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THE WEATHER

Western Oregon and Washington—Rain. Eastern Oregon, Eastern Washington, Idaho—Showers.

DOING THINGS RIGHTLY.

When a civic institution, such as a town, city, county, state or nation, conceives the idea of doing some piece of work that shall be an innovation and an improvement, and is meant to typify a perpetual purpose and become a fixed attribute of the public service, the first rule of common-sense would inspire the right doing of it, the use of the best materials, the employment of the best skill, upon the most wholesome plans framed to meet the larger expansion of the work with the normal increase of population and the steady demand for its extended application and operation. In other words, wisdom dictates the building for the future and not merely for the present.

By way of illustration: An English paper just at hand, contains the following:

"To provide for vessels of the Lusitania class the Liverpool Dock Board will construct a floating landing-stage nearly 2000 feet long, to lie in 40 feet of water, while a dredger is to lift 10,100 tons of sand from the bar in a single hour."

This is the scale upon which practical people construct such commercial attributes; and there is a lesson in it for Americans who are far too easily satisfied with the meagre meeting of the demands of the hour. We are inclined to cheapen our greater expedients in such lines as this and render them abortive after a brief season of use because of the expanded demand that cannot be met shorter of reconstruction upon the huge scale. This is a costly policy, both in time and money and the deprivation incident upon the waiting for the new instrument of service. Take our deep-sea dredgers, for instance. There is not one of them that amounts to "shucks" as an enduring, adequate and lasting proposition; they are of restricted capacity, illy contrived, poorly built, short of power, with every limitation that should have been guarded against; and the people are up against the eternal proposition of building all over again at vastly increased cost those things that should have been carefully and permanently constructed in the first place.

Years ago, when William Reed was secretary of the Portland Board of Trade he pleaded for such dredgers, but he was laughed to scorn, and the Columbia river service was equipped with the two "bum" specimens now supposed to do compensating work on that great artery of commerce; one of them rotting at her moorings with her boilers, less than five years old, utterly useless from a dozen material defects; the other, doing a limited service, of questionable value, and vaguest possible results. Yet hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent to put these discreditable things in commission, and upon which they have not earned the paltriest percentage of profitable increment since the days of their launching.

"TURN ABOUT IS FAIR PLAY."

The people of Astoria have been generous to the Astoria Electric Co. in the matter of franchises, privileges and opportunities for the realization of those profits the company was entitled to in the course of its own administration, and advancement generally, and there are those, in ample numbers, and of influence, who think it about time the company was doing something tangible for the city,

SCANDINAVIAN-AMERICAN SAV. BANK

Courteous and Accommodating

Liberal Methods... Conservative Management

by way of extending its lines west to Smith's Point, east to Alderbrook, and south over the hills, and opening up territory that needs just some such impetus to become valuable and interesting as home centers and business sites; as well as contributing its direct service to the hundreds already located on these outlying sections and eager for the utility such extension would afford.

The company cannot plead that there is no business in sight; else its original policy in seeking and using the franchise was but an unknown venture. It has built its own business, and a good one, by drawing people and homes along every foot of its lines east and west, and the proposed extensions would serve the same purpose, only in a larger degree, since there is a far wider area to build into, on the three lines suggested and more engaging sites than the original district offered.

The demand for this increase of urban service is not extraordinary nor irrational; many citizens feel that it would be as profitable for the company as for those whom it would serve, on the ground that every home established on its route stands for a perpetual patron of its service, and the service would urge the steady increase of the homes. "Turn about is fair play," and the Astorians would be glad to see these three lines started in the interest of local development and general advantage, believing the increment would fall as handsomely to the enterprising company as to the anxious citizens with homes to build and already build.

BETWEEN TWO THIEVES.

San Francisco has been crucified between two thieves, and in the very midst of her own bitter realizations she sees the two scoundrels paroled and taken down from their crosses, for the moment, while she herself remains suspended in the agony and shame of her fearful sacrifice. Schmitz and Ruef are rejoicing in the technical reprieve that has come to them and are certainly going to make the most of it in preparing for the longer and harsher campaign of prosecution that will surely be inaugurated against them on the unused indictments at hand.

The eventual success of these men, technical though it be, will be a direct insult to the civilization of the day; and there is surely wit, wisdom and wealth in the Pacific metropolis to carry the task of reprisal to completely successful issue. Else, we, of America, had better voluntarily yield our ambition to typify the best of modernity in governmental and social science and take our place in the ranks of the boorish and helpless proletariats of Europe. If San Francisco and California, knowing what they know, fail to pursue these men and their vile colleagues to the utter lines of all that is due them, that city and state will be amenable to reproach and confusion for all time to come.

For Diseases of the Skin.

Nearly all diseases of the skin such as eczema, tetter, salt rheum and barbers' itch, are characterized by an intense itching and smarting, which often makes life a burden and disturbs sleep and rest. Quick relief may be had by applying Chamberlain's Salve. It allays the itching and smarting almost instantly. Many cases have been cured by its use. For sale by Frank Hart and leading drug & sts.

Early Tendencies.

"Do you believe boys often turn out as their youth promised?" "Well, they do sometimes. There's Carver. He was the village cut-up when he was a boy, and now he's the leading surgeon in a hospital."—Chicago News.

It is not only in politics, but in other things, that many men think they are too smart to be honest.—St. Paul Dispatch.

COFFEE

You can buy something called "coffee" at 10c lb with 3000 miles of R R freight from the roaster; don't.

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like Schilling's Best; we pay him.

Before the People

Cards of Candidates in the Coming Campaign.

For Congress, T. T. GEER

Candidate for Republican Congressional Nomination in the Second District. Liberal Appropriations for Waterways, Equal Opportunities and Privileges for Labor and Capital, and Governmental Control of Corporations.

To The People.

In submitting my name to the electors of the Fifth Judicial District for their consideration for the office of District Attorney of said District, I desire to say that if I am nominated and elected, I will, during my term of office, honestly, vigorously and impartially perform all the official duties pertaining to said office, without fear or favor, endeavoring always to accord to every individual, irrespective of party, politics or personalities, a square deal under the law, keeping always uppermost in my mind the interests of the tax payers of said District and State.

E. B. TONGUE.

A BIT TOO SHREWD.

One Venture in Which the Captain Overreached Himself.

One of Uncle Sam's customs officials, noted for his success in unmasking smugglers, said the other day in a discussion of a customs officer's duties:

"One must be shrewd, but not too shrewd; otherwise one overreaches oneself, like Captain Harrow of Islesborough.

"Captain Harrow of Islesborough was trading at Key West in a small vessel. Business took him up the coast to Tampa bay, and he bought twenty dozen chickens from a farmer at \$4 a dozen.

"The chickens were all sizes—some a few days old and no bigger than canary birds; some fat and large, like turkey gobblers. The captain expected to make a lot of money out of them. He was very shrewd at a trade.

"Well, at Key West a hotel man came aboard and looked the chickens over.

"They are fine birds," he said. "How much?"

"If you pick them out yourself," said Captain Harrow shrewdly, "I'll have to charge you \$6 a dozen. If I pick them out, I can let you have them for \$3."

"All right. You pick them out," said the hotel man.

"Captain Harrow picked out a dozen chickens of the canary bird size.

"Here you are, twelve prime broilers," he said, with a leer.

"Go ahead," said the hotel man calmly; "another dozen."

"The next dozen was of necessity larger.

"Go on," said the hotel man. "Keep on picking them out."

"And the third dozen was larger still. The captain looked at his patron anxiously.

"Keep right on."

"The next dozen was fine and plump, and the next comprised the biggest and fattest of the chickens.

"Keep right on picking them out, captain."

"Then at last Captain Harrow saw how he had overreached himself. The hotel man bought his whole lot of chickens at \$3, and thus the captain lost on the speculation \$20 in cash to say nothing of feed and labor."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

LOVELY WOMAN.

She got into a street car on a freezing winter day. She left the front door open—oh, What did the people say? She bravely took a hammer, and she tried to drive a nail. The catastrophe that followed Made every one turn pale—Lovely woman!

She started to a party just A half an hour late. At the door she asked her husband, "Have I got my hat on straight?" They got her in the courtroom, and they asked her, "What's your age?" Says she, "I'll own to twenty-five." Now that was pretty sage. Lovely woman!

She bought an automobile vest A hundred inches long. She'll have an automobile when They're selling for a song. She worked and read and talked all day. As every woman ought. At midnight, when her husband came, She told him what she thought. Lovely woman!

She's not at all athletic, as You've often heard her say. But she'd jump on the piano if A mouse should come her way. Can she keep the men a-hustling? You Can simply bet your life! Still we wouldn't do without her As sister, sweetheart, wife. Lovely woman!

—Somerville Journal.

A FINE SIGN LANGUAGE

Droll Incident in the Reign of James I. of England.

A TRICK ON AN AMBASSADOR

The Different Interpretations of the Same Acts Performed by a Crochety Spaniard and a Hard Headed and Canny Old Scotch Butcher.

It is said that King James I. on removing to London was waited upon by the Spanish ambassador, a man of erudition, but who had a crotchet in his head that every country should have a professor of signs to teach him and the like of him to understand one another. The ambassador was lamenting one day before the king this great desideratum throughout all Europe, when the king said to him: "Why, I have a professor of signs in the northernmost college in my dominions—viz, at Aberdeen—but it is a great way off, perhaps 600 miles."

"Were it 10,000 leagues off I shall see him," said the ambassador, "and am determined to set out in two or three days." The king saw he had committed himself and wrote, or caused to be written, to the University of Aberdeen, stating the case and desiring the professors to put him off some way or make the best of him. The ambassador arrived, was received with great solemnity, but soon began to inquire which of them had the honor to be professor of signs.

Being told that the professor was absent in the highlands and would return nobody knew when, the ambassador said, "I will wait his return, though it were twelve months."

Seeing that this would not do and that they had to entertain him at a great expense all the while, they contrived a stratagem. There was one Geordy, a butcher, blind of an eye, a droll fellow, with much wit and roguery about him. He was got, instructed to be professor of signs, but not to speak on pain of death. Geordy cheerfully undertook the role. The ambassador was told that the professor of signs would be at home next day, at which he rejoiced greatly.

Next day Geordy was gowned, wigged and placed in a chair of state in a room in the college, all the professors and the ambassador being in an adjoining room. The ambassador was shown into Geordy's room and left to converse with him as well as he could, the professors awaiting the issue with fear and trembling.

The ambassador held up one of his fingers to Geordy; Geordy held up two of his. The ambassador held up three; Geordy clinched his fist and looked stern. The ambassador then took an orange from his pocket and held it up; Geordy took a piece of barley cake from his pocket and held that up. After which the ambassador bowed to him and retired to the other professor, who anxiously inquired his opinion of their brother.

"He is a perfect miracle," said the ambassador. "I would not give him for the wealth of the Indies."

"Well," said the professors, "to descend to particulars."

"Why," said the ambassador, "I first held up one finger, denoting that there is one God; he held up two, signifying that these are the Father and Son. I held up three, meaning the Father, the Son and Holy Ghost; he clinched his fist, to say that these three are one. I then took out an orange, signifying the goodness of God, who gives his creatures not only the necessaries, but the luxuries of life, upon which the wonderful man presented a piece of bread, showing that it was the staff of life and preferable to every luxury."

The professors were glad that matters had turned out so well; so, having got quit of the ambassador, they next got Geordy to hear his version of the signs.

"Well, Geordy, how have you come on and what do you think of you man?"

"The rascal!" says Geordy. "What did he do first, think ye? He held up one finger, as much as to say, You have only one eye. Then I held up two, meaning that my one eye was perhaps as good as both his. Then the fellow held up three of his fingers, to say that there were but three eyes between us, and then I was so mad at the scoundrel that I steeked my navel and was to come a whack on the side of his head and would ha' done it, too, but for your sake. Then the rascal did not stop with his provocation here, but, forsooth, takes out an orange, as much as to say, Your poor, beggarly, cold country cannot produce that. I showed him a whang of a bear bannock, meaning that I did na' care a farthing for him nor his trash neither as lang's I ha' this. But, by a' that's gude," concluded Geordy, "I'm angry yet that I didn't thrash the hide of the scoundrel!"—London T. P.'s Weekly.

Social Dance.

A social dance will be given Saturday, March 14th, at The Uppertown National Hall, Franklin avenue, between 28th and 29th streets. Music by the Pacific orchestra. All cordially invited. 3-12-3t.

Millinery.

Mrs. R. Ingleton has just opened a nice line of ladies' Eastern bonnets, and Saturday night will give a sale beginning at 8 o'clock. Mrs. P. Ingleton, Welch block, opp. Budget office.

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