By Christopher G. Hazard

IT STOOD in the corner of a rather needy room. It was festooned with strings of popcorn and cables of cranberries. Wisps of tissue paper and tinsel ornaments were out upon the branches, and small candles stood ready to illuminate the occasion. There were many invisible things upon the tree, too. The imaginations of the children had been as busy as their dreams. Family resources may be limited, but there are no bounds in the realms of Santa Claus and hope. In the magical Christmas time the clouds of poverty are all as gilded and beautiful as any sunset can furnish. Anything may happen then. Cinderella is as hopeful as her more favored sisters: not an urchin but has an expectant eye. So the Tanner Christman true was as beautiful as a picture and as

full of presents as a picture could be. But, however pictured by fancy and made of good wishes, the presents were all invisible. No one could see what was in the heads of the dreamers and the hearts of the anxious but needy providers. For weeks the mill had been closed, and now the family pocketbook was about empty. Father Tanner looked at the tree, could not see a gift on it, and shook his head, Mother Tanner was inclined to make the best of it.

Yes, the tree was one of the family. It had been the tree of last year's Christmas and the tree of the year before that. It was a tree that kept its evergreen habit and that did not seem to grow old. It was like a living tree. made to bring forth its fruit every year. It had been so good to them that they had named it Bounty. And now it stood there in the dark, all dressed up, but with nothing but blossoms, without any fruit. It could see the hurrying children running to their disappointment. It could



hear their cries of surprise and chagrin. Silly Sam, more needy of amusement than the others, would look in vain for his expected go-cart; Sue would miss the two dress patterns for her big doll, her new hat and high chair for her little doll; Bill Tanner would not get his skates; Dick would still need a sled. It was anything but a merry tree.

But it was a wonderful tree. It had a power of making itself felt all over neighborhood. It could summon Santa Claus by a kind of wireless message that went through walls and everything. It reached as far as the folks were having a Christmas eve party two blocks away and made them Mrs. Folsom's laundry woman. They had been wishing for some new fun for their party that day and now it came into their heads to go over and be Santa for the Tanners. So the tree drew a very atlent but very busy company to the Tanners' back door.

As the children had left directions for Santa on the table it was easy to find out what the tree was expected to do, se, presently, it did it. There was more, too, than orders for the wanted things; the merrymakers had brought with them enough to satisfy any reasonable tree; there were picture books,



grinder that could make the sparks By, a train of cars that could go, a doll that could say "mams," and candy enough to go round. For Father and Mother Tunner there was a pockethook with gold in it, and a note of good cheer that was better than the gold.

So the wonderful tree spent the rest of the night in trembling foy. It could not sleep for thinking of the friendly leve that had previded such a happy morning to come. And when the first of the morning light brought all the Tanners downstairs the tree fairly shook with pleasure, amid the wender and the glee of that Christmas day.

As for the servants of Santa Claus. they had never had such a merry Christmas before. Their bearts were so warm that they did not mind the frost. They sang over the pleasure of giving pleasure and relief. They said they knew that Santa Claus had to live up North so that he could cool off after others. They addressed him in verses that must have made him joilier than ever, calling him:

THE MAGIC MAN There is a man who lives up north All clad in robes and furs, and every year be sallies forth As love his going spurs.

He mitigates the winter's cold That otherwise would freeze.

And keeps himself from growing old

By tending Christmas trees.

The children for his coming wait, se do the cid folks, too; Unhappiness goes out the gate When Santa comes to you.

And their own presents never seemed so large and good before.

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IS PARADISE OF "RATTLERS"

Pushing Out of Razorback Hog Responsible for Multitude of Snakes In North Carolina.

The mountainous sections of North Carolina are great breeding places for snakes and some of the regions are ow inclosed in national forest areas. Twenty years ago rattlesnakes were quite scarce in the North Carolina ountains. Those were the days when razorback hogs, one of the greatest of snake exterminators, were a formidable part of the state's pordine population

Then along came George W. Vanderbilt, who purchased 30,000 acres of this mountainous country and fenced driving out the razorbacks and permitting the brush to grow. The Toxaway company followed Mr. Vanderbilt. acquiring 20,000 acres adjoining his holdings

The exodus of razorbacks from so large an area has resulted in a remarkable increase of rattlesnakes. North Caroliniana declare that there were never so many in their state as

Forestry service men in newly acquired arens in North Carolina and other southern states have reported the presence of a tremendous number rattlers. One Washington official who was in North Carolina looking over a piece of forest, sat down on a log to rest a moment and discovered that he had barely missed sit ting squarely on a rattler. He jumped up with a yell, only to find several others viewing him with obvious in-

In the forests of the Southwest the thing feared by forest officers and natives even more than the rattlesnake is the hydrophobia skunk. This is a small species of skunk that terrorizes the district in which it flourishes. To be bitten by one means, it is said, bydrophobia, unless the patient can reach a l'asteur hospital quickly,

GOLD ONLY IN BOY'S MIND

Scottish Villagers the Victims of Hoax Which They Are Only Too Willing to Forget.

The treasure hunt of the villagers of Darvel, Ayrshire, Scotland, was prompted by a boy's hoax. Some days ago a piece of paper was found containing a message in faded writing to the effect that many years ago the writer had buried a vast hoard of gold In the vicinity of the town. The exset spot would be found indicated on a chart which, it was stated, was concealed in a cranny of an old bridge. After a minute search some young men came across the chart, and soon an immense crowd of men and women, armed with picks and shovels and other implements, were feverishly digging in an old quarry near the town, this being the spot indicated on the chart. The work continued a whole day, but late in the evening, just when everyone was co the tiptoe of excitement, they received a great shock. A message was received that the story of the hidden treemre had originated with boy who prepared the papers browned them before a fire to make them look old, and then hid them. He was well satisfied with his joke,

"Bafety First."

Wrist watches are no longer novelty, but I happened to see a wrist attachment the other day while walting for a train at the Union station that attracted my attention. A young man had a leather thong attached to the handle of his bag, while the other and was securely fastened to his wrist. Noticing that I was very much interested in this unusual contrivance, he volunteered the following informstion: "On two or three occasions, while putting my bag on the floor to purchase my ticket or to secure Pullman accommodations, I have had people attempt to plex up my bag and walk off with it. Of course they immediately apologized and I could not accuse them of stealing it, so I hit upon the plan of attaching it to my wrist, from the time I leave my apartment until I am finally scated in the train. It is truly remarkable how few people new attempt to take my bag by mistake.-Washington Star.

Many Towns Have Same Name. New towns now have to consult the Post Office department before choosing a name. When no supervision was exercised, two towns of the same name in the same state were sometimes established. Much duplication

exists as It is. The buffale, which is almost extinct, is perpetuated in the names of post offices in different states. There are 28 Washingtons, 27 Madisons, 26 Clevelands, 25 Monroes, 23 Lincolns, 22 Jacksons, 17 Grants, 17 Taylors, Adams and Jeffersons; the Harrisons and Roosevelts number 16 each. The Union is perpetuated in the name of 25 post offices. Independence is emphasized by post office names in 20 states. Faith, Hope and Charity are post office names, each of which has been used more than once.

Largest Cargo Through the Canal. A new record for tons of cargo carried through Panamu canal was set by the steamship Marore, of the Ore Steamship corporation, when she made the transit of the canal on July 19 with 20,000 tons of iron ore, bound from Cruz Grande, Chile, to New York. The previous record was set by a sister ship of the Marore, the Bethore, making the transit on May 29 with 19,000 tons of ore. The Marore was drawing 33 feet of water at time of transit, the Bethore 32 feet 6 inches. Panama Canal Record.

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WENDS OF SLAVONIC ORIGIN

Variety of Tribes Mingled to Form What Was at One Time a Powerful People,

The Wends are a section of the Slavonic race, dwelling in that part of Germany known as Lusatia, partly in Prussia and partly in the former kingdom of Saxony. In the Sixth century the Wends were a powerful people, extending along the Baltic from the Eibe to the Vistula and south to the frontiers of Bohemia. They comprised a variety of tribes. To the Wends at the outbreak of the war Prussia was merely a military expression. They have always remained closely united among themselves, preserving the old customs and considering the mingling of races by marriage as opposed to the laws of origin. The distinctions of caste among them are very marked and scrupulously respected. They call themselves Sorbs, and are known in history as Polabs. Their language, of which there are two most marked dialects, is Saxon and Prussian, with sections that speak a mixed form of both languages, which is described as being between Polish and Czech (Bohemian) and was reduced to a written language in the Sixteenth century. The people of Wendish speech numbered 144,000 in the '80's, were reduced to 116,800 in 1900, and are considerably less today.

BOILING MAY BE OVERDONE

Too Much Cooking Said to Be Fatal to Vitamines, Which Are Necessary to Life.

Ever since the mysterious little vitamines have claimed the attention of science, new theories have been expounded from time to time.

Now comes the claim that vitamine are bits of sunshine. Because of the important part cooking plays in main taining or destroying these preciou vitality givers, it is well to learn what the new theory asserts regarding it.

Vegetables grown above ground, ac cording to this theory, are richer in vitamines than those not having the direct rays of the sun, otherwise known as root vegetables.

It is declared that over-boiling kills the stimulating action of the vitamines. The housewife who would sup ply her datly mean with these vitality giving items should look well to the fresh fruits and vegetables in the market at this time of year.

It is claimed that because the vita mines are actual rays of sunshine. artificial heat tends to destroy their natural power. Therefore fruit and vegetables that may be eaten raw are more beneficial than when boiled,

Oldest Engines in England.

Two engines which are still pumping away after a hundred years are to be seen in the Brookmill Road pumping station of the London water board. They were built one hundred and one hundred and ten years ago respectively. Every day since they were installed they have raised on an average 1,750,000 gallons of water and the total amount they have pumped must be at least sixty thou sand million gallons. These engines which are probably the oldest working machines of their kind to the country, are of fifty horse-power, and each works two pumps. They are of the type that was once used in the Cornish mines, and except for a few modern improvements which have been added during recent years, they are exactly as they were a century

Soon they are to be replaced by new engines, not because they are not capable of performing their work, but because modern engines work more cheaply.

Heated Argument.

It was the girl's busy day and everything seemed topay-turvy, nothing was on time, and she was rush ing around the office at a rate that she thought could not be rivated; but Sambo, the office boy, came in with the speed of a cyclone and she felt outdone. Now, Sambo's movements at all times are leisurely and deliberate. and no amount of threats or coaxing could get Sambo to exert himself beyoud the speed of a slow movemen camera subject. Therefore this unusual display of locomotion from Sambe was most surprising. The girl stopped to get an explanation. Sambo rofled his eyes, took a deep breath and elucidated: "The boss is on a tear and he sure is mad; he's bawled out every body on the place and he's having some argument now. That there ur gument was gettin' so hot that I knowed the ole automatic fire sprink ler would begin to work in another minute, so I just run before it happened."-Exchange.

"Rolling Court" in Florida. Florida has a "rolling court." oper ating on the Atlantic boulevard near Jacksonville. Justices of the peace and their batilffs patrol the bighway passenger automobiles, accompanied by dozens of deputies on motor cycles, ready to pounce upon any driver who endangers traffic. Upon making an arrest, the deputy and his prisoner proceed until met by one of the "rolling courts."

Only British Instruments. For a period of two years, licenses for broadcasting granted to Great Britain should contain the provision that only British instruments should be used. This is the recommendation of the postmaster general, and, according to the London Evening Times. has been approved by the cabinet.

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Christmas Violets

(C. 1922, Western Newspaper Union.) HAROLD had been told by his mother that big cities were full of designing women. Harold did not know whether his mother was right or not. But he did know that in his city boarding house there was one of the dearest little girls who had ever

Harold was not selfish. He was far from being a miser. His idea of a miser was a chap he had known in his home town. He had never spent any money which he could possibly avoid spending. He always ate with his friends and rarely paid for a meal. He was always out of cigarettes and so smoked his friends' cigarettes.

He had made a good living and never failed to talk of his poverty. He had been accused of worshiping

money and he had replied; "Not a bit

great respect for money. That is the difference," Harold despised that kind of a person. And yet, perhaps, wouldn't the "denrest lit tle girl" think he was mean? He had never given her anything and he had lived at the boarding house for six

months now, Did

she think he was

of It. I have

mean? That was what bothered She had him. told him of a person she had known whom she considered a miser, and she had told him of a joke upon this "miser," For he had bargained with a little shop dealer and had obtained an article marked a dollar for fifty cents, and then had walked down the street a little farther on and had seen the same article in another window for twenty-five cents. And finally he had seen it in a ten-cent store for a dimewell, he had almost considered life useless, while everyone else had retoleed that it had been a good one on

One of the reasons that made him feel that she thought, perhaps, he was mean was because she knew others who were generous. Or, at least, one

the "miser."

Every Saturday she had received flowers. She had taken a card out of the box as they had sat at the boarding house table at breakfast. The other boarders teased her about her admirer and she seemed to enjoy it. Only he felt uncomfortable and could say nothing.

And Helen, whom he called to himself the dearest little girl, had been receiving these flowers for quite a few weeks now,

Finally he could stand it no longer His mother needn't tell him anything more about the city's designing women. He was not going to lose the dearest little girl, if there was yet a chance, because of his mother's warnings to keep to himself. And, besides, Christmas was coming.

and Christmas was a time of year when everyone felt happy. He was gong to make a tremendous fight to be And he sent her violets, beautiful

deep purple violets, with a pink rose n the center. Never had he seen her so happy as

the was over his violets. How differently she acted about his than about the others. And then he asked her if she would take a walk with him. So far, they had had all their talks in the hearding house,

"I wonder," he said, "if you'd think it was awfully sudden if I made a lit-

the suggestion? 1: was thinking how nice a ring would ook on that left hand of yoursns a Christmas present-and an engagement present, if I may be so bold, and if you've not already promised yourself to the other fellow? Or, maybe you could learn to like me better." "What other fellow?" Helen naked.

"The one who has been sending

or semething."

you flowers all along." "Oh," Helen said, "I'll have to tell you the truth. I sent them to myself. You were so shy, you seemed to like me and yet couldn't go about telling me or asking me out, and I thought maybe I'd make you curious or jealous

"And you've cared for me all along as I have for you?" he queried. She nodded. And then he told her the warnings he had been given by his

mother. "I don't know but what's she's right." Helen said. "I made designs for you, she could truthfully say," But neither of them thought of the

past, only of the glorious future ahead. And Helen wore more violets on Christmas day and a ring with a stone which sparkled so beautifully. And they had dinner by themselves-a real Christmas dinner, for it was not only Christmas day-it was their wedding

Nettie Leona Foy **PIANO**

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"ACCORDING TO THEIR MEANS"

Contributions of Church Members, a Century Ago, Evidently Meant More Than They Do Now.

Fresh-laid eggs are frequently deposited on the contribution plate in some of the backwoods Episcopal churches of the South. Which goes to show that the spirit of giving hasn't changed so very much in the 100 years of the Church Missionary society just being rounded out. The first report of the society, dated May 30, 1823, was dug up the other day, and while it shows no contribution of eggs, a score of other articles of merchandlse seem to have found their way to the plate from people who gave "according to

This report, for instance, shows that back in 1821 David Snethen gave a basket of groceries for the support of the missionaries; Stephen North contributed a medicine chest; William Royland, a cross-cut saw; Joe and John Needles, two sleves; S. Masy, a coffee mill. John and T. Cluly contributed, alas! a singularly empty gift a safe. John Burson came along with a tub, whether bath or wash is not stated. C. Buckley is credited on the books with "Deduction on hat," \$1.50; John McAllister donated a ther

Among the other miscellanies are hymn books, slates, spades, shoes, trousers, chairs, soap, bridles and locks. Finally, from one Richard Markall there is a hogshead of tobacco which encourages the hope that some good missionary of the church in his lonely station afar off enjoyed a comfortable smoke,-Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

MOURNS OVER "OLD TIMES"

Elderly North Carolina Woman Thinks Present-Day People Behind Those of Her Generation.

Bright and chipper, Mrs. Lou Thackhere yesterday at the home of a granddaughter, Mrs. J. M. Edmundson, says is in a famous street in the heart of

the New York World. She "worries" Mr. Edmundson because she insists on helping him feed his hogs and work in his garden, and wants Mrs. Edmundson to let her wash the dishes and "red up" the house. The day before her birthday she rode uptown in an automobile,

The old lady was born near Stone ville, in Rockingham county, N. C., August 20, 1811. Four years ago she injured her hip in a fall and doctors told her she would never walk again. She laughed at them and today is walking with the aid of a stick.

The jazziness of the young today does not meet with her approval. "Folks ain't like they used to be," she said. "Seems like they haven't got as much religion."

He ."Rang the Bell."

A number of well-known newspaper men returning the other night from one of the summer resorts had just managed to get to the city their engine commenced to slow down, relates the Washington Star. A hurried examination disclosed the fact that the gas tank was nearly empty. Two of them elected to venture forth in search of an all-night garage while the other two remained in the car. The searchers, after traversing many streets, finally came across a station on which was a sign "Open all night." No signs of life, however, were visible. Finally one of the scribes happened to notice a rope protruding through a window of the building in which were kept oils, greases, accessories, etc. Giving the rope a vigorous pull, he nearly yanked the custodian of the service station out of bed, the rope being attached to the caretender's foot-a rather new and novel way of ringing the door

Princess Elizabeth. Elizabeth, the second of the ill-fated daughters of the ill-fated Charles I was born at St. James' palace in 1635. When she was six years old civil war broke out in England and the remaining nine years of her life were passed with strangers. She saw her father only a few times, the last being on the day before his execution. Charles took the child on his knee and gave her such advice as might be expected from a father about to die. A year and a half after his death she, too, at the age of fifteen, breathed her last. By some it was said Cromwell had decided to apprentice her to a buttonmaker, but historians deny this. It is known the protector provided amply for her during her short and unhappy lifetime. A monument was erected for her by Queen Victoria on the occasion of rebuilding the church at Newport, where she was buried.-Chicago Journal.

Picric Acid for Farmers. That the farmers of the country have not been slow to avail themselves of the opportunity to obtain a good agricultural explosive at a low cost is shown by the fact that in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1922, 8,264,-700 pounds of pierie acid has been distributed by the bureau of public

roads, United States Department of

Agriculture.

False Eyelashes. False eyelashes are one of the latest ways in which science is co-operating with nature. They are made of real hair, come in several lengths, and are arranged on a bit of adhesive silk material which will cling to the

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HAPPINESS MUST BE SHARED hanksgiving the Most Appropriate of All Times to Remember the Poer and Unfortunate.

It is one of the laws of life that we cannot truly enjoy anything from which our brother is excluded. We do not know how much of this sharing is going on. But this Thanksgiving as we gather about our board to enjoy one of the descendants of those 40pound "turkies, which sallied gally past the doares" it will warm our er of Mount Airy, N. C., celebrated her | bearts to remember only this one inone hundred and eleventh birthday stance which will be taking place, as usual, this year. The scene of it a dispatch from Greensboro, N. C., to | New York's underworld. Outside the great building early in the forenoon the line begins to form until by midlay it is thousands long, and when the doors are finally thrown open, each man takes his tray and is served with roast turkey, mashed potato, cranberry sauce and mince pie and coffee in exchange for a nickel! The down and outer, the victim of adversity-whoever comes-is fed. The room, big as it is, will not accommo date them all, but one crowd rapidly gives place to another, and so all are taken care of. This happens every year because there is one man of wealth whose heart is filled with Thanksgiving. This is only one instance. You will know of others. So let us all rejoice and give thanks for the spirit which is within us.

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