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**WEATHER.**  
 Oregon and Washington—  
 rain.

**ASTORIA'S NEEDS.**

Astoria, like every other city of any importance in the country, has many, varied and crying needs. Among those that are deemed peculiarly essential for the City-by-the-Sea are, a railroad to the Tillamook country via the Nehalem and the coast; a sea-wall from Tongue's to Smith's points; a modern and model hotel; a splendid park or system of parks; a trolley line to the coast resorts; and a few minor things, that will come of themselves, if these potent and important others are supplied. But what she needs beyond everything else, is a thoroughly aroused and clearly defined public spirit that shall balk at nothing that stands for her development. This latter acquisition pre-determines all the rest, and until she awakens to her lack of initiative, she will remain in the want column for many a day to come. You cannot build a street crossing without initiative of some sort, and the sooner this community loosens up and goes after her birth-right, the sooner she will cease to put up with a "mess of pottage." What she can't do herself she must put out inducements for others to come here and do; she must take the lead in something, in everything; and keep everlastingly at it until she gets what she needs. THERE IS NO CITY ON THE CONTINENT WITH HER NATURAL ADVANTAGES THAT IS AS DESPERATELY INERT AS ASTORIA. Built on a peninsula, every foot of which she controls in a corporate sense; with two fine bays flanking her projected boundaries; with one great, and numberless minor, rivers emptying at her very doors; with rail and water ways leading from her threshold to the uttermost confines of the home continent and to every port on the wide seas; with her full share of wealth, intelligence and culture, she has for years allowed Portland and other centers to bluff and dominate her until she has, apparently, lost all hope, confidence and high purpose. This is straight from the shoulder and there is more to come of the same sort. It is time something was doing, and this paper is going to put up a fight for it. If you don't like it, get to work and do something with the God-given, palpable, valuable, pronounced and pregnant advantages that are lying unused, unapplied, in your idle hands and turn to account the ready and right-ous utilities that are the city's own, inconvertible, incalculable, and invincible for her magnificent future if they are but employed NOW by the people who are able to give the proper impetus.

**HAVE A CREED.**

Portland is setting up a bowl of "All For Oregon", but the actual meaning of the slogan is "All for Portland"; this creed is what has made her what she is, and she "lives, moves, and has

her being" for nothing on earth but PORTLAND. Astoria must follow this example, or set a pace of her own, wholly, solely, and everlastingly, for ASTORIA. Nothing else will win.

**REPRISALS.**

A Pittsburg dispatch says the newspapers there have decided that because they are not to have passes they will hereafter report railroad wrecks accurately. Possibly the readers have not hereto found out all about railroad wrecks but certainly the public has now found out something about Pittsburg newspapers, if this dispatch is accurate.

**STILL EXPLAINING.**

Rojestvensky has found another explanation of why he didn't whip Togo in the battle of the Sea of Japan, and the Russian Minister of Marine has allowed him to publish it. He shows he nearly had Togo beaten—on paper—knew two days beforehand just where Togo was, something even the admiral of the British fleet "in alliance with Japan" didn't know. The admiral, he says, had concentrated his fleet at Wei-Hai-Wei, "in expectation of receiving an order to annihilate the Russian fleet, if this, the final object of Great Britain, was beyond the power of the Japanese." Of course, if he was to be "annihilated" immediately after, what was the use of beating Togo? He doesn't say so, but probably he expected better treatment from the Japs than from the British, who "have it in" for the Russians. The British charge d'affaires at St. Petersburg promptly demanded an explanation of the letter. This confirms the current belief that it is difficult to get a joke through an Englishman's head. The idea of taking Rojestvensky seriously will strike almost everybody else as a good joke. Rojy expects to be court-martialed, anyway, and is "sparring for his wind."

**OPERA MINUS CHORUS.**

Well, of all! Grand opera without a chorus—and successful grand opera at that! As far as the news goes, it resembles dramas that have been staged. In a certain popular play the bricklayers' union union orders out the musicians. If the housesmiths have had anything to do with this attempt to "spike" the grand opera, the maneuver is not going to prove successful. When Herr Conreid came before the curtain and made his announcement of standing "pat," he was greeted with one round of "applause," two rounds of great "applause," one of "laughter and applause," and one of "long continued applause," and only one of "whistles and cat-calls." The immense audience was content with the situation, and its sympathies were manifestly with the situation, and its sympathies were manifestly with the director and the position that he has taken. The choristers had individual contracts, but they joined a labor union; and singularly enough, they discovered a grievance almost immediately. Whatever the outcome, the position of the public was declared at that first chorusless performance when the embarrassed Conreid faced the people with his declaration of war to the knife.—N. Y. Commercial.

**MORE WORK, LESS TALK.**

If Chairman Shonts of the Isthmian Canal Commission is at all sensitive to public and official criticism over his conduct of canal affairs, it would really be doing him a kindness to suggest that the sooner he resigns the better. No man is at his best when he feels that he is constantly under surveillance on every hand for the detection of something on which to base complaint of criticism or charges. Most men are at their worst under such circumstances, in fact. Mr. Shonts has been used to the exercise of a free hand as an executive—to doing things in his own way, and then letting the results answer for his policy. But congresses and cabinets are exacting task-masters, both in the abstract and the concrete; and if the man commissioned to construct the Panama Canal can't stand ten years of snubbing and intermeddling and obstruction and annoy tactics in that quarter, it would be best not to try it. That job requires a man of ability and nerve and with a skin as thick as a rhinoceros'.

The custom the Italian denizens of New York have of celebrating holidays by the discharge of loaded firearms is a trifle uncomfortable at times, as when the pharmacist at the navy yard, who had arisen to look out his window on hearing the shrill whistling and other noises early New Year's morning, left it just in time to escape a bullet, fired from the direction of Navy street. Complaints of this practice have been made to the police by officers of the yard, without effect. Now that there is

a new commissioner, however, there may be some remedy.

For the encouragement of other beginners, it is pleasant to notice that Mr. Grover Cleveland, of New Jersey, is getting along pretty well in the insurance business, having got as far as the \$12,000-a-year jobs.

Bob Fitzsimmons refuses to make public the letter he received from President Roosevelt after his defeat. It would be pleasant if all gentlemen had the instincts of a prizefighter.

To the complaint of a Londoner that there is "too much Scotch in the Campbell-Bannerman cabinet the Syracuse "Post-Standard" suggests the addition of a little seltzer.

It might have been foreseen the revelation some time would come that nobody really could build that Panama Canal but Poultny Bigelow, and he won't.

Now the Russian version is out, it appears Rojestvensky defeated both the Japanese and the British fleets, with two exceptions.

**The Negative Pose.**

If you cannot, by chance,  
 Give a long song and dance  
 On Plato or Wagner or Shelley,  
 Or if you can't think  
 In glib Masterlinck  
 Or fluently talk Botticelli—  
 If each time you bark  
 At Rubens remark  
 At a long hair and high forehead dinner  
 You're sat on by those  
 Of the positive pose,  
 Try the negative one—it's a winner.

It's worked in these ways:  
 Gaze on all native plays  
 And show no approving emotion;  
 Inspect with sad eyes  
 And deep, penative sighs  
 All art from this side of the ocean;  
 Observe with wan smiles  
 American styles  
 In building and sculpture and letters,  
 And when you speak, why,  
 Distinctly imply  
 That the Zulus in taste are our betters.

Don't say much; 'tis best  
 To vaguely suggest;  
 Just sigh and avoid explanations;  
 Look misunderstood  
 And all to the good  
 In the matter of mind decorations;  
 Then people will say,  
 Who note your bias  
 Condition and thoughtfulness mystic,  
 "That's young Mr. Blank;  
 His mind is a tank  
 Of taste and of feeling artistic."  
 —Thomas R. Ybarra in New York Times

**A Jamaican Lady Speaks Highly of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy.**

Mrs. Michael Hart, wife of the superintendent of Cart Service at Kingston, Jamaica, West Indies Islands, says that she has for some years used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for coughs, croup and whooping cough and has found it very beneficial. She has implicit confidence in it and would not be without a bottle of it in her home. Sold by Frank Hart, and leading druggists.

Don't let your face grow old, sallow, hollow and wrinkled. If you care at all for beauty, take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. Frank Hart, druggist.

**The Word "Opera."**

The word "opera" is a case of verbal specialization. Yet the Latin word meant originally nothing more definite than "work." The specialization, however, was thorough even in the time of Dryden, who defined an opera as "a poetical tale of fiction, represented by verbal and instrumental music, adorned with scenes, machines and dancing," but the specialization is scarcely more remarkable than that of "drama," which means just "deed," "action," or of "poet," which is simply "maker."

For any disease of the skin there is nothing better than Chamberlain's Salve. It relieves the itching and burning sensation instantly and soon effects a cure. Sold by Frank Hart, and leading druggists.

**Snappier.**

"You men complain at every little pain," she was saying, "but we women, we suffer in silence."  
 "I suppose you do suffer in silence, you take so much pleasure in talk," he replied.—Baltimore News.

**Egotistical.**

Miss Angular—Have you read that article in Blank's magazine entitled "How to Be Beautiful?"  
 Miss Dimpleton—Of course not. Why should I?—Detroit Tribune.

**All Women**

should assist Nature at those times when the system is upset, the nervous tone low and a feeling of depression or languor exists. An experience of over 50 years warrants the statement that no medicine gives such prompt relief as

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