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TELEPHONE MAIN 661. Official paper of Clatsop county and the City of Astoria.

WEATHER.

Eastern and Western Oregon—Rain. Eastern and Western Washington and Idaho—Rain.

CLATSOP'S COURTHOUSE.

Primarily, the absolute need of a new and commodious courthouse in this county, is beyond all controversy. And this initial conclusion is followed fast and sequently by the other essential that the convenience must be supplied at the earliest possible date; but past experience has taught the Clatsop citizen, that care and circumspection are desirable in the exploitation of the project.

"HOME SWEET HOME"

And now the vandal hand of commercialism is to invade the little old thatched cottage at East Hampton, Long Island, once the home of the exquisite and all but immortal Howard Payne, and which inspired poem and song, "Home Sweet Home," and than which, nothing is dearer to the heart of the world among the simpler expressions of lofty and beautiful sentiment.

BOND STREET IMPROVEMENT.

The scope of the Bond street improvement makes it imperative upon the city authorities to go to the very bottom of the irregularities complained of in the matter of the fulfillment of the contract, and to make it

plain to the property owners, to whom it is all charged, that the city intends to give them value received in the premises; else, there will be an unconscionable string of law-suits entailed upon the city, and filed by people who are not willing to accept anything less than actual value.

SOMETHING RADICALLY WRONG.

There is something radically wrong with the mail service between this city and the metropolis. This office yesterday received the Portland papers of Sunday last, just five days out on a hundred-mile route; and there are other discrepancies to account for in the same territory, such as the carrying by of Astoria mail, and its return on later trains from Seaside and other points to the westward.

EDITORIAL SALAD.

Nothing astonishing in the detection of a Japanese officer making sketches of our fortifications. Every nation is constantly engaged in trying to sneak that sort of information from all the others.

It may be as well to mention that the ramming of the battleship Virginia by the merchant steamship Monroe was accidental, and had nothing to do whatever with the Monroe Doctrine.

Chicago's Bar Association submits proof that the judiciary of the town, in some instances, is about on a par with the sandbaggers, and nobody seems at all surprised.

Another gun-play has been pulled off in Texas by Uncle Sam's "nigger" soldiers. It was in a rum dive, near El Paso, and resulted in one killed and two wounded.

Peary got within two hundred miles of the north pole, in his fifth attempt, ate eight dogs and hopes to get home in time to take the cream off the lecture season.

J. Christian Eskilson, supreme treasurer of the Danish Brotherhood of America, has killed \$50,000 of the brotherhood's coin and done the skidoo thing.

Oklahoma will be a record-breaking baby state, in population and it is mighty good population, too, four-fifths white and chasing the million mark in number.

Secretary Root and "Dick" Croker might be made to serve as a committee of two, charged with the duty of putting identification tags on the good trusts.

Cubans are classed by most people as black and tan, yet they are making trouble for Governor Magoon by drawing the color line.

Chauncey Depew is again able to attend social functions, but he no longer has to hire a secretary to keep track of invitations.

Vegetarianism is rapidly increasing in Germany, not because of objection to meat, but because of inability to pay present prices.

Thanksgiving Day will come all right for the winners, but why shouldn't there be a Consolation Day for the losers?

Those Ute Indians guessed right—that Uncle Sam would have to pay the freight. And it's a stiff bill at that.

It is dollars to peanuts that the Texas legislature will not O. K. that petition declaring "Joe" Bailey unfit to remain in the Senate.

Perhaps Chairman Griggs is now willing to modify his ante-election assertion that "the people are all crazy this year."

There are a number of U. S. Senators who would not dare to stand up and throw stones at former Senator Burton.

IN THE CITY CHURCHES.

First M. E. Church.

The morning sermon theme will be "Christ's Touch." In the evening a sermon of especial interest to working men will be delivered. In addition to the excellent congregational singing a large chorus choir will furnish special music.

First Lutheran Church.

Gustaf E. Rydquist, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Miss Alema Nyland, superintendent. Morning service in Swedish at 10:45. Subject for sermon, "Let Your Light Shine Before Men." Evening service at 7:30 in English; subject for sermon, "The Kingdom of God, a Kingdom of Mercy."

First Congregational.

Services will be held on Sunday next at the usual hours. The pastor will preach at both services and urgently invites all Congregationalists residing in the city to attend. Morning service at 11 o'clock. Subject, "The Force that Makes Greatness in the City."

message. The pastor will be pleased to be of service to you at any time, and will take it as a pleasure to try to help you in your religious life. G. E. Moorehouse, Ph. D., pastor.

Alderbrook Presbyterian.

Worship at 10 a. m. Sermon by the pastor. Sabbath school at 11 a. m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 7:30 p. m. Reading room open from 2 p. m. until 9 p. m.

Warrenton Presbyterian.

Sunday school at 10:30 a. m. Worship at 7:30 p. m. Sermon by the pastor.

Norwegian Danish Methodist.

Corner of Duane and 37th street. Sunday school at 10 o'clock. Albert Carlson, superintendent. Preaching by the pastor at 11 morning and at 7:45 evening. Morning subject, "How Man Can Attain to the Greatest Honor." Evening subject, "The Safety of Young Men."

Baptist Church.

Miss Carrie O. Millsbaugh, State secretary for the B. Y. P. U., will speak at the morning service. At 3:30 p. m. there will be a children's meeting to which all the children of the Sunday schools of the city are invited.

Presbyterian.

Morning worship at 11 o'clock. "Elements of Worship." Sunday school at 12:15. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30. Evening worship, 7:30. "Success in Business." Second of series on Jacob.

Lutheran Presbyterian.

At the First Norwegian Evangelical Lutheran Synod church corner of 29th and Grand avenue. Divine services tomorrow morning at 10:45 with the administering of the Holy Communion. English services in the evening at 7:30. Sunday school meets at 9:30 a. m. The Ladies' Aid Society meets next Thursday afternoon with Mrs. Bangsund, 2211 Commercial street, Alderbrook. Theo. P. Neste, pastor.

Program of the Concert at the M. E. Church Tuesday Evening, November 12. I. The Song my Heart's a Singing. The Dawn. When Love is Done. Two Lyrics. Flower Fetters. Sweet is Tipperary. MR. MONTIETH. II. Air de Ballet No. 3 (by request). Spinning Song, Op. 157. MR. GOODNOUGH. III. The Birthday. When the Birds Go North. I Envy the Birds. MR. MONTIETH. IV. Valse Brillante, A flat. Etude in E Major. MR. GOODNOUGH. V. The Harp That Once Thru Tara's Hall. Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes. The Old Folks at Home. MR. MONTIETH. VI. Waldesrauschen (Forest Murmurings). MR. GOODNOUGH. VII. The Mountebank's Song (by request). A Gypsy Maiden I (by request). Parker.

A Poem for Today THE IRISH PIPES By Katharine Tynan HEARD the piper playing, The piper old and blind, And knew his secret saying— The voice of the summer wind. I heard the clear waters falling, Singing from stone to stone, The wind doves crying and calling, Even stone, alone. I hear the falls of the heather Sing in the summer breeze, Soft sigh of fur and feather And quiet hum of bees. The piper drew me yearning Into the dim, gray lauds Where there is no returning, Although I wring my hands. There to the piper's crooning I saw my dead again All in a happy nooning Of golden sun and rain. You piper, kind and honry, Your pipes upon your knee, If I should tell my story, The things you piped for me, The folk would leave their selling And bid their buying go, If I could but be telling The things you let me know.

WHY DREW FORSOOK HIS IDOL

By FRANKLIN HICHBORN.

THE inability of the average man to see an inch in front of his nose makes idolatry the most natural thing in the world for him to fall into. As a savage, he sets up an image to make his deity real to him and soon forgets about the deity and falls to worshipping the image. As civilized man he makes a party name symbol of principles, for a time fights under the party for the principles, then forgets all about the principles, and ends by fighting for the party. He recognizes that money brings happiness—or he thinks that it does—starts out to get money, that he may be happy, forgets that he is after money only as a means to the end, and makes money the end of his activities. Thus idolatry, the substitution for exclusive consideration of the symbol for the thing symbolized, in one way or another, gets into the lives of most of us, be he savage or civilized, pagan or Christian.

Coming home a few hours earlier than usual one evening, he found the drawing room full of guests, for whose edification the baby had been brought down stairs. Drew tried to show acquaintance with the baby, but that forgetful infant knew him not, and would not pretend that he did. This was bad enough—a dead give away on the baby's part in fact—but it was Drew who made public his neglect in the most open and ridiculous manner. His wife put the baby down on the floor, and to the father's undisguised amazement, it began to creep after the cat. The unseasonable astonishment might have passed unnoticed if Drew had kept his mouth shut. But he didn't. "Grat Scott, Jane!" he burst out, "the baby can creep!" "Yes," faltered the wife. "But," insisted Drew, too amazed to notice the snicker, "I didn't know it." Mrs. Drew saw the grin on the faces of the guests broaden, if Drew didn't. She tried to catch his eye, but couldn't, for it was fastened on the baby and the cat. "How long has it been at it?" went on Drew. "About six weeks," almost sobbed the mother. The grin on the faces of her friends died out at this. She felt that they were pitying her. Oh, how she hated Drew for it. She hated her husband—everybody excepting the baby. Drew continued his various ejaculations of astonishment. The most dense of the wife's guests saw that the wife's tears could not hold back much longer. For the life of him Drew could not understand why the company excused themselves so early, and he did not improve matters in the least by saying so. But he understood as soon as they were gone. He would not have believed that such a torrent of weeping and reproaches could have come from Jane Drew. "What was their money for if it was not to promote their happiness? What had it brought him but worry and care and labor? What had it brought her but neglect and humiliation?" What, indeed? Drew was forced to ask himself. He had more than he and Jane, and the baby, and the baby's children, and the baby's grandchildren, for that matter, could possibly spend. Why accumulate more? Why not enjoy what he had? Why not be on hand when the baby was learning to walk? Why not retire? And he did retire. It required a rude jolt to do so, but Drew's idol was shattered and Drew saved from his idolatry.

BON TON MILLINERY BIG REDUCTIONS IN MILLINERY All the pretty things in headgear will be reduced and remain on sale for a few days. Some fifty very fine hats ranging in price from \$5 to \$6 have been culled from the main stock and placed on sale at \$2. They are remarkably fine and pretty and will impress you most favorable. See this display. Special price, \$2.00. MRS. GEORGIE PENNINGTON 483 BOND STREET