

THE MORNING ASTORIAN

Established 1873.

Published Daily by
TEL 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, 1890, at the postoffice at Astoria, Oregon, under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.



Orders for the delivery of THE MORNING ASTORIAN may be made by postal card or through telegrams. 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.

Western Oregon and Washington—Fair.

YESTERDAY'S LINE-UP.

At five o'clock yesterday afternoon the last man in Oregon with aspirations for public office, by way of the direct primaries, had filed his open declaration of that ambition with the proper authorities, and it is now up to the sensible, thinking voter to pick and choose from the abundant supply of material. The long list of nominees certainly offers a wide choice to the most exacting and conscientious elector, and it is hoped the sum of conclusion reached on the 20th instant will be creditable to the state at large and to the lesser communities as well. In the state roster there are some very able and whole-some men, capable, alert, honest and inspired with the best and most serviceable creeds of government, and in the county list of Clatsop there are lots of the best men from whom to choose the officers that are to be. Of course the bulk of the primary ballot will be made up of Republicans, the Democrats having chosen to ignore the law they forced on the state, and to play the game of politics outside the pale of that statute; and this fact alone entails the imperative necessity of close scrutiny and careful selection on the part of the Republicans, so that the men chosen as standard bearers in June may not be short in a single element of strength and attraction, and that the Republican ticket shall have and receive the last vote of the party as well as the votes of those who are not to be imposed on by the lurking and subversive tactics of the Democracy. Be careful how you vote, and having voted a strong and winning group of Republican candidates, put yourself in readiness for the campaign that shall seat the last man of them on June 4th.

FULTON-ALDRICH.

There is a distinct and pleasurable feeling all over Oregon that "Our Charley," the senior United States senator from Oregon, is squarely on a par with the ablest of his colleagues in that organization of brains and power. His recent encounter with Aldrich, of Rhode Island, the arch-type of plutocratic and autocratic influence in that body, and the ease with which he met and disposed of that railway-agent's contentions on the rate bill, has made a profound impression in the senate and the country. It is now known that Oregon has one of the ablest and cleanest men in that assembly; one that is equipped to declare and fight for the highest and best policies; to make the last man in that convention of authoritative representatives listen to, and heed, him, when he speaks; to compel instant and respectful attention and ungrudging compliance to the doctrines of legal and legislative action that he announces. Good cess to him!

"The greatest show on earth" claims to have reached the limit of human daring in one of its performances. The claim will hold good—till the circus comes to town next spring.

PORT OF ASTORIA COMMISSION

The seawall of Astoria is the foremost of local projects and it is now held by those who are at the front of the movement that the best interests of the city in this behalf are to be served by creating a Port of Astoria Commission under whose official direction and authority, this big enterprise shall be launched and perfected. The commission would serve very many other important interests here, and would be a valuable adjunct in the conduct of marine matters, and give commercial prestige to the port not now enjoyed. An intelligent body of men with competent authority to act in all commercial relations will be of no end of service to the city and it is a wise conclusion that the creation of this commission is to be incorporated in the bill providing for seawall.

EDITORIAL SALAD.

The octopus feels sorry for the cat which has but nine lives.

No congressman thinks his salary should be reduced on account of age and there are some past 80.

Judging from the shop windows the rabbit is already beginning to get busy in competition with the cold storage men.

An ice palace is planned for Chicago next year. Perchance that is what the ice companies are raising ice for now.

Harvard's dormitory thief got four years. Wonder if he will be permitted to graduate in three.

A Baltimore paper refers to Hamlet as a "well-known play by W. Shakespeare." Now wouldn't that W.

Ohio leads all the states in some things it raises.—licences for instance. A prime article that sold a year ago at \$300. will bring \$1000 this year.

Some diplomatic jobs have been done up brown; that at Algiers was done up White.

A well-known actress announces her ambition to delve deep enough into medicine to discover a cure for consumption. Her press agent does the rest.

It looks now as if a prime requisite for officials of great corporations liable to investigation would come to be a convenient loss of memory.

In his quest of the ancient dodo Mr. Morgan has crossed the path of the modern dago. He has also met his hoodoo.

Arizona and New Mexico may prefer to come in leisurely, but Oklahoma wants the kind of statehood that is market "rush."

The coal consumer will be a passive spectator of the strike except to the extent that, with his usual luck, he is called on to pay, pay, pay.

A good many expositions are in prospect for the next ten years. It is doubtful if all rolled together would equal in magnitude the St. Louis world's fair.

If the proposed new style of spelling be adopted, it will knock a good many consonants out of Russia. The phonetic reformers have a fine eye for economy.

Canada has discovered that though blood may be thicker than water, the best market is the one that offers the most desirable goods at the lowest prices.

It will bother Governor Folk to write his law-enforcement plank without producing an epitaph on his ten Democratic predecessors in Missouri's executive mansion.

The result of the investigation of the big packing concern proved to be a water haul. At least, Attorney-General Moody playfully characterizes it as an "immunity bath."

The Tammany tigerites speak of the Hearst hyena. When it comes to the point the old reliable sagacious elephant will be at the head of the parade with the band wagon.

Sitting as a court of review on lynch-law decisions of the United States Supreme Court, is a ticklish proceeding even for the Atlanta News, besides being very fresh. What a paper doesn't say it never has to retract.

So much pother has been made in Washington over the extraordinary expenses of his roundabout way of returning to the Philippines that the War Department may request General Wood to chip in.

CORSON'S COUGH CURE

By Sue Clements Willis

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It was not the first time that Corson had wished Grandma Bradley never had been born to leave a recipe book to her descendants. As a boy his earliest recollections were of vile tastering messes recommended in Grandma Bradley's book for various infantile ills, but even then he had never hated the time worn volume as he did now that he was asked to carry a whole quart of her invaluable cough sirup to his mother.

It was very good of Aunt Betsy who was the custodian of the precious volume and compounder of its prescriptions, to send the gift, but a whisky bottle done up in a newspaper does not match a brand new winter overcoat, and there was certain to be some one on the train to recognize him and pass the story on.

For a moment he contemplated sending the bottle by express, but the appearance of the train prevented that, and, assuming as much dignity as his burden would permit him, he clambered aboard.

There was no parlor car on the suburban train, and the smoker was filled with laborers returning from their day's work up the road. Corson hated the smell of a pipe, let alone a half hundred, and he beat a hasty retreat to the next car.

He started forward with a word of greeting as his glance took in Eunice Barbour; but, to his surprise, that young woman favored him with a glance so chilling that he was glad to sink into the nearest seat.

He could tell from her glance that it was the bottle which was responsible for the cut, but he could not imagine Eunice ignoring him because he carried a package done up in a newspaper. He wondered what sudden freak had induced her action.

He was still puzzling over the matter when a man across the way leaned forward.

"Let's have a swig, partner," he shouted hoarsely. "I ain't had one in an hour."

Corson tried to pretend he had not heard, but his bibulous traveling com-



"YOU QUIT YOUR MASHING OR OFF YOU GO."

panion was not to be denied. "Go ahead. Be generous," he implored. "You know how it is yourself."

His voice rang through the car, and the contrast between Corson and the other was too much for the rest of the passengers. They shouted with glee, all except Eunice, who rose with white lips and made her way to the next car. Corson stood the chaff as long as he could, but at last the man's persistence won, and, with flaming face, he followed the girl.

There was a vacant seat beside her, and Corson took it. She moved over to be as far distant as possible, but it is not easy to be exclusive when sharing a narrow seat. Neither could she evade Corson's low spoken words.

"What have I done?" he pleaded.

There was no answer from the window, and he leaned a little closer.

"Surely I should have the right to defend myself," he pleaded. "I am ignorant of my offense."

This time she noticed him. With flashing eyes she turned to face him.

"If you persist in that," she said firmly, "I shall call the police."

In the car to ride pleasantly attentive.

In her interest she had shot across Corson's shoulder.

"Quit mashin' over me," she said, "or I'll quit mashin' you."

He was particular as to a station when Corson looked at her but her face was so pale she thanked him with a smile. It is evident she had been crying.

It was hard, though, to be sweetly be-

side the girl he had proposed to five days before and be denied even the right to make an appeal. He could imagine nothing except his appearance with the bundle, but surely Grandma Bradley's cough medicine was innocent enough in appearance if not in taste.

He glanced across the aisle. The giant appeared to be sleeping, but as Corson turned toward Eunice the man roused to sudden watchfulness, and Corson skillfully changed his notion to suggest that he was merely trying to look out of the window. The man was suspicious still, but not belligerent, and for the rest of the trip Corson kept his eyes fixed on the bell rope and betrayed no interest in his companion.

He was hoping there would be an opportunity at the station after the giant had gone his way, but the giant showed a very evident intention of acquiring Miss Barbour to the car, and they moved down the station platform in single file, Eunice first, Corson following and the giant bringing up the rear, ready to pounce upon Corson at the slightest chance.

Corson boarded the same car as did the girl, and the giant swung himself on to the back platform. It was evident that he was thorough in whatever he undertook, and Corson was not anxious to give him an excuse. Corson was not a coward, but he knew how little chance he would have against a man who quite evidently was used to rough and tumble, so he sat on the edge of the seat and stared at the ceiling, while his busy brain worked at several problems, all looking toward an immediate understanding with Eunice. They had had a quarrel once before, and he had been made miserable for days. He was resolved to end this as quickly as possible and to that end followed her off the car when her street was reached.

If he had hoped to escape his escort he was mistaken, for the giant got off too, and in the same order as at the station they proceeded down the street. Half a block along the Barbours' big Newfoundland came rushing up the street to welcome his mistress and perceiving a friend in Corson, threw his huge bulk against that young man.

There was an exclamation as the brute dislodged the bottle in Corson's arms, and the dog went flying up the street alarmed at the noise.

At the sound Eunice turned, her face flaming with anger, in belief that Corson had struck the dog, but the bottle at his feet told its own story, and she glanced curiously at the dark, viscous fluid slowly creeping across the sidewalk. There was a familiar odor in her nostrils, and the expression in her face turned from anger to mirth as she came toward him.

"Why, Jimmie Corson," she cried, "was that really some of your grandmother's cough sirup?"

"It was," he confirmed. "I was out to visit Aunt Betsy, and she made me bring in the winter supply."

"I had forgotten she lived out of town," she laughed, "and I thought it was whisky. Why didn't you tell me?"

"A lot of chances you gave me," he declared in an injured tone. "How could I tell you that I was more sinned against than sinning when you almost raised a riot when I tried to ask what the matter was?"

"Will you forgive me?" she asked softly, coming closer.

"On one condition," he bargained—"that you say 'Yes' to the question I asked you Wednesday."

"You said then you would give me a week," she pleaded.

"Circumstances alter cases," he decreed. "Is it 'Yes'?"

It must have been, for Corson said "Darling!" so impulsively that it reached the ears of the giant, who had drawn apart in the faint hope that there might yet be an excuse for breaking the little dude in pieces, and as he wandered back to the car his sentiments were anything but the "bless you, my children," appropriate to the circumstances.

The Welcome Guest.

Who is he? The man who calls on a woman when he is at his very best and who never stays too long. Oh, that masculine visitors knew the peril that lies in an extra half hour! Almost every woman likes to entertain men at her own home and to receive the delicate compliment of a personal call, but unless two people have the same hobby or are engaged to be married (or are about to be) any call that lasts over an hour is filled with dire threatenings. "I know two men," sighed a young woman to her best friend, "who are both handsome, intelligent, courteous and altogether delightful. One comes at odd intervals and stays until 11 o'clock. Heigho! The other arrives periodically, chats, laughs, tells the news—and leaves in half an hour. I shudder when the first comes and sigh when the other goes."

There are more things than letters that should be just long enough to make the recipient "wish there was more of it" and a call is not least among them.

Assistance.

A master of Balliol college, who slipped and fell in the snow where he had tumbled, minutes ran hotfoot to assist those who watched saw him, while the master conolly kicking his treacherous air. Another man came when the great one got up, explanation: When the toes were about to set him he was at first willing, but, of arts appeared in sight, he said, "I will be assisted by a master of arts!"

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 Clerks, Tuesday, January 2, 1906.
Registration books closed for Primary Election, April 10, 5 p. m.
Registration books opened after primary election, April 21.
Registration books closed for general election, May 15, 5 p. m.

DIRECT PRIMARY ELECTION

County Clerks give notice of Primary Election not later than March 3.
Last day for filing petitions for placing names on ballot for state, [county,] [general] and district offices, March 30.
Last day for filing petitions for County officers, April 4.

DATE OF PRIMARY ELECTION, APRIL 20, 1906.

Canvassing votes of primary elections for state offices, May 3.

GENERAL ELECTION

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

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.

Albany, Oregon.

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.

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Our New Stock of WALLPAPER

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.

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.

First National Bank of Astoria, Ore.

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The MORNING ASTORIAN

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