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Official paper of Clatsop county and the City of Astoria.

WEATHER.

Western Oregon, Washington
Increasing cloudiness and cooler. Strong winds on the coast.

THE INSUPERABLE FACT.

The columns of the Astorian are, of course, open to a discussion of any and all matters of public interest; however, we fail to see any practical good of prolonging a discussion of the matter under consideration.

To the time when the mind or recollection of the oldest inhabitant knoweth not this matter of depth of water on the Columbia river bar and in the river between Astoria and Portland, has been written and talked about; and the old song of how Glasgow, Antwerp, Rotterdam, etc., have continued to do shipping business in spite of the fact that they were situated up a river, and not at the entrance, has lost its charms and is stale and unprofitable, especially when the up-to-date facts in this matter are all against the subject of the song.

The railroads, or rather Oregon's transcontinental railroad, preparing to build to Puget Sound, and much of the import and export shipping trade of Oregon, and that which naturally should be done direct from Oregon, is drifting in that direction, signifies that it is high time the business men of the State of Oregon should get together and formulate a plan of campaign in the interests of all concerned.

The position of the Astorian on this question is well known; that is, the deepening of the Columbia River Bar, first, last and all the time, all other projects to be held in abeyance until that is accomplished!

All those whose opinions are worthy of consideration agree on this matter, amongst them being the U. S. engineers, The Astorian and Oregonian, and also the best posted men on such matters in the state; therefore, while recognizing the power of "Printer's Ink," we reiterate the declaration that the time has come for action of the most palatable sort.

CAREER VERSUS HOME.

Home, sweet home, whether it is a father's home or a husband's home, is no longer the goal of a girl's ambition. It does not even appeal to her. A cynical man once declared that a home was a place to go to when one couldn't go anywhere else, and the modern maiden looks at it pretty much from that point of view.

a home is the most mischievous theory in the world.

HONOR FOR PROTOTYPE.

Bow low your head, do reverence to the old man once like you. The vicissitudes of life have silvered his hair and changed the round, merry face to the worn visage before you. Once the heart beat with aspirations, crushed by disappointment as yours, perhaps, is destined to be.

THAT CUBAN CONSTITUTION.

The mildly inquisitive, with fond remembrances of the time when the dove of peace had its permanent address in the "Pearl of the Antilles," as per official information, might be pardoned for questioning the reference to the Cuban constitution, in view of the fact that the present dissonance seems to have driven that bird to the seclusion of a cyclone cellar.

EDITORIAL SALAD.

The American woman is apt to have a figure. At the age of 30 her hair waist line begins to thicken, and by the time she is forty it is gone.

A new story relates that a boy said that he knew the name of the beau sister had in the parlor last night. It was George Don't. He had heard her call him George Don't a dozen times or more.

Of course, walking suits have the short skirt, which in nine cases out of ten is circular, like the longer ones. But, after all, longer skirts are gaining in favor more and more every day.

The Pennsylvania, Erie and Delaware & Lackawanna railroad companies have announced reductions in maximum passenger rates from three to two and a half cents per mile.

Be polite to your children. Do you expect them to be mindful of your welfare, to grow glad at your approach, to bound away to do your pleasure before your request is half spoken?

There are 386 lawyers in the national house of representatives and sixty-one in the Senate. The other members must feel that they are but small fish in the legislative pool.

Some eastern railroads are cutting passenger rates to 2 1/2 cents a mile. That is the logical outcome of shutting off passes for the innumerable army of sublimated deadheads.

It is not generally known that Uncle Sam employs no less than thirty-two women to attend to the lighthouses of the United States. The pay is from \$500 to \$650 a year.

Dr. Osler's mother is living, at the age of 100, in Toronto. She is reported to be bright and spry, too. Long may she live on to exemplify the absurdity of her son's theory.

Stripes and still more stripes, are being used, but the ways the stripe is achieved have surely taxed the ingenuity of designers and manufacturers to the utmost.

The summer girl in bare arms and arrayed in attractive peek-a-boo waist will soon give place to the autumn girl in colors and other bewitching adornments.

The exports to Cuba for the fiscal year 1906 were in value \$47,763,688 as compared with \$38,000,000 in 1905.

Philadelphia has a social organization which is trying to make it appear that a woman is a girl until she is 40.

Boys, be careful about borrowing money, for the dollar you borrow will seem as big as the Ferris wheel when you come to pay it back.

This would be a queer world and queerly governed if any one man or any

The English Sense of Humor

By GEORGE ADE, American Humorist and Playwright

ALL humor is local. What is funny in Chicago isn't funny in New York. It is the same the world over. LOCALITY HAS EVERYTHING TO DO WITH IT. The English have a sense of humor, of course, but it is very different from ours.

American humor does not appeal to the English people because they can't appreciate it right away and don't care enough about it to investigate it. If an English show is presented on this side we all go and make a fuss over it and over the actors.

That is one thing that I resent very much—the American adulation for everything British and the way the British treat the Americans. They always talk down at one from an angle of forty-five degrees.

WHEN AN AMERICAN ACTOR GOES OVER THERE HE IS RECEIVED AT THE STATION BY HAVING THREE HUNDRED POUNDS OF ICE PUT IN HIS LAP, AND THAT IS ALL HE GETS WHILE HE IS OVER THERE.

No kind of American plays really go well in London. Take "Arizona," a corking play. They simply say over there, "We don't know who these chaps are or what they are about."

THEY CAN'T EVEN BE FOOLED INTO APPRECIATING IT OR OTHER GOOD PLAYS LIKE IT.

set of men were allowed to run it according to their own sweet will.

The cussedness in a boy is now being removed by an operation on the brain. The old fashioned way was to take it out of the hide.

SERVICE OF PRAISE.

Enjoyable Sunday Evening Spent at Presbyterian Church.

A large and appreciative audience filled the First Presbyterian church on Sunday evening last to hear the Service of Praise.

The choir, consisting of Mrs. Stephenson, Miss Rannells, Miss Stephenson, Mrs. Swift and Messrs. J. T. Ross, Wm. A. Smith, G. W. Larner and G. L. Zeigler, did excellent work in the rendering of the hymns and anthems.

Too much praise cannot be given Mrs. C. H. Callender, Miss Mikkelsen, Miss Frederickson, Miss Rannells, and Mr. Zeigler for their fine solo work. The names of these well known artists were ample guarantee of the success of the service.

The following program was rendered:

Solo, "Hold Thou My Hand"—Mrs. Callender.

Violin Solo—Miss Fredrickson. Solo, "Thy Will Be Done"—Mr. Zeigler.

Solo, "Thou Knowest, Lord" (Mendelson)—Miss Anna Mikkelsen.

Anthem, "Praise the Lord"—Choir. Solo, "Jerusalem Thou That Stonest the Prophets" (from St. Paul)—Miss Grace Rannells.

Anthem, "O Give Thanks"—Choir. Miss Maud Ross most ably presided at the organ and much of the success of the service is due to her and also to Mrs. Stephenson, the leader of the choir.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

showed, at the battle of Austerlitz, he was the greatest leader in the world. Ballard's Snow Liniment has shown the public it is the best Liniment in the world. A quick cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Burns, Cuts, etc.

A Poem for Today

SEVEN TIMES ONE

By Jean Ingelow



JEAN INGELOW, poet and novelist, was born at Boston, Lincolnshire, England, in 1839 and died in London in 1907. Her quiet, uneventful life was passed among peaceful surroundings and was devoted to literature.

THERE'S no dew left on the daisies and clover, There's no rain left in heaven, I've said my "seven times" over and over— Seven times one are seven.

I am old—so old I can write a letter— My birthday lessons are done, The lambs play always; they know no better; They are only one times one.

O moon, in the night I have seen you sailing And shinning so round and low! You were bright—ah, bright!—but your light is failing; You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven That God has hidden your face? I hope, if you have, you will soon be forgiven And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow; You've powdered your legs with gold! O brave marsh Mary buds, rich and red! Give me your money to hold!

O columbine, open your folded wrapper, Where two twin turtle doves dwell! O cuckoo pint, toll me the purple clapper That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest with the young ones in it; I will not steal them away; I am old; you may trust me, Janet, Janet! I am seven times one today.

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