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NEW YORK SITUATION.

Commenting editorially on the hot spell in the metropolis, the New York Tribune says:

The most unusual trait of the present period of hot weather is its continuance. In July and August is to be expected that the mercury will reach the 80's often, but it seldom does so for more than two or three days in succession. Interruptions, even short, ordinarily give suffering humanity a chance to recover from the effects of the heat. No such opportunity has been afforded in this city for a week. The present hot spell began last Saturday, when the highest temperature recorded by the government observer was 85 degrees. Since that time the thermometer has occasionally evinced a slightly more ambitious disposition than it did then, but at no time has the daily maximum fallen short of that which was noted a week ago. To some extent the influence of such weather is cumulative. Persons who are vigorous enough to withstand the first onset not infrequently succumb after a prolonged siege. This fact should serve as a warning to those who are tempted to exercise activity or to expose themselves needlessly to the sunshine.

The prevalence of extreme humidity at this time of year is, of course, to be expected. In dog days and for a considerable interval previous thereto there is likely to be higher barometric pressure over the ocean than over a continent. This contrast has been especially noticeable during the last few days; and, as there is always a steady movement of air from a high pressure area to a low one, the breeze on the Middle Atlantic coast has come almost steadily from the southeast. That great vapor generator, the Gulf Stream, is not so far away that it cannot contribute to the store of invisible moisture that is wafted gently inland. It has undoubtedly enhanced the discomfort of the residents of the metropolis and its suburbs during the greater part of the current week. Owing to a slight change in the direction of the wind yesterday the air came off the land and was a little drier than it had been. Simultaneously, however, there was a slight rise in the temperature which offset the diminution in humidity. So far as actual comfort was concerned, therefore, there was no reason for congratulation.

GREATNESS AND SEA POWER.

The proposition that a great nation of the twentieth century shall be a great sea power and its corollary, that great sea power presupposes rare naval equipment, are being insisted upon by industrial and commercial Germany in a way to hearten every American who believes in the Roosevelt ideas of national greatness.

Recently the Chamber of Commerce of Dortmund, the heart of the district wherein centers Germany's iron, steel and mining interests, adopted a report reciting the statement that "a strong navy, commanding respect, is demanded by the large majority of the German people." The conviction gains ground. It was argued, that under the present world-conditions a nation can maintain its independence, protect its interests and attain far-reaching aims only through sea-power. Statesmen and diplomats may judge whether public opinion in this connection is right, but these Germans, who have the interests of commerce, the industries and sea traffic in charge, emphatically declare that purely sober, economic reasons urge the creation of a navy commanding respect—that is, the increase and rapid development of Germany's war fleets.

"Without industrial employment," they conclude, "our annual increase of 800,000 people cannot find a living; lacking sales for their products in foreign markets, our industries cannot subsist; therefore foreign trade and all which is connected with it must be procured."

The action of the chamber places itself on record as entirely in accord with Germany's most far-sighted economist, Friedrich List, who said: "The sea, this fruitful field for the nation, must be cultivated as carefully as the land, so

that it will give bountiful results. It is narrow-minded and borders on the ridiculous for a great nation to plead the expenditure for a navy as being a good reason for leaving its marine interests unprotected. Men intimate with marine affairs scornfully laugh at the parsimonious system of landlubber economists. The ocean is inexhaustible of good things; one must only have courage and strength to draw them out of it. A nation without shipping interests is like a bird without wings, like a fish without fins, a champion with a wooden sword, a helot and servitor among nations."

NOTHING BUT LIES.

Stranger Than Fiction.

"G-r-r-r-h," muttered Manager Powell of the Western Union Telegraph Company. He had just stepped from his bath and was struggling to get into his under garments. The shirt which, heretofore, thanks to its unshrinkable guarantee, had been coaxed on with much strenuous work, completely enveloped Powell of its own accord. The sleeve ends dropped full a foot beyond Powell's hands and flapped around like flags in a half hearted breeze. Powell turned around in the shirt four or five times trying to get his bearings.

"Ye Gods," he cried. "Am I going m-a-a-d, perhaps I have the 'D. T.'s," but no. 'Tis not so, for not a drop have I had. But surely there is something amiss. These garments are unseemingly large, or, perchance, I, myself, have shrunk. Would I had a faithful philosopher that I might have assist me in solving this perplexing question." And so he ranted. Powell struggled mentally and physically for an hour and finally gave up. He donned his clothes as best he could and made his way home bidding fair to become a sufferer with nervous prostration.

It seems that Powell is a wanderer, one of those peculiar wanderers. He likes to go forth in the night and meander far into the wilderness where he drinks in nature in her most becoming garb and sighs:

"Alone." Hours and hours does Powell spend thusly He plunges into the forest depths and sprawls upon the soft bed of the lifeless leaves, the trend of his thoughts turning to solitude. Around him spring tangles of ferns and creepers; towering far above him are the stately firs and spruces, the perfumes of a thousand wild blossoms freight the mellow evening atmosphere. In such environs is Powell happy. He alone fully appreciates Nature's charms—he loves her. He will have none of those worldly diversions that please the common people. All through the day he looks forward to the night's coming that he may fee from the monotony of the telegraph key to the welcoming arms of his nature. And so we find him. Tuesday night Nature was unusually fascinating. Powell rested on her arms longer than he intended. He had to hurry home. So, striking a brisk pace, he soon returned to civilization. He was in a dripping perspiration when he reached here. He wished a bath.

"Boy," he commanded of one of the uniformed servitors, "Hie thee hence and bring me as expeditiously as possible a clean suit of under garments. I would bath. Begone. The boy "begoned" ostensibly to Powell's room and soon returned with a suit of light underwear. Joyfully Powell grasped the garments and rushed forth to the bath. The tussle followed.

It is learned from an authentic source that Powell formerly occupied the room Powell says that if Phillips had been messenger boy had been there before. There is considerable betting going on as to whom the joke is on, Powell or Phillips. Neither will put up the drinks. Powell says that if Phillips had been like most editors and possessed only one suit of underwear the mix-up would not have occurred.

On Captain Bailey.

It was on the evening train from Portland. E. Z. Ferguson and F. J. Carney were returning from hitting the Trail at the fair and having money enough left, bought a seat in the chair car. They occupied the rear smoking room. In a seat in the rear was a young lady and a little boy and the following conversation was heard:

"Auntie, did the angels carry Mrs. Jones up to heaven?"
"Why Charlie, I think so. Mrs. Jones was a good woman."
"She was an awful fat woman. The Angels must be strong."
"How do you know there are angels, auntie?"
"Because we read about them. Wait until you can read and then you will know more about them."
"But why—why don't you see the angels? Did you ever see an angel?"
"Hush! Don't talk so loud. Of course we don't see them, but we see their pictures."

"Yes, but—where do the angels get their pictures taken, auntie?"
"Is there a gallery where they take pictures of angels—only just of angels?"
"Perhaps so, I don't know."
"Then why don't the angels put on more clothes when they have their pictures taken?"

"Oh, Charley, please be quiet. You will make auntie's head ache."
Charlie meditated in silence for a few minutes and remarked:

"I don't know why Captain Bailey said you were his—
"ASTORIA," shouted the conductor and as the train came to a standstill, the small boy got a shaking and a whispered warning.

At this stage of the conversation auntie jumped to her feet, shoved a handkerchief down Charlie's throat and dragged him from the car by the top of the head. He had touched a tender chord.

Rapid Work.

An Astoria girl was much addicted to the use of slang. The other day when she had been very naughty her mother said: "Now, Edith, you go and shut yourself up in a dark room and ask God to forgive you and stay there until he does."

Into a room she went. But in almost a minute she reappeared with a radiant face. "Why," exclaimed her mother, "what did you come out so soon for?"

"Oh, that's all O. K.," replied Edith. "I just told God that I was sorry that I got to gay, and asked him to please let me down easy, and he said, 'Oh, don't mention it, Miss Jones, you're not so worse.'"

Going Some.

An Upper Astoria man had been arrested for assault and battery and was being tried in the police court yesterday. Frank Spittle, deputy city attorney, was examining the principal witness, who was an eye witness to the trouble.

"You say you saw the shots fired?"
"Yes, sir."
"How near were you to the scene the affray?"

"When the first shot was fired, ten feet from the shooter."
"Tell the court where you were when the second shot was fired."

"I didn't measure."
"Well, approximately, how far should you say?"
"Well, it approximated to half a mile."

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Girls.

Some admire the maiden queenly,
One who moves about serenely,
Dignified, divinely tall,
Others much prefer her small.
I admire the small ones greatly.
Then I like the large and stately,
I'm not captious, fortunately;
Really, I admire them all.

Some like girls with animation,
Such as shine in conversation,
These the golden youth enthral
At a party or a ball.

Quiet, shy ones have their inning,
Some consider them more winning,
As I said in the beginning,
Really, I admire them all.

Fair or dark and big or little—
I don't care a jot or tittle,
None with me has got the call;
At the feet of each I fall—
The demure and the vivacious
Smart, coquettish, sweet and gracious
None is barred. My heart is spacious,
Bless the girls, I love them all.
—Chicago News.

No Soul Needed in Such Cases.

"So your daughter is going to marry a self made man? Dear me. I'm so surprised. How did she ever happen to fall in love with such a person? She always seemed to have a preference for cultured college-bred boys."
"O, he's college-bred, all right. We call him self-made because he got a political job in Philadelphia and retired at the end of two years with nearly half a million in cash, not having a soul to help him get it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Advice to the Young.

Speak kindly to the elephant
And gently to the whale.
And when you meet the jaguar
Please do not yank his tail.
Respect the tiger's feelings, dear,
His whiskers do not pull.
O, let our hearts with kindness
Be-ever, ever full.
O, do not pinch the python
Or punch the rattlesnake
If you should hurt the cobra
His little heart would break.
Don't stick pins in the crocodile
Or irritate the yak:
Pray do not bruise the polar bear
By pounding on his back.
Don't make the lion cry, my child.
By walking on his toes;

Nor slight the hippopotamus
By standing on his nose.
For all good children, you must know,
Each morning gladly sing;
"O, help me be considerate
Of every living thing."
—New York Times.

A Dream of Heaven.

Of a great trainload of watermelons which left Georgia the other day, an old darkey said:
"Lawd! Ef I wuz only on dat train, en when it got wrecked in a wilderness en I wuz de only survivor—my, my! Paradise come down!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A Surprise Party.

A pleasant surprise party may be given to your stomach and liver, by taking a medicine which will relieve their pain and discomfort, viz: Dr. King's New Life Pills. They are a most wonderful remedy, affording sure relief and cure, for headache, dizziness and constipation. 25c at Chas. Rogers' drug store.

If you can not eat, sleep or work, feel mean, cross and ugly, take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea this month. A tonic for the sick. There is no remedy equal to it. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets, at Frank Hart's drug store.

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Liquid Veneer is a carefully and scientifically prepared article that acts as a food for the varnish or gloss. It is absorbed by the varnish or surface to which it is applied, and brings out all its old time elasticity and newness besides adding additional gloss. It is therefore highly beneficial to the very finest surfaces.

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HEAD SOLID SORE

Awful Suffering of Baby and Sleepless Nights of Mother.

CURED BY CUTICURA

Skin Fair as a Lily with no Scar to Recall Awful Sore Writes Mother.

"I herewith write out in full the beginning and end of that terrible disease, eczema, which caused my babe untold suffering and myself many sleepless nights.

"My babe was born seemingly a fair, healthy child, but when she was three weeks old a swelling appeared on the back of her head, and in course of time broke. It did not heal but grew worse, and the sore spread from the size of a dime to that of a dollar. I used all kinds of remedies that I could think of, but nothing seemed to help; in fact, it grew worse. Her hair fell out where the sore was, and I feared it would never grow again. It continued until my aged father came on a visit, and when he saw the baby he told me to get Cuticura Soap and Ointment right away.
"Please him I did so, and to my surprise by their use the sore began to heal over, the hair grew over it, and to-day she has a nice head of hair, her skin is as fair as a lily, and she has no scar left to recall that awful sore, and it is over eight months and no sign of its returning."
Mrs. Wm. Ryan, Elk River, Minn.

"Cure permanent." So writes Mrs. Ryan, Feb. 25, 1903, six years later:
"Your letter of the 19th inst. received, asking in regard to the cure of my baby some six years ago. Well, the disease has never returned to her head which at that time was a solid sore on top and down the back. Once or twice since then a patch has come on her hand near the wrist, but it finally disappeared after proper treatment with Cuticura."

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