

WASHINGTON NOTES

West Insistent that Car Shortage Be Remedied By Congress.

HITCHCOCK AFTER GRAFTERS

Congressman Receives Bronze Medal—Measure Introduced Against Convict-Made Products—New Motor Will Harness Sea.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 10.—Two Western men this week brought forcibly to the attention of Congress the growing demand of the West for better transportation facilities. They are Dr. W. J. McGee, of St. Louis, who is attending the convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and General Greene B. Baum, of Illinois, former Commissioner of Penitentiaries. Dr. McGee, declared publicly that the most prominent issue of the next Congressional campaign in the West will be that of water. He insists that the necessity for increased transportation is the most vital question before his section of the country today and that as the railroads are totally inadequate to handle the vast tonnage of that section, the interior waterways must be improved to permit of the establishment of fleets of freight-carrying boats.

"If this national administration does not relieve the present urgent needs," says Dr. McGee, "the people of the Mississippi valley and the interior states will elect a congress that will give them relief."

Gen. Baum is equally insistent that natural channels be developed to care for the marvellous growth in traffic. He points to the remarkable figures that traffic on the Great Lakes has attained, and declares that the ocean tonnage cannot compare with it. Gen. Baum is authority for the statement that the tonnage that passes Detroit every year is greater than the combined tonnage of Hamburg, Havre, New York and London. If a satisfactory channel were established between the Lakes and the Gulf, this record could be increased vastly, because heavy merchandise could be handled from the most northerly states to those farther South entirely within the confines of the country. The fact that shippers at the season just closed, according to government figures, were saved in freight charges on the Great Lakes some the enormous sum of \$205,000, is put forward as an added reason why the government should expend big sums for this scheme of internal improvement. It is likely that Congress will pass the greatest bill in history, providing funds for waterways development, but advocates of the work are as strong as ever in their contention that these appropriations should be regular and that the work should be constantly and steadily pushed forward.

Secretary Hitchcock is after the land grabbers with a vengeance. In an order just issued to the special agents and receivers and registers of local land offices, he has declared that all fences enclosing public lands must be removed before April 1st. If they are not removed by that date, the U. S. government will tear them down. President Roosevelt has heartily endorsed this decisive action of Mr. Hitchcock's, although the strongest possible pressure has been brought to bear upon the administration to halt the order of the Interior Department. There may be some modifications arranged later, permitting the land grabbers to lease from the government the lands they now have under fence, and in this manner the fences will be allowed to remain up so long as all the laws are complied with and the leases are not abrogated. This, however, will be a matter for Secretary Hitchcock to decide later, and in his characteristic way he is making no promises.

Congressman Bartholdt of Missouri, who, as chairman of the American Branch of the Interparliamentary Union, represented America abroad at the Congress last year, has been decorated with a bronze medal, which he values most highly. The decoration comes from Baron d'Estournelle de Constant, president general of the council general of the Association for International Conciliation, and is in appreciation of the services rendered by Mr. Bartholdt in the cause of universal peace. Mr. Bartholdt's views on peace are well known, and he is an advocate of disarmament in season and out. However, his peaceful proclivities do not extend to the floor of the

House, where his ability for laying low opponents in debate is well recognized.

A bill of great importance to labor and to the manufacturing world is now before the Senate, having already passed the House. It is followed by Representative Funt of Missouri, and seeks to prevent the free passage, from State to State of convict-made goods. At the present time under the interstate commerce law, articles manufactured in State penitentiaries may pass freely beyond the boundaries of the State and be offered in open market in competition with the products of free labor. The Funt bill seeks to remedy this illogical condition of affairs by practically suspending the provisions of the interstate commerce law, and permitting each State to legislate for itself on the subject of the employment of its convicts, and also to prohibit the introduction into its territory of goods made by convicts in other States. Dealers in agricultural implements and farmers supplies are especially interested in the measure, which will bring to an end the withering competition offered by the sale of binding twine manufactured in the penitentiaries of five states and shipped beyond the confines of those states. In this particular case, the result has not only been to deprive free labor engaged in the manufacture of such twine that the work that means their daily bread, but it has also crippled the dealers who had contracted for stocks of the twine from regular manufacturers. A growing tendency is seen to employ convict labor in upbuilding of public roads and in such other work as will offer no competition to free labor and still be a benefit to the entire community. A bill similar to that introduced by Mr. Hunt passed the House in the 56th Congress but failed to pass the Senate. It is believed the measure has a far better chance of passage in the Senate now than it had then.

Fred Starr, of Los Angeles, is here with a motor which he believes will revolutionize the motive power of the world. According to Mr. Starr, he will be enabled by his wave motor to harness the Pacific Ocean and manufacture electricity so cheaply that even the poorest can enjoy it for heating and lighting. Mr. Starr believes that with his motor the manufacture of liquid air will be so cheapened that it will become an actual commodity. He spent 25 years of struggle in the face of ridicule and is now here to perfect appliances for foreign patents. Government scientists are neither endorsing nor pooh-poohing Mr. Starr's invention, but, like the Missourians, they are willing to be shown.

Almost the same hour that Carrie Nation arrived in Washington with her hatchet and her determination to purify Congress, and the national capital, Secretary Wilson, Solicitor McFabe and Dr. H. W. Wiley, of the Department of Agriculture, slipped quietly away to inquire into the manufacture of whiskey. They will visit various distilleries in Pittsburg, Peoria, Ill., and Terre Haute, Ind., in their quest for information. In the meantime the Kansas crusader is stirring up a pretty row among the temperance women of Washington. Mrs. Nation attended a dance given by the Order of the Rachabites this week, but she attended only for the purpose of denouncing the members for their frivolity, and declared that it was almost as bad as the rum evil. As a result, Mrs. Nation was denounced and turned out of the Rachabites camp to fight the demon rum by herself and in her own way. Thus far Mrs. Nation has not used her ax, nor has she made very many dents in the worldly armor of sinful Washington.

In the few days that Congress has been in session since the Christmas recess, there has been a noted increase in the attendance. While it is not likely that John Wesley Gains' plan to "dock" the members for being absent from their seats will ever become a law, nevertheless, his threat had an almost electrical effect. It jarred from their easy chairs in the rotunda of the ornate Hotel at Hot Springs, Va., a number of congressmen who had looked forward to spending several pleasant and restful days at that mountain watering place. These members were noticeably in evidence when the Speaker's gavel fell and the deliberations of the House began on the first day. Since Congress has resumed, Mr. Gains has not brought this project to the fore again. It probably was nothing more than a threat and the results, it is believed, have satisfied the Tennessean, that he will let the matter rest.

The Price of Peace. The terrible itching and smarting, incident to certain skin diseases, is almost instantly allayed by applying Chamberlain's Salve. Price, 25 cents. For sale by Frank Hart, and leading druggists.

THE DAY OF THE DOG

WHEN the expressman set me down in Master's office, I was dog-tired and cross and hungry, but the minute Master lifted me out of my box, I knew I was going to love him and would grow into a proper dog, for he had the "touch."

Maybe you don't know what the "touch" is. Well, it's the skillful handling that marks the knowledge and love of dog anatomy, and so, before I heard the voice of Master, I loved his hand, and just gave it a good licking greeting.

"You're a bully little chap, 'pon my soul," he said, in a rich caressing voice; "I'm glad you've come in to stay, 'twill cheer a fellow up to have you about."

He seemed to forget me for quite a minute or so, until I gave him a friendly reminding nip and growled a little bit, and then he threw back his head and laughed and said, "What a savage little brute it is! Jealous, too!"

He held me up and looked me in the face good and hard, so I felt quite embarrassed, silly that I was, for he shook his head slowly, and still more slowly pronounced my doom. "I shall call you the Wrecker, do you hear, you little bull terrier pup?" The Wrecker, first because you're made of fierce and quarrelsome stuff and will be an enemy to every one but me and my special friends, and secondly, because a man I loved, wrote a story once, and called it "The Wrecker," and in memory of him I baptize you the same. We are going to be great pals, Wrecker; you, the wrecker of other peoples' property, and I, the wrecker of my own."

I did my best to protest; I whiggled and jumped and yelped, and tried by every gentle art I knew, to show him what a loving gentle kindly nature I possessed, for I felt that I simply could not enter life so wrongly labeled. "The Wrecker!" why I wouldn't willingly chase a cat, then how could I ever be ready to pick a quarrel and present a sullen and frowning front to the world.

"Oh, Master, why don't you understand me? why do you want me to be savage and disagreeable?"

Protests, I found, however, were in vain. "The Wrecker," I was to be, a beautiful new collar, bearing my name, was placed about my neck, and I was proudly displayed to all of Master's acquaintances, of whom there seemed to be a great many.

"It's a pretty fierce proposition," Master would say, "I don't believe I'd touch him," and then I always lifted my lip a little and just showed my teeth enough to look interesting, and generally threw in a growl or so and made such a good bluff of it, that no one would come near me, but just stand at a distance and admire me. Master would look so happy and pleased at my behavior that I always leaped at him and tried to lick his face, and then the visitor would say, "Somebody like you pretty well, Dick," and Master would respond in an off-hand fashion, "Oh, the little duffer and Larry good enough friends," but I knew how much pride he took in having me love just him and no one else.

Poor Master! I don't believe his life had been a very happy one; he used to talk to me a good deal about it.

"Wrecker," he would say as we sat together late at night, for Master never wanted to go to bed. "I've made a mess of most things; I wanted beautiful good things—I really did, but they were hard to get, you see; so I took what came easiest, and, Wrecker, it's a powerful lot easier to be bad than good. If you would try to be a nice gentle little dog for a whole day, you could see what a hard undertaking you had on foot; no, you needn't lick my hand, you know you have a nasty temper and what about that last rug you mistook for a bone?" He shook his finger at me, and I dropped my tail and looked ashamed; but I had to smile behind my gloomy visage, for in order to keep up my reputation I destroyed something every day or so, just as a matter of practice.

Sometimes I grew very tired of the sort I had to act, for I had played cross so long I was really getting to be that way.

There's something funny about that; you give a dog a bad name, he's just bound to deserve it, after awhile. Life jogged on uneventfully enough until "The Day." I speak of it in that way because it was the famous day that I have heard every dog has some time during his life, and it happened this way.

Master was in the Club late in the afternoon and I was waiting outside on the steps for him. They have a peculiar prejudice against dogs (I mean

those with four feet) at the Club, but I didn't care to go in anyway; I prefer the fresh air, though on this occasion I felt a little tired and impatient to go home.

I was wishing that Master would come, when suddenly an automobile came spinning up the curb, and I had just time to notice a lovely lady in it, with a gentleman, when Master came down the steps, and I sprang up to greet him. But he didn't notice me at all, he just stared hard at the lady, who stared hard at him, and then they seemed to remember to nod their heads and in another minute Master was walking up the street at a very inconspicuous gate for me.

I felt a little hurt at his neglect, so I made no attempt to recall myself to him. I heeled it all the way to our apartment, and, having reached there, was alarmed to find that Master, without even a glance at his highball corner, dropped into his big easy chair, and pulling out a letter, became apparently lost in its contents.

Once I thought I heard him murmur "Katherine," but I couldn't be sure. I hung about, and tried in different ways to divert him, but was unsuccessful, until, leaning back in his chair, he closed his eyes, and the letter he had been reading dropped to the floor.

It was my opportunity, and I seized it. I was a bit irritated, anyway, at having been neglected so long, so I just grabbed that piece of paper, and tore it into tiny shreds and then I quietly lay down, and went to sleep, hungry, tired and hurt.

I have no idea as to long I slept, but I shall never forget my rude awakening. A hand at my throat, a violent shake, and Master's voice, hoarse with rage—"You little brute," he said between closed teeth; "You have destroyed my one chance of happiness? That letter—oh, she would have believed it, and forgiven me. It was a confession, can't you understand?—a confession from a woman who had told her lies about me, and this woman is dead and can never speak again, and Katherine will never, never know the truth." He turned from me with a groan. "I'm mad," he moaned, "you've ruined me; you're nothing but a dog, but you've ruined me, and you don't even know it." With that he threw himself on the couch, face down.

I loved him, oh, how I loved him; but he had been cruel and unjust to me. How could I tell that that particular

(Continued on Page 6.)

GIRL BABY'S AWFUL ECZEMA

Sight of Eye Destroyed by Disease—Tried Five Doctors but Grew Worse—In Agony Eight Months—Parents Discouraged, Until They Tried Cuticura Remedies

IN ONE WEEK ALL SORES DISAPPEARED

"Our little girl, one year and a half old, was taken with eczema or that was what the doctor said it was. We called in the family doctor and he gave some tablets and said she would be all right in a few days. The eczema grew worse and we called in doctor No. 2. He said she was teething, as soon as the teeth were through she would be all right. But she still grew worse. Doctor No. 3 said it was eczema. By this time she was nothing but a yellow, greenish sore. Well, he said he could help her, so we let him try it about a week. One morning we discovered a little yellow pimple on one of her eyes. Of course we phoned for doctor No. 3. He came over and looked her over and said that he could not do anything more for her, that we had better take her to some eye specialist, since it was an ulcer. So we went to Oswego to doctor No. 4, and he said the eyesight was gone, but that he could help it. We thought we would try doctor No. 5. Well, that proved the same, only he charged \$10 more than doctor No. 4. We were nearly discouraged. I saw one of the Cuticura advertisements in the paper and thought we would try the Cuticura Treatment, so I went and purchased a set of Cuticura Remedies, which cost me \$1, and in three days our daughter, who had been sick about eight months, showed great improvement, and in one week all sores had disappeared. Of course it could not restore the eyesight, but if we had used Cuticura in time I am confident that it would have saved the eye. We think there is no remedy so good for any skin trouble or impurity of the blood as Cuticura. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Abbott, R. F. D. No. 9, Fulton, Oswego Co., N. Y., August 17, 1906."

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