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Poor Bowser Gets Excited

Meets With Series of Mishaps and Tries to Hold Mrs. B. Responsible.

INQUIRES FOR THE COOK

Raises Rumpus When He Hears She Is Out, but His Mother-in-law Squelches Him.

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WHEN Mr. Bowser left the office for home he fell down three or four steps of the stairs and a soulless man laughed at him. When he got out on the street a newsboy ran against him and disturbed his equilibrium. When he took the street car a woman grabbed him by the coat tails to draw herself up the step, and when he swore about it she said he was a baldhead and no gentleman. The conductor worked off a nickel quarter on him in his change, and a cross eyed man wanted to touch him on the chin for luck. Therefore when he got home he was ready to hold Mrs. Bowser responsible for everything that had happened. Of course she was to blame for it—of course. Would any son of a gun of a



HE MADE HIMSELF A CUP OF COFFEE. cross eyed man have dared to put a finger on his chin for luck at poker but for Mrs. Bowser? Mr. Bowser slammed the gate open.

He did it to let Mrs. Bowser understand that he was boss of that ranch and that things had got to stand around for him. He banged the front door open. He did it that she might know he had arrived and have goose flesh over it. He expected to see her in the hall and to shout "Woman!" at her and demand why in Halifax the gas in the back parlor was not lighted, but she wasn't there. The cat wasn't there. The cook was not in the kitchen. "Now, by the seven horns of the seven bristled bulls, but this is too much—too much!" exclaimed Mr. Bowser as he went clumping upstairs. There was more to come, however. He found Mrs. Bowser in bed with a headache, while the cat was chasing a rubber ball around on the floor as if domestic troubles were not of the slightest account. "I heard you come in," faintly announced Mrs. Bowser from the bed. "Oh, you did, eh? You heard me come in, and you jumped into bed?" "I have had a raging headache all day." "Serves you right. Any woman who will eat pickles and smoked herrings and then walk out in the back yard in her bare feet must expect to have headaches. Where in Texas is that red-headed cook of ours?" "I let her go home for the day. She said she'd surely be back by 4 o'clock. Hasn't she come yet?" "Of course she hasn't come, and of course she won't show up till midnight! Were you idiot enough to take her word?" "I—I thought she'd come." "Yes, you thought and thought, and this is the result of it. By John, was there ever such a conducted house as this! I have now got to putter around for two hours to get myself a bite to eat." "I tried to get up a few minutes ago, but couldn't do it," explained Mrs. Bowser. "Of course you couldn't. You are probably in for a run of fever. You may have smallpox or the plague before you get through with it. That would be just our luck. You wait till the cook shows up, and I'll make her think a house fell on her. I'll be up again after I get something to eat." "Why don't you go to a restaurant for this once?" "Why don't I go to the drug store and ask for strychnine? Didn't I come within an ace of dying once after getting a bite to eat in a one horse restaurant?" "But I thought it was too many beans that killed you." "Too many nothings! If you think you won't die before I get back I'll now go down and poke about the kitchen, and if that infernal yaller eyed cat follows me I'll be the death of him." Mr. Bowser went down and poked. He made himself a cup of coffee and ate some bread and butter and cold meat, and though the cat looked into

the kitchen once or twice he dared not venture into the open. "Dinner" was made ready and finished in half an hour, and then Mr. Bowser was ready for other business. He had a grievance against the cat, the cook and Mrs. Bowser, and he anticipated having a good time that evening. No one who has read of him can call him cruel hearted; he simply likes to have a racket on hand to vary the monotony. He is never to blame for anything, and it brings joy to his heart to convict others. "Well, I suppose I'd better telephone for the doctor and hear the worst at once," he said as he came tramping upstairs. "I told you it was only a headache," replied Mrs. Bowser. "Yes, you told me so, but if you ain't in for a case of spinal meningitis then I'll miss my guess. They live about three days with that disease, I believe." "I shall be all right in the morning." "Or marked for death, I have offered to telephone for the doctor, and that's all I can do. It's your fault that you are where you are anyway. Why will women be so careless?" Mrs. Bowser, whose head was throbbing and beating with the pain, made no reply, and presently he went on: "I was told about a woman the other day who was eating burdock leaves to improve her complexion—eating burdock leaves and drinking llobbered milk. Perhaps you have been trying it? If you have, it serves you just right." She almost smiled to herself at the thought, and he kept quiet for two minutes before he said: "Who has gone and skewjawked that bureau across the corner? It was never that way before." "It—it was moved this morning," she replied. "But why? That bureau was standing against the wall, and no one had any business moving it. You know I can never sleep in a room where things are skewjawked around. I shall put it back at once." "I leave wait until morning." "Not a minute. It makes me nervous to sit here. You might as well have the bed cater-corner across the room. Was it that fool of a cook who did it?" "No, sir, it wasn't!" exclaimed a voice that brought out the goose flesh in a second. "It was the undersigned, and I want to know what Lemuel Bowser is going to do about it." Mr. Bowser knew it was the mother-in-law before he turned, and he knew that she must have been in the house when he came home. So she was, but she had hidden away and let him get his own supper and only appeared when a denouement seemed to be called for. "Well, why don't you throw your arms around my neck and kiss me?" she asked as he stood looking at her

and turning all sorts of colors. "So you are here?" he growled. "Lemuel, I am here, and it's a good thing I am. You won't have to strain your back moving any bureaus to-night." "Who wants to move any bureaus? When you are coming here, why the devil don't you telegraph and have somebody meet you at the depot?" "I come and go as I please, and I should like to see anybody prevent me. I am not so old and feeble that I can't come up from the depot alone. You were having a fine time, weren't you? Going to move the bureau whether it killed your wife or not. I always happen to drop in just in time." "Yes, you always—always!" "Stop right there, Lemuel! I have heard enough from you for a spell. Go downstairs and sit down and fold your hands, and I will be down presently and talk to you." Mr. Bowser went downstairs and put on his hat and softly opened the door and sneaked out into the night. The mother-in-law came down a few minutes later and hunted for him and called and called, but he was not to be found. Darkness and distance had swallowed him up, and only the meowing cat was left behind as a sign that the man had once been there and played high jinks. M. QUAD.
Her Fear.
 "Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I hope you are not going into politics."
 "What made you think of that?"
 "I heard you talking in your sleep about 'standing pat.'"—Washington Star.
An Improvement.
 Mother—The professor says he can make a concert singer out of Grace. What do you think of the idea?
 Father—Splendid. She wouldn't sing in the parlor any more then, would she?—Detroit Free Press.
Haughty Thing.
 "What do you think of Miss Starfish?" asked the lobster.
 "Not so very much," answered the oyster. "I proposed to her last night, and she called me a lobster."
 "And when I proposed to her she shut me up like an oyster."—Chicago Tribune.



FACTS ABOUT ASTORIA AND ITS INDUSTRIES

derful natural advantages Astoria bases its expectations of future greatness. Situated on the only fresh-water lation represents almost every nationality on earth, in consequence of which Astoria has a population of 15,000 people. Its population wharves, it enjoys marked advantage. It is a lively center of business activity. Its advantageous location at the mouth of the great Columbia river makes it the trade mart of the vast productive region of northwestern Oregon and southwestern Washington; and it is the supply point for fully 25,000 people. The estimate of population here given is conservative. The 1900 government census accredited the city with about 9000 people, but the launching of new enterprises, together with the natural growth, has added many hundreds to the population in the past five years. Failure to develop local resources has resulted in slow growth, but a new era of commercial activity is dawning and the prospects for the city's future are very bright. On its magnificent location and harbor of importance in the world, with the broad ocean but 10 miles from Astoria as a shipping center. The gravity route of the Columbia river is nature's highway for the great inland empire, the immense product of which must be exported from the ocean port. At Astoria the largest ships may find safe moorings, and its harbor will accommodate all the shipping that may ever come to the northwest coast. It is pre-eminently the Pacific slope port, as New York is the Atlantic port, and must soon receive from the transcontinental railroads the recognition which its advantages justify, as has New York on the Atlantic coast. Development of the lumbering industry will alone make Astoria great. There are 75,000,000,000 feet of timber standing in the forests near the city. This vast timber supply is great enough to keep in steady operation for 20 years 100 large mills, and to afford employment during that period to 15,000 persons in the manufacturing plants, to say nothing of the army of workmen that would be employed in the forests. The first steps towards the development of lumbering have now been taken, and four mills, with a daily output exceeding 300,000 feet, are in operation. The forests are only a short distance from the city, and the cost

logs to Astoria is light, making it a most desirable point for the manufacturer of lumber. The advantages offered by this city as a milling point are beginning to attract the attention of millmen who desire to operate economically, and before long Astoria will rank as the largest lumbering producing port on the Pacific coast. The growth of the salmon industry will likewise prove of great benefit to Astoria. By means of artificial propagation, this magnificent business has come to stay. It will be built up, within a few years, to four times its present magnitude, and will then mean more than \$10,000,000 annually to the city. Several Alaskan salmon canneries are owned and operated here and each year bring large sums to their home office. The possibilities of Astoria as a fishing port or center in other lines of fishing industries are also of great importance, and the attention of capitalists is called to this city as a deep-sea fishing center; also to the great runs of genuine French sardines which come into the river by the hundreds of billions every year. The lower Columbia river district, with its mild climate, offers unsurpassed inducements to dairymen, farmers and small-fruit growers. While small-fruit growing has not been extensively engaged in, those who have followed it have been most successful, and one enterprising grower is now harvesting two strawberry crops a year—the only instance of the kind known in this section of the country. Settlement of the productive lands of the country will work wonders for the city and assist materially in its up-building. There are many other resources which will combine to bring about the future greatness of Astoria. Here are to be found opportunities for men in every walk of life—capitalists, small investors, farmer, dairymen, fruit-grower and laborer. This new country, where fortunes await the energetic, offers to those seeking location the best advantages of any section of the west. In every respect Astoria is metropolitan. It enjoys splendid facilities of all kinds, is a pleasure-loving city and thoroughly up-to-date. Thousands of strangers visit Astoria every month, and during the summer season it is the Mecca of those who live in the interior. It has its different quarters, like the larger cities, and, best of

all, it is the healthiest spot on earth. Astoria wants more people. Its natural resources will easily support from 250,000 to 500,000 population, yet there are only 15,000 people here to reap the benefits that nature has so generously placed at their disposal. The homeseeker will find no better place to locate, and few equal places. Labor is always in demand, at the highest wages, and there is much encouragement for the man who wishes to engage in business. Strangers often remark the uniform courtesy of the people and the general effort on the part of Astorians to make matters pleasant for visitors. The homeseeker or investor who fails to visit Astoria will make a great mistake, for no other community in the Pacific northwest offers such opportunities as the lower Columbia river district. Astoria has a \$300,000 gravity water system, a paid fire department, first-class street car service, gas and electric lighting systems, free public library, unexcelled transportation facilities, complete school system, 40 civic societies, three daily and six weekly newspapers, excellent telegraph and telephone service, three banks carrying deposits of about \$2,000,000, two express offices, first-class theaters, 14 churches, labor unions representing every branch of trade, two energetic commercial organizations, two social clubs, admirably conducted hospital, miles of manufacturing sites, plenty of fine residence and business property; is the only fresh-water seaport on the Pacific coast; is situated at the mouth of a river that drains an empire; has a harbor large enough to accommodate the combined shipping of the Pacific coast; has a trunk-line railroad connecting it with four transcontinental railroads; is the uttermost railroad extension point on the American continent; is 200 miles nearer Yokohama and other oriental ports than any other Pacific coast port; is 160 miles nearer the Cape Nome mining country than any other port on the Pacific coast; is the salmon shipping center of the world; is the center of one of the greatest possible dairy industries that the country today possesses. It is the only place where the royal chinook salmon is packed; has substantial public and business buildings, factories and handsome residences. **Astoria's School System.** Astoria's school system is not surpassed by that of any other city of the size in the west. At present there

are six large school buildings here. The schools are conveniently located in all sections of the city, and in every respect are modern in their appointments. Well-appointed schools are to be found throughout the county, and children living on farms and in villages enjoy educational advantages almost equal to those afforded city children. **Astoria's Water System.** Astoria possesses a \$300,000 gravity water system, which is not equalled in equipment by any other system in the Pacific northwest. The water works are operated by the municipal government as represented by the water commission, and constitute the city's most valuable asset. The water is brought from Bear creek, about 10 miles distant, which has its source in the mountains. The reservoir is situated on the plateau back of the city, where the supply is regulated. The water system of Astoria is extensive enough to supply the needs of 100,000 people, besides affording fire protection to all parts of the city. **The Lumbering Industry.** The mouth of the Columbia river has the greatest body of timber tributary and available of any point in the world. The lumbering business is the largest in the Pacific northwest; it outranks in value of product any other line. Production of wheat is a close second, being worth \$17,000,000 a year, while the value of the lumber output is \$18,000,000. Coal, gold and silver, fruit, cattle and sheep, wool and fish, all of which are produced in great abundance, fall far below, nor hardly equal in the aggregate, the wealth derived from the forests. The town, therefore, that commands the greatest resources available of fine timber must have a great outlook. Demand for timber will not decrease, but become greater with every year. The timber trees of the forests tributary to Astoria are, in order of quality: Douglas fir, commercially known as Oregon pine; hemlock, spruce and cedar. There are also soft, or birds-eye, maple, vine maple, alder, wild cherry, willow, etc. The fir is both red and yellow. It grows five to 14 feet in diameter, and 150 to 300 feet tall; 351 feet is said to have been measured on one fallen tree in the coast mountains. Considerable noble fir, or larch, and some white pine are found on the highest of the coast

mountains, but little near Astoria. The spruce, of the tideland species, is found only on the west slopes of the coast mountains. It attains a diameter varying from about an average of six feet to 16 or 17; and specimens 57 and 63 feet each in girth have been measured—19 to 21 feet in diameter. Hemlock occurs as a mixed or smaller growth with fir and spruce, trees seldom being of great height, although often very large. Yet cedar is found mixed with the other timbers, the trees seldom being of greater height, although often very large. Yet cedar is not plentiful in this section. In general estimates of timber production 20,000 feet to the acre are allowed. Single acres have been known to produce ten times this amount. Quarter sections of timberland on the market are usually estimated at 3,000,000 to 8,000,000 feet each, board measure. **Mills and Manufacturing.** Although manufacturing is as yet in its infancy in Astoria, more than 4300 persons are employed in the institutions now doing business here. The salmon industry employs by far the greatest number of persons, but the seasons extend over a period of only about six months, and at other times those engaging in it follow other lines of pursuit. The lumbering industry, including box factories, barrel factories, etc., is rapidly assuming proportions, and will, within a few years, outrank the fishing interests. Astoria wants more manufacturing concerns, and offers the very best inducements to capitalists. Here are to be found unexcelled sites, with the advantage of both rail and water connections, and the intending investor in western properties should look over the Astoria situation. Sites can be secured at very low prices. More than \$3,000,000 is invested in manufacturing plants here, while the value of the yearly product exceeds \$5,500,000. In all, 4341 persons are employed, receiving annual wages that aggregate \$2,959,600. **Salmon Industry.** Astoria owes its existence largely to the great salmon industry of which it is the center. Year after year the Columbia river has given up its wealth of fish, and in the past 25 years has yielded \$75,000,000, nearly all of which has been placed in circulation in this city. Where other crops have failed, the salmon supply has maintained its average of production, and in this respect can be classed as one of Oregon's

greatest resources. The annual salmon yield of the Columbia river is valued at \$3,000,000. The spring fishing season lasts only about four months—from April 15 to August 25—so it means \$750,000 monthly to those interested in it and those who live at and near the seat of the industry. **The Dairying Industry.** Dairying in Clatsop county is in its infancy, and very few dairymen realize the natural advantages of this country. The climate, coupled with the productivity of the soil, makes it an ideal district for production of butter and cheese; dairymen are taking more interest in the breed and care of stock. With the genuine butter cow, such as few here have as yet, much better results may be obtained, though even now the luxuriant pasturage enables the cows to furnish an abundance of rich milk, with more than an average of butter fat. A modern equipped creamery is in operation in Astoria, furnishing the farmers a ready sale for their cream, at an average price for the year of 23 1/2 cents per pound for butter fat; and the cows yield, under good care, about 225 pounds of butter fat per year. There is general interest in increasing the dairy business; many of the dairymen are preparing to enlarge their herds, and new dairies are being started. Ever-growing grass and the best market in the world make this an inviting field for those who understand the care of cows. All the Oregon coast country, especially that near the mouth of the Columbia river, is very similar to the great dairying sections of Europe, such as Denmark, Holland and the Channel islands. The winters, however, are milder and the summers dryer. The lands best adapted to grass-growing are the tidelands, which are river bottoms adjoining the Columbia or its branches, and overflowed by the highest tides. These lands may be reclaimed by diking, at an expense of about \$10 per acre. By diking large tracts by machinery—with steam dredges—the expense may be reduced, and more substantial dikes erected. One acre of tideland has been shown to be ample for keeping one cow the entire year. There are still in Clatsop county about 20,000 acres of tideland to be diked, much of it being easily cleared after the diking is done. This is no experiment, as many of the best dairy farms have been made on diked tideland.

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