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Official paper of Clatsop county and the City of Astoria.

WEATHER.

Western Oregon—Cloudy with possibly rain.

THE WORST EVER!

The famous New York magazine "Success," for October, contains an article entitled "Our Own Northwest," written by one Chauncey Thomas, which for sheer incompetency and inspired misrepresentation, exceeds anything that has appeared in this behalf for many a long year. It must be read, carefully, critically, and re-read with as much patience as is possible, before the utter folly and ambiguity of the thing strikes in on the Columbia valley consciousness. The article is too long, too bristling with incongruities and false deductions, to be compassed in the editorial space of any single issue of this paper by way of critical treatment, but we propose to devote more time and consideration to it, in the near future, more because of the authoritative source in which it is sponsored than from any fear of its effect as a mere pen production by an idling, irresponsible spacewriter.

It is enough for the moment to say that this high-priced, uninformed and reckless writer takes for his thesis the notable and popular idea of utilizing the Canon of the Columbia (in other words, the Columbia river valley), from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific, as the ideal transportation haul for all manner of transcontinental traffic bound for, and from, this seaboard, and having made plain its superb feasibility, its tremendous advantage as a water-level-grade haul from its farthest Eastern reaches, he forsakes it WITHIN EIGHTY MILES OF THE RIVER MOUTH AND SWINGS THE TRADE AND TRAFFIC OVER THE CASCADE RANGE TO PUGET SOUND PORTS, BECAUSE, FOR SOOTH, THERE IS NO AVAILABLE HARBOR SOUTH OF THE STRAITS OF FUCA UNTIL ONE GETS TO SAN FRANCISCO!

This is the briefest possible way of stating his cardinal blunder, but the rehearsal of his super-imposed idiocies in this relation must be held for analysis in later issues. But the foolish predicate he lays in a proposition to direct so vast a commerce over a given, ideal route; a water level route, at that; and then deflects it from the down-grade, 80-mile finish to a splendid harbor within 10 miles of the blue water of the Pacific, over a range of mountains to an admittedly larger harbor, 107 miles from the sea, is a sample of his inexplicable bias, that will last until we can deal with the silly hypothesis upon which he erects his absurd doctrines of distance and despatch.

INDUSTRY BEGETS INDUSTRY.

In the great schemes of development that are formulating hereabout there is always the larger range of industrial possibilities inherent in the original unfoldment; new plans, processes, interests, bases, to which the initial enterprises will give birth and sustenance. Industry begets industry; enterprise inspires enterprise, and venture suggests venture, until the last resource of a country is in full force and effect, to the enrichment of its people if they have the initiative to follow up the course of natural and sequent lines of expansion. There are tens of thousands of impending elements that assert themselves in the release, and establishment, of the primary evolution, and each one of these is, relatively, as valuable as the fundamental cause. When a city or section starts on an organic line of action it often fails to see, or realize the correlative value of the lesser yet inseparable, avenues of venture and profit, and frequently has to undergo the lesson of loss, before turning the minor operations to account in a business way. We, of Astoria, should know this lesson well and cover the entire range of achievement as fast as each phase becomes useable; we might as well have the whole, as part, of what is coming!

PROPOSITION STILL OPEN.

That the executive committee of the Astoria Chamber of Commerce has returned a report to the main body, upon the application of William Reid for certain rights-of-way for the Portland-Oregon & Seacoast Railway Company, which was not adopted by that organization, but simply filed, leaves the whole matter open for new and specific treatment at the hands of the citizens through the Chamber; and it is to be hoped that President Hawgood will come again, and soon, and institute anew the important and interesting project.

That the rival lines in that neighborhood have achieved a momentary success in the shelving the P. O. & S. enterprise, is admitted, but it is well understood all over the city and county, that there is nothing to hinder the reopening and actual launching of the venture. Astoria wants this and all other possible railways to terminate here, and they will come in good time, though not without all the hindrances that are within human pursiew.

EDITORIAL SALAD.

A Boston savings bank treasurer has sarcastic words for those who erstwhile drew out savings and invested on Tom Lawson's advice "losing twelve years' interest at 4 per cent." It seems to be a case of too much loss on Lawson.

That Delaware man who whistled while the doctors amputated his fingers was doubtless only trying to create as much pain as he suffered.

"The prejudice against gold is remarkable," says the New Orleans Picayune. It has died out up here.

That unlocated earthquake is now said to have been a seaquake in the Pacific about a thousand miles south of Berkeley. We suspected that a tide wave would get after Secretary Taft one of these days.

The story that the guides has chained several bears to the trees for the President's rifle is evidently an exaggeration; for the dispatches have reported only one killed.

While New York was enjoying ethereal mildness Friday, there was skating in Winnipeg, with the mercury fourteen below. Great country!

The alleged plot to assassinate Secretary Taft on his Philippines visit is said to have been a plot on manilla only.

"Welcome home! Shake!" remarks the furnace.

WHEN FATHER PLAYED BALL.

The smell of arnica is strong.
And mother's time is spent
In rubbing father's arms and back
With burning liniment.
The house is like a druggist's shop,
Strong odors fill the hall.
And day and night we hear him groan,
Since father played baseball.

He's forty past, but he declared
That he was young as ever,
And in his youth, he said, he was
A baseball player clever.
So when the business men arranged
A game they came to call
On dad and asked him if he thought
That he could play baseball.

"I haven't played in fifteen years,"
Said father, "but I know
That I can stop the grounders hot,
And I can make the throw.
I used to play a corking game;
The curves—I know them all,
And you can count on me, you bet,
To join your game of ball."

On Saturday the game was played,
And all of us were there.
Dad borrowed an old uniform
That Casey used to wear.
He paid three dollars for a glove,
Wore spikes to save a fall;
He had the makeup on all right
When father played baseball.

At second base they stationed him.
A liner came his way.
Dad tried to stop it with his knee
And missed a double play.
He threw into the bleachers twice,
He let a pop fly fall;
Oh, we were all ashamed of him
When father played baseball.

He tried to run, but tripped and fell.
He tried to take a throw;
It put three fingers out of joint,
And father let it go.
He stopped a grounder with his face,
Was spiked, nor was that all.
It looked to us like suicide
When father played baseball.

At last he limped away, and now
He suffers in disgrace;
His arms are bathed in liniment;
"Court plaster" hides his face.
He says his back is breaking and
His legs won't move at all.
It made a wreck of father when
He tried to play baseball.

The smell of arnica abounds,
He hobbles with a cane;
A row of blisters mar his hands;
He is in constant pain.
But, lame and weak as father is,
He swears he'll lick us all
If we dare even speak about
The day he played baseball.
—Detroit Free Press.

Foley's Kidney Cure will cure any case of kidney troubles that is not beyond medical aid. T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

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POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

As a matter of fact there are no very big fish in small puddles.
You can usually find a pin almost anywhere but in the pin cushion.

A fool is the greatest nuisance in this world. And there are quite a few of them.

It is beyond some men to understand the difference between pomposity and dignity.

We have always wondered what women do with the 2 cents saved in purchasing a two dollar article for \$1.98.

Have you ever stopped to admire the self control of the man who can pick up a lead pencil without marking on something?

Every man would have a pretty fair reputation if people looked for his good qualities as carefully as they look for the good qualities of a dog.—Acheson Globe.

Absentminded 'Gators.

An old colored man who is devoutly religious returned to Brooklyn recently from a trip to Florida, his birthplace, and told his employer about a narrow escape he had had from an alligator. Knowing of the religious zeal of the darky, the employer sought to test his faith.

"What were you afraid of an alligator for?" he asked him. "Don't you know that the Lord will take care of you? Of course you know the story of Jonah and the whale. The whale swallowed Jonah, but Jonah came out all safe enough."

The darky shook his head dubiously. "Yes, boss, I knows about Jonah," he said, "but, then, you see, a whale's got a mem'ry. A alligator ain't got no mem'ry. If a 'gator swallows you he won't think no mo' about you."—New York Press.

Simplicity's Saving Grace.

"I like simplicity," said the statesman. "Simplicity saves us a lot of trouble too."

"Two men met in front of the Blank hotel the other day and fell into a political argument. They were ordinary, everyday sort of men, but one of them had an extraordinary flow of polysyllabic language. He talked half an hour, and his companion listened in a daze."

"And now," the speaker pompously concluded, "perhaps you will coincide with me."

"The other's face brightened up. 'Why, yes. Thanks, old man,' he answered heartily, moving toward the barroom door, 'I don't care if I do.'"

Queer Smokes.

"Tobacco," said a tobaccoist, "is one of many herbs that are smoked. In the Orient, for instance, bhong or cannabis, a drug that gives one the desire to caress people's feet, goes into loads of pipes. Some savages smoke the leaves of the wild potato and the wild tomato. These bitter leaves are narcotic. They throw you into a pleasant stupor. Pursued in, though, they bring insanity. Some of the Swiss guides smoke 'mountain tobacco,' a weed that grows only at great heights. This stuff produces an intoxication akin to alcohol's. Our Indians, when hard up, smoke holy and sumac leaves and the silvery leaves of 'Indian tobacco,' which every boy has chewed."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

An Author's Journal.

Sold one poem. (Molly has just come in to say the coal's out.)
The Monthly Review paid me \$3 for two sonnets. (Jane says the gas bill is \$6.)
Have just written an article on "How To Live on One Dollar a Day." (Molly says she has got to have \$2 every day this week.)—Atlanta Constitution.

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