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Official paper of Clatsop county and the City of Astoria.

WEATHER.

Western Oregon and Washington—Showers.
Eastern Oregon and Washington—Showers and thunder storms

MUTUAL INSURANCE.

The fire insurance people are meeting with the widest possible abuse for their imposition of the 25 per cent advance they have ordered up against their Pacific Coast patronage, and it is proper they should. They have done a magnificent business on this coast and have reaped extraordinary profits, profits out of all proportion to the increments of the businesses and properties that have borne their exactions, and it is quite time some method was devised whereby insurance benefits might be held, at a modified cost; and the commercial acumen of the brightest men in the territory, is now engaged on the problem in the sheer interest of self-defence.

EDITORIALETTES.

Will somebody tell what has become of the sea-gulls? There is not a sea-winged flapping about this city!

If this agitation against the succulent sausage is kept up much longer, the stuff will pass into the realm of drugs and become a standard emetic.

There is a distinct murmur going about indicative of the need of a train car, or cars, in this city. It fills a long-felt want, and the cars would not want a fill very long, either!

Does anyone know what has become of the "citizens party" of Astoria? We have not heard of the name since the election. The democracy has digested it, hair, hide and bone!

Is it quite within the equities to ask a busy man to take on the duties of another office than the one he already fills acceptably, upon the plane of a single salary? It is economy, all right! But—!

There are people in this city who are really frightened at the result of the prohi election in '67 and '77 and look for another campaign to run the town "dry" altogether. There is a saving grace in the recent determination of the water commission to build that 20,000,000 gallon reservoir!

There may be room for deliberation and debate over specific details of the plan, but there can be no question that a parcels post system, in both domestic and foreign mails, is so desirable as to be little short of an urgent necessity.

Now that the election is past, and the "summering down" is about complete, is it not time for the appointment of the municipal committee on Charter? We have big and busy committees at work on Fourth-of-July matters, Regatta entertainment, and seawall building, yet there are lots of citizens still "unemployed," and yearning for a conspicuous post of some sort.

EDITORIAL SALAD.

Mr. Shonts declares that he will not resign from the Panama canal board. His tenacity is of the lock type.

On the eve of another effort to elect a senator Delaware exclaims: "Is Ad-dicks present? Then let the battle begin."

The czar has reached the point where he is willing to treat the douma with a little authority of a little father a la Russe.

San Francisco's destitutes have been reduced to 59,000, which is getting near the ratio of the last Democratic national administration.

A Paris dispatch intimates that the Castellane divorce case may hinge upon the question of alimony. How much does the count want?

The island of Guam is to be a central point for four cable lines, which shows estate conveniently located.

Tennessee is not in the earthquake belt, but a meeting of the democrats in state convention gives the people all the sensations of seismic disturbance.

The inalienable right of a woman passenger to change her mind is recognized among other things in the latest street car decision.

The state railroad commission of Texas has reduced passenger fares from 3 cents to 2 1/2 cents a mile. It seems that in some states the address of the railroad commissioners has been changed from Sleepy Hollow.

A Missouri Bryan paper says there will be no doubt about this state if its favorite runs again in 1908. Applying this rule, how about the country as a whole? The only northern states carried by Bryan in 1900 were Colorado, Idaho, Montana and Nevada, with a total electoral vote of thirteen.

In the opening of the Shoshone reservation this summer one railroad in Wyoming will organize a subsidiary automobile service over a gravel road 100 miles long. A railroad can not be built in a day, but little time is needed to get up steam in a skidoodle annex.

Twenty-three veterans of the civil war are in the United States Senate, of whom thirteen were confederates. In the lower house are thirty-two who served in the Union army and twelve were confederates. The total of sixty-seven civil war soldiers in Congress forty-years after a striking fact.

The unhappy plight of the Englishman in Madrid who is held as a suspect in the case of the bomb outrage, although he may be only a peaceful bank clerk on his summer holiday, serves as a reminder to Americans who purpose traveling on the continent that a passport, while usually unnecessary, is like the frontiersman's six shooter—"when you do want it, you want it bad."

The original of "Deadwood Dick" died the other day, and now the Colorado stock commissioners report that the day of the "rustler" has passed. The sale of strayed cattle and horses which are not claimed by their owners has built up a fund more than sufficient for the hunting down and prosecution of thieves, who are giving up their picturesque calling in disgust. It seems as if Easterners, would soon be obliged to make up their minds to a West without road agents, horse thieves and "bad men"; but the dime novel traditions die hard.

Even the most crabbed male derider of women's clubs will admit that the Federation's action at its St. Paul convention, in casting the influence of the organization in favor of the Pure Food bill, was creditable and fell within the scope of woman's proper activities.

The sinking of a Russian steamer by a derelict mine, a year after the ending of the war, is another argument in favor of some international agreement that shall prevent the reckless strewing of neutral waters with floating engines of destruction.

MARTYRS TO MELODY

SOME GREAT MEN WHO HAD A STRONG AVERSION TO MUSIC.

"Solos and Sonatas Give Me the Spleen." Said Sir Walter Scott. Gautier Called Music "the Most Expensive Noise on Earth."

Poverty, says some wise man, is no crime, but it is a great inconvenience. And insensibility to the concord of sweet sounds, it may also be said, though not criminal, despite Shakespeare's dictum that no man deaf to the appeal of music should be trusted, is certainly a very great deprivation. Yet, great and lamentable loss though it may be, it is a loss which has been the lot of a really extraordinary number of men and women, not merely among the rank and file of the world's workers and drones, but among those who have in various directions won distinction.

Even the poets have been divided on the subject, although one might naturally have imagined that felicity in verbal harmony would imply appreciation of music. Tennyson is reported to have remarked once to Sir Hubert Parry: "Browning is devoted to music and knows a great deal about it, but there is no music in his verse. I know nothing about music and don't care for it in the least, but my verse is full of music." In a general way the statement was very true and embodied a curious fact.

Coleridge, though he protested that he had no ear whatever and could not sing an air to save his life, yet delighted greatly in good music and, indeed, displayed excellent taste in his appreciation. He liked Beethoven and Mozart and some of the earlier Italian composers, such as Palestrina and Carissimi, and, much to his credit, loved our English Purcell. "Good music," he said, "never tires me nor sends me to sleep. I feel physically refreshed and strengthened by it, as Milton says he did."

On the other hand, Southey was insensible to the charms of music, a deprivation which was shared by Scott. In November, 1815, Sir Walter wrote to his friend Morrill of Rokeby that he was writing from a lonely fireside, his wife and daughter having gone in to Edinburgh to attend a great musical festival. "I have an indifferent good ear for a jig," he continued, "but your solos and sonatas give me the spleen, so I've remained behind to prune my oaks."

Scott, apparently, would have sympathized with Theophile Gautier, who once called music the most expensive noise on earth. Of Gautier it is also related that on one occasion when taken to task by a scandalized host for talking while some one was singing he replied, "Je ne supprime pas la musique, je ne fais que l'attenuer."

A still more famous Frenchman, Victor Hugo, objected strongly to his dramas being used as librettos. He said the music spoiled his verses. Milton took a very different view. He sang of soft Lydian airs—

Martied to immortal verse,
Such as the melting soul may pierce
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out.

The composer of the deep organ harmonies of "Paradise Lost" was probably one of the greatest music lovers in the ranks of the poets. He was a musician himself of no mean ability, and his love for the art stands revealed in many passages in his works.

Insensibility to music has been by no means confined to poets. A latter day ducal governor of Madras is said to have declared that there were only two tunes—one was "God Save the Queen" and the other "was not." He would have appreciated the remark of the Frenchman that music is "the only noise for which one is obliged to pay," a dictum with which Dr. Johnson would have cordially sympathized.

The doctor's remark at a violin performance is familiar. When a friend, noticing the great man's inattention to the dexterity displayed, remarked upon the difficulty of the performance to which they were listening, the doctor cried: "Difficult, do you call it, sir? I wish it were impossible!"

And when Boswell in a gushing fit described how music affected him so strongly and painfully, producing in his mind alternate sensations of pathetic dejection so that he was ready to shed tears and of daring resolution so that he was inclined to rush into the thickest part of the battle, the doctor simply and effectively gave him a cold

douche—"Sir, I should never hear it if it made me such a fool!"

Yet Johnson once confessed to having been impressed by solemn music at a funeral, and on another occasion, when asked by a lady whether he was fond of music, he replied gallantly that of all noises he considered it the least disagreeable. Johnson even went so far as to ask his friend, Dr. Burney, the historian of music, to teach him the musical scale. "Dr. Burney," he said, "teach me at least the alphabet of your language." Imagination rather boggles at the idea of the lexicographer in the character of a music pupil.

Lamb, again, although he numbered accomplished musicians among his friends, cared little for their melodies. He confessed to having practiced "God Save the King" all his life—"whistling and humming it over to myself in solitary corners and am not yet arrived, they tell me, within many quavers of it." On one occasion at the Novellos he managed to "weather the Mozartian storm" with the aid of soothing porter, but his power of musical receptivity was very soon exhausted, as he has explained in his own inimitable way in the "Chapter on Ears." Elsewhere he wrote:

Some cry up Haydn, some Mozart,
Just as the whim bites; for my part
I do not care a farthing candle.

WHERE HUXLEY FAILED.

One "Arc" in Which He Was Surpassed by a Porter.

Rather a good story is told about Professor Huxley when he was delivering a lecture to the Literary and Philosophical society, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The subject was "The Geographical Distribution of Fossil Remains of Animals," consequently numerous diagrams were required. Old Alexander, the porter of the institution and quite a distinguished character among the members of the society, was assisting the professor to hang the diagrams. The screen on which the diagrams were hung was not very large, and Huxley, do as he would, could not prevent the blank corner of one diagram overlapping the illustration of another one on which the professor placed great importance.

What was to be done? The professor asked Alexander to bring a pair of scissors. Lord Armstrong (then Sir William), Dr. Watson and several others were present at the time. The scissors were brought, but as the joint was somewhat loose the professor was not able to cut the paper and threw the scissors down in disgust, adding that they were useless.

"Vera guld shears, professor," said Alexander.

"I tell you they won't cut," said Huxley.

"Try again," said Alexander. "They will cut."

The professor tried again and, not succeeding, said somewhat angrily, "Bring me another pair of scissors."

Sir William Armstrong then stepped forward and ordered Alexander to go and buy a new pair.

"Vera guld shears, Sir William," persisted Alexander, and, picking up the scissors from the table and placing his thumb and forefinger into the handles, he stepped forward and asked Huxley how he wanted the paper cut.

"I tell you they won't cut," said the professor.

"Bring me a new pair instantly," said Sir William.

"A telfer, their vera guld shears, only the professor canna cut w' them," replied Alexander.

"Well, then, cut it there," said Huxley somewhat tartly, at the same time indicating the place with his forefinger. Alexander took hold of the paper and, inserting the scissors, pressed the blades together and cut off the required portion as neatly as if he had used a straightedge; then, turning to the professor, with a rather significant leer and twinkle of the eye, said, "Seence an' airt d'na gang tgether, professor."

The professor and all present collapsed. Huxley put his hand into his pocket and, taking out a sovereign, gave it to Alexander, adding at the same time, "You have done me." The same evening Alexander related the story with great gusto to a friend. When asked how he dared to make so free with such a distinguished man, he replied with great emphasis, "Lord, mon, they bits o' professor bodies ken teaching at ' except their bulks."—Westminster Gazette.

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