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Official paper of Clatsop county and the City of Astoria.

WEATHER.

Oregon, Idaho, Washington—
Fair continued warm.

QUITE COMFORTABLE, THANKS!

The current news, as it drifts over the Columbia river from the northshore communities likely to be invaded by Mr. Hill's new railway line to the mouth of that stream, is of a cheerful sort and indicates an honest belief, over there, in the genuineness of the enterprise. There is a noticeable readiness on this side of the river to take a bit of stock in the reputed project, and as long as the confidence lasts, all hands are entitled to the comfort it brings. We, of Astoria, have something altogether definite to engage our especial attention, namely, the positive assurance of the extension of the A. & C. as far south as Tillamook, and within a certain time. This is meat for us, and we are digesting the unctuous morsel with quiet satisfaction. All things come to them who wait, and Astoria is, and has been, for many years, a "star" waiter. Mr. Hill cannot come to the Columbia bar without bringing this city its modicum of largesse; this city cannot be ignored in any scheme involving the establishment of permanent improvement of any sort, in this vicinity. The Columbia river basin will contribute something always, to the city that lies at its gate, no matter what agency may direct the movement. We are glad for the Washingtonians that Hill is coming to develop their share of the district; we hope it will be something immense for the whole state on the north. What we want is to see the mouth of the Columbia taken into the commercial calculations and maritime ventures of the future. We do not care how far the benefits may extend, nor to whom they inure; Astoria will get her share of the increment. Between the two men who are "doers" of things, Astoria is going to the front, despite the influence that lurks twelve miles up the Willamette from its mouth.

THE LABOR FAMINE.

There is a widespread dearth of competent, common laborers on the Pacific coast. The farms, factories, mills, mines and railways, are short-handed everywhere. Even the trades are none too well supplied with trained men. Wages are going up all over the land, and the wilfully idle man is in a class with the hobo. Just where the shortage is going to land the newly broached enterprises all over the country, is a mystery. That the reaction will come is infallible. And the wisdom of the employer, and the employed, should be eagerly at work forestalling the conditions of that hour. It is one of those things in which capital and labor are indissolubly and co-extensively mixed up; and the blunder of either falls heavily on the other. In the moment of prosperity provide for the day of reversion. It will come just as surely as the sun shines. The work of the world must go on; commerce cannot stand still, and exigencies like the present, make for the labor of the alien. The Japanese, the Chinaman, the South Sea islander, the foreigner of any and all sorts, is impressed, to carry on the imperative junctions of the work-a-day world. It may not be right in the sense that the white man has the first right to the task of the day and its emolument, but it is the inevitable outcome of labor famine everywhere, and it must be

borne, in good part, by all concerned. When the situation eases up, and the demand is more easily met, will be time for adverse expression.

THE HOTEL.

Every day that passes over the heads of Astorians but amplifies the necessity for a first-class hotel in this city. It is the one thing she has not got. Not another season must pass with such a delinquency. The city is growing too rapidly to longer ignore so palpable an advantage as an up-to-date hostelry. There is wealth enough right at home to provide this thing, and there is the amplest sort of return awaiting the investors. The continued absence of this essential adjunct to the business life of Astoria, is injuring her; she is discredited everywhere, as the city without a hotel. The proprietors and managers of such houses as we have are making the best of the situation and doing all in their power to keep the local houses at a margin of excellence that will compensate in some measure for the dearth of the real accessories that the ordinary traveling public is used, and entitled, to; but it will take something bigger and better and more modern in the hotel line than we possess at present to fill the exactions of a discriminating patronage.

DOPED MILK.

There is considerable talk round about Astoria these days regarding the habit of the milk dealers doctoring the milk they sell with some kind of dope to keep it from souring. It may be harmless enough stuff, but in the light of the late, lamented exposures throughout the country, as to doctored edibles and drinkables, it is expedient that our milkmen stop it, and stop it at once; for the people are not in a humor to tolerate anything of the sort at the present time. The comments are becoming very general, and not at all complimentary. "A word in time," etc.

EDITORIAL SALAD.

There are over 7,000 parts in a well-known 24-horse-power motor car.

The American Farm Products company, according to its prospectus, is one of the "good trusts."

"Two pints of milk make one quart," says an exchange. So does one pint of milk and one pint of water.

Adams and Eve were lucky. They had no fool friends who wanted to be funny when they started away on their honeymoon.

Bernard Shaw's assertion that "we are all more or less rascals" looks like a lame attempt to justify the villains in his plays.

A French doctor declares that all a man has to do to live 150 years is to make up his mind to do so. That sounds like a New Year's resolution.

If, as the poet says, a room hung with pictures is a room hung with thought, what would a village barnyard fence be called after the circus poster has been around?

Goods sold by a trust in Missouri need not be paid for, is the latest ruling. There are lots of goods sold on trust in Astoria that are never paid for, whether they ought to be or not.

The postmaster of Detroit declares the women workers in the postal service look for the easy jobs. For reasons not necessary to mention, he fails to give the names of the men not looking for the soft places.

A Connecticut preacher has declared that Adam was not the first man. The Connecticut gentleman, it will be noticed has taken the precaution to wait until there would be absolutely no danger of Adam's bringing witnesses to substantiate his claim.

The census committee of the house at Washington has made the interesting discovery that the schedules of the first census, taken in 1790, when the United States were but a year old are still in existence, giving the names of all the inhabitants at that time. It is now proposed to reprint that report verbatim, as a great service to people who wish to trace their ancestry back to the birth of the republic.

Any husband who, tiring of the wife of his early years of struggle, seeks to divorce her in his later years of success, and stops not at the most infamous accusations to gain his point, must needs have sunk to a very low level. His moral degeneracy would need no other proof, even though he were able to substantiate his charges, which in the present case seems unlikely.

SHAKESPEARE DOWN TO DATE

Modern Translations of the Bard of Avon's Historic Masterpieces

OTHELLO

By STRICKLAND W. GILLILAN.

HERE was once a brunette gentleman living in Venice among the white trash and other nobility. His name was Booker T. Othello, and he was the only man of his complexions who had ever put his brogans under the Venetian white house's napery.

Whenever he came up from Tuskegee he was consulted about affairs of state and made a perfect fool of. He was a wise one in the matter of war, and as Venice usually had one war on hand and two on the waiting list, she kept this African immigrant busy planning how to clean somebody.

One of the sugar senators at Venice at that time was Brabantio, who was enthusiastic as others with regard to the ex-Pulman porter. He thought Othello would be a good man to manage the affairs of Cyprus, a territory with an alkaline reaction, which had not yet been admitted as a state. So he concurred in the appointment of his dingy nibs to that job.

As soon as the new appointee took his place he fired an under secretary to the governorship, named Iago, and appointed a friend of his named Cassio. He gave Iago some sort of dinky job that wasn't under the civil service rules, and that made the late secretary sore. The latter job paid nearly as much salary, but the chances for graft were very seldom. So Iago began to plan to get even, and from the latest accounts he sure did.

Now, while that man Brabantio thought Othello was a right and proper person to entrust with the management of Cyprus, he had never thought of the coon in the light of a son-in-law. "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," but, preserving the figure of speech, a negro by the name of son-in-law would smell worse, though Brab. He had had Othello at his house to spend the evening many a time, and the man had told yarns of his African campaigns and fights with the cannibals and other non-vegetarians, while Senator Brab's daughter sat around with her mouth looking like the entrance of the Hoosac tunnel. "Thell had noticed this, and was keen enough to know that the girl was pretty groggy on him. So next time he would make up and hand out a worse thriller and Desdieu was a whole lot willing than she cared to admit, but she let him know it was a go.

Now, this fired secretary, Iago, had said to Rodrigo, a friend of his who was crazy about Des:

"Rod, I'm sore about getting the guillotine when the smoked savage turned the rascals out; and I think I can make trouble enough to help us both some. A tin-badger detective I employed tells me that Senator Brabantio's girl is about to skip with this patent-leather finish governor of ours. All we have to do is to put Brab next, stir him up good and plenty about it, and let nature take its course. I'm going to come up good and strong as Thell's confidential only-one-to-be-trusted friend, and play both ends against the middle. You can do a man lots more dirt as his friend than you can as his enemy."

So they got alantern and went around to Brab's dump, and hollered him out. Iago asked him if his daughter was home and Brab's answer was all it should have been. Then Iago and Rodrigo got busy hinting to Brab that Desdieu was out with the ebony. Again Brab arose to the linguistic emergency, and Rod and Iago squatted until the words quit hitting the ground around them. Then Iago said:

"Of course you have always been sore on Rod for fooling around youn girl, and, of course, I'm a well-known liar. But if you'll search your Desdieu's boo-dwor at this present moment you'll find her missing. Otherwise, you can come out and go around the corner with us and say what you'll take."

So down to Desdieu's stall toddled papa, but no Desdieu. Then there was more trouble than you could shake a stick at. He said he wished he'd married her to Rodrigo or anybody that was white. He joined the two muck-rakers and got a lot of innocent bystanders to fall in, and away they went to Othello's shack, the old man swearing at every jump that the girl had been hypnotized.

When they found the pair, Iago had trotted on ahead and innocently warned them that he believed some one was coming, and that they had better hit the grit. He knew mighty well how that would affect Thell. No sprinting for the coon. He would stay and see what was what. But about the time the mob got its tar warm and the feathers dumped in, somebody threw a scare into Venice by announcing that the Turks were coming with about a million big ships to make the Venetians hard to catch, and Thell was needed right away with his razzar. So he and his wife went with Senator Brabantio to court, and after the matter had been presented to the au-

thorities the man that corresponded to the president said:

"If your daughter wants to go on with this mess alliance, and is really in love with his black sheepship, let her take him. It's about the only thing to do. Speak up, Desdieu. Is he your only only?"

"Right along," said Desdieu. "I take to him jus the same as ma took pa. It's him, or none for mine."

Then Brab said:

"Run along then, girl. I'd be a heap jollier if this was your funeral, and it's a mighty good thing for your sisters that you're my only child."

Then they sicked Othello onto the approaching Turks and meeting was out.

Desdieu went with Thell to the war, "for," she said, "there won't be anything doing at home if I stay, only have 'nigger' thrown up to me all the while. I'd just as leave go and be in Cyprus, with the army."

So she went, chaperoned by Mrs. Iago, who stayed with the sutler's wagon a few miles in the rear.

Then came the storm. What would Shakespeare's plays have been without storms? He used a great deal of sheet-iron in his pieces, and plenty of horse-fiddle windstorms. This storm that hit Cyprus at the right moment was a corker. It nearly broke the thunder machine, and two new ratchets had to be put in the wind-maker next day. That Turkish fleet was as easily submerged as if it had been a Russian flotilla and met a Japanese torpedo pleasure expedition. Othello had no more fighting to do than a rabbit. His razzar stayed right in its case.

In the intervening period Iago had been busy with that Rodrigo guy. He had contracted to make Othello jealous of his new assistant, Cassio, and he proceeded systematically and with a cunning that would make old Nick look like an amateur to get in his work. He got Cassio drunk and managed to let Othello catch him that way. Othello fired Cassio that minute. Iago went and told Desdieu what Thell had done, and asked her to speak a word for Cash with the boss. She was awfully sorry for the fired lieutenant, who was filled with next morning regrets and promises.

Iago coaxed his wife to get from Desdieu a bandana handkerchief of peculiar pattern that Thell had given her for an engagement present. He didn't tell his wife what it was for, but he just coaxed and coaxed, till one day when Othello had been driven into a splitting headache by Iago's kidding him about Desdieu being untrue, Desdieu was tinkering with the Mor's think-tank and dropped the aforesaid bandana. Mrs. Mephisto picked it up and took it to hubby.

About that time Mrs. Iago began to smell a mice. She asked her husband two or three times what he wanted with that rag, but he wouldn't tell. He just snatched it and went and dropped it in Cassio's room so somebody else would find it there and so Cassio would have a hard time explaining it to his own lady friend.

Iago also had Othello hide and hear Cassio talk about this aforesaid misguided lady friend who wanted to marry him, Othello thinking all the time it was his Desdieu that Cash was laughing about and roasting.

Like the intelligent beast he was, he believed everything Iago told him about his wife and Cassio, and when Des, who was as innocent as a last year's bird's nest, kept her promise and tried to get him to give Cassio back his head clerkship, that looked still worse to the enameled one. He called her all sorts of names except a lady, and had her going south at a great rate. She thought he was off his nany, and treated him accordingly. Mrs. Iago was all in the dark and couldn't help out a particle, but she put in a great deal of time condemning the practice of inter-race marriages.

Still, there was no peace for this busy Iago. Rodrigo came along and said:

"See here, Mister Smarty, when are you going to have that woman so sore at the liberian that she'll come to me? That contract of yours is about expired, and I haven't had any results that I can notice. I'm from Missouri."

"Well," exclaimed Iago, making it up as he went along, "the woman has fallen in love with Cassio now, and if he were out of the way all would be right. The way Cassio talks about that woman is just awful, as I showed Thell himself the other day. You kill Cassio—easy enough job, only take a minute or two—and I'll see that the goods are delivered."

"Aw, I don't wanta," grinned Rodrigo, bashfully, digging in the ground with his big toe.

"Then you don't want Desdieu the way I thought you did, and I'm awfully disappointed in you."

"Oh, all right, if you feel that way about it," said Rodrigo, blushing like a school-girl and after pulling out his sword.

So, after a little fine lying to Cassio,

the main plotter got him and Rodrigo to meet and stab one another. That disposed of the two persons who had been annoying him on the side, and he was ready to go on with his devilment-in-chief.

The black governor in the meanwhile had been having another session with his wife, and as often as she denied being what she was accused of, she said, innocently, the very thing that would make her man believe she was all kinds of a yamer. It wasn't nice of Mr. Shakespeare to have her say those things, for it made matters worse for both of them. Before Desdieu had gone to her room she had told Mrs. Iago that she believed something was going to happen. Her corns were hurting her like the mischief, and her left ear was burning dreadfully.

"Mealy," she said to Mrs. Iago. "I had a chiropodist who worked steady for me once who went bugs over a man, and she took one of the worst cases of the wozories ever noticed. She hung her head one side in a way to make your back hair come loose, and sang a song, 'Willow,' all the time. I've simply had to hold myself all evening to keep from singing that foolish song."

Mealy gave her some soothing syrup and put her to bed, and after a bit the governor came along and dismissed Mealy for the night. He told Desdieu about Cassio's injury; she looked worried, and he was sure the worst was true.

Whistling gayly some popular air, he gathered Desdieu up in a patchwork quilt her grandmother had pieced for her, and loved her so hard she hasn't breathed

any since. While he did it, he called her a name occasionally and told her he loved her, gosh blame her.

About the time he was through quieting her Mealy came breaking in, the explanation began, everybody told on Iago at once, Rodrigo and Cassio adding their dying testimony to Desdieu's, the bandana incident was cleared up, the Moor saw what a fool he had been, turned Iago over to an assistant to kill as many ways as he could think of, then fastened himself on his own sword.

Moral—If a sorehead isn't killed pretty quick after he loses his job, he can do a lot of dirt.

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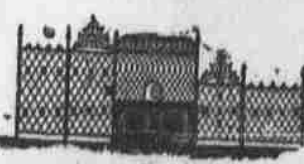
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