

The Kicker's Horse Editor Gets Even

Tired of Working For \$9 Per. He Takes Advantage of Hello's Absence and Shows Him Up.

NOTE to the Public.—We are not the editor of the Kicker, the bluffer and blowhard who is heard from week to week, but the horse editor, who has been grinding his life out for the princely salary of \$9 per and is now left in charge while the other man is sloshing around the country. It is the only chance that has come to us to get even, and we promptly take advantage of it. If it don't take Jim Hello a whole year to explain away certain things we are go-



THE HORSE EDITOR AT WORK.

ing to print in this column today, then we will drop the horse business and become a hon grower. Read:

We have been asked to subscribe \$100 toward building a Baptist church in Giveadam Gulch. We won't give 25 cents. If they manage to get a church here we shall take great pleasure in burning it down and in chewing the ears off any galoot who comes around asking questions. (Won't the editor hop when he reads the above! His mother belongs to the Baptist belief.)

While there are seven so called doctors in this town, six of them are such arrant quacks that we wouldn't trust them to pull a thorn out of a dog's foot. The only real M. D. in the lot is Dr. Ferguson. The others ought to be ridden out of town on a rail. (Dr. Ferguson is the biggest quack of all. The editor will have a circus with the other six.)

If the postmaster general had the interests of this community at heart he wouldn't be over fifteen minutes removing the galoot who has held the position of postmaster for the last three years and who has been anything but a credit to the service he represents. Bounce him out, and the quicker the better! (As the editor is also the postmaster, the above will come to him red hot.)

The Blue Hill Banner asks if there is a Nero in Arizona. There is, and his name is Jim Hello, editor of this paper and mayor of this town. He feels that he carries the whole territory in his vest pocket and that no one else has any rights. Why don't the people rebel and hang him to the nearest limb? (That's plum center, Jim, and how do you like it?)

The editor of this paper announces the circulation of the Kicker to be about 4,000,000 and gaining at the rate of 50,000 a week. The true figures are 1,250, and he hasn't put on seven new subscribers in a year. Advertisers can depend upon these figures being positively correct. (Sorry to give the editor away, but we can't do any lying on \$9 per week. He should have come up to our figures when we asked him to, instead of saying that the honor alone was worth \$20 per week.)

The only theater in this town is a ramshackle old barn of a place, infested with rats as big as jack rabbits, and any theatrical company that would play an engagement in it deserves to be shot off the stage. Don't let the wily owner deceive you. (The above theater is generally referred to by the editor, who owns it, as Hello's Opera House. Everybody else refers to it as a Hello of a place.)

The editor of the Kicker has always made a great ado about his guns and the way he bluffs this and that one. We know it to be a fact that his natural weapon is a club and that when he meets up with a shooter he is ready to take a back seat at once. No one need be afraid of him. It is true that

he owns two old guns, but they are entirely for show. (There's our f--- house, Jim. Dare you call it?)

On various occasions the editor of this paper has referred to his esteemed contemporary of the Lop-Horn as a driveling old idiot who graduated from a cheese factory and whose weekly Journal had a circulation of less than 400. We take this opportunity to say that Mr. Titus is a learned man and has a fine form and an intellectual face. In fact, there is nothing of the tough or the loafer about him, and his

circulation is largely in excess of that of the Kicker. (No thanks for this, Mr. Hello. We owed it to you.)

The Pine Hill Register suggests beginning the new year by hanging Jim Hello, the conceited ass who fondly imagines that he will be governor of this territory some day. It is an idea that will be favored by all who know him, including his office force. (As horse editor we would willingly sacrifice two weeks' salary to see the boss at the end of a rope.)

When a man came here from Chicago the other week to see about an electric light plant for Giveadam Gulch he took one good look at the insignificant being who holds the office of mayor and left town without broaching the subject. Can't we have a man instead of a thing for mayor? (As Jim Hello thinks he is about the perkier thing that ever came out of the box the above will be a terrible rub on him.)

It has more than once been hinted that the editor of the Kicker got his advertising by betting on his guns and talking in a bull voice to business men, who gave in to him under the idea that it was dangerous to oppose him. Those are his methods exactly. We have been his horse editor for two years and ought to know. We know further, and that is that if business men gave him the boot he would sneak away like a whipped cur. No one should have the slightest fear of him. (That's another one we owed you, Jimmy.)

The editor of the Kicker has had the unmitigated gall on various occasions to announce that he meant to be a candidate for the next presidency. No one should take him seriously. He couldn't carry his own ward if he was running for constable. It is simply another specimen of his cheek. (This will make you squirm, Jimmy, but you know we are telling the truth.)

A telephone message has just reached the Kicker office that the editor is coming home and only five miles away. For obvious reasons we do not care to meet him, and we therefore fold our tent and get ready to move to other fields. It is the last of our \$9 per, and we don't know where our wandering boy will sleep tonight, but we have had our opportunity and taken advantage of it, and now let the galled jade wince and the limping lion roar. Goodby to all, a fond goodby. M. QUAD.

During the Record Race. The dark goggled, leather jacketed chauffeur lowered his head like a ram and chuckled with glee.

"We are now going at 100 miles an hour!" he shrieked.

"Great Hercules!" gasped the novice at his side. "Isn't there a chance of an accident?"

"Fear not! Don't you see that we carry emergency tires?"

"I—I know, but I—I'd feel better if we had a few emergency arms and heads along."

But the chauffeur laughed demoniacally and turned the curve on one wheel. —Chicago News.

Cheap at the Price.

Old Mrs. Mullins was pretty rich, but rather parsimonious. She attended church regularly, but what she put into the collection plate was hardly worth mentioning. One Sunday at dinner after the old lady had returned with her small grandson from the morning service her daughter asked the natural question, "How was the sermon?"

"Poor," said Grandma Mullins emphatically. "Mighty poor."

"But, grandma," said the little boy, "what could you expect for a cent?" —Woman's Home Companion.

NOTICE FOR BIDS—BIDS ARE HERE—by asked for clearing all trees and brush on road No. 100 from point of beginning to John Day Station to a width of forty feet. Bids to be filed with the County Clerk on or before May 23, 1906.

Work to be paid for when completed and accepted.

By order of the County Court. J. C. CLINTON, County Clerk. Astoria, Ore., May 3, 1906.

Are You Up to the Mark?

If not feeling as well as you should, do not make the mistake of letting your health take care of itself. Resort to

Beecham's Pills

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 10c. and 25c.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE

WILL CURE any case of KIDNEY or BLADDER DISEASE that is not beyond the reach of medicine. No medicine can do more.

WAS GIVEN UP TO DIE.

B. Spiegel, 1204 N. Virginia St., Evansville, Ind., writes: "For over five years I was troubled with kidney and bladder affections which caused me much pain and worry. I lost flesh and was all run down, and a year ago had to abandon work entirely. I had three of the best physicians who did me no good and I was practically given up to die. Foley's Kidney Cure was recommended and the first bottle gave me great relief, and after taking the second bottle I was entirely cured."

TWO SIZES, 50c AND \$1.00.

SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY CHARLES ROGERS, DRUGGIST.

TIDE TABLE, MAY

Table with tide data for May 1906, including High Water and Low Water times for various dates.

Advertisement for 'The Complete Story of the San Francisco Earthquake' book, featuring an illustration of the book cover and promotional text.

Advertisement for Santal Midy capsules, used for kidney and bladder troubles.