THE MORNING ASTORIAN

Established 1873.

Published Daily Except Monday by THE J. S. DELLINGER COMPANY.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

By mail, per year.....$7.00
By carrier, per month..... .60

WEEKLY ASTORIAN.

By mail, per year, in advance..$1.00

Entered as second-class matter July 30, 1905, at the postoffice at Astoria, Oregon, under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

UNION LABEL

Orders for the delivering of THE MORNING ASTORIAN to either residence or place of business may be made by postal card or through telephone. Any irregularity in delivery should be immediately reported to the office of publication.

TELEPHONE MAIN 661.

Official paper of Clatsop county and the City of Astoria.

WEATHER.

Western Oregon and Washington—Fair.
Eastern Oregon, Washington and Idaho—Fair and cooler.

LESSON OF THE IVERNA.

"I would rather be a coward on the high seas, than a corpse on any beach of the world!" This is the slogan of Captain John Collingwood, master of the fine British bark Iverna, who chose to beat off and on during the thirty-three days of tempestuous weather that has harried this coast, rather than run the risk of losing his ship and his men by hovering along a lee shore; and the lesson is strongly patent and wholesome when viewed in the light of the two disasters whose records were completed with the beaching of the Peter Iredale and the Galena during that same period and in this very locality. The fact that this was Captain Collingwood's first trip to American waters does not detract from the lesson at all, but rather accentuates it, since it was a primary principle of navigation with him and not the issue of frequent sailing here, nor familiarity with the coast. And he had to contend with an evil that did not annoy the others, a dreadfully foul ship, straight from the tropics, loaded to the water surface with tons of dragging sea-growth that made his ship hard to handle in the very maneuvers usually employed in the saving of a ship well inshore. It is a bit of tutelage in the science of seamanship that may well be taken to heart by masters predisposed to risk. He brought his ship into port, trim and clean and snug, with his crew intact, as a good navigator delights to do and while his duty is wholly done and he claims no atom of credit for it, he is, in the light of the two unhappy events alluded to, in possession of a claim his modesty has not yet apprised him of.

A PRINCIPLE AT STAKE.

The Standard Oil Company has been ordered by the people of Astoria to take its storage tanks from out the city within one year. This edict comes from the whole community, through its legal agent, the common council, and there remains nothing but obedience or disobedience to the mandate. The law is plain, the authority unimpeached, the popular sanction assured; and the issue is strictly up to the Standad Oil Company. There are signs of rebellion on every hand, however, and all the cunning and surreptitious methods for which this concern is famous the world over, are beginning to work here in derogation of this order from the people. That the Standard Oil is a much bigger thing than an ordinary little city like Astoria is not to be debated for an instant; it shatters the will of larger civic corporations than this with impunity and laughs at governments infinitely greater and stronger than this, but we believe in the principle of the government by the majority and hope that Astoria will stick to the creed and compel observance of its dictum. One of the active curses of the day in this country is the dominance of the commercial regime over the civic power of the land, and even so small a lesson as is involved in this case will have the meat and merit of a precedent. One human life is worth the last dollar of public and private investment here, or anywhere else, aside from the maintenance of a living principle of popular government. Gentlemen of the council, stick to the text of your order!

CONGRESS AT KANSAS CITY.

There is always something good to come from a gathering of the people in congresses convened for the discussion of public needs and public abuses. The trans-Mississippi congress at Kansas City is a notable gathering of men of brains and experience and high purpose, and we look for wise and clever things to eventuate from their deliberations. It is well to air the estimates of the people of things that are, and take counsel upon things that are to be; wide discussion backed by genuine knowledge and apt experience, cannot fail to leave somewhere in its range, the seed of improvement and the germ of enlightenment, that must grow into fruition in due time. All the great questions and interests of the day are to be passed in review in this council of the industries and professions of America, and it will be very strange if no elements of advantage innure to the country from such a convention. If but one man be present who possesses a new and living thought of value, his expression and explanation of it may be the nucleus of a tremendous change for the better in some great avenue of commercial or civic enterprise or administration, and in such a concourse as is there assembled, the ratio of development is in no danger of diminution.

COMMERCIAL STREET

No one can say there has been any unreasonable delay in the work of replanking Commercial street. Messrs. Dill & Young have not lost a minute nor a foot, in time, or progress, in carrying out their contract, and if the weather holds fair, the work will be dispatched in a very few days. This is as it should be in a matter where so many and varied conveniences are at stake.

EDITORAL SALAD.

The State of New York has twenty-seven Grange Fire Insurance companies, insuring property of members of the order in that state alone to a total amount of $100,986,495.

Activity is the law of life. Idleness is more wearing than work, and monotony kills more quickly than the healthful excitement of a busy life. One must be doing, and there is much to be done.

After having been barred for 157 years, women are henceforth to be admitted to the University of Pennsylvania in the same category as men, with a right to take up the same studies and earn the same degrees.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Sr., is described as the social queen of America, and her sway has been undisturbed for thirty years. Her income is put down at $2,500,000 a year, but her resources are practically unlimited.

In Russia there are several woman mayors, and they were elected not out of gallantry, but simply because they were considered to be better fitted than any one else to be intrusted with the interests of the community.

Grain shippers of the west and northwest charge that eastern railroads, by failure to supply cars for transporting grain from Buffalo to the seaboard, have taken action internationally that means the depreciation of all farm produce.

The storm of early October seriously damaged the fruit and celery crops in Michigan and New York, and the same storm extended over the Cotton Belt, resulting in a loss estimated at 150,000 bales of cotton Hardly any damage is reported in the Northwest.

Dr. Lorenz, the Viennese surgeon, who recently passed some time in the United States, says that he has found women inferior in physique in all other countries save in the United States, where their physique is so superb as to make that of the countrymen seem insignificant in proportion.

Stick to the farm; don't sell it even if it does not pay; it gives you a home, plenty to eat and plenty to wear and a tight roof over your head. A foothold upon the soil is what all who can, should have, if they do not wish to become like those described by the wise philosopher quoted. Dead, he yet speaketh!

A Poem for Today

TELLING THE BEES

By John Greenleaf Whittier

A REMARKABLE custom, brought from the old country, formerly prevailed in the rural districts of New England. On the death of a member of the family the bees were at once informed of the event and their hives dressed in mourning. This ceremonial was supposed to be necessary to prevent the swarms from leaving their hives and seeking a new home.

HERE is the place; right over the hill
Runs the path I took.
You can see the gap in the old wall still
And the stepping stones in the shallow brook.

There is the house, with the gate red barred,
And the poplars tall,
And the barn's brown length, and the cattle yard,
And the white horns tossing above the wall.

There are the beehives ranged in the sun,
And down by the brink
Of the brook are her poor flowers, weed o'errun,
Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.

A year has gone, as the tortoise goes,
Heavy and slow,
And the same rose blows, and the same sun glows,
And the same brook sings of a year ago.

There's the same sweet clover smell in the breeze,
And the June sun warm
Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,
Setting, as then, over Fernside farm.

I mind me how with a lover's care
From my Sunday coat
I brushed off the burs and smoothed my hair
And cooled at the brookside my brow and throat.

Since we parted a month had passed—
To love, a year—
Down through the beeches I looked at last
On the little red gate and the well sweep near.

I can see it all now—the slantwise rain
Of light through the leaves,
The sundown's blaze on her window pane,
The bloom of her roses under the eaves.

Just the same as a month before—
The house and the trees,
The barn's brown gable, the vine by the door—
Nothing changed but the hives of bees.

Before them, under the garden wall,
Forward and back
Went drearily singing the chore girl small
Draping each hive with a shred of black.

Trembling, I listened; the summer sun
Had the chill of snow,
For I knew she was telling the bees of one
Gone on the journey we all must go!

Then I said to myself: "My Mary weeps
For the dead today.
Haply her blind old grandsire sleeps
The fret and the pain of his age away."

But her dog whined low; on the doorway sill,
With his cane to his chin,
The old man sat, and the chore girl still
Sung to the bees, stealing out and in.

And the song she was singing ever since
In my ear sounds on—
"Stay at home, pretty bees; fly not hence!
Mistress Mary is dead and gone!"

It is said that the way a woman takes a compliment stamps her place in society. A blush denotes the debutante; a giggle, the silly or unsophisticated; a brusque protest, the sensible, but unpolished; but the quiet, unelated smile, with a quiet "thank you," if reply be necessary, unmistakably denotes the woman of social training ,the one accustomed to compliments.

The business girl, in theory at least, should make the best wife. She knows the worries that beset a man in business. She understand the value of money, having had to work for it herself. She has probably learned to dress neatly and carefully, without extravagance. She knows by experience the workers' need of a quiet, restful home at the day's end. She has learned in her business career the necessity of system in all work. She knows the unfairness of loading the business person with household errands. She knows how easily it is to be detained at the office; therefore won't fuss if dinner is kept waiting. She knows that there are bigger things in the universe than the trifling little personal things that happen to her each day.

IN THE CITY THEATERS.

"THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH."

At the Astoria Theater last night, the Mack Swain company presented "The Village Blacksmith" to a crowded house, and the play gave universal satisfaction. It is an exceptionally strong melodrama, filled with exciting situations, powerful climaxes and laughable comedy, and the production was up to the standard of this excellent company. Special scenery was provided and the presentation as a whole, left nothing to be desired. As "Jeannette Logan," a scheming adventuress, a woman with a past, Cora King Swain gave a finished performance, and proved herself an artiste of ability and versatility; indeed, it was hard to realize that the unprincipled adventuress was the sweet and gentle "Hazel" of the night before. As "Jem Mason," the hungry tramp, Mack Swain was simply delightful and excited the risibilities of the audience as long as he was in evidence. Bert Frank wa san excellent "Tom Logan," the blacksmith, and demonstrated that he is equally at home either as a villain or a hero. Alf T. Layne as "Fred Armsdale," also made a new departure and gave further proof of his ability by a masterly impersonation of a thankless role. Wm. Hutchinson, as the old darkey "Mose," was superb, and the other characters were in competent hands. The same play will be repeated tonight, Saturday and Sunday nights and Sunday matinee.

Morning Astorian, 60 cents per month, delivered by carrier.