight is
dimmed,
But I don't like the way your whiskers
are trimmed;
They're cut too wide and outward toss,
They'd look better narrow, cut straight
across.
Well, we must be going, our crowns to
win,
So open, St. Peter, we'll pass in!"
So St. Peter sat and stroked his staff,
But in spite of his office he had to laugh,
Then said with a fiery gleam in his eye:
"Who's tending this gateway? You or I?"
And then he arose in his stature tall
And pressed a button upon the wall,
And said to the imp who answered the
bell:
"Escort this lady around to Eli!"
The man stood still as a piece of stone;
Stood sadly, gloomily, there alone.
A life long settled idea he had,
That his wife was good and he was bad.
He thought if the woman went down
below,
That he would certainly have to go—
That if she went to the regions dim,
There wasn't a ghost of a show for him.
Slowly he turned by habit bent
To follow where the woman went.
St. Peter standing on duty there,
Observed the top of his head was bare.
He called the gentleman back and said:
"Friend, how long have you been wed?"
"Thirty years," (with a weary sigh)
And then he thoughtfully asked him
"Why?"
St. Peter was silent. With head bent
down
He raised his hand and scratched his
crown.
Then seemed a different thought to
take;
Slowly, half to himself, he spoke:
"Thirty years with that woman there?
No wonder that a man hasn't any hair!
Swearing is wicked; smoke's no good.
He smoked and swore—I should think
he would!"
"Thirty years with that tongue so sharp!
Ho! Angel Gabriel! Give him a harp!
A jeweled harp with a golden string!
Good sir, pass in where the angels sing!
Gabriel give him a seat alone—
One with a cushion, up near the throne!
Call up some angels to sing their best—
Let him enjoy the music and rest.
"See that on the finest ambrosia he
feeds;
He's had about all the ell he needs;
It isn't hardly the thing to do,
To roast him on earth and the future
too."
They gave him a harp with golden
strings,
A glittering robe and a pair of wings,
And he said as he entered the realms of
day.
"Well, this beats cucumbers, anyway!"
And so the Scripture has come to pass,
That, "The last shall be first and the
first shall be last."
—Published by request.

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Portland Railway, Light and Power Company
Portland, Oregon



SATURDAY SPECIALS

Saturday, February 4th

SATURDAY, 10 to 11 A. M. Ladies' Buster Brown pure Silk Hose in black or brown, pair 75c	SATURDAY, 11 to 12 A. M. Boys' 35c Bear Skin Stockings, All Sizes, Pair 20c
SATURDAY, 1 to 2 P. M. Ladies' 59c Silk Lisle Hose in black or brown, at pair 35c	SATURDAY, 2 to 3 P. M. Our Entire Stock of 25c Fancy Dress Gingham, at Yard 15c
SATURDAY, 3 to 4 P. M. Clarks O. N. T. Thread, while it lasts at spool 6 spools to customer 3c	Saturday, 4 to 5 P. M. Engineer and Firemen's Sox at pair, 6 pair to customer, 12½c
Saturday, 2 to 3 P. M. All our large pieces of 75c to \$1.00 Enamelware, spec. at 39c	Saturday, 3 to 4 P. M. 36 Inch Figured Cotton Challies At Yard 14c
Saturday, 7 to 8 P. M. All our \$3.50 to \$5.00 Silk Shirts go at \$1.98	Saturday, 2 to 3 P. M. Ladies' \$1.00 Fine Silk Hose in Black, Go At Pair 59c
Saturday, 6 to 7 P. M. Men's \$2.00 heavy cotton ribbed Union Suits, at garment \$1.10	Saturday, 2 to 3 P. M. Ladies' Silk Chemise, values to \$6.00, at garment, \$1.25

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