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Official paper of Clatsop County and the City of Astoria.

WEATHER
Oregon, Washington, Idaho
Fair.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.

Washington's birthday had its inception 176 years ago today; and the event still stirs the deep-laid fibres of the American heart as no other national episode has ever done.

We can, and do, hark back to them, when the underlying force and strength of the national character is evoked by some extraordinary issue or contretemps; and this faculty of taking up the original and cardinal precepts of our fathers and acting on them to the full and final adjustment of all our difficulties, is a basic boon of salvation and never has failed us yet.

Washington is the accepted type of the American warrior, legislator, patriot and leader; no matter what, nor whom, else has intervened to make us forget the glory of the first great president, or to share with him the lustre and laurels that have fallen from the historic pageant we have made our own.

It is altogether right and righteous that we acknowledge his supreme gifts to the people of America once each year; and the nation will have lost much indeed when it shall have refused, or forgotten; to perpetuate and honor his memory.

FOUR FINE HARBORS.

San Diego, San Francisco, Astoria, Puget Sound; these four, and no more!

These are the marine refuges of the Pacific Coast; the harbors that are to stand for the commerce, and naval resort, of the nation on the western coasts of the United States, for many years to come; or until other fine bays in various latitudes are so built upon and perfected by jetties and artificial channels as to make them of dependable auxiliary service to the business and government of our people.

Three of these great havens are civically independent; Puget Sound being the only one of which any part borders upon alien territory, either in its main waters or the ocean channels leading to them. The rest are absolutely and inherently American in every sense of the word and free from all complications. All are fortified and amenable to expansive improvement in that line when occasion shall arise.

The people of the coast are profoundly interested in them all as bases of trade, transportation and protection, inseparable from development and progress, as universally understood and appreciated. And a huge section of this populace is allied, by contiguity, to this harbor and to the great river that unites it to the vast and major element of population depending upon it; a concern that is becoming more and more pronounced, year by year, and which, in the near future, will attain a concrete and specific form that will be expressed in active and expansive work by the government to make the harbor the northern base of operations, military and naval; the rule of com-

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MONEY TO LOAN ON GOOD SECURITY

mercial extension asserting itself readily and immediately after such administrative development; since commerce clings closely to the protective arm, as do all communities.

We believe that Astoria will fit in admirably in the schemes of the future, as the exigencies of that future are unfolded; that she is naturally and strategically one of the most important places on the marine line between the Straits of Fuca and the Mexican border; that the occasion and circumstance that is to forget her peculiar function in that scheme, have not yet arisen, but are certain to manifest themselves sooner or later to the permanent and pertinent upbuilding of the port, and of the Columbia river from the jetty to The Dalles.

EDITORIAL SALAD

The people of Arizona and New Mexico are not discouraged; they still believe in a future state.

San Francisco will shortly be ready with the advice: Come West, young man, and see Uncle Sam's biggest fleet.

Uncle Sam is in a position to defend his own in the Pacific, and as a consequence the jingo there steps down and out.

Another defect in the Oklahoma constitution has been discovered. The lawmakers forgot to prohibit the taking of straw votes.

Army enlistments are said to be falling off. The disappearance of the martial spirit may be due to the absence of the army canteen.

Pittsfield, Mass., found 39 citizens attending a suburban cock-fight on Sunday and fined each \$10. There may be lids to put on in a dry town.

A German purveyor of lottery tickets has just incurred a jail penalty

MOTHER'S GUIDE



When a young girl's thoughts become sluggish; when she has headaches, dizziness, faintness, and exhibits an abnormal disposition to sleep; dislikes the society of other girls; then the mother should come to her aid promptly, for she possesses information of vital importance to the young daughter.

At such a time the greatest aid to nature is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It prepares the young system for the coming change, and has helped to bring three generations safely from girlhood to womanhood. Read what

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND has accomplished for Miss Olson. Miss Ellen M. Olson, of 417 North East Street, Kewanee, Ill., in a letter to Mrs. Pinkham says:

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me of backache, sideache, and established my periods after the best physicians in Kewanee had failed to help me, saying that an operation was necessary."

FACTS FOR SICK WOMEN. For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has positively cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Why don't you try it?

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

of 1461 years. The standard Oil Co. is not such a great monopoly after all.

Considering the fact that it had no engineering advantages the Strait of Magellan is not so bad for the passage of a fleet.

General Grosvenor could clinch his reputation as a prophet by giving correctly the names of the Republican national ticket for 1908, but he isn't saying a word.

The writer of an English biography of Abraham Lincoln says the United States should not claim the monopoly of credit for producing such a man, but no one can blame the author for taking this view.

WHAT THE PORTLAND PAPER SAYS.

Huddled in a clothesbasket, blinking sleepily at the wondering world in a little darkened room of a Portland home, is the Missing Link. He, or it, is 5 years old, fat, somewhat bashful, likes to eat blanc mange with a spoon, prefers to sleep when not eating, has a charming croon of a laugh, and will gravely shake hands with people, or pensively gaze at them with his or its hand resting under the chin, as he or it squats like a Turk in the basket.

The strange creature is variously called sometimes orang-outang, or man o' the woods; again orang-outan, sometimes ourang-utang maybe orantun and perchance just orang.

"Orang" is the property of Fred Stuhr, manager of the Portland Bird Company, though the man who objects to slavery will probably consider it a crime to hold as a chattel such a charming child, but which is said to be worth at least \$1000. Mr. "What-Is-It" came from Borneo last week, in care of the Chinese cook en route.

He has lovely auburn hair, thick as a mat on his broad fat back, and the man who scoffs at the theory of evolution of the human species or believes that the Bible and Darwin are hopelessly at variance, might be afflicted with pangs of doubt after gazing at Stuhr's strang freak a little while.

"Orange," though 5 years old, had never heard a word of English until 10 days ago, but seems to have little difficulty in mastering it. His life, like most of the oranges, has been spent in the simple home of a Borneo bush family, and it's a ten-to-one shot that he can understand as much native dialect as the average bushman chief. He is a bit handsomer than the average native. Though a trifle shy on nose, he has a pair of lips, however, than make up for this.

He can do anything but talk; he can laugh, cry and speak his rage in accents uncouth but expressive. He is about as emotional, moodish and sensitive as the average child of his years.

Pot-bellied little beast, with long, hairy arms and wrinkled forehead, coarse, red hair bristling on his square shoulders, and with squat nose, he seems uncanny to anyone who tries to pry under under his half-shy half-sullen reserve. His tiny ear is as delicate and well-formed as a girl's, not large like the chimpanzee, no unsightly arm and prehensile hand like the gorilla's, and no hairy face like the gibbon's, these three, with the orang, being the species of man apes.

The "young man" can undress himself, readily takes off shirt and trousers, he will take a spoon and daintily feed himself. He will snuggle down in the basket after his meal, pull the covers over himself like a tired child, and with hand under chin, go to sleep. His eyes have a hundred expressions which change with every word spoken by those about him; his long, sensitive fingers play, but never grab, never aimlessly play, but glide vofidngly up into your own and rest there like a babe's. The gentlemen from the tree families of Borneo must be credited with something more than instinct, and with an understanding as much above that of the chattering apes and monkeys as he is in the order of species of animal life above the clams on the beach.

Why, he hasn't even a tail!—Portland Telegram.

HIT HIM IN TWO PLACES.

The Way Cicero Treated His Devoted Admirer Petrarch.

In the early autumn of 1358 Petrarch suffered an accident which may be narrated in his own words. "You shall hear," he writes to a friend, "what a trick Cicero, the man whom I have loved and worshiped from my boyhood, has just played me. I possess a huge volume of his letters, which I wrote out some time ago with my own hand because there was no original manuscript accessible to the copyists. Ill health hindered me, but my great love of Cicero and delight in the letters and eagerness to possess them prevailed against my bodily weakness and the laboriousness of the work. This is the book which you have seen feasting against the doorpost at the entry to my library. One day while going into the room thinking about something else, as I often do, I happened inadvertently to catch the book in the fringe of my gown. In its fall it struck me lightly on the left leg a little above the heel. 'What! My Cicero,' quoth I, bantering him, 'pray what are you hitting me for?' He said nothing, but next day as I came again the same way he hit me again, and again I laughed at him and set him up in his place. Why make a long story? Over and over again I went on suffering the same hurt, and, thinking he might be cross at having to stand on the ground, I put him up a shelf higher, but not till after the repeated blows on the same spot had broken the skin and a far from despicable sore had resulted. I despised it, though, reckoning the cause of my accident of much more weight than the accident itself. At last, when the pain was too much not only for my wit, but for sleep and rest, so that to neglect the thing any longer seemed not courage, but madness, I was forced to call in the doctors, who have now for some days been fussing over this really ridiculous wound, not without great pain and some danger to the wounded limb, as they insist, though I think you know just what reliance I place on their prognostications either of good or evil. So this is how my beloved Cicero has treated me. He long ago struck my heart, and low he has struck my leg." —From H. C. Holway-Calthorp's "Petrarch."

GUIDEPOSTS IN FRANCE.

A Striking Feature of the Roads Throughout the Country.

A feature of the roads of France is the ever present guidepost. These guideposts consist of an iron plaque about two feet long and a foot high securely mounted on sturdy posts or fastened to some substantial wall. They are painted in white and blue and show without any possibility of mistake not only the commune or township in which they stand, but the next important place in either direction as well as the distances between all the chief points upon that route. Thus you will find if you are traveling on a road which leads to Paris that the name of the metropolis will appear on the signboard, although it may be several hundred kilometers distant.

In addition to these guideposts the Touring Club of France has put on the chief roads a series of signs and symbols to indicate to motorists and bicyclists what sort of a road they are approaching. The sign "ralentir," which translated into good United States means to "let up," has caused many a motorist who is unfamiliar with the road he is traveling to slow down and to find shortly after the sign had been passed that it was well that he paid attention to it because of a steep grade or some abrupt turn. There is no excuse, in view of the symbols and signboards, for any one motoring in France to get on the wrong road or to come unexpectedly into trouble.—Frank Presbury in Outing Magazine.

Shakespeare's Last Illness.

According to a tradition handed down by Ward, the vicar of Stratford, Shakespeare's last illness was a fever brought on by a "merry meeting" with Drayton and Ben Jonson. Another authority, Halliwell-Phillips, says that the great poet died of typhoid, caused by the filth and bad drainage about New Place. Like nearly everything else about Shakespeare, the question of the character of his last illness can be answered only conjecturally.

At the Wind's Mercy.

"Scroggins is always boasting about his new balloon." "That's all it's good for." "What's all it's good for?" "To blow about."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Use For Them All.

"You have three pairs of glasses, professor." "Yes; I use one to read with, one to see at a distance and the third to find the other two."

There is nothing worse for mortals than a vagabond life.—Homer.

COFFEE

The world is full of anonymous coffee: "Java and Mocha."

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