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NOTHING BUT LIES.

BENNINGTON DISASTER...

A deafening roar, a puff of smoke and thirty-nine human lives were snuffed out, a score more injured so severely they will soon join their comrades in the great beyond and half a hundred sailors so scalded and torn by flying bits of wreckage they will carry the marks of the terrible boiler explosion on the United States gunboat Bennington for life. But a few days have passed since we were awed by accounts of the loss of life sustained in the sinking of the French submarine Farfadet. And now, death is in our midst, he has taken from us almost two score of our beloved "bluejackets," the men behind the guns, the lads of the sea upon whom has devolved the maintenance of the country's integrity. An expression of sympathy for the mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers of these boys who have met with such shocking and untimely ends is not amiss, but mere words cannot possibly alleviate the suffering of those who have been robbed of their loved ones. We draw a mental picture of grey haired parents, wringing their hands, rocking to and fro in the throes of anguish, grief stricken, possibly shrieking over the loss of a son, and praying that life be returned to the body lying chilled in death at a San Diego morgue; of sisters stumbling about like things, not like human beings, like things bereft of their senses, their eyes swollen from crying, their faces blank, utterly unable to comprehend the horror of the calamity that has been visited upon them. The son, the light of the mother's eyes, the boy of whom she was so proud in his suit of blue, in his jersey with its great flowing collar and the trousers with the odd baggy legs, is dead. The cherished hope of a future meeting, of holding her boy in her arms and giving him a motherly hug is blighted. The boy is dead. She may never see him more, is even denied the privilege of looking upon his placid features. But it is better so; the horror of death is sufficient. Cruel steam has removed all semblance of a human being from the face of the loved son. To these, the mothers, the fathers, the sisters and the brothers of the Bennington's dead crew do we extend our sincere sympathy, and to the lads who now pitch and toss on beds of pain, and to their more fortunate comrades who are plunged into profound sorrow over the loss of their fellows.

THE REGATTA.

Astoria will have a regatta. At an enthusiastic meeting of the merchants Friday night almost eight hundred dollars was subscribed toward that purpose. Many other merchants expressed themselves in favor of the regatta and pledged their financial support on consulting with other members of their firms. This is a manifestation of the proper spirit. It is planned to raise four thousand dollars and if Friday night's meeting may be accepted as a criterion the fund will soon reach that figure. The meeting was splendidly managed. Following a preliminary discussion of the advisability of holding the regatta a permanent organization was effected and a committee or arrangements appointed. This was clothed with full power to act. A soliciting committee composed of the most representative merchants in the city was appointed and is at work among the people obtaining additional subscriptions. Reports from the members of this committee are most favorable. The soliciting committee faces quite a task. Probably five hundred dollars which heretofore has come from the restricted part of the city will not be obtained this year; the money must be raised elsewhere. That it will be done seems assured for already some of the merchants who subscribed various sums at Friday night's meeting announce their intention of increasing their subscriptions. The committeemen are working enthusiastically, and untiringly. They are visiting representatives of every field in the city. There are some

who are not in favor of holding the regatta and are reluctant to subscribe toward the fund. These will do well to glance over the list of those who have already subscribed and seriously consider the regatta. It is a worthy enterprise and will do the city a very material benefit.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

A Fragment.

What, if, while I sit here alone,
A voice I have not heard for years
Should greet me in the low sweet tone
That once was music to my ears;
And I should start from Memory's sway
And, turning, find you sitting there
Unchanged as though 'twere yesterday
Unchanged as though 'twere yesterday
Your feet went tripping down the stair

Or if, upon some summer day,
Mid song of birds and hum of bees,
I should go down the woodland way
To our old tryst beneath the trees;
And, starting back in glad surprise,
I should behold you waiting there,
The old light shining in your eyes—
The sunlight tangled in your hair.

In vain—I shall not see the glow
Of wine brown eyes or catch the smile
Of ruby lips; but yet I know
*That you are near me all the while.
For I so loved you in that range
Of sunny years that my poor heart
Would bleed afresh and count it strange
To think God held us far apart.

And so, when evening shadows creep,
And night falls softly o'er the lea,
You touch my eyelids and I sleep,
And sleeping dream of heaven and
thee.
And when some summer morn shall break
That finds me chilled by deaths cold
cold dew,
You need but kiss me, I shall wake,
And, waking, be in heaven with you.

Economizing.

Mrs. Redd—Didn't you tell me you were going to cut down expenses?
Mr. Redd—I did.
"And here you've been betting on the races today! Does that look like it?"
"Why yes, dear I only bet on two races today. I usually bet on all of them.—Yonkers Statesman.

Logical.

Urlyburd—There now, by not being around here at 6:30 this morning you missed a ten cent shine.
Bootblack—Dasso, boss, an' mabby by not stayin' up las' night stidder goin' ter bed I missed some 15-cent ones.—Baltimore American.

The Norsk Nightingale.

(Among the sailors who mutinied on Howard Gould's yacht were Charlie Monson, Alf Johnson, Martin Swenson and Carl Carlson).

My country it ban of yu
Sweet land of Wiking crew,
Of yu Ay seng.
Norway, yu can't ban ruled—
By Oscar yu ant fooled,
And not by Maester Gould—
No, sir, by Ying!

Let Svedes eat dis bad grub,
Yust fit for hobo dub,
Not for Alf Yohnson;
Norsk fallers ban tu gude
For dis har bread line fude,
So Swenson yust got rude,
And Charlie Monson.

Let music swell dis breeze
And reng tru all the trees
Sweet Norway's name;
Dis Gould ban rich Ay know,
But greatness ban more sum dough,
And Norsk's pack up and go—
Yu bet dey're game.

—William F. Kirk, N. Y. American.

"Young Spotter."

Bobby, who accompanied his mother to church, was given a nickel to drop in the collection plate. After doing so he remarked in an audible whisper:
"Say mama the conductor didn't ring it up."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Extravagant.

"Dear John," wrote Mrs. Newlywed from the shore, "I enclose the hotel bill."

"Dear Jane, I enclose check," wrote John, "but please don't buy any more hotels at this price—they are robbing you."—August Smart Set.

THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL.

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142 Third St., Portland, Ore.
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THE EDITOR'S MUSINGS

Until a few days ago I had thought that Oregon stood at the head of all commonwealths in things unique. A trip to The Breakers enlightened me. Oregon must recognize the superiority of her sister state across the river. There is an enterprise known as the Ilwaco Railway and Navigation company. The great trunk and transcontinental lines, even the 20th Century Juggernaut would do well to emulate a few of the examples set by the Ilwaco Railway and Navigation company, speaking more particularly of accommodations. The steamer Naheotta reached the wharf at Ilwaco toward noon. The passengers meandered onto the dock and amused themselves in various ways while waiting for the Ilwaco Railway and Navigation Company's train. Minutes passed. No train materialized and the travelers grew restless. Two young girls who carried heavy dress suit cases thought better of it and placing the cases upon the dock utilized them as seats. An old man with a marvelous growth on the end of his chin waddled to the edge of the dock and squatted down. Pensively he gazed over the water, his lower jaw moving back and forth with irritating precision. His wife sought the purser of the Naheotta who seemed to be acting as general manager of the Ilwaco Railway and Navigation Company.

"Hey! Hey you folks got a train?"
"Why...eh...yes," responded the purser half heartedly.
"Well, seems to me, it oughter be hyar now."

"I'll see where it is," offered the purser going to the telephone.

"B-r-r-r-r-r-r-r."
"B-r-r-r-r-r-r-r."

"Where's the train?" asked the purser.
"Well for heaven's sake send it down. The boat's in and the people are getting sore." Turning to the irate old lady he vouchsafed:

"Why...eh...the train is up the...ah...road. It will be here presently." Upon receiving this intelligence the passengers fumed and freighted the balmy mid-day atmosphere with something really warm. Just fancy telephoning for a train. Probably twenty minutes rolled by when a distant "too-too" told of the approach of the fast traveling train. I was curious—I wished to see the equipment that such a railway afforded. The train rolled into the depot and crashed into the bumper. This consisted of two hawes stretched across the track. Instead of an engine, a box car formed the first part of the train; it had backed from Ilwaco—the engine was on the other end, at least, when the train arrived. It left immediately for somewhere minus, the train. And so the people had to wait for another fifteen minutes in which the general manager of the I. R. & N., Captain Parker of the Naheotta, the train crew and some of the passengers assisted in putting the freight and baggage aboard the box car. The engine returned after a little and gave the train, and incidentally the passengers, a severe jolt as a coupling was made. "Too-Too" and we're off.

After divers jumps, jerks and hangs we reached the city of Ilwaco. The railway company, I believe, is anxious that all passengers on its express train shall take a goodly look at the city from which the corporation derives its name. The train made a good start for the next station north, stopped and backed up about two hundred yards. The conductor poked a hole through ozone with his right arm and the train started again, only to stop and back up, about a hundred yards further this time. All were given the opportunity to study Ilwaco and to keep an eye peeled for real estate investments. Finally the train took a notion to continue on its run. Presently a place called Seaview was reached. Here two ladies carried on an interesting conversation. It went something like this:

"Going to The Breakers?" asked a lady sitting in the car of one on the station platform.

"No."

"Come on."

"Why I'm not dressed to go anywhere."

"Look at me. I look perfectly slovenly."

"That doesn't make any difference."

"Come on."

"Alright," and then to the conductor,

"Will you wait until I get my things?"

"Sure." Off trooped the lady. She returned in about two minutes with her things and a broad smile. Now I certainly call the Ilwaco and Railway and Navigation company's express an accommodation train. The company has accomplished something really great.

The interstate commerce commission has endeavored to force all railways to run their trains on the same schedule giving all passengers equally rapid transportation, the only discrimination being exercised in the class of coach used. Way out here in Washington a company is conducting its road along the proper lines and all unnoticed.

Here's a chance for "Scooting Scotty" to break a record—if he should make the run from Ilwaco to The Breakers in seven hours, wouldn't the world go mad?

Speaking of platitudinous subjects, Colonel Curtis, a few years ago, a Sunday editor of one of the St. Louis papers, one Murphy and a conscientious student of the Pulitzer school proposed to shoot a gigantic projectile skyward. When this reached a certain height, he averred, the atmospheric pressure would be such, the projectile would remain suspended. In this celestial locality he thought the projectile would attract all the lightning in the skies, thus storing current sufficient in quantity to supply the entire world with electrical energy. This fancied conception created quite a furor at the time and Murphy almost succeeded in interesting certain men to such extent they were willing to pay for the construction of the projectile. This was an instance of a cerebrum or a cerebellum breaking its halter and having a good run before it was apprehended.

It will bring rich, red blood, firm flesh and muscle. That's what Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will do. Taken this month keeps you well all summer. 35cents. Tea or Tablets, at Frank Hart's drug store.

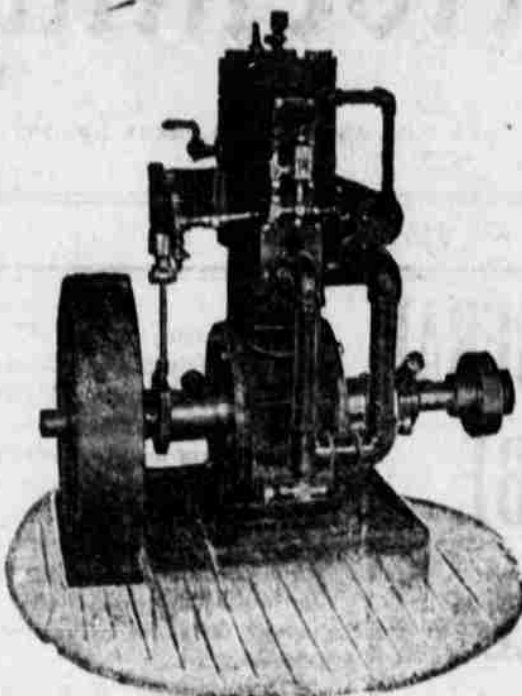
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WINES!

TYPE.	CHARACTER.	CASE		BOTTLE	
		QTS.	PTS.	QTS.	PTS.
Riesling,	Medium, light table wine	\$3.00	\$4.00	30	20
Claret	Special table wine	2.50	3.50	30	20
Zinfandel	Clean, light, table wine	3.00	4.00	30	30
Burgundy	Fine, extra mild	4.00	5.00	40	25
Port	Old Tawny, rich, light color	4.50	5.50	50	25
Sherry	Pale, clean; soft	4.50	5.50	50	25
Angelica	Very mild and rich	4.50	5.50	50	25
Muscatel	Very fruity and sweet	4.50	5.50	50	25

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