

Curley's Rescues.

By HENRY ROSSMORE.

Copyrighted, 1908, by P. C. Eastment.

Benjy, racing down the street, brought himself up with a jerk as a gong sounded out its brazen alarm. Then he hurried toward the building with the great wide doors in the middle of the block.

The gong was still sounding, and now could be heard the trample of feet and hoofs, the jingle of metal work on the harness, the cries of the men. Then came the lesser note of the "repeat" bell and a hoarse cry of "All right!" from the captain, followed by the trample of hoofs, sounding hollow upon the wooden floor as the fire horses returned to their stalls.

Benjy's face fell. Somewhere in the city horses were dashing madly over the pavements in their race to answer an alarm, but here the great green doors would remain closed. It was only a practice hitch for Thirteen company.

In the summer time practice hitches were the best fun, for the doors stood wide open, and he could watch the men as they put the harness trip in order again and lifted the great straps of the three big grays. Then, too, the firemen lounged in front of the house, and he could hear them talking about the fires they had gone to, brave tales of valorous fights that lost nothing in the telling.

Benjy trotted down the street again to his own doorstep and carefully backed himself into the vestibule. His skill treble rose in imitation of the clangor of the big gong, and with many a screech and shout he dashed off in the direction of the hydrant on the corner, pretending that he was Thirteen company answering an alarm.

As he neared the fire house a second time the gong sounded again, and this time the number was followed by three



"YOU'RE DEAD SLOW, DICK—EXCEPT WHEN YOU'RE AT A FIRE."

strokes, thrice repeated. Thirteen company made a quick hitch. A third alarm following so closely upon the first meant a fire well worth hurrying to. They went out on the third alarm from that station, and Lieutenant Curley sprang to the big doors and threw them open just as Benjy, running up, slipped on the pavement and fell full length in the path of the excited horses.

There was no holding back the grays, but Quinn, the driver, forced them over to the left, while Curley sprang forward and caught the child by the arm, throwing him to one side just as the tender came up to the door and the wheels of the steamer almost grazed Curley's arm. Then he sprang to the tender steps, and they were turning the corner before Benjy found his voice.

Bessie Borden, who had seen the incident from the steps where she had come in search of Benjy, hurried to him, and presently she was bearing the sobbing child in her arms and mingling with his tears of terror her own tears of gratitude. Beyond a barked knee Benjy was none the worse for his experience.

That night Benjy's father went down to the fire house to discover the name of the man who had saved the boy, and after that Lieutenant Curley was a frequent visitor at the Borden home. Mrs. Borden could not do enough for him, and it was at her suggestion that he boarded with them, taking his meals there in his three "swings" and spending the remainder of his liberty with Bessie Borden, while Benjy gazed solemnly and admiringly at his hero.

Curley's days off, too, were devoted to Bessie. He had neither kith nor kin in the city, and he was glad indeed to find so pleasant a way of spending his time. As regularly as his day of liberty came around it was a vaudeville performance in the afternoon with a melodrama in the evening except in summer, when the delights of the suburban resorts proved more tempting.

But Bessie was not minded to be so easily won. In the fall, when the dancing classes opened and Dick Curley had begun to put on airs of ownership, Pete Bracy came to trouble the hitherto smoothly running course of true love.

understood such things, were bulls without the refreshments and without the necessity for such elaborate dress. Before the weather grew so cool that the doors of the fire house were shut Pete used to escort Bessie past the house in the hope that they would meet Curley. Often they did, but he scarcely gave heed to them as he went about his work. He would not let Bessie see how hurt he was, and she, womanlike, was the more demonstrative toward Pete because Curley would not show his anger or regret.

Dick Curley gritted his teeth and tried to meet his disappointment like a man, but there were nights when he lay awake in quarters and longed for the call that would take him out to a fire where he could forget his own troubles in the fierce battle with the flames. The ride on the tender through the cool night air always steadied his nerves, and his unrest found ease in action.

So he lay one night trying to forget that a couple of hours earlier he had seen Pete and Bessie pass the house on their way to a dance. It had been a hard day for Thirteen, and the men had turned in early, most of them praying that they would be able to sleep undisturbed. But the clock had just struck the half hour after 10 when the big gong began to count out its dread signal.

In an instant the room was in orderly confusion. The men sprang from their beds into their night boots, pulling their trousers up over the legs of the boots as they ran toward the poles.

The man on the desk and one or two others who had not yet turned in had the horses hitched, and as the great doors swung back and Quinn grasped the trip to release the harness hangers the captain called out:

"Make it in a hurry," he shouted. "That's the box nearest the Orpheum. If the fire is there—"

The rest was drowned in the clang of the tender bell as it followed the steamer from the house, but Curley had heard enough. He had not realized at first that three-seven-three was the box nearest the Orpheum, where Pete and Bessie had gone.

The dance hall was aflame. Some of the hangings had caught fire when the electric plant had failed and recourse was had to gas. Before the engine could cover the three short blocks the flames were bursting through the windows and mounting to the roof.

The owners of the place reported that all had left the building before the fire had become serious, but even as they spoke a woman's form was silhouetted against the background of angry red flame, and a dash was made to the truck for the longest ladder.

Almost before it was against the building Curley had shoved aside the ladder man, who stood ready to mount, and pushed up the ladder ahead of him. He had recognized Bessie.

The ladder was short by a dozen feet, but Dick snapped his hook into the topmost rung and called to the girl to drop into his arms.

"I'm afraid," was the trembling reply, but Dick called again.

"It's me," he assured eagerly. "Don't be afraid, Bess; I won't let you drop."

"Dick! It is you?" There were relief and hope in the tones, and Curley braced himself for the shock of her jump.

Slowly Bessie edged to the sill and for a moment stood there; then she shot downward into the waiting arms, and, slipping his hook, Curley began the descent.

"This is one thing Pete cannot do," he said as he slowly descended.

"Pete's only good for taking me to dancing class," said Bess contemptuously. "There's a whole lot of things he can't do."

"Like what, for instance?" demanded Curley.

"He can't make me say 'Yes' when he asks me to marry him," explained Bess.

Dick's arm tightened about her. "Can I?" he asked.

"You haven't asked me yet," reminded Bess.

"I'm asking you now," insisted Dick.

"Yes," said Bess softly. "You're dead slow, Dick—except when you're at a fire."

ADVERTISING FIGURES.
Enormous Quantities of Paper and Ink Used Every Year.

NEW YORK, April—, Advertisements in the United States have a circulation of more than a quadrillion readers annually and the national bill for advertising, according to figures collected by Appleton's magazine, reaches the enormous sum of \$600,000,000. The paper upon which these advertisements are printed would cover all the New England states and part of New York, while the ink used would make a lake large enough to float the fleet which is now in the Pacific. Newspapers alone, according to these statistics, receive nearly \$200,000,000 annually for advertising, while monthly periodicals, whose development is peculiarly American, print every year 30 times the equivalent of the contents of the Bible and all the dramas of Shakespeare combined. The present year marks the fortieth anniversary of magazine advertising, which is much younger than newspaper advertising. It was in 1868 according to the Appleton article that magazine advertising first received any serious attention, and even after that date editors for years objected strenuously to having space in what they held to be purely "literary publications" encroached upon by advertising. Today a magazine without advertising could hardly exist.

The first magazine advertisement, it is recorded, appeared in a Philadelphia publication and curiously enough was prepared particularly to reach women, the originator of the whole tremendous fabric as it exists today being inspired by one line of a jingle commenting on the proclivities of the fair sex to the effect that they were the ones who spent the money.

While a classification of all kinds of "ads" and their number would be a herculean task, it is certain that the want ad of the daily paper leads all others in its own peculiar field, the number of this latter day development for reaching the purchasing public running far into the billions. In this fact and in the wonderful growth of magazine advertising in the last four decades is found more than sufficient proof of the right of Americans to the title of the greatest advertisers on earth.

ADVERTISING FIGURES.
Enormous Quantities of Paper and Ink Used Every Year.

NEW YORK, April—, Advertisements in the United States have a circulation of more than a quadrillion readers annually and the national bill for advertising, according to figures collected by Appleton's magazine, reaches the enormous sum of \$600,000,000. The paper upon which these advertisements are printed would cover all the New England states and part of New York, while the ink used would make a lake large enough to float the fleet which is now in the Pacific. Newspapers alone, according to these statistics, receive nearly \$200,000,000 annually for advertising, while monthly periodicals, whose development is peculiarly American, print every year 30 times the equivalent of the contents of the Bible and all the dramas of Shakespeare combined. The present year marks the fortieth anniversary of magazine advertising, which is much younger than newspaper advertising. It was in 1868 according to the Appleton article that magazine advertising first received any serious attention, and even after that date editors for years objected strenuously to having space in what they held to be purely "literary publications" encroached upon by advertising. Today a magazine without advertising could hardly exist.

The first magazine advertisement, it is recorded, appeared in a Philadelphia publication and curiously enough was prepared particularly to reach women, the originator of the whole tremendous fabric as it exists today being inspired by one line of a jingle commenting on the proclivities of the fair sex to the effect that they were the ones who spent the money.

While a classification of all kinds of "ads" and their number would be a herculean task, it is certain that the want ad of the daily paper leads all others in its own peculiar field, the number of this latter day development for reaching the purchasing public running far into the billions. In this fact and in the wonderful growth of magazine advertising in the last four decades is found more than sufficient proof of the right of Americans to the title of the greatest advertisers on earth.

Rheumatic Pains Relieved.
Mrs. Thos. Stenton, postmaster of Pontypool, Ont., writes: "For the past eight years I suffered from rheumatic pains, and during that time I used many different liniments and remedies for the cure of rheumatism. Last summer I procured a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm and got more relief from it than anything I have ever used, and cheerfully recommend this liniment to all sufferers from rheumatic pains." For sale by Frank Hart and leading druggists.

Do You Wear Shoes?
We sell the kind that wear longest and look the best.

The Dr. A Reed Cushion Shoe
We handle a special line of, **Loggers' Shoes** Give us a trial.

S. A. GIMRE
GOOD SHOES.
543 Bond St., op. Ross, Higgins & Co.

HIGGINS & WARREN
FIRE INSURANCE
ELEVEN STRONG COMPANIES
New up-to-date maps of Astoria and vicinity for sale, 15 cent per.

Savings Bank Bldg
GROUND FLOOR
PHONE 3631.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

HELP WANTED
WANTED—GOOD AND COMPETENT man and woman on farm, who understand milking and separating; good wages and good house; no objection to children. Inquire at this office.

WANTED—SALESMEN FOR A reliable boiler compound to travel in Oregon; good position for right man. Apply to Wm. T. Gillett, Swensen, Ore. 4-14-t.

FOR SALE
FOR SALE—THOROUGHbred White Spitz pup. Enquire Astorian office. 4-12-tf.

FURNITURE OF 6-ROOM HOUSE for sale; privilege of renting house. Inquire O. F. Morton or 191 Seventh street. 4-22-tf.

FOR SALE—FURNITURE FOR A 6-room house; and the house for rent; a snap. Enquire 77 Third St., cor. Bond. Phone Red 2313. 4-3-tf.

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE.
FOR SALE—LOCKSLEY HALL Hotel, Seaside, Or.; this beautiful spot under the pines and overlooking the ocean is for sale; best money-making property in the West; over 100 rooms; modern in every way. For particulars apply to Mrs. L. A. Carlisle on premises.

FOR SALE—SMALL ROOMING house; partly furnished; must be sold at once, parties leaving town. Enquire 154 9th street. 4-10-tf.

WANTED—RESIDENCE BUILDING lot costing from \$200 to \$800. Banking Savings & Loan Association, 168 Tenth street.

FOR RENT.
I WILL LEASE MY LEWIS & Clark farm to sober and responsible parties on advantageous terms. Apply W. J. Ingalls, Astoria, Oregon.

FOR RENT—TWO FURNISHED rooms for gentlemen. Captain Ferchan, 330 17th street.

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms; pleasant location. 422 Irving, phone Red 2163. 4-22-3t.

FOR RENT—NICELY FURNISHED rooms by day, week or month. 525 Bond street. 4-22-3t.

FOR RENT—Furnished housekeeping rooms. 525 Bond St. 4-22-t.

FURNITURE.
Hildebrand & Gor
HOUSE-CLEANING TIME.
We sell Liquid Veneer, Jap-a-Lac, Linoleum Varnish, the three greatest furniture and floor renovators known. Go-cart rubber tires renewed. Curtain stretchers sold or rented.

PLUMBERS.
JNO. A. MONTGOMERY
PLUMBER
Heating Contractor, Tinner —AND— Sheet Iron Worker ALL WORK GUARANTEED 425 Bond Street.

PROPOSALS.
OFFICE OF THE Constructing Quartermaster, Fort Stevens, Oregon, April 1, 1908. Sealed proposals, in triplicate, will be received at this office until 2 o'clock p. m., April 30, 1908, and then publicly opened, for the construction of a cistern, for the storage of rain water for use in Art's Barrack for 109 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 reject any or all bids or any part thereof. Envelopes containing proposals should be marked "Proposals for Construction, addressed to the Constructing Quartermaster, Fort Stevens, Or."

BIDS REQUESTED FOR STONE WORK AND GRADING.
BIDS WILL BE RECEIVED until 5 P. M., April 30, 1908, at the office of the Water Commission, Astoria, Oregon, for raising the walls of Reservoir No. 1, two feet, grading the grounds, and building stone walls on west side, and north end, of same, as per plans and specifications on file in said office, at the City Hall. Right to reject any and all bids is reserved. By order of the Water Commission, G. W. Lounsbury, Clerk.

HOUSE MOVERS.
FREDRICKSON BROS.—We make a specialty of house moving, carpenters, contractors, general jobbing; prompt attention to all orders. Corner Tenth and Duane streets.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
CHARLES H. ABERCROMBIE Attorney-at-Law City Attorney Offices: City Hall

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 420 Commercial St., Astoria.

MASSAGE.
DOCTORS PRESCRIBING MASSAGE, call Olga Landen, Finnish masseuse; Pythian bldg., Commercial street.

OSTEOPATHS.
DR. RHODA C. HICKS Osteopath Office Mansell Bldg. Phone Black 2061 573 Commercial St., Astoria, Ore.

DENTISTS
DR. VAUGHAN Dentist Pythian Building, Astoria, Oregon

DR. W. C. LOGAN Dentist Commercial St. Shanahan Bldg.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.
RESTAURANTS.
TOKIO RESTAURANT. 351 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.

HOTELS.
HOTEL OXFORD Sixth and Oak Sts., Portland, Ore. A strictly modern hotel in center of business district; suites with or without private baths, running hot and cold water in every room; plenty of free baths. Rates \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00. VICTOR BRANDT, Prop.

WINES AND LIQUORS.
Eagle Concert Hall (320 Astor Street) Rooms for rent by the day, week, or month. Best rates in town. P. A. PETERSON, Prop.

FISH MARKET.
Seattle Fish Market 77 Ninth St., near Bond Fresh and Salted Fish. Game and Poultry. Groceries, Produce and Fruit Imported and Domestic Goods. P. Bakotitch & Feo, Proprs. Phone Red 2188

HOT OR COLD
Golden West Tea Just Right CLOSET & DEVERS, PORTLAND, ORE.

BOAT BUILDER.
T. L. Driscoll
BOATBUILDING AND REPAIRING A SPECIALTY. 22nd and Exchange Street.

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

Calls Promptly Attended Day or Night. Tatton Bldg. 12th and Duane Sts. ASTORIA, OREGON Phone Main 2113

TRANSPORTATION.
The "K" Line
PASSENGERS FREIGHT
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 Good Berths Landing Astoria Flavel Wharf. Landing Portland Foot Taylor St. G. B. BLESSING, Agent. Phone Main 2761.

TRANSPORTATION.
CANADIAN PACIFIC "EMPRESS" Line of the Atlantic
LESS THAN FOUR DAYS AT SEA
During the summer season, the Empresses sail from Quebec to Liverpool; fast and luxurious. Nine hundred miles in sheltered waters of the St. Lawrence River and Gulf. Short ocean trip. Use this route and avoid sea sickness. Summer sailing lists and rates now ready. Apply to any Ticket Agent, or James Finlayson, Agent, Astoria, Or.

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 cataract, 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. 182 1/2 First St., Corner Morrison, PORTLAND, OREGON. Please mention the Astorian.

CONTRACTORS.
J. B. Benoit & Son Contractors and Builders. Estimates given. Repairs a Specialty. Phone Red 2413. 893 Commercial St.

LAUNDRIES.
Those Pleated Bosom Shirts The kind known by dressy men in the summer, are difficult articles to launder nicely. Unless you know just how to do it, the front pleats won't iron down smooth, and the shirt front will look mussed. Our New Press Ironer irons them without rolling or stretching. Try it. TROY LAUNDRY, Tenth and Duane. Phone Main 1991