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**TELEPHONE MAIN 661.**  
 Official paper of Clatsop County and the City of Astoria.

**THE WEATHER**  
 Western Oregon, Western Washington—Rain.  
 Eastern Oregon, Eastern Washington, Idaho—Probably rain.

**MAYOR LANE'S VINDICATION.**

The verdict of the Portland jury against the Waymire woman and her pal, Radding, for conspiracy to defame Mayor Harry Lane, of that city, is a matter of relief, not alone to Multnomah county, the city of Portland, and the doctor himself, but to the entire State of Oregon; and we are glad, with all concerned, that the case is closed.

We regretted Mayor Lane's determination to prosecute the issue, in the first place, as giving undue weight and countenance to a palpable attempt at blackmail; but he has justified his action and thrown off the imputation completely, legally and inferentially. Affairs of this nature are public disgraces and they live long, far too long, in the public memory; and only a flat denial such as has fallen in this event, can draw the sting that runs with their currency. Congratulations are in order.

**ASTORIA IS ALRIGHT.**

Astoria is one of the failureless towns of the Northwest. If you don't believe it, scan the statements of her two leading banks in this issue of this paper and make a few specific inquiries as to the other two banking houses here. The banks of a city are the financial gauges of public and private credit and security of a community; their soundness reflects the stability of the businesses that keep those banks alive and make for the commercial status of the place and its allied territory; and we are willing to put this gauge out to all men, as the best indication we have of the sureness and safety of things here; and we want no better.

We reiterate our boast, for the benefit of all inquirers abroad, that we have fewer idle people, fewer dependent people, fewer felons and fewer failures of any kind, than any city of 15,000 population in the United States. And the meat of the boast is its truth!

**THE REUTERDAHLS.**

The man Reuter Dahl, correspondent for New York and London papers, who was given permission to accompany the American fleet on its great cruise from the Atlantic to the Pacific, has stirred up a hornet's nest in the United States by his extraordinary allegations of the wretched structural conditions of our battle-ships, and now stands convicted of deliberate and gratuitous sensationalism, as well as utter technical incapacity to deal with the subject. This has developed in the Congressional naval committee, and is based upon the exhaustive report of the best expert testimony within the reach of this government.

There are many men of the Reuter Dahl stamp, today, trafficking in the line of defamation, discredit, and derogation, as applied to men, measures and matters of public concern, and many of the great dailies, are responsible for the countenance given them; for without the questionable eagerness of these publications for matter of this sort, such men would have no standing before the country. "It is a dirty bird that befouls its own nest," and it is a blamed poor print that shames and belittles its own country and her institutions.

**ONE HAPPY MAN.**

There is a man in New York, a student at Columbia University, who

**SCANDINAVIAN-AMERICAN SAVINGS BANK**  
 HAS  
**MONEY TO LOAN ON GOOD SECURITY**

is, beyond all doubt, really a happy man. He has been a student at that institution for 27 years; he has exhausted its curriculum over and over again, and is hard pressed to find new studies wherewith to warrant his retention in the great school and avoid graduation; he has cultivated all the finesses essential to preserving his status as a student and lives in dread of the fiat of the Governors of Columbia, that he has absorbed all the university can confer and that he must, of necessity, seek knowledge elsewhere. This man is an insatiable student; his supreme ambition and happiness lies in the acquisition of knowledge (not in its dissemination, else he would have been a professor there long ago); and like the miser he is using every artifice and feasible scheme for adding to, and hoarding, his store. His is a rare case, almost unparalleled in this country, and so unique as to invite the universal hope that he will never be disturbed, nor ousted from his Alma Mater.

**THE BOON OF PUBLICITY.**

The American people have more to be grateful for than they wot of, in these days of extraordinary and detailed publicity. A free press is one of the great boons they possess; and yet, they are largely unconscious of its value, by reason of its great volume and constant presentation. The newspaper in this country is so universal, so cheap, so prolific of news, so charged with information of every conceivable kind, so inseparably woven into the daily life of the people, that it is under-estimated in the main, and lacks the deep appreciation to which it is entitled, which is never granted until the reader gets where he has no paper at hand. Then it is missed with a vengeance and becomes a crying necessity.

By their papers the people verify all the current rumors, adjust the doubts of the hour, and formulate their opinions on matters of public import; they turn to it naturally and instantly for the cues that guide them in business, politics, sports, and finance, and then cast it aside without thought of the service it has rendered; it is cheap, they have paid for it, it has contributed what they wanted, and that is all there is to it for the moment; but if it had cost them 50 cents per copy instead of 1 cent, or 2, or a nickel, the indifference might change to that larger estimate that goes with things that cost and the inevitable and indispensable newspaper come into its own.

**EDITORIAL SALAD**

Surely these are perilous times, even for philanthropists. It appears from the testimony of witnesses at Albany, that the ever-generous Standard Oil Company at one time gave its oil away; and now one of its independent competitors asks that it be punished for it!

The kaiser's announced, intention of leading a delegation of crowned heads to Vienna to pay respects to Emperor Joseph on his anniversary, if not an open invitation to the "reds," will at least create a corner in "uneasiness."

Not a pleasant prospect for 47,000 policyholders to see their \$75,000,000 of insurance wobbling in the balance between unfair administration and state receivership in New York.

Sir Oliver Lodge has been receiving messages from the dead. Sir Henry Cabot Lodge gets his from a "live one" at the White House.

**The Jumping Off Place.**

"Consumption had me in its grasp; and I had almost reached the jumping off place when I was advised to try Dr. King's New Discovery; and I want to say right now, it saved my life. Improvement began with the first bottle, and after taking one dozen bottles I was a well and happy man again," says George Moore, of Grimesland, N. C. As a remedy for coughs and colds and healer of weak, sore lungs and for preventing pneumonia New Discovery is supreme. 50c and \$1.00 at Charles Rogers & Son, druggists. Trial bottle free.

**OLD ARKANSAW.**

Is termed a melo-dramatic comedy. There is an interesting plot replete with thrilling situations that make you hold your breath in the excitement of the scenes. There are scenic and mechanical effects that make you wonder how such realistic effects can be produced on a stage. The thrilling reproduction of the famous Blue Cut hold-up, the excited mob, eager to lynch the supposed culprit, the jealous woman who turns detective and delivers the real criminal, are a few of the interesting dramatic situations. Among the characters are old Jeremiah Snodgrass, who will keep you laughing all the time he is before you. A more peculiar, laughable character has never been conceived, his old songs sung in true Arkansas style, being some of the funniest bits of realism ever heard. Old Arkansaw is a well told story—a real play with a real plot, and is portrayed by a company of the very best people in the theatrical profession. A carload of special scenery and many new and novel effects and mechanical devices all combine in making this the dramatic and comedy event of the season.

The editor of the Memphis, Tenn., "Times," writes: "In my opinion Foley's Honey and Tar is the best remedy for coughs, colds and lung trouble, and to my own personal knowledge Foley's Honey and Tar has accomplished many permanent cures that have been little short of marvelous." Refuse any but 'the genuine in the yellow package. For sale by T. F. Laurin.

**A WITTY JUDGE.**

**His Conclusions on the Evidence of Ditto and True.**  
 The late Hon. Noah Davis, well known throughout the country as the judge who tried and sentenced Boss Tweed, was justly celebrated in many ways. He was of that type of jurist for which western New York was famed during the half century following 1850. Orleans county is proud of him as one of her noblest and most distinguished sons. He was slightly above medium height, full habited, large head, fine, clean cut face—indeed, a striking figure in any community. He was a well read lawyer, an honest, fair minded judge, with a keen sense of humor and withal something of a writer and poet. The following lines from his pen, written on the spur of the moment and in the midst of a trial, illustrate the alertness and quality of his mind. They are perhaps the best play upon words of which we have any record in the English language.

It was at the Niagara circuit in the early seventies. Judge Davis presided. An action in ejectment was called. The dispute was over a party wall or a division line. It was purely a question for the civil engineer. The division line established and the case was won. The defendant's attorney, realizing this, called as expert witnesses the Hon. John A. Ditto, city engineer of Buffalo, and the Hon. A. R. True, the engineer who constructed the cantilever bridge over Niagara river at the falls. They were two of the most eminent civil engineers in the state. They made a survey of the premises and established the division line as contended for by the defendant and when called to the witness stand so testified, giving monuments, courses and distances with such minute exactness that they could not be successfully controverted. The moment True, who followed Ditto as a witness, left the stand, Judge Davis wrote these lines and passed them to the clerk to hand to plaintiff's counsel:

Since True swears ditto to Ditto,  
 And Ditto swears ditto to True,  
 If True be true and Ditto be ditto,  
 I think they're too many for you.  
 —Daniel H. McMillan in Buffalo Truth.

**Thrift.**

There is an old fashioned word that ought to come into use again—thrift. There are a distressing number of shiftless people in the world, and while we shall call no names, we hope every reader will pause at this paragraph and think seriously of thrift and shiftlessness.—Arlington Globe.

**The Changed View.**

Every man takes care that his neighbor does not cheat him. But a day comes when he begins to care that he does not cheat his neighbor. Then all goes well. He has changed his market seat into a chariot of the sun.—Emerson.

**A Little Ball.**

Casey—Ah, well, no wan kin prevent w'at's past an' gone. Casey—Ye could if ye only acted quick enough. Casey—Go 'long, man! How could yer? Casey—Stop it before it happens.—Kansas City Independent.

**DESIRE OF DISTINCTION.**

Quaint Illustration of a Peculiar Phase of Human Nature.  
 In "Doc Gordon," by Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman, is a quaint illustration of a peculiar phase of human nature. It develops with the visits of the two doctors to their poorer patients: James drove all the morning with Dr. Gordon about the New Jersey country. The country people were either saturnine with an odd shyness, which had something almost hostile in it, or they were effusively hospitable, forcing apple jack upon the two doctors. James was much struck by the curious unconcern shown by the relatives of the patients and even by the patients themselves. In only one case, that of a child suffering from a bad case of measles, was much interest evinced. The majority of the patients were the very old and middle aged, and they discussed and heard discussed their symptoms with much the same attitude as they might have discussed the mechanism of a wooden doll. If any emotion was shown, it was that of a singular inverted pride. "I had a terrible night, doctor," said one old woman, and a smirk of self conceit was over her ancient face. "Yes, mother did have an awful night," said her married daughter, with a triumphant expression. Even the children clustering about the doctor looked unconsciously proud because their old grandmother had had an awful night. The call of the two doctors at the house was positively hilarious. Quantities of old apple jack were forced upon them. The old woman in the adjoining bedroom, although she was evidently suffering, kept calling out a feeble joke in her cackling old voice.

"Those people seem positively elated because that old soul is sick," said James when he and the doctor were again in the buggy.

"They are," said Dr. Gordon; "even the old woman herself, who knows well enough that she has not long to live. Did you ever think that the desire of distinction was one of the most, perhaps the most, intense purely spiritual emotion of the human soul? Look at the way these people live here, grubbing away at the soil like ants. The most of them have in their lives just three ways of attracting notice, the momentary consideration of their kind—birth, marriage, sickness and death. With the first they are hardly actively concerned; even with the second many have nothing to do. There are more women than men, as usual, and, although the women want to marry, all the men do not. There remains only sickness and death for a standby, so to speak. If one of them is really sick and dies, the people are aroused to take notice. The sick person and the corpse have a certain state and dignity which they have never attained before. Why, bless you, man, I have one patient, a middle aged woman, who has been laid up for years with rheumatism, and she is fairly vainglorious, and so is her mother. She brags of her invalid daughter. If she had been merely an old maid on her hands, she would have been ashamed of her, and the woman herself would have been sour and discontented. But she has fairly married rheumatism. It has been to her as a husband and children. I tell you, young man, one has to have his little footstool of elevation among his fellows, even if it is a mighty queer one, or he loses his self respect, and self respect is the best jewel we have."

**The Missing Window Pane.**

"Every kitchen has a window with one pane out in the Brazilian town of Rio Grande do Sul," said a cook. "That town is a servants' paradise. Servants live in their own homes there, as they should everywhere. They come to work at 7 in the morning, and they quit at 7 at night—a twelve hour day. Quite long enough. The paneless window is for the milkman, the baker, the butcher, so that these traders can leave their supplies—they usually come early—in a safe place. The Rio Grande servant is, of course, not there to receive them. She is in bed at her own home."

**Monism.**

Monism is the doctrine of the oneness of mind and matter, God and the universe. It ignores all that is supernatural. Monism teaches that "all are but parts of one stupendous whole, whose body nature is and God the soul;" hence whatever is only conforms to the cosmic laws of the universal all. Mind can never exist without matter, nor matter without mind. They are but the two sides of the same thing.—New York American.

**The Bloodstained Equator.**

Human life, I have reason to know, is held cheap at Equatorville, and the place is stained with many crimes. In fact, the whole equator is throughout its 25,000 miles a line of ignorance, savagery and blood. It is a black line which civilization ought to paint white.—Strand Magazine.

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**WOOD**  
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**Obstinate.**  
 "Why don't you quit smoking, old chap? You know it hurts you."  
 "Certainly. But every time I make up my mind to do it somebody comes around and tells me I ought to!"  
 Puck.