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Official paper of Clatsop county and the City of Astoria.

WEATHER.

Oregon and Washington - Fair; warmer.



REPUBLICAN TICKET

- For United States Senator - FRED W. MULKEY (Short term)
JOANATHAN BOURNE (long term)
For Governor - JAMES WITHYCOMBE
For Secretary of State - FRANK W. BENSON
For State Treasurer - GEO. A. STEELE
For Supreme Judge - ROBERT EAKIN
For Attorney General - A. M. CRAWFORD
For Supt. Pub. Instruction - J. H. ACKERMAN
For State Printer - W. S. DUNNIWAY
For Commissioner of Labor - O. P. HOFF
For Congress - W. R. ELLIS.
Clatsop County Republican Ticket.
For State Senator - W. T. SCHOLFIELD
For Representatives - ASMUS BRIX, JOHN C. McCUE
For Sheriff - MERRITT R. POMEROY
For County Clerk - J. C. CLINTON
For County Treasurer - W. A. SHERMAN
For County Judge - J. A. EAKIN
For County Surveyor - R. C. F. ASTBURY
For County Commissioner - C. C. MASTEN
For Coroner - S. E. LINTON
For Justice of the Peace, Astoria Precinct - P. J. GOODMAN
For Constable - JOHN SAYRE. Election June 4th, 1906.
CHARLES WILLIAM FULTON.

ability, nor to abate the expression of his best and most applicable resolution. He has maintained a splendid equilibrium in a field where poise is of the essence of success. The news wires bring from Washington the assurance that this man from Oregon, in conjunction with Senator Allison, has made it possible for the President to so adjust the fiercely contended dissensions growing out of the great railroad rate bill, that its passage is simplified and practically assured upon a basis most acceptable to the chief executive and the party dominant he is a confere of the President; he is consulted, quoted, and deferred to, by his colleagues on both sides of the chamber; he is a figure of note in the largest issues confronting the great legislature, and disposes of his allotment in these grave matters with conspicuous dignity and perspicuity; in fact, he is a senator among senators. We concede the primary advantage of all this to the man himself and are proud of the privilege, but being mindful of the state we represent and its quota in the accumulating renown, we desire to earnestly impress the fullest possible sense of these facts upon the voters who are to send up the men from Clatsop to the legislatures that will be responsible for his re-appointment to the high office he has so well administered, and to insist that his succession of himself is one of the vital issues in the coming campaign, and that no honest republican may forget it.

DOING THE DONKEY ACT.

From time immemorial, in the cartoons of the opposition press of the country, the pictorial type of the democracy has been the "donkey." The appositeness of the emblem never struck us so forcibly as in the present relation of the Clatsop democracy and the so-called Citizens' party. Only, in this instance, the "donkey" has been passed up to the Citizens; they have stabled it, fed it, paraded it, nursed it, carried it, loaned it their names, cherished it in every conceivable way, BUT THE DEMOCRATS HAVE ALWAYS RIDDEN IT, the Citizens' never! But the Citizens are getting weary of the ambiguity; they are tired of the game in which they see no compensation; the cute little animal must go back to its natural dependence, and take the care and fodder its proper owners can afford it. Skidoo, Donk!

EDITORIAL SALAD.

No married man has any illusions about women.

No man is good enough to govern any woman without her consent.

Only one couple in over 11,000 live to celebrate their diamond wedding.

Self-government is as necessary for the best development of women as of men.

A good many female faces are daily retouched about as carefully as a photograph.

God gave a touch of beauty to everything in the world and blessed woman most of all.

Two things ought to be the object of our fears, the envy of friends, and the hatred of enemies.

The girl with a secret is like a boy with his first gun. Neither is satisfied until a noise is made.

No, Jessica; because a man is hen-pecked doesn't necessarily signify that he is in the poultry business.

The girl who has no romance or sentiment in her make-up is like the pretty flower which has no perfume.

Until a woman is 100 years old she is justified in doing everything possible to make herself prettier, sweeter and daintier.

If the seat of a cane chair has sagged it may be tightened by washing in hot soapsuds and placing in the open air to dry.

It is said that Paderewski can play over five hundred compositions from memory. It is only necessary for him to read or play over a composition twice in order to memorize it.

Women, the most interesting volumes in life's library, whose bindings sometimes become monotonous but whose contents never.

The honeymoon is the first month after marriage and originated from a Teutonic custom of newly married couples drinking mead, a drink from honey, for a month after marriage.

Sarah Grand says that for the most part American women are more intelligent, more thorough, better informed, and agreeable to meet than their English sisters.

Straw hats were first heard of in England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. There is a record which shows that during the reign of James I Lord William Howard paid the then large sum of \$18 for two straw hats.

The Japanese strictly enforce a law forbidding boys under twenty years of age to use tobacco. Americans should not be behind Japan. Every state should enact laws prohibiting the sale of cigarettes and tobacco as well as for liquor to minors.

A Norwegian scientist has discovered that moss, when properly cleaned, makes a delightful and nutritious food. Two cents' worth of it will make a meal, and the scientist thinks it is destined to become the popular food of the masses. Look out for the moss trust.

The good things that we covet never seem so good after we get them. There always was more in anticipation than in realization. The automobile as it whizzes by looks awful good to the average man, but just ask one who has been trying to run one for a year or so, for his opinion of autos.

The day of cheap newspapers is drawing to an end. The postoffice department has decided to refuse second-class rates of postage to papers and magazines furnished below cost and giving premiums to secure subscribers, and the result will be the death of many papers run only for advertising purposes.

There are 800,000 miles of telegraph and telephone lines in this country at the present time which requires 32,000,000 poles. A pole lasts on an average twelve years and is made from a tree sixty years old. To maintain a continuous supply five times as many trees must be growing in the forests as there are poles in use. Experiments are being made which if successful will very materially add to the length of the life of a pole.

Dainty Lingerie.

Now that the Lenten season is so near at hand one should lay in the necessary supply of fine cambric, batiste and lace for the construction of the summer wardrobe. Lent is an unrivaled time of the year for dressmaking and sewing of all kinds, for while resting from social gaiety there is afforded a splendid opportunity for the hands to be busy, and how better could they be employed than in the fashioning of dainty lingerie, which is so much more attractive when handmade?

The illustration shows a corset waist of fine linen batiste, trimmed with tucks and ruffles and medallions of



NEW FRENCH MODEL.

lace. This model is fastened in front with tiny buttons and buttonholes, but if desired small buttonholes may be worked near the edge of the waist, through which to run narrow ribbon, or, again, a fine lace beading may be placed below the lace edging instead of the tucks. Quite evidently, however, this model is not intended for ribbon trimming. It should be fitted the correct size about the waist, the material being drawn into the cluster of tucks in the center, so as to keep all the fullness well forward. Four medallions of the valenciennes lace trim each side of the front of the cover. The lace edging about the hem of the waist is not absolutely necessary, but it certainly makes an attractive finish and requires but little lace.

THURSDAY AT THREE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS.

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SOON after Fenimore Dayton became a reporter his city editor sent him to interview James Mountain. That famous financier was then approaching the zenith of his power over Wall street and Lombard street. It had just been announced that he had "absorbed" the Great Eastern and Western railway system—of course by the methods which have made some men and some newspapers habitually speak of him as "the royal bandit." The city editor had two reasons for sending Dayton—first, because he did not like him; second, because any other man on the staff would walk about for an hour and come back with the report that Mountain had refused to receive him, while Dayton would make an honest effort.

Dayton turned in at the Equitable building and went up to the floor occupied by Mountain, Ranger & Blakehill. He nodded to the attendant at the door of Mountain's own suit of offices, strolled tranquilly down the aisle between several rows of desks at which sat Mountain's personal clerks and knocked at the glass door on which was printed "Mr. Mountain" in small gilt letters.

"Come!" It was an angry voice—Mountain's at its worst.

Dayton opened the door. Mountain glanced up from the mass of papers before him. His red forehead became a network of wrinkles, and his scant white eyebrows bristled. "And who are you?" he snarled.

"My name is Dayton—Fenimore Dayton," replied the reporter, with a gracefully polite bow. "Mr. Mountain, I believe?"

It was impossible for Mr. Mountain altogether to resist the impulse to bow in return. Dayton's manner was compelling.

"And what the dev—what can I do for you?"

"I'm a reporter from the—"

"What!" roared Mountain, leaping to his feet in a purple, swollen veined fury. "How dare you enter here?"

"But—why not?" Dayton looked sur-

prised. "No one tried to stop me."

"Impudence!"

"Pardon me—not impudence." Dayton smiled agreeably. "Impudence is unsuccessful audacity. For example, if you had failed to get the Great Eastern and Western, they'd have said you were impudent to try. As it is, men call it audacity. Now, if I'd failed to get here—perhaps?"

Mountain listened with a grim smile. He saw in young Dayton the signs of a quality he especially admired. He couldn't help softening toward him. "I stand corrected," he said gruffly. Then he laid his hand on the young man's shoulder and pointed toward the large room. "Do you see those clerks?" he demanded.

"I do," said Dayton.

"There are thirty-seven of them, and that big numskull at the door makes thirty-eight. I employ those thirty-eight men to save me from audacity such as yours. Yet here you are, in my private office! How do you explain it?"

Dayton laughed. His laugh was very contagious. "I don't know, I'm sure," he said. "Perhaps if they were the sort of men who could outwit me they'd be doing my work and I'd be doing theirs."

Mountain's eyes smiled. The longer he looked at Dayton's refined yet resolute face the better he liked it. "Sit down," he said in an ironic tone of mock resignation. "But be quick, and be careful not to irritate me with questions that are—audacious. My digestion is poor, and, therefore, my temper is not what it might be."

That is the first recorded story of Dayton's "colossal cheek." Now for the last one—the one since which his "cheek" has been thought of and spoken of, admired and envied as "Napoleonic daring."

He soon rose to be a notable special correspondent. One winter afternoon at a musicale in the studio of his friend, Brownlee the artist, he met a girl with whom he straightway fell in love. She was Elsie Grant, the only daughter of Mrs. James Wickford Grant. She had spent most of her life

abroad, and her mother was even then negotiating for an Italian prince who thought well of Elsie and also of her large dot. And then Dayton had come, and he was never the man to shy at obstacles.

He beguiled her mother into not seeing what was going on. He made love to her daughter in a straightforward way. To Elsie, who then could think only in terms of the Almanach de Gotha, it seemed the way of a Rudolph of Hapsburg issuing from his barren mountain farm in Switzerland to conquer men with his sword and women with his smile and to found an empire. When the Grants went abroad in March he succeeded in getting a roving European commission from his newspaper and went in the same steamer. He put the issue squarely before her the day before they landed. He did not speak of love until she had given him the right not only by encouraging him, but also by making it plain that she passionately wished to hear the words that lay behind his looks and tones. "Don't answer me now," he said. "I don't want you on impulse. You're going down into the country for a week. When you come up to London you will know."

He went on to London and began to cast about for something out of the ordinary to send his paper. In a Times report of a meeting of the Royal Society he found the hint he was seeking. The world renowned philosopher and scientist, Lord Frampton (Hubert Foss), had addressed the society on "The Destiny of Democracy."

"I'll interview Foss," said he to Ireagh, the London correspondent of his paper. "Everybody in America knows his name, and what he'll say along those lines will make a lot of talk over there just now."

"But"—Ireagh was an Englishman, unused to and abhorrent of American ways—"you can't do it, Mr. Dayton. Lord Frampton" with emphasis on the title, "is a very old man, almost ninety. He lives as quietly as possible—sees no one. He wouldn't think of interview- ing. He's very old fashioned, dislikes

JUST A MOMENT!

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