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TELEPHONE MAIN 651.

THE WEATHER

Oregon, Washington and Idaho—Increasing cloudiness; probably rain.

HOME-MADE AUTOCRATS.

Of all the "crats" known to modernity, the democrat, the plutocrat, the bureaucrat, all down the line, the autocrat is the most to be feared, and especially if he be home-made! For in the making of an autocrat, there is always the danger of conceding too much to the wisdom and craft of the man so favored, as well as the almost unescapable evil that he will sooner, or later, transgress, or exceed, the trust confided to him, his makers aiding and abetting the folly and the wrong.

The autocrat himself is not to blame for his creation; that is a matter, peculiarly, of misplaced, or miscalculated, public tolerance or public intolerance, as the case may be. Yet, under any and all circumstances, the setting up of the dominion and influence of a solitary individual, to deal with the values and franchises of the many, is a blunder on its face, and a menace at all times.

Astoria has not many of the ilk; she has a few that we wot of, and one, anyhow. But she is "getting next" to the danger of the situation, and will retrieve it in the only way left her; at the polls.

GERMANY'S REBUKE.

The German Kaiser has been made to realize that he is a lesser entity than the constitution of the great nation he serves. He talked too much. From this time onward he will probably hold his tongue a bit and concede, if only tacitly, that there are other people and laws in the empire, aside from himself. It is likely he has forgotten everything he ever knew or thought or said about the Boer War, a lapse that will stand him in hand.

His is another phase and case of the evil of autocracy. The system has a tendency to swell a man out of all proportion, to his position and relation great or small, and it takes the people to rebuke the aggression. Their word is final and imperious!

GOOD FOR FRANCE!

France wants free schools; and France will get them!

To emphasize the demand she is using the "Stars and Stripes" of America; a hint that will surely achieve her ends if she plays the game with the spirit for which the emblem stands.

It is hard to cast aside the traditions and usages of the centuries and France fairly reeks with the most ancient and cumbersome customs of the past, in spite of her wonderful progress and development in civic life. That she wants free and popular education is the best sign of her

aspiration and general up-lift along all-American lines, than which there is nothing better than she can follow.

Go to it, La Belle! You'll get there alright!

HAAS AND HIS DERRINGER.

There is a tremendous bit of history woven around the little derring-er wherewith Haas ended his miserable life in the jail-cell at San Francisco; and the unravelling of the truth, will reveal a deeper seam of guilt and conspiracy and underground, criminal snarl, than has been dreamed of, even in that dreadfully disgraced city.

Once it is known how that weapon got into the hands of the suicide, the leading-string will be in the hands of the detectives and it will not be a long search to the fountain-head of the foul intrigue.

Poor Haas was all kinds of a victim, and when the truth is known it will point directly to the iniquitous gang of which Abraham Ruef is the star scoundrel. Heney was the least of Haas' enemies.

A silent tongue makes good friends in a home campaign, as some people will discover before many days!

Astoria will be on a par with the best of them after January first and her telephone system is perfected!

How much of a public debt can the city of Astoria stand, anyway?

Seattle had 150,000 people to bear the cost of her seawall; and they went by through paying for it until there are a million people there to take a hand in its final obliteration!

Astoria has a claim in for recognition as a music center that cannot safely, nor logically, be denied!

It was discovered, at the Philharmonic concert on Tuesday night, that the acoustic properties of the new A. A. A. hall were almost perfect!

Bear in mind, you voters, that the most conservative public debt, as well as the most reckless, begets its own burden of interest, which must be paid, along with the principal!

While Astoria has been improved a whole lot by way of street building, she has not been altogether immune from the occasional "sting."

CASTORIA For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Gifford*

Old newspapers for sale at this office, 50 cents per hundred.

CROFOOT HAS RIVAL.

Promoter of Industrial Enterprises Finds He's an Amateur.

TOLD OF SOME GOOD THINGS

What a Caller Had to Offer People With Money Seeking an Investment. Four Hundred Per Cent in Dividends on \$5,000,000 Capital.

[Copyright, 1908, by T. C. McClure.] Major Crofoot, grand promoter of thirty-two of the grandest enterprises on the face of the earth, sat in his office dead broke. He had two keys in his pocket, but not a stiver in cash. His landlady had given him the cold hand that morning, and his office rent was due, and he was expecting the landlord every minute. He was wondering if the last sucker in America



THE MAJOR LID HIS HEAD ON THE DESK AND WENT.

was dead when there was a step in the corridor, and his half open door was pushed open and a stranger entered and queried:

"Is this Major Crofoot, please?"

"It is."

"The man who always has a good thing for investors?"

"Sure."

"My name is Dawson, and I have come in to talk business to you."

Things changed with the major in an instant. The usual smile came back to his face, the usual blaudness to his voice, and as he bade the stranger welcome he toyed with the six old check books stacked up on the desk to show that he was doing business with six different banks.

"What is the best thing you can offer an investor today?" continued the caller as he seated himself.

"You mean something extra good?"

"The very best there is in the box. Don't talk to me of anything paying less than 30 per cent dividends."

Would Pay 60 Per Cent.

"No? Well, I've got just what you want. Yesterday I just finished incorporating the Great American Novel Refrigerator company. It's going to be the greatest thing on earth. It's sure to sweep the land like a tornado. I'm the inventor, patentee and president of the company, capital \$5,000,000, and I feel sure I can guarantee you 60 per cent dividends. You put hot water into the refrigerator and it freezes it to ice. Attached to and working with it are a music box, an alarm clock, a French dictionary, a typewriter, a washing machine and a phonograph. Can be worked singly or altogether. Keeps tabs on the hired girl. Records the exact moment the husband comes in at night. Can be fitted with a torpedo to blow up tramps calling for something to eat. Possibilities unlimited, and the demand will be unprecedented. The czar of Russia writes—"

"Never mind the czar of Russia," interrupted Mr. Dawson. "Is that your very best?"

"But think of it, man, 60 per cent dividends, and I make you general manager at a salary of \$20,000 a year."

"Poor, very poor. Not half good enough. I thought you had something gilt edged. It wouldn't pay to fool away my time on that."

"But man—"

"Come in with me and learn how to promote. You don't know the A B C of it yet. One of the very poorest companies I have is the Arabian Celery and Horse-radish syndicate. We propose to buy 5,000,000 acres of desert land and supply the world with celery and horse-radish. The dividends are positively guaranteed at 75, and yet we don't think much of it. We shan't try very hard to push the stock. I could give you the vice presidency at a salary of \$50,000 a year, but I don't want to see you starve to death."

The major turned pale, opened his eyes very wide and began to breathe hard.

"A promoter who can't see an even 100 per cent dividend in an enterprise should drop it," continued the caller. "It's one horse. It's wasting his time. I organized the Universal Gas Saving company and figured out it would pay 90 per cent dividends. Looked to me like a big thing in my then callow days, but I laugh at it now. It cut gas bills down from \$9 a month to 15 cents and is still doing it, but the stockholders are kicking for greater dividends. Ninety per cent looks like skim-milk to them. The secretary resigned last week, and I could give you his place at \$30,000 a year, but I know you'd refuse it. You would consider it small potatoes."

"Great Scott!" whispered the major as he leaned forward in his chair.

"After the Gas Saving company was out I saw I was wasting my time. I then originated and promoted the Great Sahara Fruit and Vegetable company. Twenty million acres of land to grow strawberries in summer and sweet potatoes in the fall. The enterprise is referred to in the press as colossal. Kings and emperors have written to us commending it. We let the Rothschilds in on the ground floor, and they were tickled to death, and yet when we came to figure up the dividends they didn't go but 105. I was so disgusted with the thing that I came near dropping out of the promoting business. I did think of turning the presidency over to you at a salary of \$100,000 a year, but I know you'd refuse it. It isn't up to a man of your caliber. You don't want to fiddle fiddle with trifles."

Started New Company.

The major opened his mouth and tried to speak, but words would not come.

"Then I originated the worldwide lemon squeezer. Up to that date any one who wanted to squeeze a lemon had to call in the hired man or place it under a board and stand on it. Hitting a lemon with a sledge hammer wasted part of the juice, and sometimes it dodged the blow, and the cat or one of the children was killed. I saw what was needed and invented the squeezer. Our first order was for a million. The Sultan of Turkey ordered half a million right off the reel. Couldn't keep up with our orders and can't now, but what do you suppose the dividends are? Just a measly 120 per cent. Rockefeller and Morgan sold their stock in digest after the first year. I believe that a few widows and ministers still call it a fairly good thing, but think of financiers like us being satisfied with such dividends. I could offer you—"

"Yes, yes; you could offer me—"

"I could offer you the vice presidency and a salary of \$150,000 a year for life, but I don't want to insult you. I must look for some cheap skate."

"I—I might take it!" groaned the major.

"Nonsense! You take a cheap thing like that and humiliate yourself to the earth! I won't be a party to it. I have now finally got a thing worth looking at—worth investing in. Have you heard of the Universal Inactive Bedstead company?"

"N-no."

Behind the Times.

"You haven't? Why, you are away behind the times. Thought you kept better track of things financial. My dear sir, you must have heard that there is an electric current sweeping through the earth from north to south?"

"Yes."

"And that all human beings should lie with their heads to the north in order that they may first receive this current on the back of the neck?"

"Yes."

"Well, there you are. You go to a hotel and the bedsteads may stand east and west. The landlord doesn't care a copper for your health. My instinctive bedstead instinctively turns itself north and south, no matter where placed. Keeps the current flowing from head to heel. Hotels have got to have 'em or go out of business. We start on a capital of \$5,000,000, and the lowest we can figure the dividends is 400 per cent. Some of us think they will reach 500. The principle can be applied to banks on Pullmans and aboard steamers. Baby's crib and family lounge have got to head to the north. Will save a million human lives a year and put 10,000 drug stores out of business. I could let you in on the ground floor and pay you a salary of a quarter of a million dollars a year as secretary, but I won't insult you. You have probably got something much better on hand. Ta, ta, major. I must be going."

And when the man had departed the major hid his head on the desk and wept. He was a failure, and he realized it.

M. QUAD.



More proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saves women from surgical operations. Mrs. S. A. Williams, of Gardiner, Maine, writes: "I was a great sufferer from female troubles, and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored me to health in three months, after my physician declared that an operation was absolutely necessary."

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