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ATHLETES BREAK TWO WORLD RECORDS

PATRICK McDONALD IN HAMMER PUT AND COLLINS IN THE FOUR-MILE RUN.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, New York, Feb. 6.—Two new world's records were established tonight in the annual indoor games of the Irish-American Athletic Club at Madison Square Garden. In the contest for throwing the 56-pound weight Patrick McDonald sent the missile 31 feet eight and five-eighths inches, the best previous record being 31 inches. In the four-mile run Thomas J. Collins won from Fred Bellars by 30 yards. Both beat the old mark 20 minutes eleven and one-fifth seconds. Collins time was 19 minutes 56 seconds.

CONDITIONS BETTER.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 6.—The sanitary conditions of San Francisco is so much improved that the staff of physicians engaged for the last 18 months superintending the cleaning up following the discovery of the plague will be greatly reduced by Surgeon-General Wyman.

CALIFORNIA WILL CELEBRATE

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 6.—Mayor Taylor's proclamation setting aside five days, October 19 to 23, for celebrating the discovery of San Francisco Bay by Gaspar De Porcoia, the first governor of California.

WORTH MOUNTAINS OF GOLD

During Change of Life, says Mrs. Chas. Barclay

Grantville, Vt. — "I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms, and I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has proved worth mountains of gold to me, as it restored my health and strength. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me during this trying period. Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my trouble public so you may publish this letter." — MRS. CHAS. BARCLAY, R.F.D., Grantville, Vt.

No other medicine for woman's ills has received such wide-spread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine we know of has such a record of cures of female ills as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. For more than 30 years it has been curing female complaints such as inflammation, ulceration, local weakness, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration, and it is unequalled for carrying women safely through the period of change of life. It costs but little to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and, as Mrs. Barclay says, it is "worth mountains of gold" to suffering women.

THE HORRORS OF THE MUCK-RAKING TRUST

By James L. Ford, in Appleton's Magazine.

I was summoned from my home early on morning in October by the editor of this magazine, who said: "I have an important piece of work that can be done only by a brave man—one who is not afraid to pursue his investigations, no matter where they may lead him. If you will undertake this commission you may name your own price."

"I will gladly name my own price if you will promise not to name yours immediately afterwards," I replied, eagerly. "But what manner of work is it?"

"Muck-raking in its most dreaded form," replied the editor. "In fact, it is the muck-raking trust itself that I wish to investigate!"

Bright and early the next morning I called upon the editor of one of the chief muck-raking periodicals in the country. His solid gold automobile stood before his office door and I noticed as I was admitted to his presence that his overcoat was lined with costly sable, trimmed with ermine and ornamented with great buttons of solid silver. Even the most casual observer of political cartoons would have recognized him at once as a trust magnate.

"The muck-raking trust!" he exclaimed when I made known the object of my visit, "why I never heard of such a thing. Muck-raking is a business like any other and conducted on business principles. Yes, it is quite true that some of the lighter work of muck-raking is performed by women and children, but always at their homes; and so far, I have never heard any complaints. It is perfectly healthy work and the money earned by the little ones contributes materially to the comfort of many a poor literary family."

Seeing that he could view the matter only from the capitalistic standpoint, I took my leave, but just as I had gained the elevator a young man, who had followed me, bare-headed, from the outer editorial rooms, touched me on the shoulder, saying: "Excuse me, sir, but I happened to overhear your conversation with the boss and I knew that you would gain no information from him. But let me tell you that this concern has been patronizing literary sweatshops for the past two years. In fact, it was in this office that the Muck-rakers' Trust was formed—a grinding monopoly that now has complete control of the business. Go to the unfortunate workman whose name I have written on this card and he will tell you the story of what he himself has suffered through this iniquitous combination of magazine barons."

At the address given on the card I found the neatly furnished, inexpensive flat in which dwelt the Fairview family, who have followed the literary trade for two or three generations and during the past decade have identified themselves with the most advanced form of muck-raking.

"Come into the kitchen," said John Fairview when he had carefully scanned my credential. "Here we can talk without fear of interruption," he added as he closed the door and motioned me to a comfortable seat near the gas range. Then, while a look of mingled pain, sadness and anxiety came into his face, he began his simple tale of misfortune:

"Twelve years ago I was as comfortably situated as any man in the trade of letters could hope to be. I had a nice house in New Jersey built on the almost-paid-for plan, and was making good wages at humorous prose and verse and short stories, besides special articles for newspaper syndicates and Sunday supplements. Every Friday it was my custom to come to New York with my basket piled high with fresh literary wares, and, having delivered these and obtained orders for my next week's work, I would generally buy some trifles to take home to the wife and little ones who were always eagerly awaiting my return. Ah, sir, when I think of the little home nearly paid for, our children growing up about us and the market for cheerful optimistic prose and verse strong and active—well, when I compared those bitter happy days with the present bitter ones I feel as though I should go mad."

with wine, while the good-hearted, care-free Bohemians threw confetti at us and danced, with soiled tablecloths girded about their loins, the gay skirt dances of their native land. We still have a score of gilded chianti bottles that we have kept as souvenirs of those golden bacchanalian nights. But alas, we can no longer afford even those simple pleasures!

"One morning, about a dozen years ago, while I was sitting in my shop whistling cheerfully as I fashioned a 'Christmas in Many Lands' story for McClure's syndicate, I was surprised by a visit from a magazine editor who has often favored me with orders for my best brands of humorous work. Supposing quite naturally that he had come to place with me a hurried job for a Christmas poem or a few dozen of the New Year's and holiday comic-reliefs which are a specialty of our trade at that time of the year, I put aside my pen and bade him welcome, at the same time telling my wife to set before him a plate of doughnuts and some of the excellent sherry wine which it was our custom to make every autumn from our own currants after the holiday goods had been finished and delivered. And it was while sitting at my humble board and sipping my wine that his editor—the very man who to-day rides in a gold automobile and wears silver buttons on his fur-lined overcoat—unfolded the scheme which eventually proved my undoing."

"I recognized in this description my friend Mr. Oysterhooks, on whom I had called but a scant hour before."

"We have decided to write up the old bones and junk business," said this editor as he munched a doughnut and sipped some of our homemade sherry. "Will you do it for us?"

"Certainly," I made answer, "and it is a very good subject, too, as it allows for the introduction of such well-known humorous characters as the mother-in-law, the goat, and the summer girl. It would be funny to have the junk dealer put up the stovepipe and slip on a banana peel—"

But at this moment he interrupted me: "This is a serious job, not a comic one," he said.

"Good heavens!" I cried. "You surely don't expect me to write seriously about old bones and bottles and junk?"

I certainly do, he replied. "We've decided to replace our humorous department with a muck-raking series that will run throughout the year, and I want you to do up the old bone-and-bottle trade in twelve articles."

"Would you believe it, sir, at that time I'd never even heard of muck-raking! I did not like the idea at first, but how could I offend an old customer? In the end I accepted the commission and 'Where the Microbes Lurk' proved so successful that I was able to contract immediately for 'Bone Boiling a Merciless Monopoly' which, as you doubtless remember, raised a terrible stench; and 'The Tragedy of Pig-sticking' in which I proved that scarcely a day passes in the

On and Off Chat About Fat
The society reporter picked up the following gem at Madam Brewster's not 24 hours ago. One of her millionaire customers struggling into a new gown asked the famous customer how she kept her figure in such superb shape. "You habitually eat and drink heartily and event thoughtlessly, not to say riotously at times," she complained, "whereas I live like a hermit. Yet I can't keep slim and, apparently, you can't get fat." "Guilty," replied the fashion czarina. "I admit I don't fatten up nor do I thin down, but it is because I have the power, my dear Mrs. — (the name almost slipped out), to say to my fat 'Thus far and no further.' I don't exercise nor diet nor run any danger of wrinkles or stomach trouble either. Here is the secret." She wrote a few words on a slip of paper and handed it to her questioner. "Get that filled at the drugist's," she concluded, "take a teaspoonful after meals and at bedtime and you will never get any fatter than you want to be. You can take off a pound a day with this receipt, if you want to."

Chicago shambles that is not marked by the shedding of innocent blood.

"For a time all went well with me; then a number of scab workmen, attracted by greatly exaggerated tales of money-making, essayed this peculiar line of work, and brought prices down to a point so low that I turned once more to my old line of goods. To my horror, I found that I had completely lost my light and humorous touch, and that funny ideas of the sort that once literally bubbled over in my brain had completely deserted it. In vain I tried to think of some cheery and merry form of disaster of the kind precipitated by inebriety or the unexpected onslaught of the goat. The habit of taking a gloomy view of everything and of seeing nothing but filth and misery instead of merriment and good cheer had taken a firm hold upon my mind. I would begin a poem or funny story in my old blithe way only to end it in a wail of grief over the misdeeds of corporate wealth."

"Again and again my humorous goods were returned to me from customers who had once regarded my signature as a positive guarantee of literary excellence, and at last I was forced to seek new muck-raking employment at the hands of the same editor who had first tempted me from my legitimate path. But oh! what a change had taken place since I last did business with him! He listened with polite attention to my proposal, but when I offered to work for the same price that he had formerly paid me, he shook his head decisively and said: 'Is it possible that you have not heard of the awful drop in the prices of muck-raking? A few years ago we were obliged to pay very large wages, but that was when it was regarded as a difficult art or profession; now it is merely a craft that ranks with basket weaving and can be followed at home by the women and children of the family. Besides,' he said, 'everything has been investigated to the last point of endurance, and now that the bill to kill pigs by chloroform has been vetoed, and it is impossible to obtain a hearing for any enactment designed to prevent horned cattle from dying by anything short of nervous prostration, even the long-suffering American public has reached the limit of its hysteria and credulity. Besides, our readers have found out that from time immemorial millionaires have worn fur-lined overcoats and set their money in circulation thru such mediums as the race track, the stock market, and the comic-opera star. You can no longer awaken a tidal wave of indignation by proving that in Newport each wine is served in a different glass. However, as you have always shown yourself an excellent workman, I am willing to make as liberal an offer to you as lies within my power.'"

"And did you take the work at his terms?" I inquired.

"Yes," he said sadly. "There was no other course open to me. I am now a muck-raker for life and I do not mind saying that this line of work has brought more sorrow into our trade than anything that could have happened to it—not excepting even a return to the old time custom of paying only on publication and not all ways then. Come with me and I will show you what muck-raking has done for the unfortunate Fairview family."

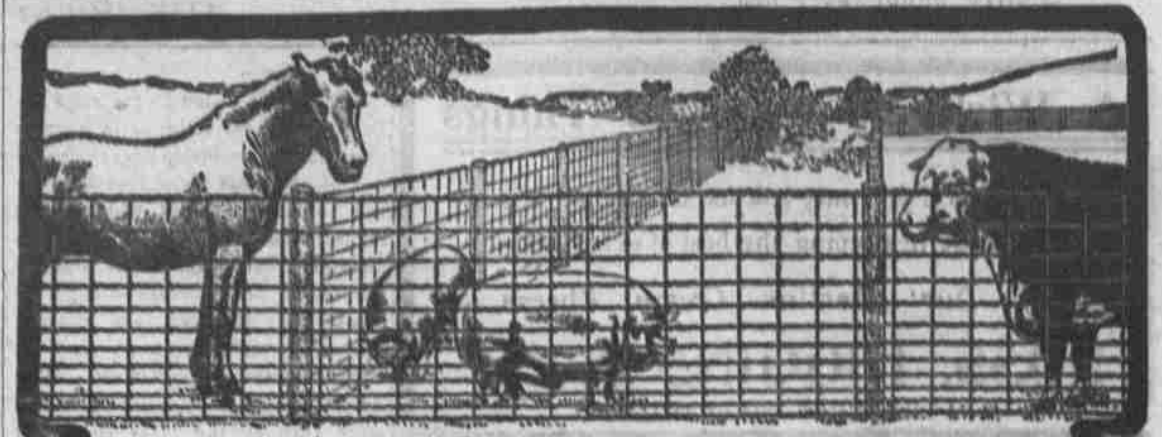
He led the way into a room originally intended for a parlor, but now fitted up with work benches and stools. Here I was presented to Mrs. Fairview and her eldest daughter who were putting the finishing touches to "Graft in the Toothpick Trust," and were so busy that they scarcely paused in their work when we entered. In the dining room the younger children were filling a "Fearless Expose of Society" with Undeniable Facts, and on a table in the best bedroom stood the work on which John Fairview himself had been engaged at the moment of my arrival. He pointed to the manuscript with a thin, toil-stained finger and said: "That is one of the finest pieces of muck-raking ever turned out in this household. It is a fearless exposure of what goes on in the sewers and yet I have hard work to dispose of it. I would not have sold it at all, perhaps, if it had not been for my very apt and attractive title."

"And what was that?" I asked.

"Rats!" was his mournful answer.

BACHELOR WON IT.

CHICAGO, Feb. 6.—The awarding of the \$100 prize for the best suffragist "War song" to Louis J. Block a bachelor, is said to be part of a general plan for making the woman suffragists to "interest the men."



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COON SEEKS REMOVAL OF M. E. HAY

ATTACKS LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR'S QUALIFICATIONS ON PRIMARY LAW GROUNDS

OLYMPIA, Feb. 6.—The application of Charles E. Coon for a writ quo warranto to oust M. E. Hay from the office as lieutenant-governor which would have had effect, if issued of retaining Coon in office is held over denied a majority in the supreme court today. Coon attacked the qualifications of Hay on the ground that he violated provisions of the primary election law publishing photographs announcing his candidacy. Interest of the result of the suit is increased by the reason of the precarious health of Governor Cosgrove and his absence from the State which makes the lieutenant-governor acting governor.

DR. ELIOT'S SOUTHERN TOUR.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Feb. 6.—Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president of Harvard University, will start tomorrow for an extensive trip through the Southwest and south, visiting the various Harvard clubs and attending reunions of Harvard men. As Dr. Eliot will retire from the presidency of Harvard next May, the trip will probably be the last one he will make while he occupies that office.

CHICAGO AUTOMOBILE SHOW.

CHICAGO, Feb. 6.—The "honk, honk" of a myriad of automobiles, including all kinds and sizes and numbers, echoed through the Coliseum and the near-by First Regiment armory today on the occasion of the opening of the annual Chicago automobile show. The show is the most extensive of its kind ever given in the West. There are 250 exhibitors, and every bit of space in the two buildings is covered by the exhibits of automobile firms or by the stock of supply houses. The decorative features are the most expensive and elaborate ever seen here. The show will continue through the whole of next week.

ROOT-FOGLER WIN.

KANSAS CITY, Feb. 6.—The six-day, eight hours a day, bicycle race, was won tonight by Root and Fogler, who rode 1113 miles and seven laps. KKramer and Moran second, Mitten and Bardgett third.

John Fox, Pres. F. L. Bishop, Sec. Astoria Savings Bank, Treas.
Nelson Troyer, Vice-Pres. and Supt.

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