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TELEPHONE MAIN 661.

THE WEATHER.

Oregon, Washington and Idaho—
Fair and warmer.

THE GREAT LINK.

The magnificent bridge that spans the Columbia from Vancouver, Portland-ward, is finished. It constitutes another monumental link between the Pacific and Atlantic; fills another gap in the commercial wastes of the world and is still another tribute to the genius of expansion that had made the name of James J. Hill imperishable among men. It is a fitting terminal for the splendid railway it serves, the Spokane, Portland & Seattle, and is full of significance to the whole Columbia valley, of which Astoria is the logical seaport.

There was no fuss made over the great finale; the last rivet was driven almost without public notice, and the stupendous work closed in the grim and determined course of business; but the "hurrah" is yet to come. We hope to sound the initial note from this end of the river, on one bank or the other, and it will be heard from one end of the shipping world to the other in terms and tones that will never be forgotten so long as a bottom seeks cargo in the Northwest of America. We are biding our time, with undiminished faith in the exact and elemental conditions that surround us.

It comes at a propitious moment. The declaration of the real utility of the great jetty at the mouth of Columbia jibes handsomely with the completion of this superb structure, and together they smooth the way of commerce to and from this normal gateway to four States that comprise the Inland Empire and the actual Northwest of the nation.

It is one of the great episodes of our history. And we set store by it.

VACATION DAYS.

The schools of Astoria and Clatsop are closed for the summer vacation period, and three or four thousand youngsters are free to indulge the myriad diversions and charms of the delightful season. With their elders they will be seeking the pleasures that come with the summer weather and conditions, and turning to account of health and recreation the thousand and one allurements of the hour, and happily for them, summer is just far enough behind to yield them the entire guerdon of its time and talismanic treats.

The joy of the young is one of the delights of middle and old age. To know of their happiness and to render it to them, are among the pleasant things that fall to those who still remember the fresh and delicious days of youth despite the harsher experiences that have come to them.

For the host just "turned loose," the Morning Astorian has only the best and brightest hope for not only the pending summer, but for all the years that shall be allotted them; that they may make Astoria famous and prosperous and find themselves that quota of prolonged happiness and success that belongs to the good and true citizen.

THE DIFFERENCE.

The difference between Astoria, Oregon, and Princeton, New Jersey, is that the President of the United States may walk and ride the streets of this city without so much as a policeman to look after him, let alone a regiment of troops to line the leading thoroughfares to guard him against the anarchistic fanatics that dwell there.

There is something radically wrong with an American community that is not safe enough for the chief American of the nation; and the pride of Princeton must have suffered a twinge when it was made manifest that Theodore Roosevelt had to be protected by a detail of soldiers, while there in attendance upon the obsequies of his fellow President, Grover Cleveland.

But we can rely upon one tremendous certainty, that whatsoever town or city in the United States ever suffers the disgrace of a Presidential killing, at the hands of men that town

has nourished, will never outlive the shame of it. It will be marked for all time to come.

PORTLAND, TOO!

The Oregonian (newspaper) of yesterday, has a strong protest against the insurance graft that is becoming one of the rankest menaces to business in the State. And we are glad to note that "there are others." Astoria has borne about all she can of this oppression and there is going to be "something doing" if relief is not granted in short order and rational scope.

The evil has grown slowly, but it has waxed exceedingly hard. And now that the two biggest cities in the State are lined up for a scrap against the down-right imposition the insurance barons at San Francisco have perpetrated, we expect to see a general uprising all over the commonwealth; and the quicker the better. There are some profoundly interesting statistics on the fire and life insurance business of Oregon, at the office of the State commission, at Salem, and a deliberate study of them will furnish a mass of fine fighting material.

SUNDAY AT THE CHURCHES

Memorial Lutheran.

Grand avenue, one block west of Fourteenth street. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; evening service at 8:00 o'clock. As the organization of the Memorial Lutheran Church has been completed, we now invite all Lutherans who prefer the English to worship with us. Gustaf E. Rydquist.

First Lutheran.

Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. No evening service as the pastor will hold service at the Memorial Lutheran church.

First Presbyterian.

Rev. L. M. Booser of Boise City, Idaho, will preach morning and evening. Morning worship at 11 o'clock; evening at 8:00; Sunday school at 12:15; Young People's Meeting at 7. You are kindly invited to all these meetings.

Holy Innocents Chapel.

Second Sunday after Trinity. Morning service, 100 a. m.; Sunday school, 11:15 a. m.; evening service, 7:30 p. m.

First Methodist.

Class meeting at 10:15 a. m.; Sunday school at 12:15 p. m.; Epworth League at 7:00 p. m. At 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. we will unite in services at the Baptist church. Morning theme, "The True Christian Life and Ideal." Evening theme, "Christianity—or What?" A cordial invitation is extended to the public to attend. C. C. Rarick, pastor.

Norwegian-Danish M. E.

Services at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.; Sunday school at 10 a. m. Scandinavians cordially invited. O. T. Field, pastor.

Christian Science.

Services in I. O. O. F. building, corner Tenth and Commercial streets, rooms 5 and 6, at 10 a. m. Subject of the lesson sermon, "Christian Science." All are invited. Sunday school at 11:30. Wednesday evening meeting, 8 o'clock. Reading room, same address, hours from 12 to 5 daily, except Sunday.

FASTEST THINGS IN WORLD.

The world is in a hurry. Wherever we go we see trains whirling by, autos speeding in clouds of dust, men striving on foot, on wheel, on horse or in water, to make speed records. So writes Thomas D. Richter in the Technical World Magazine for July. But we do not realize what may be done while the minute hand of the clock revolves or in an hour of the twentieth century haste?

Standing at the cross-roads, we see a more black speck in the distance growing with seeming sloth. We hear a purring sound, increasing, developing, then leaping into a roar like thunder. Volumes of dust rise like smoke from the mouth of a fire-

breathing monster and the twentieth century dinosaur flies, screams past—merely an automobile racing at a rate of from eighty to one hundred and twenty miles in an hour.

We stand at the railway crossing. In the distance an indistinct object winks into view, far beyond where the two lines of shining rails meet together upon the track bed. On it comes with a swift spreading circumference; it whizzes by in a breath-taking rush and is gone almost before we realize that it is a modern electric train. Such a train in Germany has been run at the rate of 130.4 miles an hour.

On the sea shore we hear a scream, thin and piercing. A boat siren shrills its warning. Something rises from the water, splashing and tearing frantically through the ocean waves. It is past and ere we get our glasses to bear upon it, it is distant again. Merely a racing motor-boat, trying to make more than thirty miles an hour on the watery turf.

Let us pause and take breath. Are we speed crazy? Sit back and take a bird's-eye view of this old earth and you surely must conclude that something is the matter. Some strange and potent germ has gotten into the blood of the denizens of this planet, inoculating us with a mania-speed mania. It has fairly turned the brain of Mother Earth.

A discussion of the speed craze and its results follows, illustrated with photographs of the "fastest things in the world."

WHAT GHOSTS ARE.

Science, exact and practical, has come to the aid of the "psychical research" investigators with an entirely new theory in regard to ghosts. So writes Rene Bache in the Technical World Magazine for July. The discovery, though as yet only hypothetical, is that such phantoms may in fact exist, and that they are sufficiently material in their nature to admit of study and even of detailed analysis.

According to this idea, indeed, the ghost of reality is properly to be regarded as a chemical phenomenon. It has a recognizable substance, however tenuous and intangible, and may actually be reproduced experimentally in the laboratory.

For authority on this point, the writer is permitted to refer to one of the foremost of living chemists, Prof. Charles E. Munroe, Dean of the D. C. He is not only a believer in

ghosts—at all events, in the possibility of such phenomena—but he says that they can be made artificially. It is, he thinks, not at all unlikely that the laboratory process for making counterfeit spectres is merely a reproduction of nature's own method of ghost-manufacture.

Apparitions, of course, are usually associated in one way or another with tragedies. Somebody, for example, is murdered under exceptionally distressing and picturesque circumstances, and—the corpse being hidden by the perpetrator of the deed—the ghost thereafter haunts the scene, forlornly striving to attract sympathetic attention, and unable to find rest until the body shall be discovered and provided with Christian burial.

"Astoria, Or., June 23, 1908.

"The Morning Astorian,
Astoria, Oregon.

"Gentlemen and Friends—Being one of the winners in the Morning Astorian Contest, I wish to thank every friend, who helped me to win the gold watch. Yours respectfully,
"LELAH GILBAUGH."

"Astoria, Ore., June 4, 1908.

"The Morning Astorian.
Dear Sir:—In reply to your favor of the 1st inst., I wish to state that it is with the greatest pleasure I accept your most splendid prize, the Reo Automobile, offered me, as the winner of the recent contest. To you, as well as to my many kind friends, I extend my sincere thanks and appreciations for all kindness and favors shown me. Yours respectfully,
"MISS MAY PARKER."

WOMANLY WISDOM

Back and forth in the rocker.
Lost in a reverie deep,
The mother rocked while trying
To sing the baby to sleep.
The baby began a-crowling,
For silent he could not keep;
And after a while the baby
Had crowed his mother to sleep.

The sweetest, purest ornament that a woman can wear, and of which she should feel proudest, is the clinging necklace of her baby's arms.

Don't discourage the boy when he comes to you with his cares or troubles. Sympathize with him, and thank God he confides in you.

You can make pretty and durable table mats of the bottoms of used



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ASTORIA ELECTRIC CO.

grape baskets. Tear off the sides and cover the bottom part with white linen or table oilcloth.

Hang a palm-leaf fan by each bed. It is a comfort to have a breeze at command when you wake in the middle of a sultry night, and the cooler air and the regular motion of fanning often soothes one to sleep.

Some folks are troubled by potatoes turning dark after being boiled, especially at this time of the year. If they are peeled an hour or so before they are cooked, and left to stand in cold water, they will keep nice and white.

Butter may be kept in warm weather if put in a bowl that is covered with a plate and set in a pan of cold water. Then fold a towel and lay across the plate with the corners hanging down into the water, and put the pan in a cool, if possible, a drafty place, and the evaporation will keep the butter firm.

To keep flies from roosting on the screen door, ready to come in when it is opened, take a piece of an old window shade, or else a folded piece of manilla paper as long as the door is wide and about half a yard wide, and

cut into narrow strips to within two inches of the top, then tack across the top of the door. The gentlest breeze, or the movement of the door, when opened, will keep the flies away.

This is why his marriage was a failure:

He did all the courting before marriage. He never talked his affairs over with his wife. He thought of his wife only as a cheap housekeeper. He never dreamed that a wife deserved praise or compliments. He married an ideal, and was disappointed to find it had flaws. He paid no attention to his personal appearance after marriage. He treated his wife as he would not have dared to treat another woman.—Farm Journal.

COFFEE

Five degrees of excellence: * good; ** better; *** fine; **** finer; ***** finest: all Schilling's Best.

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