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TELEPHONE MAIN 661.

THE WEATHER

Oregon, Washington, and Idaho—Fair.

GOOD SERVICE COMING.

However the telephone situation eventuates, under the present arrangements, Astoria is certain to get excellent service, or services, in the near future, and there is lots of comfort available in the thought. What may arise by way of confusion in a double service will be, primarily, our own fault in providing for two equipments, and if our businesses are lively enough to warrant the maintenance of two 'phones so much the better. At all events we are to have instant and convenient utilities in this line and that is a great deal, when what we have had is measured against what is to come.

The development of the telephone issue, in this city, is an object lesson to the people in warding the inconsiderateness of public franchise-holders and forcing them to yield all that is paid for by the general public. Concerted and popular action, based upon righteous reasons, will bring any corporation to terms instantly and remedy evils too long borne by the public. It is poor policy, this stupid patience that palliates, and waits and refuses to act; it not only gives color and substance to the defects and derelictions of the public service companies, but yields tacit license to them and fosters them as accepted and proper courses. When the public utilities are diminished or hap-hazardly served and this is known and proven by men of substance, then is the time to act and act unilaterally and never fall back for an instant until the whole thing is straightened out.

Astoria has reason to congratulate herself on the course she has pursued and the abundant response that is to be made. The victory was hers at any time in the past three or four years, had she gone after it.

WATER ROUTES AND RATES.

The report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1908, shows that the railways increased their passenger revenue \$54,573,760, over the preceding fiscal year; their revenue from the mails, \$3,007,511; their revenue from express companies \$6,332,001; their net earnings from other sources \$51,701,868, and with their net earnings per mile of road operated rising from \$3189, in 1905, to \$3548 in 1907, and to \$3686 during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1908, and, finally when it is considered that the official figures show an allotment of \$449,461,188 as available for surplus, the plea of President Ripley that "freight rates must go up because the railways need the money" becomes a plea bordering on the ridiculous, and so does the threat of Vice-President Brown.

It is beyond the plane of the ridiculous; it is a phase of arrogance at once unmatched in commercial history and stinging insolence to the intelligence of the country. To the man who will think it out it is a moving cause for abandoning every friendly concern he ever had for the railroads, and a solid predicate for lending his personal influence to everything that shall reduce their dominance and circumscribe their outrageous greed.

He is a fool who undervalues the railway as a commercial factor or who thinks they could be dispensed with, or supplanted by any system of transportation whatever, for they have done more to carry, and compel, the range and power of civilization than any practical agency in the world. But even so great a prestige does not provide them with the almighty faculties they are assuming in this land. They are making the blunder of history, themselves. They have

simply cut out all idea of responsibility to the people and have set up a code of sheer aggression that balks and badgers at every demand made upon them, until they have lost the interest and respect of the power that gave them life and prolongs it.

It would seem that the people should be deeply shocked to these things; as yet they are apparently, utterly indifferent, individually; and refuse to signify any concern unless it is invoked politically and forced upon them by their Legislatures by way of measures drawn to abate the abuses of which they are practically unconscious. There is an absurd tinge to the whole business, which we hope, will be wrought into something far more substantial before many years have passed.

The keynote of change and final adjustment lies in the popular adoption of the waterway, and the relief that dwells in the water-rate. Every river, lake and sea within touch of the country's traffic should be utilized to its last facility, in checking and minimizing the unparalleled rapacity of the roads.

There is not better point in all America for such a demonstration as exists right here at Astoria, with a magnificent river at her doors and the wide free sea inviting the attempt. So far as we are concerned we shall hail the day with infinite satisfaction when every pound and ton of stuff, in and out of here, shall be shipped and landed to, and from, from the deck of a ship or steamer. By the time such a day dawns, the railroads will have learned something of what is due the people, their patrons and their best friends.

HOLDING HER OWN.

It does us good when a man like Marshal Kinney, of Portland, comes down here and tells us we are holding our own cleverly and are in as good shape as any city in the upper country (or better). It is cheering and comforting and adds tang and tone to the spirit of the hour. We are quite conscious of the precision of his deductions, because they are apparent to others beside Mr. Kinney; we are not mindful of the facts ourselves and the same word is left us by other good friends from abroad. There is a cheer here, an absence of all sloth, inertia; everybody on the streets looks to have a purpose in life and not too much time to carry it out; we have no beggars, mighty few loafers, and the Northwest minimum of dependent poor; our mills are all running, and the biggest of them day and night (the only mill in the coast country running double shifts); we are in the midst of the best fishing season we have had for years; and while there might be a few more tourists in the coast and mountain regions, we have enough of them to emphasize our incomparable summer and compensate those who are entertaining them. Astoria's alright!

Ten Years In Bed.

"For ten years I was confined to my bed with disease of my kidneys," writes R. A. Gray, J. P. of Oakville, Ind. "It was so severe that I could not move part of the time. I consulted the very best medical skill available, but could get no relief until Foley's Kidney Cure was recommended to me. "It has been a God-send to me." T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

COFFEE

Good grocers like Schilling's Best, for it makes good-will and not trouble; in case of complaint, the money is ready.

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like it we pay him.

PLAYING A TROMBONE

A Rather Easy Matter, the Musician Seemed to Think.

SUCH A SIMPLE INSTRUMENT

But Somehow or Another the Explanation Only Muddled the Man Who Wanted to Learn and Who Decided to Tackle an Accordion.

The band was playing loudly in the Trinkfestbergarten and the little bald-headed man had his eyes fastened interestedly on the trombone player. When the players stopped to recuperate he beckoned the man who works the loose horn over to his table and ordered two glasses of schoenesbraue.

"My name is Biggs," said the man whose hair was absent. "One of my lungs is trying to quit work, and the doctor advises me to break up its shiftless habits by blowing a brass. The careless way you yank that pump horn looks good, and I want you to put me on."

"What do you want to know?" asked the musician.

"Just a hint about how you handle that wind machine so nonchalantly."

"The trombone is very simple," replied the musician, wiping his lips, which curled in thick, red volutes. "The slide is divided into seven shifts, or positions, about three inches apart. "Starting with the lowest note in the first position—the slide closed—you get B flat. Push out the tube and you hit successively A, A flat, G, F sharp, F and E."

"That's only seven notes," objected Biggs.

"Yes. Getting the rest depends on how you pucker your lips. In the first position you can make, figuring upward, B flat, F, B flat, D, F, B flat and C. In the second you obtain A, E, A, C sharp, E, G and A. The third gives you A flat, E flat, A flat, C, E flat and A flat. It works out the same all the way down."

"There are higher notes that I didn't mention, but you won't want to monkey with them. But a good player has a compass of more than three octaves."

Biggs looked troubled.

"Let me see," he said. "You start in the first position with B flat."

"Yes," replied the other—"that is, provided you are playing in the bass clef. In the treble clef the first position is C."

"What!" exclaimed Biggs. "It's one note one time and another another?"

"In the treble clef," explained the musician, "the trombone is a B flat horn. In the bass clef it is a C horn."

Biggs mopped his brow.

"Say that again, will you?" he appealed.

"Don't you see?" came the answer. "When the first position is C it's a B flat horn. When the same shift is B flat it's a C horn."

Biggs unbuttoned his coat.

"You may call this thing simple," he said, "but if it is I'll give myself up at the nearest asylum. You are talking antonyms."

The musician grinned.

"We'll take one thing at a time," he said. "In getting at what a B flat horn is let's consider a cornet."

"Let's. If it's simpler," said Biggs hopefully.

"It's because it's always a B flat horn," replied the other. Then he added, "Except when it's an A horn."

Biggs gave a sickly smile.

"The lowest note on a cornet when open—when no keys are pressed down—is really B flat," said the bandman. "But it is called C."

"That doesn't make it C," said Biggs.

"For all practical purposes it does," was the reply. "There is a reason for doing this, but it's complicated and at present I'm keeping to simple facts."

"Yes, indeed," murmured Biggs.

"In an orchestra, for instance, when the first violins are playing in C natural the cornetist's score is two semitones higher and is thus written in D or two sharps. When the violins are playing in D the cornet player is tooting in E or four sharps. But if things kept on this way the cornetist would soon be lost in a confusion of sharps and double sharps, so he slips an A crook on his instrument. That raises the signature three semitones. When the fiddles play in A or three sharps the cornetist is blowing along the easy path of C natural."

"Look here," said Biggs. "If my wife is playing 'Under the Pink Lilac Bush' on the piano, couldn't I play with her from the song score?"

"Not unless you can mentally transpose as you go along," said the musician. "The system looks queer at first, but it's logical. Its purpose is to bring the same music within the natural compass of all the instruments of a band or an orchestra. But if you are going to play the trombone you won't have to bother your head about any of this, as trombone music is nowadays always written in the bass clef."

"Then what have you been talking about it for and mixing me up?" shouted Biggs, jumping up.

"What are you getting mad about?" asked the trombonist.

"I'm not mad," replied Biggs. "I'm only going to make my will and buy an accordion."—Washington Post.

No Longer a Secret.

"So that great inventor is dead and his wonderful secret is lost!"

"Not at all. He told it to his wife just before he died."

"Yes; that's what I mean."—Philadelphia Press.

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Mrs. Charles E. Smith, of West Franklin, Maine, says: "I like good things and have adopted Dr. King's New Life Pills as our family laxative medicine, because they are good and do their work without making a fuss about it." These painless purifiers sold at Charles Rogers & Son's drug store. 25c.

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Victims of hay fever will experience great benefit by taking Foley's Honey and Tar, as it stops difficult breathing, immediately and heals the inflamed air passages, and even if it should fail to cure you it will give instant relief." The genuine is in a yellow package. T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

What a New Jersey Editor Says

M. T. Lynch, editor of the Philadelphia Post, writes: "I have used many kinds of medicines for coughs and colds in my family, but never anything so good as Foley's Honey and Tar. I cannot say too much in praise of it." T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

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