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THE WEATHER

Oregon, Washington, Idaho—Showers, cooler except near coast.

MODERN SUPERSTITION.

Yesterday, Friday, the 13th, of the dreariest month in the year, was the ideal day of the superstitious. Here in Astoria it was ushered in on the wings of a fierce Sou'wester, and during all its 24 hours every adverse incident, big or little, was charged up to it promptly and freely; even those things that were, indubitably, inseparable from the routine of home and office life, and which repeat themselves every other day in the year, without comment.

Civilization thrusts aside everything except the pet superstition; that remains; treasured, cultivated, carefully stored in the mental corner, and haled into instant service at all, presumably, appropriate moments. The only difference between its old, absolute influence and its present effect on human affairs, is that we are a bit chary about confessing it for fear of the assumed scorn of our fellows who rely on that expression to hide their own epitaph for the almost universal indulgence.

Scorn we never so loftily, we are yet, and always, a lot of over-grown children, clinging to, scrapping for, and swearing by (in a perverted way), our follies and our traditional heritages; while our simulated disdain of them counts largest among the idiosyncracies of the day. It is a human thing, this fetish of signs and dates and portents and it dwells, and flourishes, in the recesses of thousands of minds believed to be immune from such rapid and vain possessions.

IN MAGDALENA BAY.

Riding safely at anchor in the pellucid channels of Magdalena Bay, behind the frowning heights of Santa Margarita and the shrubless reaches of Cape Saint Lazar, Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans' splendid fleet is at rest after its superb flight around two continents; a demonstration to the world of the might and majesty of the great Republic of the Western hemisphere and of its capacity for doing things.

During this 90 days of journeying, the world of emotionalists and sensationalists, backed by the carping critics of the day whose alleged scientific and technical knowledge would never be known of man unless they attacked something, have been throwing one spasm after the other in a vain effort to make the nation believe in the pre-destined failure of the tremendous voyage; and this, with the unforgettable example of the famous old Oregon, which, on the order of the hour, churned her way over this same route and led the van in the ocean fight of the century. The task of the 16 fine ships now harbored on the southwest coast of Lower California was no more nor less than the individual work of the Oregon, plus, perhaps, the show and glitter of the international receptions tendered them en route.

What becomes of the fleet now is problematical. San Francisco, of course, is the final objective, and within her gates the original mission will be fulfilled, marked by magnificent civic and official welcome. After that, new orders must emanate from Washington as to the movements of the fleet, in whole, or in detachments; and every city and port on the upper Pacific Coast is moving mightily for a chance to duplicate the honors and pleasures that are to fall to the San Franciscans. Even little old Portland wants to see the pageant; and while we, too, desire to take a hand in the semi-national overtures, we are

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Liberal Methods...Conservative Management

dubious about the ships going to the eastward of Tongue Point. There is such ample room for them here, all of them, that safety urges their remaining in Astoria channels, while the excursion principle is operated in behalf of the metropolis. Boats and trains will be put on, galore, in such behalf and the rates will be practically nominal from the interior of the State, the transportation companies gladly meeting the loyal spirit of such an event and contributing in kind.

However, all things being "up in the air" concerning the "Armada," we will wait, with what patience we may, the formal disposition of it, whether we figure in it, or not. At all events the ships cannot go up the Columbia nor come down, without Astoria getting a "look in."

ASTORIA-PASCO LINE-UP.

The last spike has been driven in the existing line of the "North Bank" Railway, and Astoria, its western terminus, sends cheerful greeting to Pasco, the temporary eastern terminus and wheat-mart of the system.

In the new game of commercial development that is being wrought by this splendid creation of Hill's Astoria is one of the four aces in the cards that are to be played for the supremacy this road stands for. Nature, common sense, business expediency and normal tendencies, all contribute to this conclusion; the other three high cards being Spokane, Puget Sound and Portland. It is right these four places should loom large in such a scheme as this, and be anticipated by every student of commercial certainties and possibilities, by the force of the logic that will not, and cannot, disassociate them.

Astoria is an adept at waiting. She knows what her destiny is to be when the affairs of the men holding the fiat hand shall shape themselves to its formal and timely unfolding; her patience is one of the traditions of the Northwest, and some day it will be rewarded. The turn will come out of the barren and unpromising heaven of "official silence" now pervading the Columbia and Willamette Valleys with all but agonizing effect; and when that pall is broken this city will take her place among the terminal factors of the Pacific and share with the others round about her the refulgent and compensating light of her influence and prosperity. There is nothing mean about Astoria; all she wants is a chance to prove it!

EDITORIAL SALAD

Governor Folk has no true friendship for Bryan, else he would not be urging the Republicans to nominate Hughes.

Colonel Watterson offers to bet \$1.50 that Bryan will be elected. The recklessness of the wager is considerably tempered by the amount.

Some of the things expected to revolutionize the world are slow in making good. Take, for example public ownership and denature alcohol.

The rumor is again revived that the German government wants to purchase the Philippines. It must be that Germany has an embarrassing surplus.

A combination has been formed by the attorney generals of Missouri, Kansas and Texas to fight the trusts. The octopus may as well throw up its tentacles.

With five such candidates as Cannon, Hughes, Taft, Knox and Fairbanks the Republicans can not lose. With one such candidate as Bryan the Democrats can not win.

The fleet left behind in Peru a knowledge of baseball, but the natives will be puzzled when they turn to the dictionaries for the lingo they heard in connection with the game.

The prospect is that Mr. Hearst's National Convention, which follows all the others, will manage to find grounds for fusing with Mr. Bryan's National Convention, which meets at Denver in July.

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, an 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.

THE WORLD DRYING UP.

Possibility That the Human Race Will Die of Thirst.

We are to die of thirst. Comparatively few persons know the suffering involved in a thirst for which there is no help at hand. The consuming thirst more than the pain of any wound makes the battlefield a hell. Yet death by thirst is the doom forecast for the race by grim scientists. Geologists find that the fresh water supply of the globe is falling. They have data which point to the gradual withdrawal of the streams and other bodies of water from the surface. Both in Africa and central Asia and, indeed, in all the great levels the water beds are drying up. A great number of lakes well known in the historical age have entirely disappeared. For example, Lake Chirona, in Africa, has vanished within recent years, as has also Lake Ngami, discovered by Livingston. Lake Tchad is more than half dried up. For centuries bodies of water in central Asia have been evaporating and the deserts extending. Where 2,000 years ago great cities stood in east Turkestan there are found only vast and depressing stretches of sand. The river Tarim, once a principal Asiatic route, is almost gone, and Lob Nor, formerly four times the area of Lake Geneva, is now but a shallow marsh. The same sad conditions are noted in European Russia. Novgorod, the most pushing city in the czar's distracted realm, was surrounded by water in the middle ages. While we may be sure that the fate which the geologists suggest for humanity is very far away, the facts recited to show the drying up process are convincing proofs of the need of preserving our forests with more care.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

This is Worth Remembering

Whenever you have a cough or cold, just remember that Foley's Honey and Tar will cure it. Do not risk your health by taking any but the genuine. It is in a yellow package. T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

Spring Announcement.

The Ross Millinery will hold their spring opening on March 18th and 19th, which brief announcement is quite enough for those who know what this means.

Scientific Loafing.

"Chess, checkers and whist are marvelous inventions," says the philosopher of folly. "They enable a man to waste his time and still have the feeling that he is accomplishing something intellectual."—Cleveland Leader.

Making Faces.

Saucee—I saw a man in a window making faces today. Symple—What was he doing that for? Saucee—For a couple of clocks. He is a jeweler.—London Fun.

COFFEE

Why Schilling's Best? Because it is best and your money is yours if you think you don't find it so.

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like it; we pay him

THE PYGMY EARTH.

Vast Dimensions of the Sun as Compared With the World.

A dime held at arm's length from the eye will much more than cover the entire disk of the sun. If it were placed at the exact point of coincidence and its diameter and distance from the eye accurately measured, it might be used as a means of determining the sun's diameter, his distance being known. The foremost philosophers of long ago would have been appalled at the true statement of both the sun's distance and its size.

The sun's diameter is about 800,000 miles. It is bewildering to be assured that it would take 1,300,000 earths to equal the sun in volume. If the interior of that truly gigantic globe were hollow and the earth were placed at its center with the moon revolving about it at its usual mean distance of nearly 240,000 miles, there would still exist a vacancy between the moon and the inclosing shell of the sun of nearly 200,000 miles. This is perhaps the most graphic and impressive illustration possible of the sun's colossal bulk. We must note, however, that the density of the sun is only about one-quarter that of the earth, so that it would weigh only as much as 330,000 earths. In very round numbers the sun's weight may be stated at two octillion tons, which if expressed in figures would require almost as many ciphers as a newspaper line can accommodate.

A very comprehensive illustration of the pygmean dimensions of the earth as compared with the sun is to represent the latter by a globe two feet in diameter and the earth by a dainty pea. And yet the little pea weighs more than six quintillion tons. As to the solar surface, it is some 12,000 times that of our planet. Yet the sun when compared with its true peers, the stars, is not only of extraordinary size, but in all probability is only to be ranked among the medium self-luminous bodies which sparkle in "heaven's ebon vault." And because of its spottedness it has a place, although a humble one, among the "variable" stars.

FATE AND A NAME.

John, When Borne by Royalty, Seems Linked With Misfortune.

It is interesting and somewhat curious to note the persistence with which misfortune has dogged the name of "John" when borne by royal persons, although no ill omen seems to attach to it in the case of ordinary citizens.

For instance, King John of England has always been regarded, whether altogether justly or not, as a most infamous prince. John of France was taken captive by the Black Prince, and John Balliol of Scotland was most thoroughly despised by his countrymen on account of his fawning attitude toward the English. Robert III, of Scotland changed his name from John, but this did not save him from his destiny. He himself was a cripple and died of a broken heart, the most tragic fates having overtaken all most dear to him.

John I. of Bohemia was blind. The Pope John I. was imprisoned by the king of the Goths, and Pope John X. was driven from Rome by the Duke of Tuscany. Pope John XI. was imprisoned by his brother and is supposed to have been poisoned, a fate similar to that of Pope John XIV. Pope John XV. was forced to flee from Rome and died of fever in Tuscany. John XVII, dubbed the "antipope," after a troubled career, was brutally tortured and consigned to a dungeon for the brief remainder of his life.

John I. of Constantinople was poisoned; John II. was killed while hunting wild boar, and John III. was dethroned, his eyes put out and left to die in prison. John I. of Castile was killed by a fall from his horse.

This is not by any means a complete list of the unlucky Johns, but it serves to show the fatality which seems to cling about the name in so far as royalty is concerned.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Dough.

Dough is made out of wheat, real estate, oil, literature and magazine articles. But dough made of wheat is no stickier than any other. Dough is the prior fact to bread, motor cars, steam yachts and collections of old books. It is the staff of high life. It imbitters matrimony and purveys the lovely scandals we read about. It gets girls sent off to college and fitted to be something more spectacular than mere wives and mothers. It curses them that go in for it, but not unto the third and fourth generations. We are too good spenders for that. It is from dough that the dowdy, the dull and the dotty derive distinction otherwise denied.—Puck.

An Orkney Prayer.

The brevity of the Orkney summer precluding the raising of hardly anything except oats ("aits") and barley, the elders had requested the minister to pray for good harvest weather. He complied as follows: "Lord, gie us braw weather and a wee bit saugh of a breeze that will dree the straw and will noe harm the heads, but if ye blaw us sic a bletherin', rivin', tearin' blast as we has been ha'in' ye'll play the vera mischief wi' the aits and fairly spall a'!"

Ill Bred.

"Mamma, the scenery abroad must be very ill bred." "Scenery ill bred, my child! What do you mean?" "This book on Alpine climbing says, 'A terrible abyss yawned before them.'—London Tit-Bits.

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