

WASHINGTON NOTES

Interesting Events Occuring in the Capitol of the Nation.

VIEWS OF VARIOUS AFFAIRS

More Third Term Talk—Tillman Prophet Without Honor in His Own Country—Action on Car Shortage Expected.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 3.—The belief that President Roosevelt will yield to the importunities of his friends and advisers and accept the nomination for the next Presidential election seems to have spread to the Democratic ranks. Representative John Wesley Gaines, one of the staunchest Democrats in the land, and an uncompromising opponent of the third term idea has expressed himself as being convinced that the Republicans will renominate Roosevelt in 1908. Mr. Gaines says he bases his prognostication on the talk that he hears in his contact with his Republican colleagues in Congress, and is sure that the Roosevelt star is yet in the ascendancy. Congressman Gaines says that Republicans, especially those from the Western states are almost unanimous in their private and semi-confidential conversations that unless Roosevelt is renominated, their party will stand no show whatever against William Jennings Bryan, whom they are sure will be the next Democratic candidate. While Mr. Gaines, as a strenuous statesman, is a warm admirer of President Roosevelt, he feels that with the renomination of the present President the Democratic party will have a much harder fight than would otherwise be the case, for he fears that even the third term issue might not be strong enough to head the people off from the President.

Senator Tillman is again in hot water in his home state. The pitchfork Senator, it is claimed by his political enemies at home, has been dodging the income tax imposed by his state government. It seems that they point to his popularity throughout the country as a lecturer as proof positive that he has a much larger income than the doctory fire-eater will admit. Some months ago, it will be remembered, a newspaper paragrapher made an estimate of the amounts pulled down by various public men from the Chautauqua lecture course each year. Senator Tillman was credited with the fat sum of \$2,600. As to this "charge" however, the South Carolinian has branded his critics as "liars and scoundrels." He declares that his lectures do not get him anything like this amount, although he does not place any figure on his income from this source. He declares that his enemies are raising the question for the sole purpose of "gagging" him, just as the negroes of Chicago recently tried to do.

Considerable speculation is rife among official circles here in Washington as to the probable action which will follow the report of the Interstate Commerce Commission regarding the car shortage question. Just before he left for Pine Knot, the President had a long conference with Chairman Knapp and Commissioner Harlan, of the Commission, and while the nature of this conference has not been divulged, it is believed that President Roosevelt was probing the question as deeply as he might with a view to bringing to the attention of Congress at this session the need for some legislation which will prevent the recurrence of anything like the present congested traffic conditions throughout the entire country. As yet Congress has not dealt with the matter of the physical operation of the railroads except as regards the application of safety appliances, but it is understood that the Interstate Commerce Commission is making an exhaustive study of the matter with a view to making recommendations for some such legislation. While it is impossible to safely predict what action finally will be taken in this matter, it is felt certain that the movement to boom waterways development will be helped materially. Friends of this movement point to the enormous strides of the commerce of the United States as contrasted with the small-like advance in the construction of railroads, and contend that the only possible relief from a continuance of the terrible congestion of traffic is to be found in a comprehensive and continued improvement of the rivers and harbors of the country. The

recent convention here of the National Rivers & Harbors Congress, representing as it does commercial organizations in almost every State in the Union, sufficiently impressed Congress with the imperative necessity of immediate and generous treatment of the nation's waterways, to insure the commencement of this much-needed improvement work on a large scale. But they will have to gain the active support of the people at large if interest in this question is to be kept up and proper and as generous treatment is insured from future congresses.

Washington likes a good joke! So does every other city and town for that matter. But Washington just at this time thinks it has the best joke of the season and consequently almost everywhere you will find groups of officials and clerks chuckling over the latest. For, he it known, that Samantha, the venerable and venerated seven-toed White House cat, on Christmas day ushered twin kittens into the world, much to the delight of the youngest of the President's children, who looked upon their advent as a Christmas gift. Nothing would do but that their father, to whom they immediately took the little creatures, should give them appropriate names. He at first tried to shift this responsibility to the children, but finally gave in to their insistence. With one of his insuperable grins, he declared that the male kitten should be known as "Bellamy" and its sister as "Marla." The little fellows are thriving and give every evidence of living to ripe old age, despite their names.

Washington officials, especially those in the Bureau of Corporations, presided over by Commissioner Garfield, are wondering whether Congress will at this session attempt any legislation looking toward the Federal licensing of corporations as suggested by President Roosevelt in his annual message and later dwelt upon in detail by Mr. Garfield in the annual report of the operations of his bureau. A good many things seem to indicate that it will. Considerable surprise was caused when Senator Hansbrough introduced his resolution calling for an investigation of the Harvester "trust", especially in view of the fact that this combination, above all others, always has been regarded as a good thing for the country. The rumor that other and similar resolutions would be introduced after the recess in connection with other corporations added to this surprise. However, it would seem that these investigations will result in calming the popular and unthinking attacks on all forms of corporate wealth and in checking the tendency of the American people to

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CHILD ALMOST A SOLID SORE

From Skin Disease from Birth Until Six Years Old—Father Spent Fortune on Her Without Benefit—Old Doctor Suggested Cuticura, which Cured Her in Two Months, Leaving

SKIN SOFT AS A BABY'S AND WITHOUT A SCAR

"I have a cousin in Rockingham Co. who once had a skin disease from her birth until she was six years of age. Her father had spent a fortune on her to get her cured and none of the treatments did her any good. Old Dr. G. suggested that he try the Cuticura Remedies which he did. When he commenced to use it the child was almost in a solid scab. He had used it about two months and the child was well. I was there when they commenced to use your Cuticura Remedies. I stayed that week and then returned home and stayed two weeks and then went back and stayed with them two weeks longer and when I went home I could hardly believe she was the same child. Her skin was as soft as a baby's without a scar on it. I have not seen her in seventeen years but I have heard from her and the last time I heard from her she was well. That is where I became acquainted with Cuticura. I hope this may be of some service to you in the future. Mrs. W. P. Ingie, Burlington, N. C., June 16, 1905."

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A Trip Into Affluence

The January sun beamed forth brilliantly on the first Sunday of the month, and, peeping into the windows of St. Andrew's lighted up even the darkest corners of the beautiful interior.

"There endeth the first lesson," said the Rector aloud.

"And this church needs redecorating," said Miss Ophelia Emory to herself, for the cheery sunshine had revealed a startling shabbiness in her beloved place of worship.

To be sure, the colors had been blended by time till they were soft, mellow and harmonious, but to Miss Emory's awakened vision they were dull and dingy.

Miss Ophelia Emory was a splinter of limited means but unlimited energy. There loomed over on her horizon tasks to be attempted—tasks to be accomplished. She had just brought to a successful finale the Christmas festivities of the church and also of the thriving mission which it supported, and she welcomed this new outlet to her zeal for, having decided the thing needed doing, the next thing was to have it done. The church treasury was always low at this time of year, so she must devise some way of raising the money. As she paused in the vestibule after service to drop her mite into the alms box, her eyes rested on the text inscribed on the wall over the receptacle:

"The poor ye have always with you." "So we do," she said to herself, "and there's no reason why they shouldn't furnish the funds to decorate this church. I'll have a 'rummage sale' on the East Side, where it's the most thickly settled, and the money from it shall pay the bill."

No blade of grass, however forth-putting, ever had a chance to sprout under Miss Emory's feet for whatever business she had in hand was attended to with dispatch. She obtained the sanction of the Rector and the vestry, and before the end of the week a working force was organized, a large new building not yet occupied was secured rent free in the desired locality, and the Morgan Express Company had promised to donate their services in carting thither all the contributions for the sale.

Miss Emory believed in the enthusiasm of youth to carry a project to a successful finish, and always chose her active helpers from the young people of the church. Mr. Herbert Bradley, one of the most popular of the young men, was induced to act as general manager and to oversee the arranging of the goods. This latter promise, lightly given, proved a most prodigious undertaking, for it was a veritable "Babel of things" that the express vans dumped in a promiscuous heap on the transient emporium.

Miss Eleanor Melton, a vivacious young woman with plenty of money, was appointed cashier, and Miss Elsa Anderson was chosen as the head of the corps of volunteer "sales ladies."

Miss Anderson was as poor as Miss Melton was rich, and even an extra car fare had to be carefully expended. She was a very recent comer to St. Andrew's, but her attractive person and agreeable manners had already won for her many friends. She could not however, count Miss Melton among them, for the reason that Mr. Herbert Bradley, who for some time had been very attentive to that young woman, had since the advent of Miss Anderson, been much less constant, and was making rapid progress in the new friendship.

Mr. Bradley, with his helpers, spent the greater part of a week in assorting, classifying and arranging the "stock," and the three ladies came each day and worked for several hours marking the prices. This was not done without some friction, for Miss Melton held for high prices while Miss Anderson, having a fellow feeling for those of meager purses, advocated putting the things at as low a figure as possible. When a difficulty arose Miss Emory appealed to Mr. Bradley, and, as he invariably sided with Miss Anderson, it tended to make Miss Melton a little bitter as well as cold to Miss Anderson.

The curiosity of the neighborhood was aroused as to what kind of enterprise was to be launched in its midst, but there were two of the dwellers who kept daily and almost hourly espionage over the exits and entrances through the big doors guarded so closely. Some of the unused flooring was piled close to the building, and to protect it from the weather, rough pieces of lumber had been set over it,

tent fashion, against the wall. Behind this friendly screen, the two observers, a boy of seven and a girl some three or four, tucked themselves upon the narrow boards and remained there for hours, watching. The girl, who answered to the name of Nerry Johns, had discovered this hide-away and observatory combined, and brought thither her faithful follower and chum, Timmy Ryan.

"My! wa'n't you smart to find this place?" said Timmy, as, protected from wind and cold by a judicious disposition of newspapers, the two huddled together and peeped out through the cracks between the boards. "No-body would 'a' seen it but you, Nerry."

"Mebbe so, mebbe not," was the reply. "When I wants to do a thing, I find a way to do it. I wanted to see what's goin' on in here 'bout standin' roun' in the cold, so I had to have this place. Here, give me Nibbles a minute; my fingers is cold."

A small black kitten was lifted gently from beneath Timmy's jacket and transferred to the lap of the girl.

"My, wa'n't you smart to think of bringin' Nibbles to keep our hands warm! They'd froze if you hadn't."

"Hush up, Timmy Ryan; here comes Peaked Nose Woman, with Miss Crinkle Hair and the Fur Girl. Gee, I'll bet 'twould take more'n a hundred kittens like Nibbles to make a coat like that."

The three thus designated were Miss Emory, Miss Anderson and Miss Melton, the latter wearing a seal coat that reached nearly to her feet. Their daily visits to the store always excited the interest of the children and renewed their speculations as to what was the outcome of all this mystery, for not a hint of the enterprise had been allowed to escape.

Their curiosity was at last gratified, for one morning when they arrived they saw a white sign with staring black letters stretched across the front of the building.

"Look, look, Nerry!" cried the excited Timmy, "the doors is open, an' Mr. S-a-l-e is the man that keeps it."

"Timmy Ryan, sometimes I think you don't know nothin'!" exclaimed Nerry. "Sale ain't a man's name; its sellin' somethin', like, auction sale. This is R-u-m-m- Room, a-g-e, Age; Room Age Sale, that's what 'tis."

"What kind of a sellin' is that, Nerry?"

"Wait till I get inside an' I'll tell you," said Nerry, who had no mind to betray her ignorance even to little Timmy.

They hastened to enter the building, which to their inexperienced eyes held marvellous wonders. Evidently St. Andrew's parish had looked on the rummage sale as a provident clearing house for the flotsam and jetsam of years which had been accumulating in their households, for the big double store was overflowing with all sorts and conditions of things. The store was rapidly filled, and the children wandered about unnoticed and unmo- lested. They watched with fascination the much be-ringed fingers of Miss Melton as she made change, and gazed with longing eyes at the steadily increasing pile of money in the coin nests of the open cash box. They admired the masterful yet kindly way in which Mr. Herbert Bradley walked about and kept order, and finding Miss Anderson extremely attractive at closer range, they followed her at a discreet distance.

At the rear of the store two dry goods boxes placed on end and boards laid across the top made a temporary counter for a collection of articles of such nature that they belonged in no particular class. Nerry, who from her fondness for cubby holes, must have been a natural cave-dweller, hit upon this place as a capital one in which to rest. Watching their chance, the children squeezed between two boxes and hid away in the interior.

"My, ain't it grand to be settin' where its warm?" said Timmy. "Nibbles likes it, too; she's singin' like anything under my coat."

"Bet yer topknot it's fine to be warm, said Nerry. "I ain't never warm in winter, 'cause Granny can't get money to buy coals; but when I get rich, Timmy Ryan, I'm goin' to have a fire a whole day."

Presently Nerry, peeping out between the boxes, saw Miss Anderson approaching. She came up close to the counter and stood talking with the young woman who had an oversight of the stuff, though as yet there had been no purchaser. Of course, Nerry listened to their conversation, and pre-

(Concluded on page 6)

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