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The Czar, according to dispatches, is thinking of becoming a Christian Scientist. The thing that is probably puzzling him is when he meets a terrorist bomb whether he will "pass on" or not.

WEATHER.
 Western Oregon—Fair; slightly warmer north portion except near coast.
 Western Washington—Fair; warmer except near coast.

THE MEREST MENTION.

A peculiar feature of the visit of Vice-President Fairbanks to this city was the studied silence of all concerned as to the President of these United States. Only once in the course of any of the numerous addresses made here and at Seaside, was the name of Roosevelt pronounced, and then in an inadvertent manner; but the inadvertence was met with a ringing cheer that discounted every other manifestation of the day. It is a matter of public comment throughout the city and no one has any sort of explanation to make in regard to the oversight (if oversight it was) and it will pass into history as one of those freakish things that often occur without anyone being in any measure responsible for it. But all the same it was a conspicuous piece of neglect, and now that it is thought of and broached publicly, there will be hundreds to recall it with a sense of reproach.

It should have been among the toasts at the pleasant banquet by the sea on Monday night, preceding those to the Army and the Navy; perhaps not in the name of Theodore Roosevelt, but by the style and dignity of his great office, and no speech of the day was replete without courteous and dignified allusion to the President of the United States; this goes without saying among people who understand the requisites of such an affair and its omission is hard to account for when it is remembered that the hero of the hour was the second man in place, officially, in the country, and the actual representative of the head of the nation wherever he may be in a public sense.

MORE PLEASURE AHEAD.

The next source of genuine pleasure in store for Astorians and for those within the sea gates of this city, is the great Scandinavian Sangerfest, with its magnificent choruses, band and orchestra. This is dated for Saturday, the last day of August, and Sunday and Monday, the first and second days of September, immediately preceding the annual Regatta which "holds the boards" on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, the second, third and fourth of September, giving five days of genuine pleasure to all who may be here at that time, and it is very probable there will be an enormous concourse of visitors in Astoria during the time. We are certain to have 2000 strangers, for there will be that number here in attendance upon the Sangerfest as the immediate friends and relatives of that concourse of fine musicians, and these should be augmented by a round 10,000 more drawn hitherto by the coincidental attractions.

The coming of the Sangerfest is a royal treat for any community and Astoria must show her appreciation of the splendid favor done her in the selection of this city for the annual exposition of its superb personnel and program and it is not doubted the proper showing will be made.

When one thinks of a magnificent chorus of 200 voices, augmented by a highly trained orchestra of 60 pieces and a great brass band of equal strength, each member of the ensemble a master musician, it is easy to realize the treat in store and it should move the whole community to the making of such arrangements, as will typify our pleasure and pride in the favor conceded us. Such things as this are not every-day

affairs, even in the art centers of the world, and when they reach the outposts such as our own lively and appreciative city, we must make the most and best of every note they utter.

OF SOLDIERLY STUFF.

Yesterday's Portland Oregonian contains a story of human endurance on the part of six members of the Third Oregon, that indicates these men to be of the genuine stuff of which soldiers are made. They were out from Seaside on a hunt for a rifle range, and had gone partly around Tillamook Head when the tide caught them and drove them to the cliffs, where they hung for nine hours, drenched and half frozen, with wind and rain, through the long night, awaiting the fall of the tide that they might retract their steps to safety.

It was a tremendous test of human endurance and proves the quality of the men that go to make up that famous regiment. The whole country is glad to know they came happily through the fierce peril and trusts they will never have to undergo anything like it again, unless it be in the performance of that high duty which sometimes forces the mind and frame of man to stresses like this in the pursuit of the nobler duties of a soldier in time of war. The names of these lusty sons of Old Oregon are: Captain Denny; Lieutenant Disch, of Company H.; Sergeant Major Howard; First Sergeant Geer; Sergeant Oesch, and Corporal Dickel, all of Company H.

"NOT ON YOUR LIFE!"

The contention—let us soften it and say the suggestion—of the Astorian

... A Pantomime ...

[Original.]
 I sat by my office window looking into the offices directly opposite on the other side of the court. They consisted of several adjoining rooms. In one at a magnificent desk sat a gentleman with a bald head and brown whiskers constantly tapping a silver bell to call a boy. Next was an anteroom, next rooms full of clerks and bookkeepers. In the anteroom sat a girl at a typewriter, though she was constantly getting up to go into the baldheaded man's office to take dictation.

She was a willowy girl, with fair hair and large dreamy eyes. The door of the room in which she sat opened, and a young man came in. He was fashionably dressed, and I noticed pinned to his vest a college Greek letter society badge. He went up to the girl and said something to her. She looked up at him with a half blush on her face and a great deal of pleasure in her eyes. Then he went on into the room where the baldheaded man sat, and at once I noticed a likeness between them. They must be father and son. They chatted pleasantly for a time, when the young man rose to leave. When his hand was on the door-knob, the elder man called him back, wrote out a check and handed it to him. He put it in his pocketbook, went out, said something to the typewriter girl that caused her to laugh and was gone.

Words are not needed to indicate prosperity or adversity—they speak for themselves. I knew that the house of Blank & Co. had received a financial blow. The son was at the office early and late. Having to do some extra work myself at night, I saw him through the window working. He seemed to be his father's mainstay. The older man looked much broken and sadly needed a stay.

One morning—it was the next spring, and all windows were up again—the son was sitting at the typewriter doing some copying. The door opened and a lady came in. She was handsomely dressed, and her face had a familiar look. She advanced to the window where the young man sat, and I saw that she was the former typewriter.

Evidently there had been a bouleversement. The young man had left the realms of affluence. She had entered them. She talked with him earnestly. I wished I had a telephone connection with them to hear what he said, but I hadn't and must be content with pantomime. The girl appeared to be trying to persuade him. He laid his hand on her arm and, looking into her face, said something impressively. She was evidently disappointed. She arose and walked impatiently to and fro in the little room, then sat down by him and renewed the attack possibly in a new form. I fancied that, the tables being turned, she was mingling with her persuasion a trifle of feminine lovmaking, such as a wealthy woman might make to a poor man. Presently I saw him throw his arm about her neck and rain kisses on her cheeks and lips.

Meanwhile the old man in the next room was fussing with his papers, unconscious of what was going on so near him. Presently the young man arose, left the girl, entered his father's room and began to talk to him. The father's face was turned aside, so that I could see his expression. From interest it passed to wonder and from wonder to pleasure, but before either of the first two expressions died a smile dawned on the father's lips.

Then the son went back and brought in the girl. The old man's looks were far different from when she and his son had been caught in the act of a kiss. He smiled on her benignly. The girl took out a pocketbook, drew forth a bit of paper, which she unfolded and handed to the father. It was the size of a check. Mr. Blank looked at it, hung his head for a moment, then tottered to the girl with outstretched arms. She threw her own about his neck. Presently he took one of her hands from off his shoulder and, grasping the son's hand, placed the two together.

A few days later he came in again. This time he talked a good while with the typewriter girl. She went on with her work, listening to him at the same time. The faces of both were very serious. Presently he stole an arm about her waist, lifted up her face and kissed her. At that moment the bald-headed man got up from his desk and went to the door communicating with the anteroom. They were caught.

The father turned and went back into his private office. His son followed him and talked rapidly. I knew by the expression of his face that he was endeavoring to shield the girl. Whether he was talking about marriage with her I could not tell. I could not see the expression on the father's face, for he sat with his back to me. Presently the son went out. He found the typewriter girl with her face buried in her hands. He took them away, displaying two burning cheeks. He kissed her again, spoke a few words as if of encouragement and went away.

Every day the older man looked more troubled, and his son had lost all the vivacity I had first noticed.

The next day the typewriter did not appear at her desk. Another took her place. I saw the son no more and concluded he had returned to college. In a few months there was a sudden reduction of the office force, and all the rooms except the private office and anteroom were given up. Then the son appeared regularly and with an office boy was his father's only assistant.

I never received any explanation of this little drama. I needed none, especially when I saw all the clerks return and the business go on as usual.
 F. A. MITCHEL.

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(newspaper) is that Portland should cease to improve the river channel, abandon her own site and move to Astoria. We fear it's impossible.—Oregonian, of yesterday.

Oh, no! Not on your life! You're close enough in all conscience! We are standing all we can, as it is and as you are. If you were here, we would have nothing left to row about; you would have it all, just as we want it for ourselves. You stay right where you are, and send your money, ships, cargoes, and all the paraphernalia necessary for the making of a port, and we'll do the rest and pay you a handsome profit. Astoria has all she can handle without taking on a Portland. We don't mind being your sea-gate and helping you all we can with our superior harbor and channels and instant contiguity to the ocean, but we shrink with fear at the notion of your coming here, "lock, stock and barrel"; no future has any terrors for us save that which might imping such a load upon our young shoulders. You are too much an "Old Man of the Mountains" for us. We'll be your long-distance friend if you can see the profit in it as we do.

The United States Treasury has \$85,000,000 surplus it doesn't know what to do with. Controller Metz might give Secretary Cortelyou a tip on a good tax-exempt 4 per cent investment for about \$29,000,000 of it.

The Massachusetts House of Representatives has decided it must have a year to think over the railroad merger. Will it be etiquette to set the alarm clock for them now?

Bill Ward says: "The settlement of any dispute never gives cause for regret."

If the Indianapolis cocktails are any nearer the genuine, "pure-food" article than the store-made buttermilk of these degenerate times is, his church critics ought to let up on Fairbanks.

White shoes are said to be on fashion's black list, while darker ones are seen on the "great white way."