

THE MORNING ASTORIAN

Established 1873

Published Daily Except Monday by
E. S. DELLINGER COMPANY.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

By mail, per year.....\$7.00
By carrier, per month..... .80

WEEKLY ASTORIAN.

1, mail, per year, in advance..\$1.00

Entered as second-class matter July 30, 1893, at the postoffice at Astoria, Ore., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Orders for the delivery 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.

WITH THE BABIES.

Yesterday, quite inadvertently, we overheard a mother, then on the street with a perambulator in which was seated her last and handsomest baby, say that "under no earthly condition would she permit a baby of hers to go on exhibition at a baby show; it was no place for a baby; nor the mother of a baby, whose sacred trust was sullied when she hawked her offspring in public places upon the meretricious pretext that it would capture a prize," etc., etc. And the baby girl in her dainty carriage was one of the prettiest, healthiest specimens in all Astoria and a prize-winner on general grounds, at that.

We cannot agree with this good mother in her rather exalted conclusion, much as we admire the dignity of her dictum. Babies are, primarily, and peculiarly, the dearest things one ever sees; and a baby-show, crowded with the best a community has to offer in this line, is an inspiration and a climax of pleasure. Whoso would disparage a baby has not much to live for, and really cannot have lived the life he or she should have; they are the very sum of innocence, of that fresh and perfect purity which transcends anything the adult heart may conceive; they compel the gentlest thought in every mind and stand for the only reproachless period of our own lives; they hold in their tiny hands the hither-ends of the history of the world, despite the tragedy, the bitterness, the crises of sin and sorrow and failure, as well as the glory, the happiness, the worth and high-warrant of living at all; they possess their generation in trust, for their fellows and they take up the burdens, the achievements, the character, all the hostages we must relinquish sometimes; they are the legatees of all we cherish and in time will fulfill all our aspirations, or come as near it, perhaps, as we have; we are the chiefest examples and the potential figures of their lives, until they shall round out their own destiny, for which we are, all of us, largely responsible; their embryo manhood and womanhood reflects itself in the mirror of our consciences, and should make us infinitely tender and careful of them, all through the days of their helplessness; we are the trustees of their future, kin or no kin, and we cannot escape the liability, however we may ignore it.

It is a good thing to put the babies where one can take a long, wholesome, analytical look at them, once in a while; because there are people who actually forget there are any babies in the world, so engrossed are they with the coarser and unkindlier things of life; the lesson is opportune at any time and has its particular message for every man and woman, and the baby-show, if one but knew it, is a sort of impromptu self-confessional, wherein we may purge our hearts of some of the grime of indifference and harshness and self-centering meanness of life.

Success to the Baby-Show, next week, and may it be overwhelmingly patronized!

HIS HONOR UNIMPEACHED.

President Moore, of the defunct Oregon Trust & Savings Bank, of Portland, has yielded up his private fortune for the redemption of the obligations of that institution, and he looks the world in the face with that sublime consciousness which Marc Antony deplored so sardonically when he referred, in a gust of righteous scorn, to "an honorable man." He is an honorable man, and the proof of his integrity is at hand, to the lasting credit of the man, and the untold good of Oregon. It is no small thing to have such men in a state; they give tone and substance to the general, yet critical, purview of the outside world, and inspire the hope that there are thousands of them, ready, under given circumstances, to show the same exalted idea of duty.

It is with shame the confession must be made that men of this calibre are altogether too rare in these piping times of high-finance and commercial-jugglings; and the best effect of Mr. Moore's impeccability is the probability that in like events of the future, it will act as

an inspiration to other men to do likewise; that is the real glory of a big, clean act; the stimulation to others to align themselves on the higher levels and do that which men must applaud and uphold.

For the sake of the good name of Oregon, we would like to see his colleagues fall in line, and so emphasize the rather untoward demonstration of which we are all proud.

BAD A CASE OF NERVES.

Every few days news comes up from San Francisco, of some intemperate ebullition on the part of Francis Heney, the famous prosecutor, now waging criminal action against the Pacific States Telephone Company, in that city. The man, to our jinking, has been so long immersed in this pursuit of scoundrels, and has become sur-charged with the conscious knowledge of their guilt, and has striven so hard and long to secure the conviction of which he is so deeply persuaded, that he has lost his poise and is wavering under the pressure of counter-fact and argument.

He should take a long rest and clear his mind of the responsibilities inseparable from his high office. No man can pursue such a course, successful as he may be, without suffering from the reaction of its dreadful monotony, and especially a man of Heney's nervous nature. He has won the right to a long vacation, and his friends all over the coast, who are watching his career jealously, day by day, wish he would indulge himself to such an extent as will relieve the enormous strain.

Sermon By An Ex-Ball Player.

The September American Magazine reports the facts about the Rev Billy Sunday, whose revival meetings in the Middle West have made such a stir.

During a meeting at Fairfield, Iowa, Sunday said that the Devil is a "smooth guy." Going on he said:

"He knows all our weaknesses and how to appeal to them. He knows about you" (pointing out over quailing heads) "over there and how you have spent sixty dollars in the last two years for tobacco to make your home and the streets filthy—and that you haven't bought your wife a new dress in two years because you can't afford it!" He knows about you" (turning the accusing finger suddenly in another direction) (and the time and money you spend on fool hats and card parties doing what you call 'getting on in society,'—while your husband is being driven away from home by badly cooked meals and your children are running loose on the street learning to be hoodlums. He knows about you" (picking out a prosperous but high citizen— "sir, too, and what you buy when you go back of the drug store prescription counter 'to buy medicine for the baby' He knows about you" (and a group of boys at the back slid down on their benches with a modestly almost aggressive) "and that girl over at Ottumwa. He knows about you and the lie you told about the girl across the street because she is sweeter and truer than you are and the boys go to see her and don't come to see you—your miserable thrower of slime dug out of your own rotten envy. Oh, the Devil knows his business; you can bet your last four dollars on that!

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Secretary Hitchcock's Practical Mind.

Lincoln Steffen's story of Secretary Hitchcock and Burns, the great detective, which is published in the September American Magazine, is mighty interesting reading. Of Hitchcock's practical mind Mr. Steffen says: "Mr. Hitchcock was amazed at each confession. Once when a certain fine

old clerk had expressed a willingness to tell the Secretary something, Burns was called in to hear the story. The old man related how when he, as a special agent in the field, was making an investigation into some suspicious land operations by United States Senator Warren of Wyoming, Assistant Land Commissioner Richards had transferred him. The Secretary listened till Richards' name was mentioned, then he refused to hear any more. 'Richards? Impossible!' He turned the old man out of his office. But Burns did not think there was anything impossible for Richards. He followed the clerk out and and he took from him the rest of the story. The time came when the Secretary had to let Richards resign, but that was years later. He couldn't believe then any evil of the Commissioner who had exposed Binger Hermann, and it was always hard for him to change his

mind about a man he had once trusted. But this fixity of mind was a comfort as well as an exasperation to Burns and afterward to Heney. For Mr. Hitchcock was as staunch with honest men as he was with 'crooks.' After he had given his investigators his confidence, nothing could move him; neither political pull nor pleas for business. When the fight was on, and Heney and Burns needed blind support, they put their backs to Secretary Hitchcock and, like a stone wall he stood immovable behind them."

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Don't Envy the Millionaire.

By LOUIS M'KINSTRY, Editor of the Fredonia (N. Y.) Censor.

WE need not envy any millionaire. However large his fortune, HE CAN GET ONLY HIS BOARD AND CLOTHES for taking care of it, and to be attacked and cartooned in the newspapers and magazines, held up as a public enemy and robber, by which weakminded persons are made to think they would be doing God service to assassinate him—surely all this must give him many unhappy hours.

NO WONDER ANDREW CARNEGIE SAYS THAT MILLIONAIRES WHO LAUGH ARE RARE, AND STEPHEN ELKINS SAYS HE NEVER KNEW ONE TO WHISTLE.

IT IS NOT WISE TO ENVY ANYBODY WITHOUT FULL KNOWLEDGE OF ALL THE CIRCUMSTANCES. The only person whom I ever envied was an old schoolmate whom I met in Washington. He had a high and well paid position, was acquainted with the president and all the leading public men and held their respect and esteem.

Next day I learned that he had a daughter, blind, bedridden and imbecile from birth, and a son who had suffered a fall that arrested all mental development since childhood, and I shuddered to think that I had longed to be in his place.

Aeroplane In Modern Warfare.

By Rear Admiral C. M. CHESTER, U. S. N.

WE old fellows have seen the sailing vessels give way to the armored steam warships, and I predict that the future will see the AEROPLANE FIGHTING MACHINE. The aeroplane will be used for scouting purposes. With it the enemy can be seen 100 miles away, which is now impossible, and with it the SUBMARINES can be attacked.

From the aeroplane, high above water, the submarine can be located beneath the waves and explosives dropped upon it, which is the only EFFECTIVE way of fighting it.

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