

# CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING.

## HELP WANTED.

WANTED, BY A GENTLEMAN, IN private family, modern furnished home. Address V. S., care Morning Astorian. 11-1-31.

BOY TO DO LIGHT WORK IN THE country; good home; wages according to work done. Apply "M. P." care Astorian office. 10-18-17.

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FOR SALE—PIANO FOR SALE. Apply 235 Seventh street. 10-29-17.

FOR SALE—A FRESH JERSEY COW for sale. Apply Tongue Point Lumber Co. 10-29-17.

FOR SALE—THE FURNITURE OF A large lodging house; rooms always full; low rent. Western Realty Co., 475 Commercial street.

FOR SALE—16 HORSE-POWER ENGINE and 20 horse-power boiler; small motor. Hoeflers. 10-18-17.

## FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE—TWO LOTS IN ASTORIA and one in Warrenton; will sell cheap. Address "J." Astorian office.

FOR SALE—STORE 22x40, AND LOT 25x125, Warrenton. Price, \$1000. Western Realty Co., 495 Commercial St.

WARM FOR SALE, \$2250—160 ACRES; six acres cleared, good house and barn. Western Realty Co.

## FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—TWO BEDROOMS FURNISHED; quiet neighborhood. Apply 235 Seventh street. 10-29-17.

SEWING MACHINES FOR RENT AND repaired by Singer Sewing Machine Co., 172 Tenth street. 10-27-17.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

NOTICE—NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that I will not be responsible for any debt or debts contracted in my name, by any person, other than myself.

NATE JONES. October 25th, 1907. 10-26-17.

FINNISH MASSEUSE, Victoria Airola cures rheumatism, chronic, bowel and liver disorders. Hot vapor baths will be given if the patient's conditions demands such treatment. I will positively cure the most obstinate case of rheumatism. V. A. AIROLA. 30-19-17. 152 Washington St.

## LAUNDRIES.

THOSE PLEATED BOSOM SHIRTS The kind known by these men in the summer, are difficult articles to launder nicely. Unless you know just how to do it, the iron pleats won't iron down smooth, and the shirt front will look messy. Our New Press Ironer irons them without rolling or stretching. Try it. Troy Laundry, Tenth and Duane. Phone Main 1991.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

PROTECT YOURSELF FOR \$1 PER month against accident, sickness and death; furnishes doctors, dentistry, medicine and hospital service. Call or write, National Hospital Assn., room 3, Page block. 9-8-17.

NOTICE OF SALE OF SCHOOL WARRANTS.—Notice is hereby given, that School District No. 1, of Clatsop county, Oregon, will receive sealed bids from the bona fide residents of said school district, at the office of the clerk of said district, in the City Hall, at Astoria, Oregon, until 12 o'clock (noon) of Tuesday, November 12, 1907, for the purchase of eight thousand one hundred dollars, par value, of interest bearing warrants of said district, bearing interest at the rate of five (5) per cent per annum, payable semi-annually, which warrants will be dated November 1st, 1907, and will be payable as follows: \$2000.00 in two years, \$2100.00 in three years, and \$4000.00 in five years. Said bids may be for warrants in amounts from fifty (\$50.00) dollars to eight thousand one hundred (\$8100.00) dollars, and must state the terms on which the warrants will be taken, whether at a premium, at par, or at a discount. Each person will be entitled to but one bid, and all bids must be addressed to "A. L. Clark, Clerk of School District No. 1," Astoria, Oregon, and must be endorsed "proposal for school district warrants." All bids will be opened at the office of said clerk, on said 12th day of November, at 2 o'clock p. m. Dated, at Astoria, Oregon, October 31, 1907.

## PROPOSALS.

OFFICE CONSTRUCTING QUARTERMASTER, Fort Stevens, Or., Oct. 10, 1907.—Sealed proposals in triplicate, will be received at this office until 2 o'clock p. m., Nov. 8, 1907, and then publicly opened, for the construction, plumbing, heating and electric wiring and fixtures of one artillery barracks building for 100 men, at Fort Stevens, Or. Plans can be seen, specifications obtained and full information furnished at this office. The U. S. reserves the right to accept or reject any or all bids or any part thereof. Envelopes containing proposals should be marked "Proposals for Constructing" and addressed to the Constructing Quartermaster, Fort Stevens, Or.

**UNDERTAKERS.**  
**J. A. GILBAUGH & CO.,**  
Undertakers and Embalmers.  
Experienced Lady Assistant  
When Desired.



Calls Promptly Attended Day or Night.  
Patton Bldg. 12th and Duane Sts  
ASTORIA, OREGON  
Phone Main 2111

## WINE, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

**Eagle Concert Hall**  
(320 Astor St.)

Rooms for rent by the day, week, or month. Best rates in town.  
P. A. PETERSON, Prop.

## JAPANESE GOODS.

**INEXPENSIVE**  
JAPANESE FIXINGS, MADE OF BAMBOO, LIGHT, STRONG, HAND-MADE, TABLES, STANDS, CHAIRS, WHATNOTS, BOOKCASES, SHELVING, ETC.

**Yokohama Bazaar**  
625 Commercial St., Astoria.

**AMUSEMENTS.**

## PLEASANT HOUR

—OF—

## ENTERTAINMENT

## VAUDEVILLE AT THE LOUVRE

And Vaudeville that really Amuses and Interests you. Weekly Changes of Program and Each Change an Improvement

## SPECIALTIES THIS WEEK

**LITTLE MISS FRISCO**  
Song and Dance Artist

**THELMA BECKS**  
Balladist

**ALMA PIERCE**  
Swedish Nightingale

**PRINCESS OMEANA**  
The World's Wonder—Don't Fail to See Her

ADMISSION FREE  
**VIC LINDBECK, Prop.**

## DRUGGIST.

## Columbia Drug Co.

Dr. Charles C. C. Rosenberg  
(Successors to Dr. Linton's Drug Co.)

Drugs, Medicines  
—AND—  
Toilet Articles.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.  
Dr. Rosenberg will give consultations and examination free.  
125 Eleventh Street.  
Telephone Main 1171, Astoria, Ore.

## HOTELS

## NORTHERN HOTEL

MRS. J. COLLINS, Prop.  
Steam Heat, Baths, New and Modern.  
Running water in every room. Rooms 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50. Suites by the week, \$5.  
TRANSIENTS SOLICITED.  
Eleventh and Duane Streets.  
ASTORIA, ORE.  
Phone Main 3911

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Finest Hotel in the Northwest  
PORTLAND, ORE.

**STENOGRAPHERS.**

**LENORA E. BENOIT,**  
Public Stenographer.

Telephones 3631. 495 Commercial St.  
Dictation called for

## IRVING HOTEL

Corner Eleventh and Franklin

**60 ROOMS**  
Steam Heat, Bath and  
Modern Conveniences.

**CATER TO LOCAL TRADE**  
Accommodations for  
Commercial Travelers

Dining Room run in Connection  
UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT  
**ALLA F. GILES, Manager**

A Good Liniment.

When you need a good reliable Liniment try Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It has no superior for sprains and swellings. A piece of flannel slightly dampened with Pain Balm is superior to a plaster for lame back or pains in the side or chest. It also relieves rheumatic pains and makes sleep and rest possible. For sale by Frank Hart and leading druggists.

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

### RESTAURANTS.

**TOKIO RESTAURANT.**  
331 Bond Street.  
Opposite Ross, Higgins & Co.

Coffee with Pie or Cake 10 Cts.  
—FIRST-CLASS MEALS—  
Regular Meals 15 Cts. and Up.

**U. S. RESTAURANT.**  
434 Bond Street.

Coffee with Pie or Cake 10 Cts.  
First Class Meals 15 Cts.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.  
**ASTORIA RESTAURANT**  
MANG HING, Prop.

Phone 1681 Main. 399 Bond St.

The Finest 25c. Meal Served in Astoria.  
—Game in Season—  
Your Patronage Solicited.  
Courteous Treatment to All.

### PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

#### ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

**JOHN C. McCUE,**  
Attorney-At-Law.

Deputy District Attorney.  
Page Building, Suite 4.

**HOWARD M. BROWNELL,**  
Attorney-At-Law.

Office with Mr. J. A. Eakin, at No. 420  
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#### DENTISTS.

**DR. VAUGHAN,**  
DENTIST  
Pythian Building, Astoria, Oregon.

**DR. W. C. LOGAN**  
DENTIST  
Commercial St. Shanahan Building

#### OSTEOPATHS.

**DR. RHODA C. HICKS**  
OSTEOPATH  
Office Mansel Bld. Phone Black 2443  
578 Commercial St., Astoria, Ore.

#### MEDICAL.

Unprecedented  
Successes of  
**DR. G. GEE WO**

THE GREAT  
CHINESE DOCTOR

Who is known throughout the United States on account of his wonderful cures.

No poisons or drugs used. He guarantees to cure catarrh, asthma, lung and throat trouble, rheumatism, nervousness, stomach, liver and kidney, female complaints and all chronic diseases.

SUCCESSFUL HOME TREATMENT.  
If you cannot call write for symptom blank and circular, inclosing 4 cents in stamps.

**THE C. GEE WO MEDICINE CO.**  
102 1/2 First St., Corner Morrison,  
PORTLAND, OREGON.

Please mention the Astorian.

#### TRANSPORTATION.

#### PASSENGERS. FREIGHT.

**The K' Line**

**Steamer - Lurline**  
Night Boat for Portland and  
Way Landings.

Leaves Astoria daily except Sunday at 7 p. m.

Leaves Portland Daily except Sunday at 7 a. m.

Quick Service Excellent Meals  
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Landing Astoria Flavel Wharf.  
Landing Portland Foot Taylor St.  
G. B. BLEESING, Agent.  
Phone Main 3761.

#### Steamer TELEGRAPH

The only Steamboat making a round trip DAILY except Thursday between Portland and Astoria and way points.

NO WAY POINTS ON SUNDAY  
Portland Landing, Alder Street Dock  
Astoria Landing, Callender Dock

Leave Portland 7:50 a. m.; arrive Astoria 1:30 p. m.  
Leave Astoria 2:30 p. m.; arrive Portland 7:30 p. m.

#### SUNDAY EXCURSIONS

Leave Portland 8 a. m.; arrive Astoria 1 p. m.  
Leave Astoria 9 p. m.; arrive Portland 9 p. m.

#### REAL ESTATE WANTED.

WANTED TO BUY—HOUSE AND LOT in Astoria. Address "H. L." care Astorian office. Give full particulars.

#### Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

**SANTAL MIDY**  
CAPSULES

URINARY DISCHARGES  
RELIEVED IN  
24 Hours

Each Capsule bears (MIDY) the name of its inventor, Dr. J. C. Merz, of New York.

## A Change of Profession.

By HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS.

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**G**ORMAN and Hanrahan, the two probationers newly assigned to Engine Company No. 1, were the first of their crew to reach the roof of the sixteen story mansard building. They had the nozzle of a line of hose that was being laid from the standpipe of the top floor to wet down the north wall of the skyscraper, and they came out into the night, dragging their length of the line, to face a gale of wind that took the breath from between their teeth. They struggled against it, through the darkness, toward the light of fire over the parapet, and they looked down there through the smoke at the flames in the roof of an adjoining clothing house twelve stories below them.

Captain Ball had followed them. "Turn on your water!" he bellowed above the storm to the men behind them, and in a moment a feeble stream swelled the line of hose and gushed from the "pipe." He swore at it. "It can't spit past its chin," he said.

It straightened slowly as they watched it. "Keep wettin' her down," he shouted in Gorman's ear. "Get up another line!" he cried to the rest of the crew.

The rushing of the wind drowned their answer, but they hurried below to obey him. He remained with Gorman and Hanrahan, watching the fire spread and brighten in the roof of the clothing house. Gorman was still grinning at his "Can't spit past its chin."

They were 200 feet above the street level, and the storm, hurling itself across the huddled roofs below them, drew up a drift of heat and smoke to them as if they were looking down a chimney. They could guess what the heat must be in the street, for across the road the woodwork of the windows of a five story building had caught fire without the touch of any flame, and a pygmy crew were drenching it with a stream which they shot up straight from the sidewalk. Officers the size of mannikins ran up and down in the ruddy glow, waving their little arms. The fire flowed over the roof as if it were a burning oil, and the smoke came up to them thicker and the heat more stifling with every breath.

Their weak stream dribbled down the wall to dry out on the hot bricks before it touched the point of danger, and Gorman leaned over the parapet to see that the point was beginning to peel off in great scales far below. Hanrahan and he tried hopelessly to reach these by swinging the pipe from side to side. They might as well have tried to irrigate a desert with it. Their eyes were dry and beginning to smart.

The rest of the crew came up again, dragging a second line.

Captain Ball turned to the lieutenant. "No use bringin' more lines up here," he shouted. "Windows 'll be breakin'. There ain't a shutter on the whole blamin' buildin'. Fireproof? She's matchwood! Back down to the twelfth floor! Get lines stretched to the air shaft there!"

The men went back with their hose. "Do the best you can up here," he advised Gorman. "Chief's orders to wet her down. Look out for the air shaft!"

Gorman caught the first of these instructions, but the wind carried away that last warning of danger, and the captain turned and left the two men unconscious of the catastrophe which was preparing for them.

The air shaft, in fact, was acting as a sheltered fire for the flames. It cut a deep groove into the wall of the mansard building at Gorman's feet, and the wind, rushing into it, rose straight aloft, blowing up sparks like the draft of a blast furnace. Gorman, watching only the wall and the windows below him, pitied the crews at work in the street. He was wishing for a quid of chewing tobacco, and he remembered with exasperation that Hanrahan would have none. That was one of Hanrahan's social limitations—he did not chew. He had been nicknamed "Delicate Pete" by his fellow probationers at fire headquarters, and Gorman, who was known as Bull Gorman, being the big man of his class, had despised him from the day that the instructor, having pitted them against each other in a race with scaling ladders, had then publicly compared Gorman to a baby hippopotamus in point of nimbleness because Hanrahan had run away from him.

These two were being "broken" together with all the hard work of the company, but there was no friendship between them. They rarely spoke to each other, for Gorman had found Hanrahan's conversation all "hot air and free silver" and had quarreled with him about this wearisome enthusiasm for politics. They continued stolidly at their work now in the silence of mutual indifference. The growing strength of the stream threatened to tear the nozzle from their hands, and they raised the hose to their shoulders to bend it in a swan's neck arch that sent the water hissing down the bricks.

They were busied so when they saw a bluish green flame flash in the red of the fire in the roof below, and a belch of smoke rolled up to them on the burst and echo of an explosion. Before it reached them they heard another roar beneath it. The cloud of smoke was split with flame, and they leaped back from the parapet as if

from the crater of a volcano and threw themselves on their faces as the burning gases, freed by the collapse of the roof, flared 200 feet in the air and licking up the side of the mansard building, to break every window glass in its upper ten stories and ignite every window curtain, window shade and trim in its north wall, rolled over them in a heat that nipped their ears like a frostbite and was gone.

Gorman pinned down the pipe that was thrashing about the roof and staggered back to the parapet with it. The heat of heat was unendurable, and he could see nothing for the smoke that blinded him with tears. He did not know that the gale was carrying a solid tongue of fire into the hidden air shaft and that every window on that shaft was already spitting flames. He could just see that the woodwork of the window below him was afire, and he called Hanrahan to train the pipe on it with him. They doused it black at once and seated the smoke to see another blaze below. Then suddenly the stream from their hose weakened and fell short. It was plain that the crews were using the water on the lower floors.

"We're wanted down below," I guess," Hanrahan said. "We're no good up here now."

Gorman nodded. They shut off the nozzle and turned to drag the line to the door of the stairs.

They were too late. Gorman saw the blaze in the air shaft and cried out an oath. That shaft, he knew, lit the stairway from the ground up and cut them off from the elevator shaft in the center of the building. They dropped the line and ran to the door. Smoke was pouring from it, and flame was behind the smoke. Gorman ran back for the hose, turned the neck guard of the helmet over his face and, with the water to open the way for him, fought down three steps into a blaze that could not be faced.

Hanrahan pitched forward on his shoulders. Gorman braced himself against the weight, turned to catch him under the armpits and carried him up, himself half suffocated, to lay him on the roof. They were greeted by the fierce purring of the flames. Hanrahan groaned.

"'X' all right?" Gorman asked him.

He rolled his eyes. "Let's get down out of this!" he gasped.

Gorman straightened up and looked around him. The doorway was the only entrance to the roof. He walked back to kick the useless hose down the staircase and shut the tin sheathed door on the blaze below. He went to the stone railing that surrounded the cornice on the front of the building. The coping overhung the lower windows in a sheer drop to the street. He hurried to the south wall. The windows there were twelve feet down, and there was no pipe—no foothold. He went to the back of the roof and found another coping.

He turned to see Hanrahan running from parapet to parapet, now hidden in a cloud of whirling smoke, now black in the red glow of wind blown flames. He saw him lean over the marble railing that surmounted the cornice on the front of the building and put his hands in a trumpet to his mouth. The voice was lost in the roar of the wind. He saw him take off his helmet and try to throw it down into the street, and the gale snatched it from his hand, tossed it aloft and blew it away to the south with the smoke and the flying embers.

He came running back to Gorman. "For the Lord's sake, Bull," he cried. "don't let us burn alive up here!"

Gorman shook his head. "I can't get down," he said.

He could see that there was nothing on the brick roof to burn. The heat and not the flames would be his danger. The fire was at its worst in the light well, and at the point farthest from it there was an enormous water tank protected with a covering of tin and supported across the angle of the walls on steel beams, so that, even if the roof should fall, the tank would not go with it. Here was the greatest safety. They would have water to prevent the heat from baking them alive, and they would have the tank to shelter them from the drift of smoke.

Gorman went over to it and crouched to peer beneath the beams. Hanrahan stumbled against him. "Bull," he whimpered, "I can't get down."

Gorman thrust him aside. "Well, who said you could?" he snarled. "You're up here to stay. You better make up yer mind to that an' shut yer yap."

Hanrahan threw up his arms and screamed at the sky in a high, dry voice, clutching with his fingers and snapping like a dog with his teeth. Then he pitched forward into the smoke on a run for the street parapet again.

Gorman climbed slowly up the iron ladder to the top of the tank. He found on a scuttle there and raised it. He came to the tank was almost full. He took off his rubber coat and dipped it down, and it came up dripping. He rubbed it over his face and licked at the moisture on the smooth tarpaulin, and the touch of water sent a burning fever flush of thirst through him. He reached down with his helmet, drew it up half full and emptied it over his head and down his back again and again. Then he drank it in great gulps, sighing with satisfaction.

The relief brought back his energies. The tank ladder took his eye, and it occurred to him that if he could get it loose he might be able to reach a lower window with it. He took hold of it in his huge hands, drew a long breath and strained to wrench it from its iron sockets, tightening on it slowly until the blood drummed in his ears. He bent the upright of it, but the socket held it still. When he paused for breath he remembered Hanrahan and shouted to him for aid.

He got no answer, and he descended the roof to find him lying on his face in the worst of the heat that blew from the air shaft. He dragged him back from it and emptied a helmet full of water on his face.

Hanrahan rolled his head from side to side, muttering to himself.

"Better get up to the tank an' take a dip. I want you to help me get that ladder loose. Here, take a drink," said Gorman.

Hanrahan caught at his collar, thrusting aside the water. "Get me down," he said. "You get me down, Bull. I'll make it good. I'm right in with the gang. Dorgan said—"

Gorman threw him from him with a curse. "I can't get you down!" he yelled at him. "What's the matter with you?"

Hanrahan fell back heavily and lay

breathing hard, with open mouth. A puff of smoke blew down and choked him with a sob.

Gorman dragged him across the roof to the tank and sat down beside him, uncertain what to do, with his back to the parapet and his face to the light well. The heat swam over them in a suffocating current. Hanrahan threw out his arms and lay as if stretched on a cross, rolling his head from side to side, agonized and speechless.

He began to recite the confession of a Roman Catholic, beating his breast with a whispered "through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault."

Gorman scowled. The smoke irritated him; the heat pricked him. "Can't you shut yer yap for half a minute?" he complained.

Hanrahan groaned and turned to him. "Do you think there's any hell?" he asked in a husky whisper.

Gorman laughed. "Aw, cut it out," he said. "You're scared. That's all that's wrong with you."

There was a crash of breaking windows in the air shaft. The flames roared up, flapping like a banner in the wind.

"Help!" Hanrahan screamed. "Help! Help!"

Gorman stood up in the thickening smoke and looked down on him. "Say," he said, "if you got any breath to waste, you'd better save it fer yer

prayers. This roof's goin' to drop you in a hole so hot it won't leave enough of you fer the devil to raise a blister on. Shut up, will you?"

He turned away from him and climbed the ladder to the top of the tank, so that he might sit down there in quiet. He could hear the engines in the street whistling frantically for coal from the fuel wagons, and they sounded very far away. He reached down into the scuttle and drank from his helmet again. The air came up cool from the tank. He lay with his face in the draft of it and shut his dry eyelids on his aching eyes.

Although he had threatened Hanrahan with the collapse of the roof, he had spoken in anger to terrify him into silence and not because he believed that either of them would lose his life. He was not a man of imagination, and his breath was too strong in his body for him to realize the possibility of death. If the crew below did not find some means of reaching him, he hoped to live out the fire where he was. Chiefly he was angry and bewildered by his own anger because Hanrahan had gone to pieces and made such a noise. He could not think. The heat was wearing on him. He lay there waiting.

And, in fact, the men below were already planning to reach him. For a time Captain Ball had been so busy fighting back the flames on the twelfth floor that he