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being sent forward into all the nooks and corners of the broad land, daily, by her live real estate men, and the character of this literature is simple, straightforward and reliable and must bring big returns in the near future; the one reproach that has attached to her in the immediate past, that of being a "wide-open" city, has been laid by the recent legal regulations that will place her on a par with every other community in the judicial district; she is, admittedly, among the beauty spots of beautiful Oregon, with the acme of the Columbia River glories clustering all about her, amplified by the superb mountains and hills that surround three sides of her peninsula base, giving her a scope of land and water scapes almost incomparable; she is rich, energetic, ambitious, alive and eager and the spirit of expansion and development and accumulation possesses her last citizen, completely; she is in the field of up-to-date endeavor, with every right, expedient, and quality for being there; she has no rivals and geographically, can have none; she is out for Oregon first, last and all the time and will do her best to prove it; she is a fore-number now, and her "back-number" period has passed into history; she is writing new records every day and intends to make a living "mark" in the annals of her state.

EDITOR WITH CORPSE

Major Horton, of Tennessee Gets Wrong Room.

BUT MAKES HASTY RETREAT

Fearless Editorial Writer Has Not The Courage To Sleep With Dead Man—Watchers Think Ghost Is Walking When He Hastily Leaves Room.

CHICAGO, Aug. 7.—A special dispatch to the Record Herald from Junction City, Ky., says:
 Major James Horton, editor of the Harjman Free Press, unwittingly went to bed with a corpse in Junction City last night. He had missed his train and going into the hotel asked for a room. The clerk said the house was crowded, but assigned the editor to a room with another man. By mistake the clerk sent him into the wrong room and the editor quietly disrobed and got into bed.
 Soon a young man and a woman came

in and took seats near an open window. The Major thought the procedure strange, but said nothing. Listening to what they said, he heard a remark about sitting up with the dead. Then he remembered that his bedmate had not moved and reaching over touched his hand.
 With a yell the Major jumped up with a sheet over him and rushed out of the room. Believing that the corpse had come to life, the two watchers broke for another door and all met in the office of the hotel for explanations.

RESIGNS FROM COMMITTEE.

PARIS, Aug. 7.—Because he was hissed by the townspeople of Montpelier when he arrived there Sunday last after having been released from prison, Marcelin Albert, the leader in the recent disturbances in the wine growing region of the South, has resigned his membership in the Argelliers Committee.

Don't Grumble

when your joints ache and you suffer from Rheumatism. Buy a bottle of Ballard's Snow Liniment and get instant relief. A positive cure for Rheumatism, Burns, Cuts, Contracted Muscles, Sore Chest, etc. Mr. I. T. Bogy, a prominent merchant at Willow Point, Texas, says that he finds Ballard's Snow Liniment the best all round Liniment he ever used. Sold by Hart's Drug Store.

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WEATHER.

Western Oregon and Washington—Showers followed by fair; warmer except near coast.
 Eastern Oregon—Generally fair; cooler.
 Eastern Washington and Idaho—Generally fair.

EDITORIAL SALAD.

By a new law Montana saloons are not allowed within a half mile of cemeteries. So much for distance: in time the saloon is as near the grave as ever.

A Nebraska man is said to be producing gas from corn stalks. He must be related to that other Lincoln, Nebraska, man who makes talk out of nothing.

Mr. Watterson claims that the Democratic party cannot survive another beating. We fear Henry's experience with donkeys has been limited.

Evelyn Nesbit Thaw denies any intention of returning to the stage. Why should she with the whole limelight to herself now.

The scientist who discovered that people think with their toes should approach his subjects with more understanding.

Robert Fitzsimmons, ex-puglist, is to become a farmer. Now we shall see who will get knocked out.

Pittsburg claims a population of 600,000. City directory of record of arrests?

JACK THE SMEARER.

Man Who Has Crazy Notion of Smearing Party Dresses Caught.

INDIANAPOLIS, August 7.—After more than three years' search by the police, "Jack the Smearer," who has ruined hundreds of party gowns, is under arrest and has made a full confession, the police say. He is an enigma to the police for he has been an art student who appears to aspire to better accomplishments. He is William R. Gadd, 30 years old and he can give no reason for his acts. As some women were getting on a car late last night a stranger drew his hand from his pocket and threw something on one of the gowns. The officers grabbed the stranger and found they had the man they had been hunting for.

TREATED FOR RABBIES.

Child With Dread Disease Conveys Same to Mother and Brother by Scratches.

CHICAGO, August 7.—While nursing her dying son, George, who was suffering from rabies, the result of a dog bite, Mrs. Charles T. Davis, of Danville, Ill., was bitten in the chin by the child a week ago and Vance Davis, a brother, was bitten and scratched about the face and hands. They are now undergoing treatment in Chicago.

The child died in great agony a few hours after Mrs. Davis was bitten. The attending physicians became frightened at the possible results of the bites and yesterday afternoon brought both the mother and son to Chicago for treatment.

BEARS INVADE TOWN.

CHICAGO, Aug. 7.—A special to the Record Herald from Standish, Mich., says:
 Driven from the lowlands by forest fires, a small army of bears invaded Standish yesterday, causing a suspension of business for several hours and terrorizing the population. The visit was made just as the stores were opening for business and men were on their way to the factories.

Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup is sold under a positive guarantee to cure constipation, sick headache, stomach trouble, or any form of indigestion. If it fails, the manufacturers refund your money. What more can any one do. T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

WHY COUNTRY BOYS FAIL

Frequently I hear young men complaining that there is no chance for them in their towns. The complaint is general. Young men in small places are bitter against their own towns, and flock into the large cities looking for employment. That they go to the bad, or become bums, or finally land in some cheap job and become cheap men is due in great part to this feeling, writes Warren T. Warrens in the Workers' Magazine.

Their universal cry is that "they want to get somewhere that a lot of busy-bodies and knockers can't pick at them every time they move. What they want is license to do wrong without being criticised for it. A few days ago I ran into an interesting specimen. He was a nice, clean looking boy, evidently all right morally, but on the verge of ruin. He was coming from a small city near Chicago into the city, looking for work. He had been deeply wronged and was sore on his town.

"I'm just running up looking for a job," he said.

"That so, what line?"

"I've got a couple of friends with the Adams Express pulling for me. Maybe I'll land there. I was looking for something with the Rock Island, but it's pretty hard to get in there."

"I've got a job," he continued after a time. "Pretty good job and the work isn't hard. I get off any time I want to and they don't dock me. Sometimes I'm gone two or three days, sometimes longer, and come back expecting to be docked, but they never take it out of my pay."

"Pretty easy, eh?"

"Well, I should say, I got off this time, and if I get the job in Chicago I won't go back at all."

"Will that be treating them right?"

"Sure, they never did anything for me. They wouldn't hesitate to kick me out if some one else they wanted came along. Why should I let them know? Besides, I won't change unless I get more money. So I don't tell them I'm looking for another job."

"Say," he remarked after a short silence. "Ain't it fierce the way some people knock a young fellow? There ain't any chance in my town. Some one's always knocking. Fellow can't do anything but they spread it all around. I want to get some place where a fellow can have a little fun without everybody talkin' Chicago for me."

"But," I remonstrated, "Chicago isn't big enough for you to do wrong and get away with it. Even if no one reports to your firm your own work will show that you've been having fun, as you call it."

"That's so," he agreed. "But it ain't like my town. Why, a fellow hasn't a chance. Just the other day I went up and applied for a job with the Blank company. And they wanted references. What do you think of that? Of course, I can get references, but I didn't have any with me. I told them I was ready for work. My brother works there, and he asked the boss about it and the boss said: 'O, he doesn't want work. He's too sporty.' What do you think of that?"

"I think perhaps they're on to you."

"You do, eh? Well, the trouble is some one has been knocking. Just because I had on a gray hat and coat, and a nice tie, they knock."

"Maybe they'd heard about your running off three or four days."

"I'll bet they had. Some one's always knocking. That town's on the bum, anyhow. Mayor put it to the bad. What do you think? They wanted to pinch me for shooting off a revolver on the Fourth."

"Is that so? I thought he was making a good mayor. I heard he'd reformed the police and fire departments."

"Yes, he put young fellows in and they're hustling. He was all right until he got to throwing down his friends. Now they've all turned on him."

"Whom did he throw down?"

"O, lots of the fellows. He's rotten. He's got the swelled head. He was all right at first, but now—"

"But whom did he throw down?"

"Well, lots of the fellows. I wasn't looking for anything from him. I worked hard for him because I wanted to see him in. Primary day I got out a rig and worked all day, hauling people to the polls. I wasn't expecting anything, but they paid me \$5. Well, it came along and I took an examination and tried for a job in the engineering department. I passed, but what do you think—he appointed another fellow. I've heard he was related to the mayor. That's a nice way to throw down a friend, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's pretty tough. But, then, politics is a bad game."

"You bet it is. A fellow's got to be pretty rotten to go into it. Say, maybe you can help me to find a job in Chicago."

The train was approaching the station, so I remarked: "No, I couldn't, and I wouldn't if I could. You're just another one of those cheap country town would-be sports. Your own town is on to you, all the decent people who know you despise you, and if they give you work it is simply because of your mother or father. I know your type inside out. You're a born loafer. Your father has got you probably 20 jobs since you were in school. You've thrown him down, you've loafed, neglected your work, and generally showed yourself worthless. I'd rather put on a fishy suit of clothes, borrow enough money to buy a few drinks, and then stand out in front of a hotel and ogle the girls who pass, than work."

"And you're coming to Chicago because they won't stand for you at home. You'll find Chicago won't stand for you half as long. You'll get kicked out and either become a bum or sneak back home and go to work to rebuild a reputation you've thrown away. You're a nice, clean-looking lad, and you're making a big mistake. Get on the next train, go back home, talk it over with your father, and tell him you're ready to go to work in earnest, and you may make something worth while out of yourself. If you stay here you'll be one of those street corner bums howling about cheap foreign labor coming in and driving you out of work."

For a minute or two he glared at me as if he was going to try and fight. Then he looked out of the window. The train was running into the station.

"Come to lunch with me," I suggested.

"Now—I'm going to look up a friend," he replied, surly and mad.

"Well," I remarked, "you needn't be sore about it. I've told you the truth about yourself—and I'll bet right now you'll admit it is true, even though you want to lie me for telling it."

"You're another of them knockers," he said.

"All right—let it go at that. It's none of my business, but you insisted on knowing what I thought. Drop up at the office and see me when you have time."

So we parted. Three days later he came into the office.

"Say," he said, "I don't want to borrow any money. I told my aunt part of what you said and she agreed with you. Father came up Sunday and we had a talk. I'm going back home with him. He told me to come up and thank you, and tell you he would like for you to come down and go fishing with us some Sunday. Dad's all right—and we've got a nice place.

I'll bet that boy turns out all right yet.

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