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it means to the home-seeking world we are striving to lure here.

In whatever capacity he shall come, he is one of the great men of the nation and we must see to it that he lacks nothing of honor and that his brief stay here is made memorable to him after the happiest fashion possible, and if we go that length, we shall not be soon forgotten in halls and fields where his word works wonders.

SCHMITZ A BIGOT.

Eugene Schmitz, the convicted Mayor of San Francisco, is adding hourly to the volume of detestation in which he is held there, and his course is on a par with the insensate bigotry and vanity of the man. But little else was expected of him and there is no surprise over the cost at his contemps in court on Monday last.

He has the backing of a group of weak and idle men of his own calibre and harps on their encouragement as a pretext for the greater folly of believing that there is any saving grace in the situation for him. He is of the sort that will always be a victim of silly bombast such as his socialistic friends have in plenty and even the proven knowledge of his guilt under the law does not constitute conviction with him nor them. It is not robbery to do as he has done, in the socialistic creed; no man can rob the rich, and to the sense warped by the reasoning they hold to, no man is guilty of real crime so long as the act runs harmoniously with the dogma and fetish of common ownership of everything.

San Francisco will imperil her financial and commercial standing in the world of business if Schmitz shall escape the penalty that has been imposed on him, and will find the task of her rejuvenation illimitably hard, if he is turned loose to resume his post and predatory impulses. The world of money is looking askance at her as it is, and but little more dalliance with the crowd and code he typifies, will result in her complete denial and negation by those who might help.

IMPROVEMENTS AT SAN FRANCISCO

Extensive improvements have been planned by the United States Government in the fortifications at the Golden Gate, San Francisco and much of the preliminary work has already been accomplished. The great fire of 1906 had the effect of retarding this work and temporarily diverting a portion of the appropriation. These matters have reached an adjustment, however, and the Quartermaster General's office is busily engaged upon the plans so far as they require completion. The aggregate of improvements and new works within the area of San Francisco will, when completed, constitute one of the greatest military camps in the United States.

An act of Congress, approved June 12th, 1906, provides for the expenditure of not to exceed \$1,500,000, of which \$750,000 was made immediately available for the construction of a general supply depot for the army, at Fort Mason, California. The contemplated improvements consist of a wharf sufficiently large to accommodate four transports, six warehouses each 60 X 200 feet and three stories high, and an administration building, together with officers' quarters sufficient to accommodate the officers on duty in connection with the depot. Plans are now being perfected in the Quartermaster General's office for this work, and it is expected that active operations will be begun at an early date. All preliminary work such as soundings, locations, surveys, etc., have been completed. While the plans for the buildings have not been entirely approved by the Quartermaster General's office, it is understood that the general type of construction will be the mission, and the probability is that all buildings will be built of reinforced concrete.

Regarding the work at the Presidio reservation itself it is pretty well understood among army men, although unofficially, as yet, that a complete post, to be known as Fort Winfield Scott, is to be constructed sometime in the near future, in the western part of the Presidio, near the fortifications. This work, when done, will consist of barracks and officers' quarters, with the necessary storehouses for the accommodation of the Coast Artillery stationed at the Presidio.

Independently of any of the work above mentioned, bids have just been opened for the construction of a complete electric lighting and power system at Forts Baker and Barry. The rebuilding of the wharf at Alcatraz, to cost about \$42,000, is already in progress, and is to be finished by September. The adoption of the mission style will sound a new note in military architecture, so far as this country is concerned. Reinforced concrete lends itself perfectly to this pattern of structure, and from the architectural point of view has all the possibilities of the old adobe. Near to the heart of the original mission builders, plus the structural strength and permanence of the most modern of building material. This departure will be watched with interest by the military architects of all nations.

Woman and the Home

BY CATHERINE E. ALLMAN.

"Don't work off 'Higher Education' effects on your lowly handmaiden, lest you come to grief," sighed a popular young woman to her most confidential friend. "I once lost an automobile because that way, and think what that means to a girl with social aspirations. His auto was no hunk wagon, but a real enough palace touring car.

"But let me tell you how it happened, for I can see you are wondering how he ever escaped. When a girl meets a man who owns a touring car, just an ordinary gleam of human intelligence tips her off to exert herself a wee bit to charm; you know what I mean, judicious jollying, sympathetic listening, best clothes, hair dressers, and all the rest. I don't even blush to acknowledge stooping to such allurements. Touring cars have their compensations, and the popular girl to-day has to be up and doing, hire a press agent, and all but run a bar to be a head liner on life's little stage. Slangy, but it's true.

"Defthly I led him up to the point of calling for me for a morning spin. Talk about the sport of inducing a trout to rise to the fly—well, the morning came, the auto did likewise, and with it the man. Picture me up-stairs in my boudoir struggling with one of those shoe-horn confessions, (you gather my meaning, princess with Irish point), and with a bridle looking auto veil draped gracefully over my best bonnet. I was in the seventh heaven of anticipation when the dusky handmaiden put in an appearance and announced "A gentleman to see Miss Do'thy." Striking a Lady Mac Beth attitude and adopting a tragic voice I said, "Tell him I will be down anon." "What'd ju say, Miss Do'thy?" gaped the bewildered servant. I gave her a severe look. "Tell him (do you note the stagey enunciation), tell him I will be down a-awn." As she rumbled down the stairs I sprinkled a few drops of benzine on my mouchoir, just to be sure to have the true motoring atmosphere on straight, and sank gracefully down in a chair to keep him waiting for a polite length of time.

"But what was that burst on my appalled ears? A none too courteous slam of the door, a fog-horn whistle, and the clug clug of a disappearing motor.

"'Twas too true, alas! He was gone. Kitchenward I sped me on direct vengeance bent. Voices halted me. Dusky handmaiden was explaining to dusky cook: "Deed, I done tell 'im nuffin 'cep'tin' what she tol' me, and I could'n help it no ways, kase he mak' myrations about it. Miss Do'thy say she be down in an hour. I come tol' 'im Miss Do'thy be down in an hour. He look sprid, then sayfuous, left his eyarl, sayin' he guess dey's some mistake, and he call agin—a week from some Tuesday.

There is a maid in this town whose devotion to her fiancé may have temporarily eclipsed her sense of humor, but her practicality, never. This gentle creature suffers from severe colds, and nothing but masculine handkerchiefs—and plenty of 'em—suffice. Does she use her father's or her brother's like most unprincipled sisters and daughters? No, indeed. She purchases a dozen of men's handkerchiefs for her own use, and after the affliction is over she bestows them on her beloved. She even buys them with his initial, a glorified sort of an H. Now, isn't that devotion—of a sort, though?

It gave the writer a good bit of cheery comfort to discover that people in the

are old, fair old golden days, died quite as often from a complication of doctors, as well as a complication of diseases, as they do nowadays, and furthermore, that it was almost as expensive. Mister Henri de Mondeville, surgeon of Philippe le Bel of France (1303-1329) in his memoirs writes of a little incident that will appeal to present day readers surely. It seems that some royal lady was seriously indisposed and a consultation of all the wise doctors of the realm was called hurriedly. After much wrangling and heated discussion they arrived at a decision and had just formulated a prescription for a syrup for the ailing dame, when a belated colleague rushed in. He snatched up the diagnosis of the case and read it with wise wavings of the head, and then examined the prescription. Finally he added on to it a berry to which his brother practitioner demurred, saying it was unnecessary. "Muttonheads and oxen," exclaimed the doctor with true professional politeness, "how could I conscientiously receive my share of the fees if I added nothing to the prescription?" How, indeed!

"Oh, these housewives with the tidy mania," exclaimed a physician recently, "how many ills are consummated in thy name! Micro-organisms," he declared, "are innocent little molecules or atoms seeking only a resting place, and not rushing about looking for appendicitis victims, or even trying to spread the lowly measles. These micro-organisms," this doctor continues, "settle down in an obscure corner of the room, or mayhap on the newly acquired pianola, preparing to stay there and die there, if necessary. But no! A trim housemaid enters and with a few airy passes of the hands pokes up every vestige of dust in the room, and as dust is the chief carrier of micro-organisms, of course they move, too, until in self-defense they settle down on the breakfast cereal or lay in wait for the innocent passerby on whom or to whom they will lodge and spread the latest discovered 'it' of the profession."

Never dust the furniture at all if the advice of this specialist, but if you must use a damp dusting cloth so the particles will adhere to it, instead of floating to the air.

But the lady who possesses mahogany heirlooms or highly polished furniture will wisely dampen her dust cloths, not with water, but with some oil. The street cleaning department is also a public menace, runs on the good man, and its victims number thousands. Streets, he avers, should be cleaned by a thorough flushing every twelve hours.

Because of various typographical errors and other peculiarities, a number of editions of the Scriptures are known by curious nicknames. There is the Bishops' Bible, the Breches Bible, the Bug Bible, Cranmer's Bible, Ears-to-ear Bible, Geneva Bible, He-and-she Bible, Knave Bible, Printer's Bible, Standing Fishes Bible, Thumb Bible, Murderer's Bible, T Remain Bible, Treacle Bible, Vinegar Bible and the Wicked Bible.

It is not generally known to housewives, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that in foreign countries, in Germany and Holland especially, birds' eggs are prized as delicacies. Among the presents sent to Bismarck on his eighty-third birthday was 100 crows' eggs, of which the great statesman was inordinately fond. Plovers' eggs are considered by connoisseurs to be a choice edible, and are

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served in numerous ways. In the Holland markets all kinds of large birds' eggs are for sale, presumably for food, redshanks, greenshanks, and godwits being the most common, while the bright blue egg of the heron and those of wild ducks may be occasionally procured at a fancy price.

EDITORIAL SALAD.

It must be a superior mind that enables a physician to starve himself successfully. He never tries the theory on his horse.

The Democratic party may be able to point out who is wrong on wolves. The animal was at the door between 1892 and 1896.

Fewer than 8000 people own all the land in Great Britain. The farmers of Missouri alone reduce that showing to a squad.

Those San Francisco hoodlums are capable of treating persons of any nationality as roughly as if they were Japs reconstructing the Koreans.

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