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**STARTS A CAMPAIGN**

**Bowser Gets Excited Reading Articles on Pure Food.**

**THE COMMISSIONER'S REPORT**

Misconstrues Articles Appertaining to Pure Food and Goes to the Butcher and Grocer and Raises a Ruction for Selling Adulterated Food.

**M**R. BOWSER had come home in good nature and eaten a hearty dinner and found no fault, and Mrs. Bowser was paving the way to ask him to drop in to a neighbor's with her for an hour or two when he opened his evening paper and had scarcely glanced at the headings when he exclaimed: "By John, but they are at it again, are they?"

"What is it?" was asked.

"Did you read this report of the pure food commission?"

"No."

"Well, there are about a thousand men in this country who ought to be hung up by the neck without trial. The commission reports that out of fifty-two articles of food examined each and every one was adulterated. They did not find one single sample of beer, wine or whiskey that was pure. Sugar, flour, coffee, tea, milk—all were adulterated, and some of the jams and



"SIR, I AM OBLIGED TO CALL YOU A SCOUNDREL!"

preserves were positively injurious to health. I say that these rascals ought to be hanged."

"Aren't there laws against adulteration?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"Of course there are laws, but the scoundrels manage to evade them in one way or another, and they will continue to do so until more radical measures are taken. Every householder ought to go for them with an ax."

"I wouldn't get excited about it if I were you."

"How can I help it? Here is a case where they found ten pounds of bone dust in fifty pounds of flour and another where a package of supposed Java coffee contained not one ounce of the real thing. Can I help but get excited when I read these things? Who knows what bones were ground up in that flour? Why, by thunder, they may have been the bones of that old horse that fell dead at our gate last summer."

"It is dreadful, but I don't see what you can do about it."

"And how much of that impure food comes into this house, Mrs. Bowser—how much? You do all the marketing, and do you ever take any pains to find out what is pure and what is poisoned?"

"How can I? We want oatmeal, and I buy a package. We want sugar and flour, and I buy them. How can I tell whether they have been adulterated or not?"

"How can you? How can you? But it is your business to find out these things. Say, now, there's the keynote of the whole thing."

"What things?"

"The way I've been feeling for the last five years. I've laid it to rheumatism and a dozen other things, and I've been examined by doctors and paid out hundreds of dollars, and nothing has helped me because I've been a victim of food poison all the time. The puzzle is solved at last."

"But I've eaten just what you have and have felt no ill effects," she answered.

"That's nothing to do with it. Because you have a stomach like a horse it don't follow that I must have. Yes, Mrs. Bowser, for years and years you have been poisoning me with the food brought into this house. And there's another thing—how much clear bone has been contained in the meat brought into this house in the last year?"

"Why, how should I know?"

"But it is your business to know. You have a set of scales in the kitchen. Has the butcher worked off a ton of clear bone on you in the last twelve months—bone that we have had to pay for at the rate of 20 cents a pound?"

"You never told me to weigh the bone, and you know that no butcher

will sell meat without some bone."

"Mrs. Bowser, it was your business as overseer of this house to weigh that bone and keep track of the amount, and that you have not done so proves that you have no care for my purse. Did you ever ask the grocer whether the flour you were ordering was pure or mixed with bone dust?"

"I—I don't remember."

"Did you ever throw out a hint that if we found sand in the sugar it would be the last order he would get?"

"No. He would have felt insulted."

"Insulted be hanged! I'll make a little trip around this neighborhood and see who'll feel insulted. By the seven wall eyed cats, but if they think I'm going to stand for such things they'll have their eyes opened!"

"What's the use of going around and raising a fuss when you know it can't do any good? Let the government get after these men and punish them as they deserve."

"I'll show you what good it'll do, and I am no man to wait for the government when a thing is to be done."

"Mr. Bowser, you are foolish. If you will wait..."

But he wouldn't. He pulled on his overcoat, and away he went. The butcher was the first one visited. He was leaning on his cleaver and wondering how many of the heads of the Chicago meat trust would be sent to jail when Mr. Bowser blew in and began: "Sir, I have paid you hundreds and hundreds of dollars this last year for bones—the bones of cows, steers, sheep and hogs—and I'll be hanged if you get another cent out of me! You either send me clear meat or you get no more of my custom."

"You give me a pain, Bowser."

"What's that? Don't think to turn me off that way, sir. What with the adulterated food sold on every side and the old bones you ring in on us the people are being regularly highway robbed. If others want to stand it, well and good, but don't try it on me any longer. I'm patient and long suffering, but there comes a time at last when the worm turns."

"You'd better buy liver all the time. There's no bone in that."

"And you'd better go out of the scoundrel business before you bring up in state's prison! When I want liver, sir, I will buy liver. Good night, sir!"

There was no doubt in Mr. Bowser's mind that he had given the butcher a good polishing off and there would be no more bone sent with his orders, and his next visit was to the grocer's. He was given a pleasant good evening, but in response he replied: "Sir, have you got one single article of food or drink in this shebang which is not adulterated?"

"I think so."

"Well, I don't. You, sir, have been killing me by slow degrees for the last five years. Every article Mrs. Bowser has ordered from you has sapped at my health. You have known right along that you had bone dust in your flour, sand in your sugar and chicory in your coffee, and yet you have warranted them pure and wholesome. Sir, I am obliged to call you a scoundrel!"

"There are certain things I can recommend," quickly replied the grocer, who knew pretty well how to take his man.

"I don't believe it. I don't believe you can show one thing which some unbung scoundrel has not tampered with."

"There are the potatoes, turnips and onions."

"Don't beg the question, sir. I called here to say that the next time you send me adulterated goods I will take your trail and follow it until the doors of prison close upon you."

"I will try to do better, Mr. Bowser."

"See that you do, sir—see that you do. It is only now and then that I take the law into my own hands, but when I do such men as you want to look out for me. Don't drive me to the dead line, sir."

There was another place to be visited, and Mr. Bowser walked in on the coal man, who was at work on his books, and said: "Sir, in the last year you have cheated me out of hundreds of dollars by sending me short weight."

"Sir," replied the coal man as he laid down his pen, "you are an infernal liar!"

"What! What!"

"An infernal liar, sir!"

"They went outdoors together and had a struggle for life. At the finish of it Mr. Bowser was borne homeward at the hands of two men, and when they reached the front door one of them said to Mrs. Bowser, who answered the ring: "Are you the wife of Mr. Bowser?"

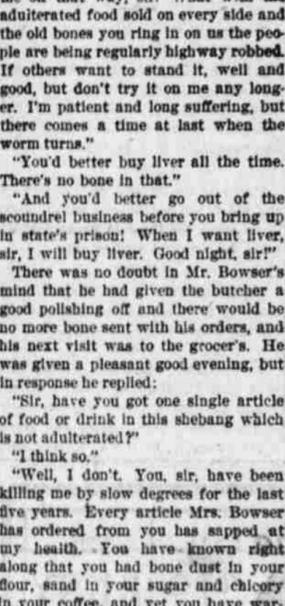
"Yes, sir."

"Short, fat, baldheaded man who is always kicking!"

"Yes."

"Then here he is, and you'd better take him in at once." M. QUAD.

**How Could He Help It?**



Jimmy—By Jove, I'm gittin' absent-minded! I clean forgot to go to school today!—New York World.

**George's Poetic Thought.**

Two three-year-olds, Frankie and Georgie, were one glorious spring morning admiring a magnificent bed of pansies upon which hundreds of blossoms were turned to the eastern sun. The children were looking into the pansy faces with tireless interest and delight when Frankie discovered a bud and exclaimed: "Here one ain't dot her eyes open yet."

Georgie, bending over, examined it gravely, then in a voice full of sympathy said: "Poor little blind pansy!"

**As an Offset.**

"Why should governments interest themselves in the healthfulness or unhealthfulness of the food the people eat?" asked the man with the thirst for knowledge.

"For the reason," replied the man with the information to give out, "that when wars, automobiles and grade crossing accidents are doing so much to reduce the population of the earth something has got to be done to maintain the equilibrium."—Chicago Tribune.

**Disappointed.**

"Luck never manages things just right," said the irritable man who dislikes music. "It might just as well have been the other way around, but it wasn't."

"What is the trouble now?"

"My daughter who plays the piano has a sore throat, and the one who sings has a sore finger."—Washington Star.

**Placing the Blame.**

"This new form of spinal meningitis seems to baffle you physicians."

"Baffles is not the word, sir. Nothing baffles a physician."

"But you don't seem able to cure it?"

"Oh, that's an entirely different thing! That's the fault of the disease, not our fault," replied the medic.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

**As to the Mode.**

Waiter—Did you order beef a la mode, sir?

Whitty (who has been waiting half an hour)—Yes. What's the matter? Have you been waiting for the styles to change?—Catholic Standard and Times.

**An Artful Dodger.**

Meeker—Some of the stories Windig tells are hard to believe.

Bleeker—Oh, I manage to get around that all right by refusing to believe anything he says.—Chicago News.

Want ads in The Astorian always bring results.



He—Some men are only witty when they've had a glass or two of wine.

She—According to that, I suppose, you never drank a drop in your life.

**The Pledge.**

**W**HENEVER you have crost your heart an' hoped to die, an' 'en you go an' tell a secret 'at you said you won't an' when— No matter even if your sweetheart asks you to—you tell What you have crost your heart about an' swore you'd keep it will. You'll never get believed again, no matter what you do; Nobody ever trusts you, an' the boys all lay for you Whenever you go fishin', an' they never go along. 'Cuz if you cross your heart an' tell it is a dreadful wrong.

Once Henry Bemis told me of a little boy he knew Who crost his heart an' hoped to die an' swore he'd keep it true. An' 'en he told the teacher what he crost his heart about. Ist 'cuz he was a toudy, an' the boys all found it out. So's after that they hated him, an' when they're in a crowd An' he 'ud come around they'd call him "lattle tale" out loud, An' all of 'em would go away, an' Henry Bemis said He bet he was so jonesome 'at he almost wished he'd be dead.

'Cuz when you cross your heart it is the soumestest thing 'At you can do, 'an' even if you was a mitey king An' crost your heart an' hoped to die you wouldn't never doat. To tell what some one told you, but you'd have to keep it fast An' 'locked up in your secret breast till him 'at told you said He'd take the cross off'n your heart, or else 'at he was dead, An' 'en it wouldn't matter, but as long as he was mum You'd never daat to tell it even to your dearest chum! —J. W. Foley in New York Times.

**Arms and the Man.**



Scene—A well known school of musketry.

Captain (to sergeant instructor, explaining the theory and powers of the new short rifle to squad of officers)—Yes, that's all very well, sergeant, but I find it difficult enough to understand myself. How on earth am I to explain it to my men? Some of them are only half witted.

Sergeant Instructor—Just explain it to them the same way as I'm explaining it to you, sir!—London Punch.

**Secondhand.**

She—Arthur, I want to make a confession.

He—A confession! What is it, Dolly?

She—Fred Summers asked me for a kiss.

He—You don't mean to say you gave him one?

She—It was only one that you gave me. I thought you wouldn't care. You can give me lots more, you know.—Boston Transcript.

**Her Rules of Hygiene.**

I took my young daughter Genevieve, five years old, to the doctor. When he asked her where she felt sick she said in her stomach. The doctor told her it was something she put in her stomach that upset her, so Genevieve said bravely: "Mr. Doctor, I never put anything in my stomach. I always put everything in my mouth."

**Health Resort Note.**

Portrait of a gentleman taking the waters.—Punch.

**The Lady of the Toll-Gate and the Auto**

"SHOOTING the chutes may be fun of the invigorating and intense kind," said the man who has had experience, "but it is mild compared with the fun of shooting tollgates in an auto. Coming from York to Lancaster on one occasion while cutting across a corner of Pennsylvania a pair of us whirled through every gate till we reached the final one at Lancaster. We had done it that way not because we wished to defraud the road of its righteous receipts, but because we got no response when we blew our horn for somebody to come out and collect the toll. We might have yelled 'Hello?' as the custom of the horse drivers was, but what did we have a horn for? At the Lancaster gate we were met by a long and lank lady with a hatchet in her face and a broom in her hand, and we should have passed on as before, but she looked forbidding.

"Hold up," said she.

"We're held up," said I, throwing her a fetching smile that failed to fetch.

"Pay your toll," said she.

"Why?" said I.

"Because you won't get past this gate till you do," said she, standing before us with her broom-across her front as an obstructing sentry holds his gun.

"They didn't charge us at any of the other gates," said I, hoping to make her ashamed of herself by showing her how much more agreeable and hospitable her fellow gatekeepers were.

"Oh, didn't they?" she snapped at me. "Then I'll just collect for the whole road. I'm the boss."

"She was a truthful woman, whatever else she was, and we had to whack up for a string of tollgates about forty miles long. I may add that the lady seemed to think it was quite amusing. We didn't."—New York Press.

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