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TELEPHONE MAIN 66.

WEATHER.

Oregon, Washington, Idaho—
Fair and warmer.

EATABLE MEAT NOW.

The new meat law is now in effect and this fact means a great deal more than any but the packers and handlers of meat suspect. The fact that only such meat products as are duly tagged "inspected and passed" can be carried as interstate freight by the railroads of the country and the further fact that this form of tag can be obtained only by those establishments which have obeyed the clean-up order and have otherwise prepared themselves to pass government inspection, is a fact effective and prompt regulation of the meat business; and always has been possible. About one-eighth of the packers who were notified to reform their plants have not done so, and they will have to dispose of their products in the States where they are located. It is now the duty of the various States to discover who are the forty or so packers and if they are merely behind in their renovation or if they propose to defy the requirements of decency and the law. The significant and memorable thing about the meat-packing reform is the more than remarkable promptitude which has marked it. The whole matter, from first agitation up to yesterday, when the law went into effect, has occupied but a few months. The law is a monument to the efficiency and celerity with which American public opinion moves toward legal enactment, when ably and earnestly directed.

MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

The mayor of Akron, Ohio, is asking the mothers to join him in a crusade against the "mashers" who are said to be particularly troublesome on the streets of that city, and his proposition is a novel one. He does not want the mothers to go out and give the mashers a drubbing, but he urges that they can help materially by keeping a more strict restraining hand on their girls. Mashers find encouragement in their occupation by the willingness of too many girls to engage in flirtations on the streets, and the mayor suggests that the mothers administer a spanking to their daughters who persist in going downtown at night seeking adventure. Many mothers, it is reported, have consented to comply with his request.

The expediency or probable effectiveness of such a method of correction may well be doubted. Girls who are old enough to flirt are beyond the spanking period, and with the average girl corporal punishment is more likely to work harm than good. It is unfortunate for the mothers and the daughters when proper maternal influence is not strong enough to control without a suggestion of physical punishment.

There is unquestionably truth in the assertion of the mayor of Akron that girls are themselves responsible for a large amount of "mashing" that is done not only there, but in every city. Very seldom will a girl conducting herself modestly be annoyed or insulted on the streets.—Spokesman Review.

A SUICIDE.

There are many things to disprove the notion that a life of sordid repression of humane feelings can go on to an unperturbed end. Suicide, from one cause or another immediately, may be an instance of the ultimate revolt of

emotions denied their normal exercise. The business in which Al Adams amassed the wealth that failed to make old age tolerable to him was one nobody could possibly follow if he had the ordinary sentiment of pity for the poor. For him the vice of gambling, which makes poverty frightful and hopeless, was something not to be checked, but to be encouraged for his own profit. It was reported he said his business was as legitimate as that of the grocer or the butcher. Only greed triumphant over every helpful instinct could lead him to express that view. His occupation was such that his income was in direct proportion to the prevalence of misery, vice and crime among the poor. When his perverted feelings claimed the right to control his action at last, it was in a wild or maudlin moment, which resulted in stretching out his self-mutilated body, dead. Forfeiture of his own life was the logical outcome of abnormal contempt for the lives of others, and of a career inspired only by avarice—Brooklyn Union.

DOER, OR PREACHER.

If the present New York campaign shall teach nothing else, it certainly should impress upon the wide awake citizen and voter the world wide things and the man who merely finds fault because things are not done. It is the ever-brilliant Bernard Shaw, who sums up this difference in his pithy, "He who can, does; he who cannot, preaches." It matters not whether one preaches from the pulpit, in his daily utterances, or in a string of papers. The point to determine is, does a man who asks for your faith in his power to achieve do so on the strength of mere words, mere rhetorical flourishes, the blare of type and the blattancy of sounding phrases, or does he point to a record of achievement as a public servant? Have his words been essential to or started any movement for reform or human weal, for better politics or institutions? What has he done to make life better worth living for others as well as himself?—Ex.

CUBAN AND UNITED STATES.

The growing commerce of the United States with Cuba is shown by the statistics for the fiscal year 1906, which ended June 30. The increase in shipments to Cuba, while visible in many articles, occurs chiefly in the manufacture of iron and steel, of which the total exports to the island were \$9,879,648, against \$8,164,908 in 1905. The total American exports to Cuba aggregated \$47,763,688 last year. This was 25 per cent greater than 1905, 75 per cent greater than in 1904, and about 120 per cent greater than in 1903. The imports from the island fell slightly below those of 1905 due to the fall in the price of sugar. Of the five articles forming the bulk of American imports from Cuba, sugar amounted in value to \$60,000,000, tobacco \$13,500,000, cigars and cigarettes \$4,000,000, iron ore \$2,000,000 and bananas, \$1,000,000.—Oakland Tribune.

EDITORIAL SALAD.

The Republicans of New York marched onward; the opposition took a header into rank radicalism.

The season is approaching when buckwheat cakes will be served swimming in glucose, flavored with hickory chips. For particulars of this consoling nature, watch the pure food labels.

Nothing remains for McClellan and Jerome of New York except to compete with Grover Cleveland in hunting ducks. The Democratic party is in the hands of radicals who are sweeping it into socialism.

"In spite of ourselves," says Admiral Dewey, "we have become a world power and have to do a world power's work." If the admiral's promptitude is the rule, no man will be lost in meeting the requirements.

Within ten years, it is prophesied, communication will be opened with the planet Mars. Our neighbor is said to be older than the earth, and may cautiously answer the first question with "I have nothing to say."

Mr. Hearst and Mr. Bryan should exchange testimonials. Their candid opinions of each other would add to the interest of the campaign and there is no danger of injuring democratic prospects, now represented by a row of goose eggs.

There is nothing that takes away the beautiful, womanly charms like a plodding, stooped, awkward carriage. There is absolutely no excuse for that as long as Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea is made. Tea or Tablets, 35 cents. For sale by Frank Hart.

Organization Is the Trend Of the Time

BY REV. DR. LYMAN ABBOTT

THE age of competition all around is giving place to the age of CO-OPERATION AND COMBINATION. It is vain for men to try to prevent people from organizing. The whole trend, sweep and current of our time is toward organization. It is a movement ever forward, upward and toward a larger, better AND NOBLER LIFE. So it is in religion, for religion is not a mere relation between the individual soul and its God. It also is a relation of man to his fellow man, and we are moving not toward a church united by a common creed, but toward a church animated by A COMMON DOMINATING PURPOSE.

In the future all these denominations which came together through their representatives at the Mohonk peace conference will be united by no common set of formulated beliefs, but by a common spirit and a common aim. For the spirit of the twentieth century is the recognition of the brotherhood in religion, BROTHERHOOD IN INDUSTRY and brotherhood in politics.

The nineteenth century has been an age of energy and enterprise surpassing in these respects all other ages, but it has had its vices, and some of these still are among us. The first vice of our American life is our ambition to accumulate, to struggle each man only for himself and his own and then to measure his place in the world by his SUCCESS IN ACCUMULATING. Our second vice is the lawlessness of self will—the putting of self will above the law, which is the will of the community. And the third is the false standard. I am not condemning men, remember, because they have amassed fortunes. I am not attacking multimillionaires. It is better to be a multimillionaire than to wish you were one AND NOT HAVE THE ABILITY TO GET THERE. The evil of the multimillionaire is the concentration of wealth with a sordid aim and a FALSE STANDARD.

The remedy for the ambition to accumulate, for the self will and the false standard is recognition of the fact that society is not a mob of individuals struggling one with another, each caring only for himself and his family, to see what he can get out of the common pile, but an organism, a personality, in which every man is to serve every other man, in which the common interest is to be the supreme object of every one's endeavor. There must be recognition of the commonality of the nation, the personality of the nation, and every citizen, instead of voting and working for his own interest alone, must put forth his energy FOR THE NATIONAL WELFARE. Such men we have that belong to no party. You may not agree with their policy. You may criticize their party. Their temperament may not be favored by you.

YET YOU CANNOT BUT BELIEVE THAT SUCH MEN ARE RECOGNIZING THAT THERE IS SOMETHING ELSE TO BE DONE IN THE STATE THAN TO MAKE THE GOVERNMENT SUBSERVIENT TO INDIVIDUAL INTEREST OR A PROTECTORATE OVER INDIVIDUAL INTEREST.

THAT MILWAUKEE ROAD.

NEW YORK, Oct. 6.—The report from Milwaukee yesterday, that the stockholders of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad had authorized the directors to issue \$75,000,000 new preferred and \$75,000,000 additional common stock caused little surprise in Wall street, which accepts the report as true. Chairman Roswell Miller of the St. Paul board declined to discuss the subject. The general belief is that the new stock will be issued to push the Pacific coast extension of the St. Paul to completion. A significant fact is the report that negotiations have been resumed with the Pacific Coast company for the purchase of the valuable terminal facilities at Seattle. The terminals are said to be worth \$25,000,000.

Another big shipment of the San Francisco earthquake books have just arrived at the Astorian office and are ready for subscribers. Come early and avoid the rush.

A Poem for Today

ON AN INTAGLIO HEAD OF MINERVA

By Thomas Bailey Aldrich

PHIDIAS (Phid-i-as, accent on the first) was a famous Athenian sculptor. Ennio Quirino Visconti was a famous Italian archaeologist, who at one time was custodian of certain ancient art works in the Louvre. He was also an excavator of ancient ruins and a writer.

THE cunning hand that carved this face,
A little helmeted Minerva—
The hand, I say, ere Phidias wrought,
Had lost its subtle skill and fervor.

Who was he? Was he glad or sad
Who knew to carve in such a fashion?
Perchance he shaped this dainty head
For some brown girl that scorned his passion.

But he is dust. We may not know
His happy or unhappy story,
Nameless and dead these thousand years,
His work outlives him—there's his glory!

Both man and jewel lay in earth
Beneath a lava buried city.
The thousand summers came and went
With neither haste nor hate nor pity.

The years wiped out the man, but left
The jewel, fresh as any blossom,
Till some Visconti dug it up—
To rise and fall on Mabel's bosom!

O Roman brother, see how time
Your gracious handiwork has guarded,
See how your loving, patient art
Has come at last to be rewarded!

Who would not suffer slights of men
And pangs of hopeless passion also
To have his carved agate stone
On such a bosom rise and fall so?

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