

# THE SWOLLEN CITY

Staggering Statistics Shown By Manhattan Dwellers.

GREAT GROWTH DURING YEAR

Five Times as Many Deaths As There Are Persons in Astoria—Three Hundred Billions go For Drinks.

NEW YORK, Jan. 14.—With a weakness which amounts to a mania for staggering statistics showing its growth, New York is already patting itself on the back with a satisfaction gained from a perusal of the manner in which it expanded during 1906. It is literally a swollen city, presenting many more difficult problems to the average man than does the question of swollen fortunes. During the past year its population kept right on growing, no less than 111,722 babies being born during that period, or enough to give every family in the state of Montana a set of twins. Marriages numbered 96,719 and deaths 76,296, the latter alone being about equal to the population of Wilmington, Delaware. The 12,661 saloons in the city sold over \$300,000,000 of drinks, or enough to give three-quarters of a million dollars to every educational institution in the United States. Measured in dollars New York's thirst for liquors was one-half as expensive as its thirst for wealth, \$664,490,000 having been spent for bonds in the city. Sales of stocks totaled 268,428,691 shares, or enough to give every widow in the country 100 shares, with 14,000,000 left over for Mr. Harriman. It is pointed out, however, that this does not indicate a greater popularity of paper as compared to liquid investments, since the latter are much cheaper, in spite of the fact about \$100,000 is shovelled over New York bars every day in the year. The city also managed to separate itself from the insignificant sum of \$3,000,000 for diamonds, which, says the statistician, is enough to give \$2,000 worth to every actress in the country, with sufficient left over to provide an engagement ring for each of New York's couples. Surface and elevated roads in Manhattan carried during the year 1,164,619,041 persons, a number just about equal to the population of the whole world. Of these several hundred millions never got a seat for their nickel. There were 127,750 fires during 1906 costing 219,733,135. The Custom House collected 209,000,000 and 18,824 ships cleared the port during the year or about 51 every day. And last but not least two New Yorkers, Carnegie and Rockefeller gave away, \$18,129,000 during the year, both surviving.

Last year the postage bill of that part of New York City which is included within the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx amounted to 17,827,331, or 7.24 per capita for a population of 2,464,432. The average daily

income was over one-tenth of the postal receipts of the entire country and the increase over 1905, 9.76 per cent. The holiday mail this season amounted to something like 500,000,000 pieces, much of it of unusual bulk, and the delays incident to inadequate facilities were the occasion of much annoyance to business men. Under these circumstances Father Knickerbocker is hoping that Uncle Sam will this year make him a present of \$3,000,000 for a new postoffice to be erected on a three-and-a-half acre site recently acquired near the new Pennsylvania railroad terminal. Postmaster Wilcox, who has just returned to the city from urging the case before the Appropriations Committee of the House, says in reference to the matter: "A bill will in all probability be prepared under Postmaster General Cortelyou's direction. We are laboring under the handicap that this is 'Rivers and Harbors year' in Congress, and it will be harder, therefore, to get a building bill; but the exigencies of the situation ought to appeal to the members of the Appropriation Committee, and I am very hopeful that we will get what we need." New York's harbor facilities are almost as much overtaxed as the postoffice, however, and her share in the regular annual appropriation of \$50,000,000 which the National Rivers and Harbors Congress is urging with such excellent prospects of success, would be a great boon as a new post office.

Only one other place, it is believed, and that one is never mentioned in polite society, has a bigger percentage than New York of those exiles from home and country who believe that some other place is the only one fit to live in—and refuse to prove it. Nearly every state in the Union, from Maine to California, has its society in the metropolis, and once a year the members get together and drown their mutual sorrow in libations to the only star in the flag that counts. The latest addition to this list of organizations is to be made up of exiles from the various Rocky Mountain states, and is being organized under the leadership of Mr. A. J. Selligman of Helena, Montana. The organization will be known as the Rocky Mountain Club. Its object purports to be to provide a home for "all former and present residents of California, Oregon, Washington, Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Utah, Nevada, Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico," who may be wandering in the jungles of Manhattan Island. If the promoters of the organization succeed in evolving a club that is really homelike to the Westerner, its success should be assured; for there are always a good lot of Westerners in the city. Hereafter when a Western husband announces that he is going to step around to the club, it may as well for his wife to make sufficient inquiries, for he may mean the one close to the glittering lights of Broadway.

The wildest mining promoter with his glowing prospectus and alluring circular showing enormous profits (on paper) is again in evidence. The great developments in various mining fields within the past few months and the advance in the prices of minerals have given him the chance for which he is always looking to promote the circulation of other people's money toward his own pockets. Mean-

while the reputable mining man who realize that this sort of thing hurts honest mining enterprises and who want to see mining investments put on the same basis as those in other forms of industrial development are gradually getting together in advocacy of some plan of public regulation. In a talk the other day with Mr. A. Chester Beatty of M. Guggenheim's Sons, the greatest handlers of mining securities in the country, he pointed out the three things necessary to put mining investments on a safe footing so that the man without technical knowledge may share in the great profits of legitimate mining enterprises without the risk of losing his money in wildcat schemes. "In the first place," said Mr. Beatty, "comes the listing of securities through a supervising committee with full powers to determine which are worth listing and which are not. In the second place there should be strict enforcement of the postal laws to prevent the distribution of fraudulent advertising matter. In connection with these there should be regulation through national laws, such as they have abroad, requiring bona fide representatives on the part of stockholders in mines and great fortunes. All miners, great fortunes have been made, but for the protection of the ordinary investor something must be done to put speculation on a legitimate basis." It is probable that a concerted movement to secure regulation by the federal government will be put under way very soon.

When Andrew Carnegie a year or two ago handed Father Knickerbocker about a hundred assorted libraries, with strings tied to them, straightway a suspicion arose in the minds of Gothamites that the Laird of Skibo was a purveyor of lemons. Mrs. Rose Pastor Stokes, the wife of the young socialist reformer, who a short time ago refused his annual subscription to the Y. M. C. A. because that institution is conducting a series of lectures on "Investments," declares the cynic Scot a sham philanthropist. In spite of the fact that he is credited with having given away \$11,000,000 last year, when President Woodrow Wilson of Princeton University thinks hasn't yet been announced. As the story goes, about three years ago President Wilson, in a perfectly innocent way, invited the ironmaster to luncheon at the University. Under the spell of entertainment, he was successfully touched for an even \$100,000, the estimated cost of a great artificial pond to be called Carnegie Lake, which should make the sons of Old Nassau worthy rivals of Cornell, Harvard and Yale in aquatic sports, and President Wilson proceeded to pat himself on the back as a clever financier. By the time the engineers got through with him and the contractors had started work, however, he felt the need of another guess. That \$100,000 was looking like thirty cents. But the Laird was out of small change, and Princeton's only recourse to save her face was an appeal to the alumni. During the past two years these devoted sons have contributed \$300,000 to the cost of that lake. A month ago it was finished, dedicated and named—Carnegie Lake!

A day or two ago a pretty girl carrying a confident air and one of those plucky little handbags which women affect, stepped into Wall Street from a subway train with a scheme which made the youngsters, and even some of the old fellows as well, sit up and take notice. In the bag were 350 neatly printed and numbered tickets which read this way: "For the purpose of assisting in the completion of the musical education of Miss Miriam Edwina, I agree to pay the sum in dollars of the number of this ticket. If this number should be the lucky one and all interests being mutual, matrimony will be considered." Miss Edwina explained that she thought her vocal talents deserved and demanded two years in Europe, and that the proceeds of her scheme would just about pay the expense. The odds were a little hard to figure, but the daring ones, after the merest glance at Miss Edwina's trim figure, blue eyes and ruby lips, shut their eyes and plunged on the possibility of winning a wife with a bank account of \$61,425. Even some of the greybeards, it is whispered, forgot family ties for a moment, by buying early, paid \$210 for almost and took a chance. One young fellow who hoped to get in on the ground floor the first ticket sold.

**THE RIGHT NAME.**  
Mr. August Sherpe, the popular overseer of the poor at Fort Madison, Iowa, says: "Dr. King's New Life Pills are rightly named; they act more agreeably, do more good and make one feel better than any other laxative." Guaranteed to cure biliousness and constipation. 25c at Chas. Rogers' drug store.

## COMPLYING WITH THE PURE FOOD AND DRUG LAW.

We are pleased to inform our patrons that among the many advertisements in the columns of our paper, none have shown so earnest an attitude toward carrying out strictly the provisions of the Pure Food and Drug Act of June 30, 1906, which went into effect January 1, 1907, as the Pinole Medicine Company of Chicago. The preparations of their manufacture contain no opiates or poisons of any kind. They are simple household remedies prepared by them from pure drugs and with absolute uniformity.

Among other ready selling articles of their manufacture are to be found the well known cough syrup, Bee's Laxative, containing Honey and Tar, Dade's Little Liver Pills, Pine Salve, Pineules for the kidneys, Ring's Dyspepsia Tablets and Man Zan Pile Remedy.

We commend the attitude of this concern and believe that the public will appreciate their early announcement regarding the preparations of their manufacture.

If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your neighbor's fault. Forget all the slander you have heard. Forget the fault finding and give little thought to the cause which provoked it. Forget the peculiarities of your friends and remember the good points which make you proud of them. Forget all personal quarrels or histories you may have heard by accident, and which if repeated would seem one thousand times worse than they are. Obliterate everything terrible from your yesterday; start out with a clean sheet today and write upon it for sweet memory's sake only those things which are lovely and lovable. Thus you will make life worth living.

## CURED OF LUNG TROUBLE.

It is now eleven years since I had a narrow escape from consumption," writes C. O. Floyd, a leading business man of Kershaw, S. C. "I had run down in weight to 135 pounds and coughing was constant both by day and by night. Finally I began taking Dr. King's New Discovery, and continued this for about six months, when my cough and lung trouble were entirely gone, and I was restored to my normal weight, 170 pounds." Thousands of persons are healed every year. Guaranteed at Chas. Rogers' drug store. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

The pure food commission has let in some daylight on the subject of whiskies in market. We had been given enough moonshine before.

## CARRIE NATION

certainly smashed a hole in the bar-rooms of Kansas, but Ballard's Horehound Syrup has smashed all records as a cure for coughs, Bronchitis, Influenza and all Pulmonary diseases. T. C. H., Horton, Kansas, writes: "I have never found a medicine that would cure a cough so quickly as Ballard's Horehound Syrup. I have used it for years." Hart's drug store.

## THE ORIGINAL.

Foley & Co., Chicago, originated Honey and Tar as a throat and lung remedy, and on account of the great merit and popularity of Foley's Honey and Tar, many imitations are offered for the genuine. These worthless imitations have similar sounding names. Beware of them. The genuine Foley's Honey and Tar is in a yellow package. Ask for it and refuse any substitute. It is the best remedy for coughs and colds. T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

A Chicago man wrote a New Year's poem and then killed himself. Would suggest that others contemplating such action reverse the order.

Mary—Dark circles under the eyes indicate a sluggish circulation of the old liver and kidneys. Exercise daily and take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. "Twill do you good." 35 cents Tea or Tablets.

For sale by Frank Hart.

Always Remember the Full Name  
**Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets**  
Cure a Cold in One Day  
Cure Grip in Two Days  
E. W. Grove one every box, 25c

**900 DROPS**

# CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

**The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of**

*Chas. H. Fletcher*

**In Use For Over Thirty Years**

# CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

60 CENTS PER MONTH      ASTORIA'S BEST NEWSPAPER

## The Morning Astorian

Guarantees to its Advertisers  
A Larger Circulation  
Than Any Paper Published  
In Astoria

**OUR BOOKS ARE OPEN TO INSPECTION BY OUR ADVERTISERS**




LINES

## Traversing

17 States and Territories  
The Richest Under the Sun

Rock Island - Frisco Lines completely gridiron the great Middle West and Southwest.

From the Rocky Mountains and the Rio Grande to the Great Lakes and the Mississippi Valley—  
From Minnesota to the Gulf of Mexico.

If you are going anywhere in this great land of activity, let me tell you about our service to it, and through it to the East.

General Agent,  
Rock Island-Frisco Lines,  
140 Third St., PORTLAND, ORE.

## A Different Oil Heater



Here's an oil heater that's different from any other you ever saw; one that gives intense heat without smoke or smell because equipped with smokeless device, and that is absolutely safe because the wick cannot be turned too high or too low. The

## PERFECTION Oil Heater

(Equipped with Smokeless Device)

is very light and can be easily carried upstairs, downstairs—anywhere about the house where more heat is required. Makes warm and cozy rooms not heated by other stoves or furnace. Heats water quickly. Brass oil fount beautifully embossed. Holds 4 quarts of oil and burns 9 hours. Two finishes—nickel and japan. An ornament to any room. Every heater warranted.

If not at your dealer's, write to our nearest agency for descriptive circular.



The **Rayo Lamp** is the best lamp for all-round household use. Made of brass throughout and nickel-plated. Perfectly constructed; absolutely safe; unexcelled in light-giving power. An ornament to every room. Every lamp warranted. If not at your dealer's, write to our nearest agency.

**STANDARD OIL COMPANY.**