

THE MORNING ASTORIAN

Established 1873.

Published Daily by THE J. S. DELLINGER COMPANY.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

By mail, per year \$7.00
By mail, per month .60
By carrier, per month .65

WEEKLY ASTORIAN.

By mail, per year, in advance \$1.00

Entered as second-class matter June 23, 1900, at the postoffice at Astoria, Oregon, under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.



Orders for the delivery of THE MORNING ASTORIAN to either residence or place of business may be made by postal card or through telephone. Any irregularity in delivery should be immediately reported to the office of publication.

TELEPHONE MAIN 661.

Official paper of Clatsop county and the City of Astoria.

WEATHER.

Oregon and Washington, partly cloudy, with possibly showers.

THEY ELECT A DOG.

A group of workmen in St. Petersburg have elected a dog, a pet in their particular factory, to represent them in the Duoma. They claim it is economy for the state will be put to a cost not to exceed seven cents per day for his maintenance, and that he will be just as effective in securing legislation for the workingman as any other representative would be; and when one sifts the matter to the bottom, the mechanics have pretty nearly "hit the nail on the head."

EIGHT HOURS IN PANAMA.

Anyone who knows anything of conditions at the Isthmus of Panama, must laugh every time he hears anything said about the enforcement of an eight-hour law in that benighted belt. In the first place there is no human being native or foreign, who could do any sort of work there for eight consecutive hours. It is a physical impossibility; men work there in strict conformity with the conditions of the weather, and there are times for days at a stretch when the play of human muscles cannot be invoked for love nor money. The climate is one of the worst on the face of the globe and variable in the extreme. The swells who go there under the most pleasing and the safest of accessories, are mighty poor authority for the strains to which the LABORER is subjected in that belt of fever and death, and when gigantic, brawny, faithful negroes, inured to the soil and climate, lay down and die under the stress of the sun's rays, without so much as an hour's warning, there is but little to be hoped for, for the white man, no matter what may be done to ameliorate the conditions. Before the Panama canal is finished, there will be a parallel story for that which tells of a human life sacrificed for every tie that lies under the forty-seven miles of the isthmian railroad built there years and years ago.

FORTY STORIES HIGH.

New York has two skyscrapers projected either one of which would break the present record. A tower above the Railroad and Iron Exchange is to rise to a height of 404 feet. This is compared with the Park Row Building, 382 feet, and the Pulitzer building, 375 feet. It will exceed the tallest building in Chicago by some fifty feet, but will be dwarfed by the tower above the new Singer building in New York, which is to be sixty-five feet square and reach a height of nearly 595 feet.

EDITORIAL SALAD.

The thing that makes any man superior to another is his service.

Anyway, this spring reform bimes is likely to have rolled before it gets thru.

Bibles are to be put in all the rooms of the Savannah, Ga., hotels. Of course they will be attached to good, strong chains.

Expert educators are beginning to fear that girls are studying too much. Why not rig up a few naval academies for the girls?

One of the faith healers offers to cure poverty for \$5 a treatment. Here is another splendid chance for poor people to get rich quick.

The Michigan woman who left her estate to her lawyer probably thought it would be a good thing to save as much trouble as possible.

Census reports from Washington show that the bicycle business in the United States has dropped from \$20,000,000 a year to \$6,000,000.

Don't keep your eyes on the man you have just heard something bad about. It is more important that you keep them on your mouth.

The fireless stove is one of the latest inventions. Just so the good housewife gives us enough to eat is what we are particular about.

Nicholas Longworth is said to be a much better house-keeper than his young wife, who has been heard to declare that she fairly hates housekeeping.

The busy men and women of the world are they who have attained to greatness. Many such have endured hardships and practiced rigid economy to enable them to meet the demands of a large family and the greatest men this country has produced have been men who have labored with hands and brain, after acquiring a competency, remembering the years that are gone, admit that their working years were their happiest years.

Cheerfulness is the health of the mind; worry the disease. Worry in time will produce physical disease for the nerves become shaken by emotions and the general health fails under the constant mental strain. Depression, which is often caused by actual grief, is quite as often caused by lack of self-control. A good book, a brisk walk, or a chat with a cheerful friend will frequently bring one up out of the gloom. You can't be beautiful and doleful; the two don't trot in the same harness.

The age limit pension bill passed the two Houses of Congress and has become a law. Under its provisions when a soldier of the Civil War arrives at the age of sixty years, he is allowed \$6 per month without examination as to disability. At sixty-two he gets \$8; and at seventy years of age, \$12 is allowed him. While the pensions are too small the bill does away with any controversy as to disability, and gives every soldier a pension regardless of disease contracted in the war or since that war.

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, chief of the bureau of chemistry of the department of agriculture, is nothing if not cheerful. He told the house committee that has the pure food bill under consideration, there is no one in this broad land who does not live, to some extent, on poison. "There is not a food we eat that does not contain some poison," declared Dr. Wiley, gleefully. Then he plunged into technical explanations, while cold chills chased themselves up and down the spinal columns of his auditors. However, none of the members of the committee has lost his appetite to any great extent as a result of the exposure.

A bill has been introduced into the lower house of the Iowa legislature to legalize suicide. It proves that a person of sound mind who is suffering from an incurable disease, and whose death is only a matter of time, may request his attending physician to take his life at once, and the physician will be compelled, on penalty of imprisonment and fine, to call in two other competent physicians and the coroner, and if the four agree that the request is based upon an accurate knowledge of the condition of the patient, and that he cannot be cured or his life prolonged without undue suffering, then it shall be the duty of the physician, in the presence of the three men associated with him, to administer an anaesthetic until death results. The facts shall be certified to the county clerk and reported by him to the state authorities. Should the next of kin make the request or join in it for the purpose of getting the sufferer out of the way they shall be guilty of murder in the first degree.

Bowser Most Popular Man

Is Voted as Such by Members of the Old Jays Club at Last Meeting.

WOULD MAKE A SPEECH

He Is Rolled on a Barrel, His Head Is Sandpapered, and He Returns Sadder, but Wiser.

(Copyright, 1906, by McClure, Phillips & Co.)

M R. BOWSER had come home from the office half an hour ahead of time, and when Mrs. Bowser asked for an explanation he replied: "I am going out this evening, and there are two or three little things I want to see to first."



"WHO WOULD ATTEMPT TO WORK ANY GAME ON ME?" HE SAID.

else mixed up. Why they sent me special notice of the meeting tonight and said I must be sure to be there." "I was in hopes we might go to the theater." "We can go to the theater any night, but there won't be another such meeting of the Old Jays for a year." "Well, I hope you won't let them work any game on you," she said, as she saw that his mind was made up. "Game? Work any game on me?" he replied as he drew himself up to his full height and stood with folded arms. "Who would attempt to work any game on me? Who has ever attempted it? Explain your words, if you please." "They may try to make you believe that you are a great man and that—"

At 10 o'clock, as Mrs. Bowser sat reading and the cat was doing the purring act on the hearth, there came an uncer-

vain noise at the front door, a noise as of some one pawing over it. When it had continued for a couple of minutes she went down the hall and swung the door wide open. With the aid of her extended hand Mr. Bowser entered. In spite of the fact that he was bareheaded and all mussed up, that his coat pockets were full of hay, that a porous plaster had been stuck on the back of his overcoat and his patent leather shoes painted over with white paint it was Mr. Bowser.

"Come in and tell me all about it," said Mrs. Bowser as she hung up his coat and led him along to the sitting room.

He looked at her in an owlish sort of way for a minute, and then the tears started in his eyes. When he could control his emotion he said:

"Well, I got there. Everybody glad to see me. Everybody said I was a good feller. Everybody slapped me on the back and said, 'Hello, Bowser.'" "And of course you had a drink or two?" "Yes."

"And then the voting took place?" "Yes."

"And when the votes were counted up it was found that you had been declared the most popular member?" "Yes. But how did you hear of it?" "Oh, I knew about how it would go," replied Mrs. Bowser, with a laugh.

"Well, you were elected. What happened then?" "All the Old Jays took a drink at my expense. Then the president of the club congratulated me, and we had another drink. Then they called on me for a speech."

"And you remembered what I told you, I hope?" "No, I didn't. I couldn't remember nothing. I made a speech about Christopher Columbus crossing 'er Delaware, and you just ought to have heard them Old Jays clap and yell. Mrs. Bowser, that speech was a corker. Best speech I ever delivered in my life."

His utterances were getting thick and his neck becoming too limber to support his head, and of a sudden the tears came to his eyes again.

"Well, after the speech?" queried Mrs. Bowser.

"Everybody whooped and yelled and clapped their hands, and some of 'em didn't get over laughing for ten minutes. I can tell you I felt proud, Mrs. Bowser—proud and glad that I was Bowser. Had a drink. Had another drink. Had three or four drinks. Then the Old Jays jumped on to me."

"How jumped on to you?" "They said I was an old sport and a good feller, and they put me in a blanket and tossed me up to the ceiling. Yes, tossed me up over a thousand times. It was awful, awful, awful! When they got tired of that they sandpapered my bald head. Yes, Mrs. Bowser, they sandpapered the head of your loving husband and scratched matches on it."

His tears flowed and his lip trembled, and it was a long minute before he could go on.

"Then they rolled me on a barrel, painted my shoes and poured sand down my back, and when they let me go I was almost dead. I was all turned around and didn't know the way home, and it's a wonder I ever got here. Wasn't it awful, Mish Bowser—wasn't it just awful?"

"I told you I was afraid they'd play some game on you."

"Yes, you told me, but I didn't believe it. I believed you was jealous because I was such a great man. I was wrong, and you was right. Will you forgive me, Mish Bowser?"

"There's nothing to forgive, but if I were you I'd resign from the Old Jays."

"You bet I will! Never again will 'er Ole Jays make a jay of me! Where's 'er cat?"

"What do you want of her?" "Wanter beg her pardon too. I tell you, Mish Bowser—I tell you it wasn't right, and you know it, and the cat knows it, and the Old Jays know it, and—"

"I guess you'd better be getting to bed," said Mrs. Bowser as he sat blinking at her with his sentence unfinished.

"Yes. Most popular Ol' Jay better be gettin' to bed," he replied as he took her arm and was assisted upstairs. M. QUAD.

"Ajax" Defying the Motor.



"Come on, then! I'm wire haired, so mind your tires!"—Sketch.

She Didn't Like It. "Papa says I'm not old enough to marry."

"Did he? Well, I'll bet he wouldn't have liked it if somebody had asked him to wait about marrying until he was long past thirty."

"Sir"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Political Information

Announcements of candidates for office will be published in these columns at reasonable rates for men of all parties.

REGISTRATION

Registration books opened by County Clerk, Tuesday, January 2, 1906. Registration books closed for Primary Election, April 10, 5 p. m. Registration books opened after primary election, April 27. Registration books closed for general election, May 15, 3 p. m.

DIRECT PRIMARY ELECTION

County Clerks give notice of Primary Election not later than March 2. Last day for filing petitions for placing names on ballot for state, congressional and district offices, March 30. Last day for filing petitions for County officers, April 4.

DATE OF PRIMARY ELECTION, APRIL 20, 1906.

Counting votes of primary elections for state offices, May 2. GENERAL ELECTION

GENERAL ELECTION

Last day for filing certificates of nomination for state offices by assembly of electors, April 10. Last day for filing certificates of nomination for county officers by assembly of electors, May 4. Last day for filing nominating petitions for county offices, May 19.

GENERAL ELECTION, JUNE 4

BE SURE AND REGISTER

CANDIDATES & ANNOUNCEMENTS

FOR GOVERNOR. Republicans of Oregon are hereby informed that I am a candidate for the nomination of Governor at the primaries to be held April 20th. JAMES WITTHCOMBE.

FOR SECRETARY OF STATE. I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Secretary of State, and ask the support of all Republicans. F. T. WRIGHTMAN.

FOR SHERIFF. I hereby announce myself as a candidate for sheriff on the Republican ticket at the primary nominating election. EMSLEY HOUGHTON.

FOR ATTORNEY-GENERAL. The undersigned hereby announces himself as a candidate for re-election to the office of Attorney-General, sub-

ject to the approval of Republican voters at the primaries. A. M. CRAWFORD.

FOR STATE PRINTER. The undersigned announces himself as a Republican candidate for renomination for State Printer, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primary election, April 20. Now serving first term. The same courtesy that has been accorded to State officers generally, that of a renomination, would be greatly appreciated. J. R. WHITNEY.

FOR SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION. I hereby announce myself as a candidate for renomination for the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction, and solicit the support of all Republicans at the primaries, April 20th. J. H. ACKERMAN.

JUST ARRIVED

A CAR LOAD OF Our New Stock of WALL PAPER

IN ALL THE LATEST DESIGNS AND COLORS IS NOW ON OUR SHELVES AND READY FOR YOUR INSPECTION. GIVE US A CALL. NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS.

Full Line of Brushes, Paints, oils, Glass, etc., etc.

B. F. Allen & Son, Cor. Bond and Eleventh St.

First National Bank of Astoria, Ore.

(ESTABLISHED 1886.)

Capital and Surplus \$100,000

Sherman Transfer Co.

HENRY SHERMAN, Manager

Hacks, Carriages—Baggage Checked and Transferred—Trucks and Furniture Wagons—Pianos Moved, Boxed and Shipped.

433 Commercial Street [Phone Main 121]

That All Important Bath Room

You have often heard people remark "If I were ever to build, I would plan my bath room first and would not put all my money into the parlor with all its finery." That is good common sense sentiment, for the bath room is the most important of all the household.

We would like to help you plan your bath room and will gladly quote you prices on "Standard" Ware, the best and most sanitary fixtures made.

J. A. Montgomery, Astoria.

The MORNING ASTORIAN

65 CTS. PER MONTH

Astoria's Best Newspaper