

EDWIN G. PINKHAM

Typical Career of the American Newspaper Man

TELLS OF EARLY STRUGGLE

Now Staff Writer on the Kansas City Star, "Fates a Fiddler" His Latest Piece of Fiction, About to be Published.

BOSTON, May 30.—The number of practical newspaper men who have broken into literature through the medium of the novel almost passes enumeration. One of the latest to see a piece of his fiction between covers is Edwin George Pinkham of the Kansas City Star, whose first book, "Fates a Fiddler", is about to be produced by a Boston publishing house. Mr Pinkham's career has been so typical of that of a large class of workers on American newspapers that some notes on it dictated by him to his publishers can hardly fail to be amusing. He says of himself:

"I did my first newspaper work in Springfield, Mo., when I was fourteen or fifteen. I hung around a newspaper office there doing whatever they would let me. I set type, worked the press, folded the papers. They didn't ask me to do these things but they took no active means of preventing me. At first, I believe, the editor did warn me gruffly to keep out, suspecting doubtless that I was staying away from school. That didn't disturb me greatly however, because when he came down stairs I went up anyway, and when he went up I came down. So long as we didn't meet the fiction was maintained that I wasn't there. But one day he forgot and asked me to pull a proof for him, and that settled it—I was there officially.

"He was an indolent man, was my editor, and I learned to take advantage of him. One day I wrote a story when he was out and left it on his desk. When he came back I explained that it had been left by a tall stoop shouldered man who said his name was Brown. It was printed. Mr. Brown became a regular contributor after that—always calling when the editor was out. I have said that my editor was indolent, perhaps he was shrewd too, because pretty soon he was letting Brown do most of the work. I remember that he used to get quite peevish if he failed to drop in on his accustomed day and leave some copy, called him a shirker and things like that. Thus Brown early learned how thorny is the path of the scribe.

"Our paper was called The People's Voice. Whether the people didn't recognize their voice when they heard it or just didn't care, the event was that they showed no great disposition to listen to it and it gradually became smaller and stiller and finally ceased. I drifted around through the South and West, working in printing offices mostly. I did not know the trade but I was a useful cub I believe, and as I never asked for any pay you can imagine that I had no difficulty in finding an imposing stent to sleep on."

Mr. Pinkham is 29 years old and a native of Lynn, Mass. When he was two years old the family moved West. Of this period and of his early struggles he says:

"It was always a guiding principle in our family (and I have adhered to it strictly) that when we became so poor that we couldn't possibly exist where we were that we should spend a small fortune moving as far away from there as possible. I think we learned this secret from Ben Franklin's book 'The Road to Wealth'. I may be mistaken about the author, but let it pass. Thus I have been East and West and South, newspaper man for a time and then something else, newspaper man again and then something else, and now newspaper man again for a time."

Mr. Pinkham was engaged in business in Providence, R. I. for several years and was later connected with a press bureau in Worcester, Mass. For the past year he has been a staff writer on the Kansas City Star.

CONSERVING THE LAND.

Prominent Men Pronounce Wild Birds a Great Factor.

NEW YORK, May 27.—That no factor in the problem of conserving the land, water and forest resources of this nation equals that which Na-

ture has provided in the feathered wild life of the continent is the opinion expressed by leading ornithologists in this city to-day. Following the conference of governors in Washington, officers of the National Association of Audubon Societies have decided to offer the cooperation of their organization in this great work, in pushing which the association has been the pioneer and only active organization ever since its incorporation. Although the workers for bird preservation were not represented at the gubernatorial conclave at the White House, government authorities have assured them that the protection of the insect eaters that insure life to crops, woods and waterways should be one of the first practical means to the general end.

Crops flourish and forests stand to conserve land and water largely through the activities of the existing bird guard that ceaselessly fights their natural destroyers, the investigators of the government point out. With a known loss of over \$800,000,000 to the crops of the country last year due to killing off their guardian flocks, the corresponding effect on woods and water may be reckoned in the billions of dollars, the Audubon workers declare. Uniform laws for bird protection, if adopted by the states, would go far to ward off these growing inroads of insects and other pests, they say, and this might well be the first step to be taken following the deliberations of the house of governors.

While the value of the birds to the farmer, orchardist and planter has for years been recognized, it is believed by the authorities that their importance in preserving the forests is not generally known. According to a recent report of the government, insects alone cause an annual loss to the trees of the country estimated at over a hundred million dollars. On the oak alone four hundred species of insects which are sought and consumed by the birds of the forest, prey constantly, the experts of the Biological Survey have discovered. On the willow 186 such species constantly attempt its destruction, on the pine 165, on the hickory 170, on the birch 105 and on the elm 80. Careful analysis of the stomachs of thousands of woodpeckers, titmice, creepers, kinglets, wood warblers, wrens flycatchers, swallows, nut hatches and other birds of the woods show that their constant labor is to consume just these devastating insects.

Ranked next to the insect, which is the chief enemy of the forests, are destructive vegetable growth and the attacks of mice, wood rats, rabbits and other small animals. Careful analysis of their food shows that many species of wood birds make away with the unwholesome vegetable matter. Hawks, owls and other larger birds of prey are constantly on the watch to check the inroads of the harmful animal life about the trees. Robins and other feathered races have been shown to be the greatest natural agency in distributing seed far and wide and causing the forests to thicken and expand, ornithologists asserted here to-day.

"As a national asset and resource, the life and labors of the birds comes clearly within the scope of the declaration of principles of the Governors' conference," said William Dutcher, president of the National Association of Audubon Societies at its headquarters, 141 Broadway to-day. "We agree with this distinguished body that 'this conservation of our natural resources is a subject of transcendent importance, which should engage unremittingly the attention of the nation, the states, and the people in earnest cooperation'. For years we have labored, practically alone in the field to force the nation to see the prime conserving force of its bird life on the crops, woods and waters. That we shall keep up this unflagging fight the leaders of this national movement may be assured. If the governors would work for uniform laws for bird protection I feel sure they would find no better means of forwarding the great work which they have undertaken."

The Palace Restaurant

The ever-increasing popularity of the Palace Restaurant is evidence of the good management, and the service, at this popular dining room. For a long time the reputation of the house has been of the best and it does not wane as time progresses. The system used, that of furnishing the finest the market affords, and all can be obtained, in season, is a plan that will always win, coupled as it is with the best of cooking and prompt service. A common saying nowadays is "Get the Palace habit."

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REPORTED MISSING AFTER GETTYSBURG

A War Story of Watching and Waiting

By L. S. MILLS

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"I'LL COME BACK TO YOU."

loned red roses bloom in all their springtime splendor. Here oftentimes a few years ago merry schoolgirls, with cheeks that matched the glow of the roses, paused to gather a bouquet for teacher's desk or to place beneath the dais in the little graveyard on the hillside on Memorial day. And oftentimes, too, they paused to listen to the quiet words of Mrs. Maynard, who lived here alone. They wondered at the sadness of her voice as she said:

"Yes; you are welcome to the roses." Then sudden hope would light her face as she added, "When Henry comes home he'll tidy up the yard a bit and pick a rose for me as he did once long ago."

After the sun had set and the shadows had crept down the hillside through the graveyard and filled all the valley with darkness the lamp was lit and placed in the window, where its rays lighted the pathway leading to the road. By the table Mary Maynard would sit, her hands folded. She was waiting for Henry.

Forty-five years ago on May 29 Henry brought home Mary, his fair young bride, saying: "Mother, here is my



THE FACE WAS THE FACE SHE SAW IN HER DREAM

wife. Love her as you love me, and don't let her be lonely, for tomorrow I go to the front; but, God being willing, I'll come back."

On the following day earth and sky seemed blended in perfect harmony. The roses bloomed in splendor. On the grassy bank they sat, Mary and Henry, beside the clustering blossoms. Henry had picked one of the roses and lovingly placed it in Mary's hair. Fair was she then, in all the freshness of youth's bright morning. Tenderly she placed her hand on Henry's shoulder and with loving, pleading eyes whispered:

"Henry, please don't go." Sadiy, slowly, he replied: "Mary, I must. But watch for me. I'll come back to you."

So they parted on that fateful day, and the birds sang, the breezes crept softly by, and the roses scented the air. But Mary alone on the doorstep and Henry marching out of the valley headed them not.

Those were trying days for north and south. The nation's best were slaying each other in terrible battles. After Burnside's defeat at the battle of Fredericksburg in December, 1862, there had been a call for more men to fill the broken ranks, and Henry Maynard had enlisted. Dearly as he loved Mary Harper, he could not resist the nation's call any longer. At first Mary pleaded with him. Then she realized the need and bravely gave her consent, only requesting that they be married before he went. When on that last day as they sat together by the roses, though she whispered him to remain, she knew he would go—that above all the sorrow at parting she wished him to go—wished him the brave, true soldier of her dreams.

Thus it was that Henry went, and Mary came to live with Henry's mother—just those two in the little farmhouse, for Henry's father had been killed years back while hauling logs from the wood lot. The sled had overturned coming down the steep hillside. Henry's mother had seen it from the window where she sat knitting and calling Henry from the wood shed—went to his aid. Crushed and bleeding, they brought him home just at the close of the cold winter's day, and

he died in half an hour. After this they had tolled on, Henry growing stronger and more manly, overcoming gradually the sorrow caused by his father's death. But his mother's heart seemed buried out in the lonely grave on the hillside with her husband, and though she gave Henry unbounded love, she cared for little else till Mary came and Henry went. Then she talked of Henry and found in Mary a ready listener. So the two became fast friends with one hope—the safe return of Henry.

The weeks went by, and together they read the papers telling of the war. Henry, too, wrote sometimes to his mother, but more often to Mary. His letters told of the weary waiting and the seemingly useless marching and countermarching, yet he was always the same brave, loving Henry. Soon the war would be over, and Mary would meet him, and they would sit by the rosebushes again.

In her dreams she saw him, her soldier, her "boy in blue," amid the roar and smoke of battle. "He win the crest; he takes the flag; he is a hero." The dream changed, and she saw him alight from the train at the village station. The neighbors had read of his brave deeds in the papers and had come to cheer him. Once more the vision changed, and hand in hand they sat by the rosebushes. He placed a rose in her hair and, gently kissing her cheek, whispered:

"Mary, we won't part any more." And, looking to his well beloved face to read the love his voice expressed, it seemed the face of Henry, but old, so old, and his hair so gray.

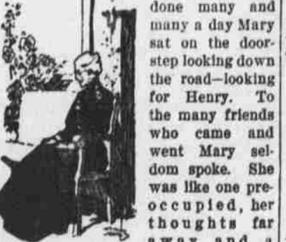
One day there came news of Lee's swift advance northward in July, 1863. There would be a battle. Mary wrote a long letter full of love and cheer to Henry. But no answer came. In the papers were rumors of a great battle being fought. It was at Gettysburg. Would Lee win? The suspense was awful to millions of northern people as they waited with bated breath for news from the front. "Lee retreats!" This was the report that came on the fourth day, and the drawn faces relaxed. Then followed columns of "killed," "wounded," "missing." Thousands of homes were plunged in gloom, for many a husband's name and many a son's name and many a lover's name was there.

A neighbor's boy brought the papers that evening. Though he came on swiftly, Mary couldn't wait, but ran out to meet him. Together Mary and Henry's mother looked down the long list of "killed." Not there! Thank God! Then the list of "wounded." Not there! Then "missing"—Henry Maynard!

"There is hope," said Mary. But she sat with the paper tightly clasped. All night she sat thus and heeded not the time nor saw the neighbors who came to comfort her. As the sunlight stole in the east window they gently lifted her and placed her on the bed.

After a time she slept and dreamed of Henry. He was on the crest of a hill behind a low bank of earth. Hundreds of men were at his right and left. Before him, advancing up the hill, were thousands of men with gray uniforms. Then began the roar of artillery, and the smoke of battle rolled over all, and she saw him no more. Yet, half waking, half sleeping, she seemed to hear him say, as on that day of parting: "Watch for me! I'll come back to you!"

Then began the years of waiting— weary years. In the afternoon when the work was done many a day Mary sat on the doorstep looking down the road—looking for Henry. To the many friends who came and went Mary seldom spoke. She was like one pre-occupied, her thoughts far away and a



LOOKING FOR HENRY. dreamy look in her eyes. So the time passed.

Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty. Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.

Henry's mother died and was laid away in the quiet graveyard, and the years rolled on; the snows came and went; the roses bloomed. Schoolgirls came for them and in time grew to womanhood, and other girls came. Each evening the lamp was placed in the window. Each day Mary watched and waited.

The sympathetic neighbors kindly cared for her few wants. Many letters had been sent to the war department inquiring for Henry Maynard, but "Missing after the battle of Gettysburg" was all the reply.

In a pleasant room in Melbourne, Australia, Hubert Smith lay sick. Over forty years ago he had come to Australia, or had found himself there, but with no remembrance of where he

had been before. He had become a merchant in a small way at first, but gradually increased his business till at the time of his sickness he had become a man of means with a small fortune. Still, he had remained unmarried.

All day he had tossed about in fever. "Tonight there will be a change," the

doctor said, and the nurse watched patiently till he seemed to grow quiet, and finally he slept. Then she knew the crisis was past.

When he awoke in the morning he was Hubert Smith no more, but Henry Maynard, and all the remembrance of Mary and home came over him. He had been wounded in the head at the battle of Gettysburg. In a seemingly lifeless condition he was left on the field until after the battle. He was cared for by a farmer and when partly recovered wandered away, giving no name. How he reached Australia he never learned.

His recovery was speedy, and he hastened to America to find Mary if possible. "Oh, Mary, are you waiting? Shall I see you?" he cried. And all night he paced the steamer's deck overwhelmed with love and longing.

On May 30, 1905, Mary sat in the doorway, looking down the road. Her

hair, once black, was now streaked with gray. She had been looking at the roses and thinking of Henry. "Will he come today?" An hour later an old man came slowly up the road and turned up the pathway to the house. Mary, waiting on the doorstep, knew it was Henry, for the face was the face she saw in her dream.

"Henry!" "Mary!" That is all those two said as they clasped hands and sat once more on the grassy bank where the roses bloom. But heart spoke to heart in a love and joy deeper than all words and deeper than all thought.

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ASTORIA, OREGON

June Official Tide Tables

Compiled by the U. S. Government for Astoria and Vicinity.

JUNE, 1908.					JUNE, 1908.					
High Water.	A. M.	P. M.	Low Water.		A. M.	P. M.	Low Water.		A. M.	P. M.
Date.	h.m.	ft.	h.m.	ft.	Date.	h.m.	ft.	h.m.	ft.	
Monday	1:40	8.5	3:08	7.5	Monday	1:44	0.6	8:40	8.7	
Tuesday	2:15	8.1	2:50	7.0	Tuesday	2:20	0.2	9:24	8.8	
Wednesday	3:20	7.7	4:20	7.0	Wednesday	3:52	0.2	10:06	8.9	
Thursday	4:30	7.4	5:04	7.1	Thursday	4:10	0.8	10:00	8.9	
Friday	5:45	6.8	5:46	7.2	Friday	5:11	0.4	10:11	8.7	
Saturday	6:08	6.3	6:25	7.3	Saturday	6:11	0.5	11:56	8.9	
SUNDAY	7:12	6.0	7:22	7.5	SUNDAY	7:04	0.3	12:34	8.9	
Monday	8:08	6.0	8:08	7.7	Monday	8:14	2.8	1:32	8.5	
Tuesday	9:52	6.2	8:55	8.1	Tuesday	9:48	2.1	2:38	8.5	
Wednesday	10:50	6.5	9:48	8.4	Wednesday	10:45	1.3	3:25	8.8	
Thursday	11:42	6.8	10:32	8.8	Thursday	11:11	0.5	4:20	8.3	
Friday	12:42	7.1	11:12	9.0	Friday	12:32	0.2	5:12	8.0	
Saturday	1:32	7.2	12:32	7.2	Saturday	1:11	0.9	6:00	8.1	
SUNDAY	2:14	0.0	1:24	7.5	SUNDAY	1:54	1.6	6:54	8.2	
Monday	3:00	0.3	2:12	7.8	Monday	2:42	1.6	7:45	8.3	
Tuesday	3:40	0.1	3:04	7.9	Tuesday	3:30	1.6	8:40	8.2	
Wednesday	4:17	0.8	3:50	8.0	Wednesday	4:17	0.2	9:36	8.2	
Thursday	5:00	1.4	4:42	8.0	Thursday	5:10	0.0	10:40	8.0	
Friday	5:48	2.0	5:34	8.1	Friday	6:00	0.0	11:48	8.0	
Saturday	6:40	2.6	6:28	8.2	Saturday	6:50	0.5	12:58	8.2	
SUNDAY	7:30	3.2	7:24	8.4	SUNDAY	7:40	1.1	2:08	8.2	
Monday	8:20	3.8	8:16	8.4	Monday	8:30	1.7	3:14	8.2	
Tuesday	9:05	4.8	9:09	8.5	Tuesday	9:20	2.4	4:20	8.2	
Wednesday	9:50	6.0	9:58	8.7	Wednesday	10:10	3.0	5:28	8.3	
Thursday	10:35	7.2	10:45	8.8	Thursday	11:00	3.6	6:36	8.0	
Friday	11:20	8.0	11:42	8.9	Friday	11:50	4.2	7:44	8.2	
Saturday	12:05	8.8	12:32	8.9	Saturday	12:40	4.8	8:52	8.3	
SUNDAY	1:20	9.4	1:35	7.3	SUNDAY	1:30	5.4	10:00	8.6	
Monday	2:00	8.6	2:15	7.3	Monday	2:20	6.0	11:08	8.7	
Tuesday	2:40	8.3	2:50	7.3	Tuesday	3:10	6.6	12:16	8.7	