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THE WEATHER

Oregon and Washington—Fair and cooler interior west portion and continued warm east portion.

DON'T DELAY ACTION!

The people of this city are exceedingly glad to know that the attention of the Common Council has at last been drawn to and fixed upon the three notorious and abominable nuisances that afflict this community, to-wit, the blatant and unnecessary steam whistling on land and water fronts; the wild and reckless driving of delivery wagons through the narrow streets of the city; and the nerve-racking barking, baying and howling of the dogs of the city.

Our people have been very patient with these things for many years, in the hope that common-sense and the ordinary decencies of life would, sooner or later, prevail to abate them, and make life tolerable for the sick, the nervous, the tired and the helpless. They have borne with them because they felt that it was all in the course of business (except the dog end of it) and that as commerce developed its own conveniences and took on the modern methods of despatch, the rough edge of these things would be worn down to comparatively noiseless and unnoticeable movement. But, it seems we are going right along in the same old primitive fashion, doing things as they were done two score years ago, with no effort made to qualify or simplify them; and that the council has taken the questions up, yields some measure of hope that there is relief in store on all three propositions, and it is high time.

MARTYRING THE MARTYRS.

Our friends, the Socialists, have the unhappy faculty of martyring the martyrs of their party. Hence the naming of M. R. Preston, an inmate of the Nevada State penitentiary, charged with murder and serving a term of five years, for the candidacy of that party for the Presidency of the United States.

The trouble with the Socialist has always been that he is too willing to canonize the man who falls under the ban of the law, no matter what he was, nor what he has done, before he and the law came in conflict. It is a policy that will re-act upon their party and program as long as they adhere to it, and must keep the standards of championship at contemptible gauge in the eyes of a world that does not think with them nor understand the principle they are following.

Granting, for the sake of the socialistic argument, that Mr. Preston is a martyr to some of the inequalities of the age, that he is suffering sheer injustice as a penal servant of the land, it does not help the cause of socialism to go to the penitentiaries for leadership. It is Quixotism gone mad and has not a thread of practical sense (the back-bone of the socialistic doctrine) to save it. There are clean, able, impeccable men in the socialistic ranks from whom to select such advocates as it needs, especially as the dignities it sets up are, for the time being, purely tentative, and it were well if the party forebore to thrust its "martyrs" broadcast upon a censorious world for ribald and despicable treatment.

BY WAY OF WARNING.

The people of Astoria might as well make up their minds, once for all, that there is a program afoot in this city to re-open Astoria to the limit. The gambling room, the dance-hall and all the trappings and people of the old regime, are to be restored on an intensified and amplified scale. We know what we are talking about and we believe the people have a right to know it. It is going to be squarely

up to the people before the echoes of the Presidential campaign have died away, and it will develop in the early phases of the municipal campaign in unmistakable fashion. If the people want it, as is claimed, they will have it, and that is all there will be to the departure; if they do not want it, they have two legal remedies at hand, that used wisely, will terminate the issue swiftly and without appeal, the local option law, and the law of recall.

The Morning Astorian has had its fill of this contention and reserves the right to ignore the whole situation when it shall develop, on the score of the attitude of the people on this identical issue three years ago; and it will probably make use of the reservation, but does not declare itself at this early day. It is simply fore-casting a certainty of political action that is to come up for popular consideration, in order that it may be absolved from any charge of having failed to do its primal duty as a local newspaper.

It will be a body-blow to the City of Astoria if the lapse is permitted, and it is no more than right that the people should have warning of the pre-determined course of municipal politics this fall and winter!

PEARY.

This brilliant, plucky, experienced American naval officer is going into the hell of the Arctic again for three years, with a group of 22 trained associates, and a stout ship, to try once more for the solution of the eternal problem, of the North Pole.

We shall all be proud if the supreme honor of this geographical stunt shall fall to America, and we know of no American to whom the credit might fall with more aptitude than Peary. He is entitled to all he may get from the voyage, and he is no novice in the quest. He may find his grave up there along with many another bold spirit whose strength and courage wilted before the incalculable horrors of the secretive north; and if he does, we will simply have one more historic figure in our laudatory annals; and if he succeeds and lives, we will have practically the same thing, and no more.

Thin Glass and Thick.

Glass is a substance that we cannot figure the strength of as we can a great many other things with which we are familiar. It varies greatly in itself. The strongest glass, as a rule, breaks into the greatest number of fragments. Comparing the strength of thin glass with thick, the former is relatively the stronger. This is a thing very often lost sight of. Then, again, as to the difference between rough plate and polished plate, we find polished plate the stronger. This is perhaps to be attributed to the fact that all these very fine surface hair cracks are polished out. These only go into the glass to a certain depth, and when they are all or nearly all polished and ground off there is less chance for some of them to form the basis of a crack, and thereby the glass is increased in strength. Tests have been made, and some formulae have been arrived at. As was to be expected, they show very irregular results as to the strength of glass.

A Baseball His Tombstone.

The grave of William A. Hulbert, at one time president of the old National Baseball league, is marked with a tombstone in the shape of a baseball. When Mr. Hulbert died, in 1882, some of his old associates set about to show their love and respect for him, and the result was the monument in Graceland cemetery, Chicago. The baseball is made of red granite, about twenty inches in diameter, showing the seams as they appear upon the balls used in the regulation games. Across the top appears in raised letters, "W. A. Hulbert, President National League, P. B. B. C. 1876, 1882." On one side appear the names of four clubs in the old league—Boston, Providence, Worcester and Troy—and on the other those of the other four—Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo and Detroit. Also there is a headstone of white marble, upon which appears the name, together with the date of birth, Oct. 23, 1832, and the date of death, April 10, 1882.

NEW YORK LETTER

NEW YORK, July 7.—In the opening roar of Gotham's Glorious Fourth the noisiest delegation that the Tammany tribe ever dispatched for a democratic national sun dance has hit the trail for Denver to-day. In its wake this formidable array of political braves has left a seething mass of red hot rumor that is affording holiday New York almost as much excitement as its millions of dollars worth of roaring gun powder and red fire. The democracy of the Empire State is to demand heaps of official wampum of the national party, the leaders declare, and unless Big Chief Billy Bryan passes around the peace pipe at once, his scalp may come back dangling at their belts. That these active scouts from the greatest state of all are to be counted upon to head any opposition which may develop against Bryan is conceded here. With half a dozen strong candidates for second place on the ticket, the New Yorkers feel sure they can not only name its tail but make or unmake its head.

WEALTH WITHOUT WALL ST.

Crowded about a little suite of rooms in a Park Row skyscraper hundreds of eager men are to-day fighting for a chance to hire out as farm hands to gather the rich crops of this state. At this branch of the State Department of Agriculture it is asserted that places may be found within a few days for some 8,000 of the army of unemployed here in the fertile fields of the regions above the Bronx where hard times have not hit. If factories find an opening rush in the promising summer season ahead, this number of immediate vacancies may be doubled within this month, the state officials declare, for then the applications of idle mechanics will be eliminated. That the outer state can reach into the metropolis to help whole regiments of the unemployed is a cheering sign to the people of Gotham. It has reminded them to-day that, over and above Wall Street, great wealth and prosperity exists in the great bulk of the Empire State.

SEEKING THE SKY

That no limit seems to be fixed to the skyward rearing of lower Manhattan has been shown to-day by the news of another insurance skyscraper which will be built to overtop the loftiest peaks of the Wall Street cliffs of finance. Close to a thousand feet

AN OLD SALEM STRATEGIST.

The Cruise of the Rajah and a Corner in Wild Pepper.

Evidently Americans were hustlers and strategists of commerce from the beginning, for witness a good story of fact as told by Ralph D. Paine in the Outing Magazine:

"In 1793 Captain Jonathan Carnes of Salem was looking for trade along the Sumatra coast. Touching at the port of Bencoolen, he happened to learn that wild pepper might be found along the northwest coast of Sumatra. The Dutch East India company was not as alert as this solitary Yankee shipmaster roaming along strange and hostile coasts.

"Captain Carnes kept his knowledge to himself, completed his voyage to Salem and there whispered it to a merchant, Jonathan Peete, that as soon as possible a secret pepper expedition should be fitted out. Mr. Peete ordered a fast schooner built. She was called the Rajah and carried four guns and ten men. There was much gossiping speculation about her destination, but Captain Carnes had nothing at all to say. In November, 1795, he cleared for Sumatra, and not a soul in Salem except his own and himself knew whether he was bound. Her cargo consisted of brandy, gin, iron, tobacco and dried fish to be bartered for wild pepper.

"For eighteen months no word returned from the Rajah and her mysterious quest. Captain Carnes might have been wrecked on coasts whereof he had no charts, or he might have been slain by hostile natives, but Jonathan Peete, having risked his stake as Salem merchant, were wont to do, busied himself with other affairs and planned his fish to the proved sagacity and pluck of Jonathan Carnes.

"At last a string of signal flags fluttered from a station at the harbor mouth. Jonathan Peete reached for his spyglass and saw a schooner's top-sails lifting from seaward. The Rajah had come home, and when she let go her anchor in Salem harbor Captain Jonathan Carnes brought word ashore that he had secured a cargo of wild pepper in bulk which would return a profit of at least 700 per cent on the total cost of vessel and voyage.

"In other words, this one 'adventure' of the Rajah realized what amounted to a comfortable fortune in that generation.

"There was great excitement among the other Salem merchants. They forsook their desks to discuss this pepper bonanza, but Captain Jonathan Carnes had nothing to say, and Jonathan Peete was as dumb as a Salem harbor clam. The Rajah was at once reft-

ted for a second Sumatra voyage, and in their eagerness to fathom her dazzling secret several rival merchants hastily made vessels ready for sea with orders to go to that coast as fast as canvas could carry them and endeavor to find out where Captain Carnes found his wild pepper. They hurried to Bencoolen, but were unsuccessful and had to proceed to India to fill their holds with whatever cargoes came to hand. Meanwhile the Rajah slipped away for a second pepper voyage and returned with 150,000 pounds of the precious condiment."

COPS IN COURT

For the first time in the memory of political heelers here the ancient and honorable graft of filling police court posts with favored incompetents from the force is to-day being assailed. Year in and year out the policeman with a pull has counted with surety on the soft berth of browbeating the court crowds indoors instead of pacing a real beat in the open. To-day the magistrates have appealed to the mayor for a good riddance to this stupid host of helpers who might better be out of their courts and offering some protection to life and property. No village in the land is so scantily policed as is this metropolis where a whole regiment of able bodied bluecoats has left the streets to the crooks while it blusters about in the easy hours of court details. Every one is hoping that the new movement may result in putting the cowardly cop where the brave one is glad to do his real duty.

TIRING OF THAW

Hailing the latest court decision on the status of Harry Thaw as final, the good people of this town are at last hoping that the last has been heard of this tedious aftermath of a wearisome and nauseating story. Only the sight of rotund Dan O'Reilly or the debonaire Evelyn serves to-day to occasionally remind the crowds here of the once engrossing Thaw trials. That the subject of these two trials is removed from city limits is some consolation to the public and no one would look forward with eagerness to his loosing once more under the white lights of the tenderloin. The stand-pat policy on the Thaw matter is widely approved in this city.

Didn't Seem Fair.

Having finished her afternoon's philanthropic work in the east side tenements, the voluntary helper started for home. Before she had proceeded far, however, she discovered that her purse was gone. So, surmising she had either carelessly mislaid or been robbed of it, she retraced her steps to the tenements. Her search availing nothing, she was about to turn again toward home when a tear stained youth accosted her.

"Say, missus," he sneered, pointing across the street, where another boy crouched in a hallway to examine something. "If y' 're lookin' fer y' pocketbook, dat kid over dere's got it!"

Acting on this declaration, the lady hurried over and cornered the lad before he was aware of her proximity. Seeing no chance of escape with the purse and its contents, the boy complied with the lady's demand and handed over.

"Now, my honest lad," she then said, turning to the first boy, who had followed her across, "there's a dollar for pointing out the thief!"

As this boy ran off clutching his reward the second lad squinted hard at the lady.

"Say, missus," he said, "don't I get nothin'?"

"Not a penny!"

"Gee!" he rejoined, in a kind of perplexity. "An' I stole de pocketbook from him!"—Buffalo Times.

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