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Let Us Be Humane.

We of the Pacific Coast and especially of Astoria should be thankful for the splendid climate with which we are blessed. While the people of the East are suffering prostrations, aye, and death from a record-breaking temperature, we are living in comfort. While Portland has experienced some very hot weather of late, Astoria's temperature has not yet risen to a point where it was uncomfortable. But the little warmth that Portland has endured is nothing to the awful heat in which the large cities of the East are sweltering. The forecast from the weather bureau at Washington says that no relief will materialize for some little time. Already the total of deaths from the heat in the East has passed the hundred mark; the prostrations will soon number half a thousand. To escape the merciless rays of the sun the people of New York are sleeping upon roofs, in public parks and even on the pavements. The police officials are doing everything in their power to alleviate the suffering of the people but their efforts are apparently futile. The ambulances continue to answer calls, the hospitals and morgues are filled with those who have succumbed. And to make matters worse the city of Brooklyn is threatened with a water famine. In New York the ice-vagon drivers threaten to go on a strike. Without water and without ice, the only relief that may be obtained from the oppressive heat, what will these suffering people do? Truly we are a fortunate lot on this Pacific Coast. We experience none of these death dealing climatic vagaries here. We are certainly in God's country, if such exist. But is it fitting that our mild temperature should be flaunted in the faces of the sufferers as though in mockery? Better would it be if messages conveying sympathy were dispatched to the cities that are fast losing their citizens. Because people now succumb to this appalling heat does not necessarily mean that their ends differ from those who die in some horrible catastrophe. Death comes in various ways—it is always sorrowful. We are quick to convey our sympathy to a community that suffers a loss through fire, through an explosion or some other calamity. These differ from the present calamity in the East only in degree, not in kind. Let us be humane; We should not shout over our good fortune, forgetting that fellow beings are suffering dolorously in some of our sister commonwealths.

GOOD MUSIC.

There is nothing speaks more for the standing of a community than an intelligent appreciation of good music—not the ephemeral compositions of popular song writers—really good music, the offerings of such men as Wagner, Listz, Verdi, Rossini or even of the later-day composers like Leoncavallo and Mascagni. There are some who would rather listen to ragtime than eat. This syncopated music is good at times but it can not possibly endure for all time. The most appealing of the popular eon songs have had their day; such compositions as William Tell, Semiramide, Faust, Rigoletto, Beethoven's Sonata Pathetique, and Chopin's Marche Funebre will be played for generations to come. There is something about good music that is elevating; it instills men with better thoughts; it induces them to marvel that a creator should be so infinite as to conceive such resource as the brain from which emanated the inspiring strains of a Wagnerian masterpiece or a lugubrious melody written in one of Beethoven's lethargies. What solace may be found in music. The pall of death may fall over a house, a parent it gone, the family is grief stricken and yet the strains of a dirge or of a sacred song serve greatly to alleviate the suffering. The melancholia of the compositions fills one with awe and how easy it is to fall susceptible to its hypnotic influences. And then the antithesis is found in the wedding march from Loh-

engrin or a piece of similar strain. Who has not heard the splendid strains of that splendid composition? What ecstasies of keenest delight are experienced in listening to such music. There is no more pleasing diversion than waiting to the notes of one of Tschakowski's pieces or to Strauss Pizzicatta or to Wienawski's Valse de Concert and how caressing is the allegro movement of some little caprice? Music has held its place in the world since the first historical scrolls were written. It will hold its place until the end. There is plenty of talent here in Astoria. Music should be encouraged in every way; We should have a band and give concerts at least once a week. Recitals and even oratorios should be arranged for. There is no reason why Astoria should not have musical attractions even better than those offered Portland people. Once the movement is well on its feet, patronage is assured, but the attractions must offer good music.

NOTHING BUT LIES.

Arthur Peterson's Predicament.

Sunday General Robert Grant and Arthur Peterson went on a hunting and fishing expedition. Monday a farmer called on District Attorney Harrison Allen to see about a cow that had been shot. Mr. Peterson denies that he shot a cow and produced the court records to show that he had not taken out any hunter's license. One or two boys testified that they caught all the trout, consequently Peterson did not catch any under the legal size. It was proven at the investigation that Mr. Peterson represented himself to the farmer as a deputy game and fish warden and had planted trout in the stream two years previous and his mission was to ascertain how much the trout had grown since they were planted. The farmer placed implicit confidence in Mr. Peterson's statements and permitted him to fish on his land, but he would like pay for the cow. Mr. Allen will render an opinion in the case upon his return from Hillsboro, and if not favorable to Peterson, Allen will be charged 50 cents a shave in the future.

Harrison's Ranch.

Hon. Harrison Allen left for Hillsboro Monday evening to prevail upon Judge McBride to excuse him from attendance on court as he has a big vegetable farm near Cannon Beach which requires his immediate attention. Allen avers he knows almost as much about farming as a cat does about theology and he is a careful student of Luther Burbank's philosophy. Last spring he went down to the ranch taking some radishes he purchased from a Chinaman and a gunny-sack of garden seeds sent him by Senator Fulton from Washington, under the franking privilege. In order to have early radishes he planted those purchased from the Chinaman, tops down, and sewed about an acre in various kinds of seeds, mostly radishes. J. W. Griffin was at the Allen ranch last week and reports that the China radishes have started for China, while the seeds planted have grown radishes fully six feet above ground. He did not know how much underneath. Allen also planted what Fulton represented to be Hubbard squash, but which Griffin says are gourds, similar to Jonah's celebrated gourd. Mr. Allen purchased Burbank's book on gardening but thinks he must have got mixed up with Hoyle, or his dates mixed, consequently he is very anxious to go to the farm and superintend the harvesting of his vegetables in order to get them on the market as soon as practicable.

Cut His Neck.

Tjing-a-ling. "Hello! Is that the Astorian?" "Yes." "Who's that talking?" "Mr. Scott." "Well, say, Scott; a man cut his neck at the Tallant-Grant Packing Company. So send a reporter down and get the item." "All right, just as soon as one comes in. Good-bye." A reporter hurried to the scene of the suicide and inquired if some one had cut his throat, saying that some one had phoned to the Astorian to that effect. The gentlemanly clerk informed the reporter that no one had committed suicide at the cannery, but that one of the fishermen had his net cut and wanted to advertise for the section. Usually on Monday morning the average newspaper or job foreman ought to be able to distinguish the difference between "neck" and "net."

Wants an Office.

Margin Foard, the minority member of the Astoria police commission, announced to the city hall committee on Monday, while inspecting the new building, that he desired an office—not

a political one—Lut a cozy, well-furnished, well-ventilated one for the police commission.

Mayor Surprenant took the minority member to the basement and selected one of the cells, adjoining the office of the chief of police. The majority members, Page and Gordon, will be given apartments in the attic, which can be used to discipline the police force and where the meetings can be secret. A speaking tube will be run from the attic to the cell for the purpose of keeping Mr. Ford informed as to the proceedings of the commission.

Just Like Brothers.

Yesterday afternoon a gentleman walked into the store of J. N. Laws whom Jim remembered as having met some where and concluded it was his brother from Richmond, Virginia. He introduced him to many of his friends, and last evening escorted him to the train. On the way to the depot the conversation drifted into politics and Jim found that his brother was a strong republican, something unheard of in the original Laws family. Notes were brother was A. T. Laws, the assessor of Columbia county, whom Jim met at the legislature last winter and was not his brother at all. He is a perfect picture of his brother and "J. N." will have a difficult time explaining his mistake to his friends.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Shrewd Move.

Mrs. Fox—Great news! George is engaged to Miss Roxley! Mr. Fox—What! Our son engaged to Miss Roxley? I must object. Mrs. Fox—Nonsense! Are you out of your mind? Mr. Fox—Not at all, but if we don't kick a little the Roxleys will think we don't amount to much and they'll probably call it off—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Vampires.

A fool there was and he used his hoe, Even as you and I; And he tried to make his garden grow, But his neighbor's hen flew to and fro; And he cried: "My heart is full of woe." Even as you and I. Oh, the seed we waste and the time we waste And the blisters we get on our hand; Because of the chickens our neighbors keep; The work is useless and makes us weep, As some of us understand.

A fool there was and his dough he spent, Even as you and I; To seed houses all of the dough was sent And the seeds were planted with good intent. And the chickens all knew what the sowing meant, Even as you and I. Oh, the frightful cost, and the dough that's lost, And the gardens so gladly planned, That the chickens destroy, The rude chickens destroy, And no one man understand.

The fool was driven to tear his hair, Even as you and I; And he tinted with azure the balmy air, For the chickens had taught the man to swear, And his life grew heavy with grim despair, Even as you and I.

Now why should they fly over the fence so high

And scratch in the fertile land, When there's ground all around, And good ground to be found, Is what we don't understand. —Chicago Chronicle.

Misunderstood.

She—I told you I was going to paint those porch stairs today, and I asked you to go over to our neighbor's and borrow some paint. He—Yes, and I went over and asked for some paint. She—Well, where is it? He—Oh, the man over there said he had no paint that would go with your face.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Oscar of Sweden, Tremble Yu." (A serial epic by the Norsk Nightengale, wherein is related the prowess of the great Norwegian fighter in the struggle for Norway's independence.)

CHAPTER I.

Down from the North var dese vinds skol blow Yump Norsk fallers lak flakes of snow, And Oscar of Sweden, he sees dis crew, And yerk out his viskers and feel quite blue. Lak vaves vich ban dashing on rocky coast Comes dis jumping old Scandinavian host, And der spears ban flashing lak some cheap guy Flash a two-dollar bill in bookmaker's eye. Thousands of solyers ban join his band, From Codfish Fjord and Bjornjamp Strand, Tall and husky and sharp sum an axe, Yenuine, yolly old lumberjacks; Ready o taking a little drink, Ready to fight so quick lak a venk; And day all ban brave, but dar ant ban von So great lak Olaf of Tankinson.

Oscar of Sweden, tremble yu! Look out for dis terrible Norsk crew— Look out for dese guys vith sword and gun, And clear the track for dis Tankinson. Sax feet two in has stocking feet, Many a geezer ban Olaf's meat; Gude vith rifle and sword and fists— Stranger some most of dese pugilists; Quicker sum vildent op in tree— Tankinson ban hard nut, by yee! Down from the North var dese vinds skol blow Tankinson coming to look for foe, And he tal his men, "Now, yust keep cool, And v'e'll chase Svele fallers to Sunday school. Most of dem got gude yaller streak, And ef dve soak dem gude smash on beak, And show dem rifle and sword and knife, Dey skol run lak babies, ay bet yure life; Tomorrow morning ven breakfast ban done, Yust follow yure boss, O, Tankinson. (To be continued.) —William F. Kirk in N. Y. American.

Forced to Starve.

B. F. Leek, of Concord, Ky., says: "For 20 years I suffered agonies, with a sore on my upper lip, so painful, sometimes that I could not eat. After vainly trying everything else, I cured it with Bucklin's Arnica Salve." It's great for burns, cuts and wounds. At Chas. Rogers' drug store; only 25 cents.

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