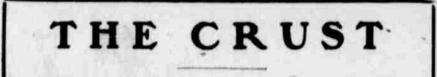
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER, 1, 1905



BY LEONARD FRANK ADAMS. Copywright 1905 by P. C. Eastineet.

looking for a certain white umbrella, which he feit sure he would recognize among a thousand similar ones. Far down on the sand dunes, well away from the crowd which thronged the sand, he espied it. He could tell it by have you been here?" the certain rakish angle with which it was always stuck in the sand as well i as by the distinctive downward droop didn't you wake me up?" of its time worn ribs. Beneath the umbrella he would find ber. Danforth quickened his steps and made for the sand dunes,

As he came nearer he saw the girl in a steamer chair beneath the shelter of the umbrella. She was reclining motioniess, her eyes closed. He stole cautiously up and seated himself beside is (Love, forgive us') cinders, ashes, dust," the chair. Still the girl did not move, he read. and from her regular breathing it was apparent she had fallen asleep.

Danforth fished in his pockets and found some cigars and a little volume of Keats. He touched a match to one of the former and opened the latter. For a time he read and smoked contentedly while the girl in the chair slept on.

At length he lay the book face down on the sand and looked at the girl with a whimsical suite curving his lips. He blew several puffs of white smoke and watched them drift lazily away.

"It is a great chance," he mused softly, "a great chance, Lord knows I'd never have the courage to talk to you as frankly as I intend to do if you were awake, but now I'm going to said. have a nice long talk with you. Indeed, I shall tell you many things that have been on my mind for some time." He listened intently to assure himself that the girl's regular breathing was unchanged before he went on:

"We've been the best of friends for the past few years, haven't we? It has been a jolly, confidential friendship, never marred by any 'foolishness,' as you choose to call it. Well, that's one side of it-your side. It hasn't been marred by any spoken 'foolishness' on my part, but there's been an awful



Danforth strolled down the beach | ward the west. A preeze sprang up from the water and set the white umbrella swaving.

> Presently the girl stirred uneasily and sat up. She blinked sleepily, and her eves fell on the man. "Hello, Tom!" she said. "How long

"Just came," he lied regally, "Why "Was I asleep?" she asked.

"You looked too comfortable," said be. "I hadn't the heart."

She caught sight of the volume "Keats," she exclaimed. "Won't you

read to me? 'Endymion,' part two, if you please." He eyed her sharply. Her face was

very grave. "Love in a cottage, love upon a crust

There was something suspiciously

like a chuckle from the depth of the steamer chair. He closed the book and turned to her quickly. "Blast poverty!" she said, imitating

old.

his tones. He sprang up and regarded her nar-

rowly. "You weren't asleep?" he asked in-

credulously "If I was I heard much in a dream,"

she said. "Lord!" he groaned. Then he smiled.

"Anyway I'm glad you heard," he said definitly.

"So am I," she declared very seriously

"Do you mean it?" he cried. She turned her eyes to the sea.

"I am going to risk the crust," she

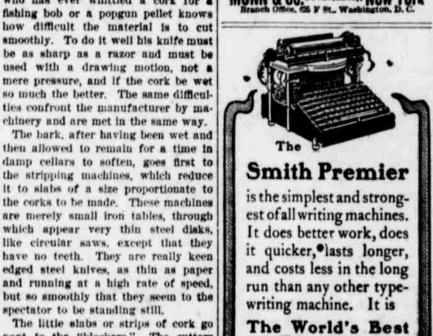
His Client West Free.

When a young man General Butler was debarred from practice for two years. His first case after that was to be tried before the superior court at Salem. The case was one of theft, and his client was held a prisoner, appearing in the courtroom under guard. Butfer knew the man to be guilty and made a request that he have a few moments' private conversation with his client. The court extended the courtesy, and both retired to a private room downstairs. When the door was carefully closed Butler said, "See here, Mr. A., how much money have you with you?" Upon being told he said, "Well, you give me one-half of that now." The man counted out and handed him the money. Then Butler went to a window, opened it wide, turned his back to his client and walked leisurely out of the room, going back to the courtroom. The court asked Butler where THE MORNING ASTORIAN, ASTORIA, OREGON.

HOW CORKS ARE CUT

TURNING THE PLIABLE BARK INTO

BOTTLE STOPPERS. for the primary nominating election to be held in this city on Monday the 13th AT SEASIDE Keen Machine Knives That Shape, . day of November, 1905, will be opened Turn, Shave and Taper the Slabs at the Auditor's office in the city hall, . Stripped From the Tree-The Way on Monday the 23rd day of October. THE MORNING ASTORIAN the Waste Product Is Utilized. 1905, and will close for said primary Cork, as most persons know, is the election on the 7th day of November, outer bark of an evergreen oak tree Is on Sale at 1995, at the hour of 4 o'clock p. m., said which grows in Spain, Portugal, Alregistration books will be again opened ٠ LEWIS & CO.'S DRUG STORE geria, Morocco and to some extent in on Thursday the 16th day of November. Italy. Its peculiar properties, especial-٠ 1905, for the general election to be held ly its lightness and its compressibility, • MORRISON & GREENBAUM'S ٠ in this city on Wednesday the 13th day make it valuable for scores of pur- 6 CIGAR STORE. poses, but its original use, in the manof December, 1905, and will close on ufacture of corks, or stoppers for bot Saturday, the 9th. day of December, tles, still consumes the greater part of 1905, at 4 o'clock p. m. All persons all that is brought to market. must register in order to be entitled to The cork oak varies in diameter vote. from six inches to three feet. By a Dated, Astoria, Oregon, October, 21st, generous provision of nature the tree 1905. may be periodically stripped of its EXPERIENCE outer bark without losing its life. Auditor and Police Judge of the city of Twenty years is the usual age at Astoria which the first cutting is made. After that the cork may be harvested about every ten years. The first cut, which is called virgin bark, is of little value, as it is coarse in texture and deeply TRADE MARKS seamed. The tree may be expected to live and yield cork until it is 150 years COPYRIGHTS &C. sending a sketch and description ma accertain our opinion free whether as a is probably patentable. Communica ctly confidential. HARDEON on Patento ctly confidential. HARDEON on Patento In Spain and some other European THE MORNING ASTORIAN countries corks are still made by hand, each one being pared from a square agency for securing patents, through Munn & Co. receiv block by a common knife. In this Scientific American country, where are made the finest is for sale at the news stands of corks in the world, the work is done by andsomely illustrated weekly. Largest cir-tion of any scientific journal. Terms, \$5 a ; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers. machinery, all of which is of American invention and manufacture. Every boy MUNN & CO. 361Broadway. New Yor who has ever whittled a cork for a fishing bob or a popgun pellet knows how difficult the material is to cut



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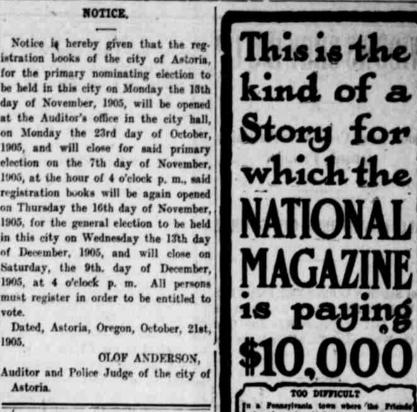
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COULD HAVE ENOWS.

thinking going on all the same. Good Lord, Amy, you haven't an idea what some things have cost me. I've loved you-do you understand?-loved you from the very first, and yet not one word, not one hint of it, I flatter myself, has ever passed my lips."

He paused and smoked furiously for a time.

"Blast poverty!" he burst out, a triffe more vehemently than he intended.

There was a slight movement in the steamer chair. He looked in that direction anxiously, but the girl was breathing deeply, regularly. He caught up the volume beside him.

"Here it is--the sum and substance of it all-admirably expressed by Brother Keats."

He turned the pages rapidly to "Endymion" and read, his voice guardedly modified:

"Love in a cottage, love upon a crust Is (Love, forgive us!) cinders, ashes, dust.

"That was what I feared," he mused. "'Cinders, ashes, dust!' I couldn't drag it down to that, and so-and so I've fostered this beautiful, this idylile, friendship of ours."

He laid the volume down again.

"Blast poverty!" he growled. "I could only offer you love of the crust variety."

He looked out over the sparkling water. Here and there a sail showed white against the blue of the sky. He watched a solitary gray gull settle slowly in great, indolent circles.

"I wish you could have known," said he, "although, of course, it would have been absurd to tell you. Still, I wish you could have known. Somehow 1 like this talking frankly to you even if you are asleep. I can tell you now, as I couldn't if you were awake, that I do love you. 'Cinders, athes, dust!', Dear, dear! It would never do. You'd come to think me little and commonplace. Life for you would be a dull, grinding routine. But I feel better to bave told you, even in this way."

He opened the volume and began to read sliently. The sun crept down to-

Having perforated the slab, the cuthis client was. He looked about the room as if expecting him to be in his place and replied: "Your honor, I do not know where my client is. It is the custom for the guard to follow his prisoner."

Using Endearing Terms.

Did you ever notice-but of course you did-what a difference there is in men in the matter of using endearing terms? It is just as natural for some men to say "Yes, dear," or "No, sweetheart," as it is for somebody's pet terrier to chase the family cat up a tree. Of course, it doesn't always mean anything in particular. That is to say, if a man calls a girl "dear" or "little one" after he has been "paying her distinct attention" for awhile, it doesn't necessarily mean that he's going to propose. If certain women would get that through their heads there would be fewer broken hearts. Actions, not words, gauge sincerity, and a man may string the conversation full of pet names and not have any deeper affection than the man who doesn't call his wife "dear." It is only a habit, but it is such a pretty one and it is so easy a way of making a woman happy that it is really too bad more men do, not cultivate it .- Woman Correspondent in Detroit Free Press.

Napoleon's Memory,

Napoleon had a wonderful memory. When emperor he once surprised his council with his intimate knowledge of Roman law and was asked how he had obtained it. He stated that when a lieutenant he had once been placed under arrest and was in prison for two weeks. During that time the only book at his command was a treatise on Roman law. He sat down and in two weeks mastered the volume so completely that twenty years later he could repeat long passages from its pages. He never forgot a face or a name and would often greet private soldiers by their names, sometimes alluding to the march or the battle where he had seen them before. He kept in his head all the details of his military movements. and it was said of him that during the march to Italy and Marengo he knew where every pound of the supplies for the use of the army was located. It is said that he remembered the name of every officer to whom he ever issued a commission

Never Would Do.

"This bill," said the chairman of the legislative steering committee, "must not be allowed to become a law in its present shape."

"Why not?" demanded the member that had charge of the bill.

"It's too plain and direct. There is only one possible interpretation of it and no possible way of evading it. Read it again yourself, man, and tell me as a lawyer if you think you could get a case out of it in a hundred years."-Chicago Tribune.

ters back away automatically, while plungers like pistons working in the cylinders come forward and punch out the cores, which for some purposes are already finished corks.

used with a drawing motion, not a

mere pressure, and if the cork be wet

so much the better. The same difficul-

ties confront the manufacturer by ma-

chinery and are met in the same way.

then allowed to remain for a time in

it to slabs of a size proportionate to

are merely small iron tables, through

like circular saws, except that they

have no teeth. They are really keen

edged steel knives, as thin as paper

and running at a high rate of speed,

but so smoothly that they seem to the

The little slabs or strips of cork go

next to the "blockers." The cutters

here are cylindrical steel punches, or

tubes, with razor edges. They are ar-

ranged in rows, or "gangs," and in-

stead of being simply pressed through

the cork are also revolving at high

speed and so cut their way through.

spectator to be standing still.

They are, of course, perfectly cylindrical-that is, without taper-and in that form they are preferred by bottlers of effervescent liquids, because their shape enables them the better to resist the pressure of the restrained gases.

But for the use of druggists, who are the great users of corks and need the very finest, a tapering stopper is preferred, and this necessitates another operation. The tapering machines are run mostly by young women. Each machine consists of a little lathe, which centers the cylindrical cork automatically and then brings it into contact with the edge of the cutting knife, which, like the cutter of the slicing machine, is a very thin steel disk. As the cork touches this knife a thin shaving rises and curls away, like as a puff of smoke.

One who knows nothing of the machinery could see no reason for it, but during the second that the cork has been in contact with the apparently motionless disk some dozen yards of flying, razor edged steel have been at work, and the cork is now a perfect truncated cone, with a fine satin-like surface and an even and regular taper. By hand a very rapid and skillful cutter can turn out twelve or fourteen gross in a day. With these machines

one girl will produce 420 gross, There are few businesses in which the quantity of waste material is so large as in the manufacture of corks. In the best managed factories it ranges from 60 to 70 per cent, but American ingenuity and industrial development have succeeded in transforming it into a source of profit. By grinding the waste to various degrees of fineness and pressing it with glue or shellac into various shapes it is made useful for the inner soles of shoes, for bathroom mats, for insulation in refrigerating plants and the deadening of sound in apartment houses, the making of bicycle handles and the grips of tennis rackets, fly rods and golf clubs, and there are dozens of other uses for the waste which are quite as interesting. Some years ago one manufacturer of corks was paying a teamster a dollar a load to cart away his waste and dump it on a refuse heap. Today he receives \$60 a ton for the very cheapest quality of this waste. - Edward Williston Frents in Youth's Compan-

Sounded Nice.

Miss Nellie Gaunt-At the zoo I liked. the monkey house best. Mrs. Ellie Gaunt-Don't say "monkey house," child; it sounds so common. Please call it the "aplary."-Cleveland Leader.

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