

THE MORNING ASTORIAN

Established 1873.

Published Daily (Except Monday) by

THE J. S. DELLINGER COMPANY.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

By mail, per year \$6 00
By mail, per month \$0 50
By carrier, per month \$0 50

THE WEEKLY ASTORIAN.

By mail, per year, in advance \$1 00

Entered at the postoffice at Astoria, Oregon as second-class matter.

Orders for the delivering of THE MORNING ASTORIAN to either residence or place of business may be made by postal card or through telephone. Any irregularity in delivery should be immediately reported to the office of publication. Telephone Main 661.



Today's Weather.

Western Oregon and Washington—Tuesday, showers, cooler except near the coast.

GRANTING FRANCHISES.

The Astorian is not antagonizing any person, firm or corporation applying for a franchise to establish any needed industry in the city, but it is opposed to granting franchises to persons that have no financial standing...

The city of Astoria has no franchises to give away for speculative purposes. If a franchise is so valuable that it can be taken over to the sound and hawked around for purely speculative purposes...

An illustration of the total unreliability of the weather bureau, whose office is in some dome in Portland, as near heaven as the man behind the gun will ever get, is in the telegraphed report to the Astorian Saturday night. At 9:46 the following dispatch was received:

is being asked to give away valuable franchises without any consideration whatever. The same gentleman was in Astoria about eight months ago with a proposition to build a hotel. He was told by C. H. Page that if he would deposit \$10,000 in some bank as an evidence of good faith, he, Page, would consider the proposition. This meant that if Mr. Whipple had any faith in the project and was willing to back up that faith with metallic substance of the realm, that Mr. Page would guarantee the balance of the money necessary to build the hotel. Was it done? There is no record of it, and the hotel project is as dead as Hamlet's ghost.

There is no objection to granting a franchise for an opposition light and telephone service, but it should only be granted to responsible persons and not upon gentle gephyrs with the velocity of a cyclone. Too many enterprises have been built in Astoria on wind and all there is in evidence of them, is a vacuum in the memory of man. The Astorian is unalterably opposed to the passage of the Whipple franchise ordinance in its present form, and insists that if the ordinance is amended, a condition should be inserted requiring a deposit of \$25,000 as an evidence that it is not being secured for purely speculative purposes.

Anyone that shows good faith—and business stability, will be granted concessions and will receive the support of the press and public.

WHOSE FAULT IS IT?

It is with a degree of dividence, usually an unknown characteristic of a modern journal, that occasion demands the "calling down" of the weather bureau. About the only redeeming feature of this adjunct of the national government is the number of sinecures it provides for indignant politicians afflicted with itchy bacillus. It is possible that owing to a superabundance of egotism, an impression prevails in the weather bureau that its prognostications are correct, but the common herd of humanity who has been afflicted with erroneous reports as to weather conditions, has formed a unanimous opinion that the weather bureau has been misnamed and that it is a misnomer, or department of prevarication.

Western Oregon and Washington—Sunday, increasing cloudiness, followed by occasional rains and cooler.

Sunday was one of the most pleasant days of the year. Not a cloud was in the sky, the sun shone brightly every hour of the day, and the evening was beautiful. Not a drop of rain, but a perfect summer day. Among the 5000 subscribers of the Astorian who read the weather report the editor was accused of wilful prevarication, some things that he has never been guilty of. The fault was with the political attaches of the weather service of Portland. The Astorian simply published what was sent. There is a sort of distant rumbling in our think tank, that the man who makes the weather in Portland must have procured a cheap brand of hop, or the booze foundry is too close to the weather bureau to be productive of reliable results. What the weather bureau knows about the weather is commensurate to what a hog knows about theology, only the hog has the best of the game. Such reports as are usually sent out are misleading and conflicting. They are misleading and prevent a large number of people from making arrangements for a Sunday outing. They are conflicting for the reason that the reports and the weather are directly opposite and don't dovetail worth a cent.

It doesn't make much difference to the Astorian what kind of weather is predicted, but it does to its subscribers. In a circular letter issued by the United States postoffice department, newspapers were denied admission of the mails that publish "guessing contests." The weather reports are more in the nature of a guessing contest, with the exception of prizes for the successful guesser are eliminated. Just what effect it will have upon the newspapers that publish the weather bureau guessing contests can not be stated until an opinion is received from the attorney general of the United States.

The weather bureau must, however, be given credit for one thing. It guessed the weather right one day last week, and one day in the fore part of January and it always has another guess coming, because if it should ever stop guessing, the salary would stop and a probability of this school of prevarication and bad weather be abolished. This brief dissertation on the United States weather bureau is simply published to inform Astorian subscribers that while the report appears every morning, the management will not be responsible for the accuracy of any of the predictions emanating from the Oregon branch of the government weather bureau, even if it is under a republican administration.

For this reason the Astorian is of the opinion that there is something crooked, and that the city of Astoria

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Epitome of Anecdotes and Incidents With Comments by a Layman.

The Oregon weather bureau has established a weather guessing contest. A ticket to heaven will be given the man who beats the weather bureau in the art of prevarication.

Now comes the news that Texas has endorsed President Roosevelt's policy. Let's see, how much majority did Teddy get in Texas.

In the east there is dust on the ice cream freezer, and the lawn mower is getting rusty, but the snowshovel looks like a washboard that has been in constant use since the year the owners got married.

The demand for the abolishment of grand juries in Oregon is almost as strong as the demand for the abolishment of grand dukes in Russia.

Nan Patterson says she will devote herself to church work after her next trial. Nannie may be a little premature. What she does after her next trial will depend chiefly on the temper of the jury.

You cannot legislate virtue into people. There is no man ever any better than he wants to be.

An ounce of performance is worth a pound of preaching.

While the council is considering the new telephone franchise, it might take a day off and find out what has become of that hotel project. Windy Willie is evidently trying to become the father of twins.

Chief Hallock remarked to a 4-year-old Astoria boy: "Why, Johnnie how much you look like your father." "Yes'm," answered Johnnie with an air of resignation, that's what everybody says, but I can't help it."

"The air is full of rumors," says a St. Petersburg dispatch, but what keeps the grand dukes in is that it is also full of bombs.

R. M. Gaston, at his stable, No. 105 Fourteenth street, offers for sale a Landis harness machine, one Smith-Premier type writer, one 10 horse power motor and starter box and 500 good sacks. Will be sold cheap.

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Remember the name—Foley's Honey and Tar—and refuse substitutes that cost you the same as the genuine. Do not take chances with some unknown preparation.

Contains no opiates. Cured of Terrible Cough on Lungs.

N. Jackson of Danville, Ill., writes: "My daughter had a severe attack of La Grippe and a terrible cough on her lungs. We tried a great many remedies without relief. She tried Foley's Honey and Tar, which cured her. She has never been troubled with a cough since."

Consumption Cured.

Foley & Co., Chicago. Dana, Ind. Gentlemen:—Foley's Honey and Tar cured me of Consumption after I had suffered two years and was almost desperate. Three physicians failed to give me any relief and the last one said he could do me no good. I tried almost every medicine I heard tell of without benefit, until Foley's Honey and Tar was recommended to me. Its effect right from the start was magical. I improved steadily from the first dose and am now sound and well, and think Foley's Honey and Tar is a God-send to people with Throat and Lung Trouble. Yours very truly, MRS. MARY AMBROSE.

Three sizes—25c, 50c, \$1.00. The 50 cent size contains two and one-half times as much as the small size and the \$1.00 bottle almost six times as much.

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On the Window Shade

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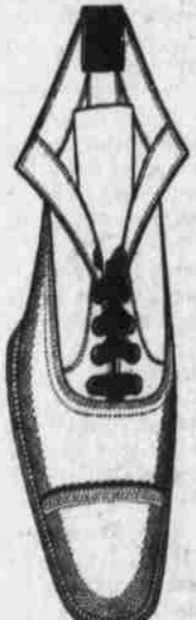
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