M. QUAD.

Some Philosophy

Stray Bits of Thoughts by the Old Whittler--Story About Uncle Jim Nash.

[Copyright, 1906, by McClure, Phillips & Co.] HEN you come across a man with a sharp knife in his pocket, a soft pine shingle handy and plenty of time to loaf in, watch him. If he'd rather sit with his hands in his pockets than to whittle don't bank on him.

I like to see my fellow man ambitions, but when it comes to spending a whole week to trap a woodchuck whose hide is worth only 15 cents it seems to me that he has got off the track a bit.

I've known at least fifty men who could sit down and figure out that Providence had always been ag'in 'em, but as far as I had time to investigate I found that laziness had also stuck by 'em like a brother.

When a man is so rich that he doesn't know what to do with his money he either becomes a miser and bangs on to every cent like grim death or blossoms out a philanthropist and makes a fool of himself. It's even up which is the

Now and then a feeling comes over me that I ought to trust human nature more than I do, and I yield to it and leave my henhouse door unlocked for the night. When I go out in the morning and find all the chickens gone I get the feeling that somebody is an old fool and that it ain't the critter who walked away with the poultry.

I hold that nature made the man to boss the roost after getting married, but at the same time am willing to admit that if I'd allowed the old wo man to butt in oftener I'd have been worth dollars where I hain't now worth cents.

Just where heaven is or whether I shall ever reach it has been a puzzle to me these many days, but I have taken the safe side by heaping up the measure when I sell taters and not lying any more than I can belp when I g: down to the postoffice of an evening.

When Uncle Billy Wilson found himself dying he sent for me and owned up that he had been stealing corn and

taters from me for years and that he had robbed my orehard and run off pry By Uncle Silas bogs. He said he couldn't die with those things on his conscience, but as be didn't offer to square up and as I found one of my plows in his barn after his funeral I have never given him the credit that perhaps I should have

> It is never too late to find out things. Old Uncle Jim Nash had lived for fifty years without creating any stir in this world when his wife patched his trousers with a sheet of tin. After that he

> > ADR.

PATCHED HIS TROUSERS WITH A SHEET OF

rattled around at such a rate that his

fellow men went at it and elected him

overseer of highways. There are loss of

men who'd amount to something if they

I made up my mind early in the game

that when I became old and gray head

ed I'd take things as they came, but 1

don't mind admitting that whenever 1

have passed a bottle of hair dye since

arriving at the age of fifty I've land

the hardest kind of work to keep from

making a fool of myself. When you

hear of a man growing old gracefully

When I hear that my neighbor has a

sick child I feel sorry for him. When I

hear that he has lost a cow by death I,

give him my sympathy. When I hear

that his nucle out west has died and

left him \$5,000 I want to know of my-

self by what right such a man as he is

should fall into such luck while I can't

when amongs to nav my taxes. It isn't

only got a rattle started.

set him down as a hero.

that we are envisus of any one ener, but it is that the good things should naturally come our way. I fully believe and am firmly convinced that honesty is the best policy. but when a merchant sells me half cotton for all wool I've just got to count him out 'leven eggs for a dozen in spite

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of all I can do. The first inmate of

our county poorhouse was an hones

The Thermometer Habit,

The clinical thermometer habit has taken such a hold on many persons that one physician has forbidden his patients to have them on pain of refusing to treat them if they disobey. The clinical thermometer fiend is a person who keeps one of these medical registers in the house and the instant that he, more often she, has a headache, real or imaginary, thrusts the tube under her tongue and takes her temperature. Finding it varying one millionth part of a degree from normal, she thinks she is about to have some deadly illness, packs off to bed and sends for the doctor.

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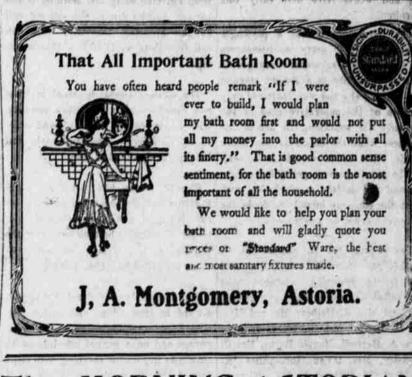
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