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ERRATIC, PERHAPS, BUT BENEFICIAL.

There is some good in nearly everything if it can just be pointed out. Quite recently newspaper writers have been furnishing the public with all the details of the extravagance of a young New Yorker, who has engaged apartments at a metropolitan hotel at a cost of a fortune a year, and who has arranged for filtered air and other things of like nature. Most of us, perhaps, have put the young fellow down for crazy, but he is, if we accept the Examiner's version of it, quite a public benefactor. Our San Francisco contemporary says:

A very tall young man, named Mr. Thomas, has rented in New York city a hotel apartment for himself and wife at the rate of forty-five thousand dollars per year. Mr. Thomas' father worked hard, young Mr. Thomas is playing hard—which is a good thing.

When one man rolls up a snowball, the best possible thing is for the sun to melt it. And when a father rolls up a great money ball, the best possible thing, usually, is for the sun to melt that.

In the course of melting his money ball Mr. Thomas has rented these very fine apartments, and the reporters describe them in detail. The air in the room is filtered; dust and microbes have to stay outside. There is an arrangement which makes it possible for the rich young man to regulate the temperature by merely turning a dial.

The ordinary individual reading the description of Mr. Thomas' apartments would think it useless waste, foolish extravagance. But the ordinary individual would be mistaken, as usual. The wild luxury of today is the ordinary man's way of living tomorrow. Those things which we all take for granted now would recently have been looked upon as foolish, insane extravagance.

The great Queen Elizabeth had no spring bed, no carpet on her floor, no airtight windows, no bath tub of hot and cold water.

She would have been vastly surprised could she have been told that in the American country, of which Drake and Raleigh told her wild stories, there would one day live millions of people with carpets on their floors, bath tubs in their flats, and running water everywhere.

Only a few years ago the man who wanted to see pipes laid to supply water would have been compelled to dig up some ancient Roman bath. Today the laws of a civilized city compel the owner to supply running water, even to the poorest tenement house dweller.

Everybody ought to breathe pure, filtered air; every person—especially the mother of young children—should be able to regulate the temperature of an apartment at will.

The "extravagant" features of Mr. Thomas' living rooms will be ordinary, every-day commonplaces before long. Someone must begin by encouraging such things, and it might as well be young Mr. Thomas, who has the money and who is not otherwise engaged.

Such young men are useful in paying for expensive extravagance in the way of health devices, fast automobiles, or other useful inventions. Their automobile toy of today will in the future be used by workingmen, and will curb the railroad and street car trusts.

The ordinary citizen would consider Mr. Thomas' apartments very luxurious, compared with his own.

But Queen Elizabeth, before mentioned, would look with envy at the living arrangements of the ordinary suburban commuter.

She had to wear a nightcap to keep her from sneezing; she had to have her bed ironed with a pan of hot coals to drive away the dampness; she had more than a thousand dresses, but not a cake of decent soap, nor a porcelain tub, nor steam heat, nor a decent carriage.

Mrs. Jones, out in the suburbs, is better off than she was. And in a few years Mrs. Jones will be living more comfortably than Mr. Thomas is living now. He is a pioneer, and he is useful—like the man who risks his life in a flying machine.

IS IT WORTH A LIFE?

Is the problem involved in the determination of the best make of automobile worth a life in the solution of it? asks the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune. Farmers and residents along the proposed route of

the race for the Vanderbilt trophy—on Long Island—protested against the use of the roads and went to the extent of asking for an injunction restraining the road supervisors from giving up the road to the chauffeurs. They knew the danger to themselves and to their families, and to their teams and stock—but the supreme court justice to whom they applied for the injunction refused to grant it, holding that the grant of the right-of-way was a matter wholly within the discretion of the supervisors.

And so the race was run, with death claiming its innings in one victim, and waiting to claim others out of the number who were seriously injured. Because of the grant by the supervisors, the public which paid for the road and which was entitled to use it at all hours, and in all seasons, was warned from the use of it on the day of the race. The sheriff of the county lined the course with deputies to keep the owners of the road from using it, and to allow the trespassers the rights which were denied the public.

It was a case where not even Mr. Bryan could have objected to resort to "government by injunction." All traffic on the thirty-mile course, to be circled ten times, was suspended—but what is the loss of the public compared to the winning of the Vanderbilt trophy and the determination of the question—which Red Devil is the best? That a life was lost, that four lives are in the balance and that the public suffered appear to be regarded as merely minor mention of inconsequential incidents in the determination of a question of interest to the auto fiends.

Mr. Vanderbilt would have seriously objected to the temporary confiscation of his tracks for the determination of the best make of locomotive engines as between France, Germany, England and America—the competing auto makers representing the four countries. Yet that is what the procurement of Mr. Vanderbilt brought about on the public highway of Long Island, and death and disaster waited on the competition. Is the game worth the candle? Or have the public no rights which the chauffeur is bound to respect?

ILLITERACY IN THE SOUTH.

In the worry and discussion of the problem of the condition and education of the negro in the south, that of the poor white people in that part of the country seems to have been overlooked, or at least neglected. Bishop Nelson, of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Georgia, is calling for money to aid in the education of the poorer class of the whites. Sums of money have been donated by the north for and devoted entirely to the cause of the negroes, while little or no attention apparently has been given to the white people, some of them just as destitute and ignorant, and in as great need of aid.

In Georgia, one of the poorer states, the negroes pay only 3 per cent of the taxes, and yet get one-half of the school fund, while in addition they have received such aid as that of philanthropists from the north. That state has to pay for the education of one-eighth of all the negroes in the United States, and the people of the south as a whole have had to bear almost the entire burden of the education of the negroes, while white children have grown up in ignorance. It is said that in Georgia 32 per cent of the white voters are illiterate.

Naturally it would not be supposed that their condition, as a class, could be such as to require as great aid and attention as that of the blacks, kept in subjection and ignorance for so long, but it has been of long standing. Poor and despised before the war, they had nothing or everything to lose, as did the slave owners, but neither had they advancement to gain, as did the negroes, by whom they were despised and looked down upon as much as by the whites, being only "poor white trash."

Through lack of ambition, due probably to their ignorance and poverty, they seem to have fallen into a rut, and to have become considered as more outcast than the blacks.

No more effective means of bettering their condition than the establishment of good and efficient schools were needed, and enforcement of attendance, if necessary, could be found. Among 883,000 children in Georgia, 570,000 are said to be without school facilities. Bishop Nelson has asked for \$250,000 to remedy this condition of affairs, and surely it should be granted as generously for the education of the white children as well as the negroes, in the south as in the north.

There are 37 vacancies in the grade of second lieutenant in the United States marine corps (a position that pays \$1400 a year), and Secretary Morton will have to fill them by November 15. He will give preference to boys from the west. Applicants must be between 21 and 27, and as for the examinations there will be a physical examination and then a professional test.

The doings of those kitchen maids in North Brother island at the time of the Slocum disaster were rather startling. Can the American servant be such an unpleasant person as she is commonly depicted when ordinary, average species can rise at a moment's notice to such fine heights?

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PLEASED LARGE CROWD.

"Oh, What a Night" the Bill at Fishers' Last Evening. Another large audience greeted the Humphrey-Chapman company at Fishers' last night and witnessed an excellent production of the comedy, "Oh, What a Night!" The play was translated from the German by the late part is not an easy one to play, but

Augustine Daly, and is one of the funniest that has ever been seen at Fishers'. There is not a minute when the comedy lags, and the crowd laughed itself weary.

Every member of the company was in last night's cast, and all did full justice to their parts. As "Snapp," the barnstormer, Mr. Humphrey showed his versatility and capability. The it was handled cleverly. Mr. Connors, also in a difficult role—as the professor—interpreted the character faithfully. Miss Van Braham, the leading lady, takes well in comedy. Mrs. Belmour, Miss Condon, Miss Willis, Mr. Belmour and Mr. Henderson constituted first-class support.

Tonight Hal Reid's comedy melodrama, "Knobs o' Tennessee," will be presented. This is one of the strongest pieces in the company's repertoire and will prove a treat for theatergoers.

Broke into His House.
 S. Le Quinn of Cavendish, Vt., was robbed of his customary health by invasion of chronic constipation. When Dr. King's New Life Pills broke into his house, his trouble was arrested and now he's entirely cured. They're guaranteed to cure, 25c at Chas. Rogers' drug store.

OCTOBER SUNSET MAGAZINE.

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Confessions of a Priest.

Rev. Jno. S. Cox of Wake, Ark., writes, "For 12 years I suffered from yellow jaundice. I consulted a number of physicians and tried all sorts of medicines, but got no relief. Then I began the use of Electric Bitters and feel that I am now cured of a disease that had me in its grasp for 12 years." If you want a reliable medicine for liver and kidney trouble, stomach disorder or general debility, get Electric Bitters. It's guaranteed by Chas. Rogers. Only 50c.

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