

FRANCE AND GERMANY ON THE QUI VIVE

WATCHING EACH OTHER LIKE HAWKS OVER THE MOROCCAN QUESTION

GERMANY'S HIGH-HAND POSE

Muddle May Lead to Grave Trouble, With France Standing High and Right in the Eye of the Great Powers.

PARIS, Sept. 3.—After an informal conference by the ministers yesterday and the exchange of telegrams with Premier Clemenceau, the Associated Press was authorized to announce that France intends to pursue the Moroccan policy already mapped out and that the powers will be allowed to decide whether her course or that of Germany is preferable.

The tone of the newspapers is temperate, but firm, and indicates that the "support of the outside world will be on the side of France." The Temps declares that Germany's move proves that she intends to play her own game in Morocco.

"After demanding an intervention of Europe at Algeiras" this paper says, "Germany is now pursuing a policy in Morocco without regard to Europe."

The paper points out that France considers herself bound to view the situation from the general standpoint even to the neglect of her own interests. Had she desired to take advantage of the situation, the concentration of a hostile army under one of Mulai Hafid's lieutenants on the Algerian frontier would have furnished an ample excuse to take only her military security into consideration.

Instead France allowed Mulai Hafid to be proclaimed Sultan at Oudja, and acting in accord with Spain, she undertook to secure preliminary guarantees to safeguard the interests of all the powers and to arrange an understanding among the powers, a thing which is most essential as guarantees themselves. This was explained repeatedly to Germany through diplomatic channels.

"To recognize Mulai Hafid," the papers declare, without knowing whether or not he will accept the Algeiras act or subscribe to the engagements of the empire toward Europe, is a policy of incoherence worthy of M. Jaures."

Germany's note, this journal goes on, means nothing, or it means that Germany demands the unconditional recognition of Mulai Hafid. If it is the latter it is unacceptable. Germany has the right to pursue her own policy but if she runs counter to the interests of Europe, she must not be astonished if she finds herself isolated.

It is certain that the other powers have sufficient authority without Germany to exact the necessary guarantees. France's line of conduct is inspired by the general interest and it will not be modified.

"Perhaps when Dr. Vassel presents the olive branch from Wilhelm," it says, "Mulai Hafid may remember that the predecessors of this particular consul have cruel sequels; that Germany changes her proteges in Morocco as elsewhere and that the promptest recognition is not always the most durable. The interest of Europe is to treat unitedly with the Sultan of Morocco, who ever he may be, and it is the interests of the Sultan to treat with a united Europe."

The Liberte is of the opinion that this coup is aimed directly at France, but says that even Germany's allies must protest against this attempt on the part of Emperor William to monopolize a situation in which all the powers are interested.

"The period of retention has been renewed," says the Liberte, "but we need not be alarmed that the tone of the foreign press shows on which side are the sympathies of the world."

The Journal des Debates considers that Germany's move is selfish and regrettable and sure to complicate the settlement of the Moroccan problem.

BIG LEATHER DISPLAY.
CHICAGO, Sept. 3.—The third annual shoe and leather market fair closed at the Coliseum last night after 50,000 persons, according to the estimate of the management, had viewed the display. Exhibitors have booked orders during the week aggregating \$2,000,000. The show will be repeated about this time next year.

DANCED TO DEATH.

Pittsburg Mulatto Exerts Himself Too Greatly.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 3.—"Danced himself to death," will probably be the verdict of the coroner's jury in the case of Albert Hulton, aged 25, a fine looking mulatto who was found dead in his bed yesterday.

Hulton was attracted to the street by the tune of a hurdy-gurdy, and throwing the operator a quarter of a dollar, told him to repeat the tune as often as the coin would pay for. Then Hulton began dancing, executing two steps, waltz, jigs and buck and wing steps as the movement changed. A crowd gathered and when the music the first coin paid for ceased, another one was passed up and the dancing continued until the police interfered. Hulton retired to his room and the doctor called, who said death was due to heart disease due to over exertion.

STUDY "BLACK HAND."

New York Officials Have Been In Italy For That Purpose.

NEW YORK, Sept. 3.—After making a study with the aid of the Italian government, of the black hand system in that country, District Attorney Clark of Kings County and Francis L. Carr, his assistant have arrived home. Their itinerary through Italy was kept secret, on advice of Brooklyn Italians, because of the possibilities of harm from Italian criminals.

Mr. Clark learned on his arrival that a mass meeting of Italians would be held in Brooklyn to denounce him and demand his resignation. He was told that his fellow countrymen in Brooklyn were indignant over his written criticism concerning corrupt practices in the Italian judiciary.

LONG OIL PIPE LINE.

Extends From Bakersfield to San Francisco, About 282 Miles.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 3.—On Saturday next the new rifed pipe line for the conveyance of crude oil from Bakersfield wells to Port Costa on San Francisco Bay, a distance of 282 miles, will deliver its first flow. The line is the property of the Associated Pipe Line Company and parallels the line of the Standard Oil Company. It has a capacity of 17,000 to 20,000 barrels past a given point every 24 hours and was constructed at a cost of \$4,500,000. Pumping stations located every 23 miles where the mixture of nine parts oil to one part water is pushing along the water following the rifings of the pipe and forming a water bearing for the oil which would not be otherwise handled without being heated.

HAD THE NERVE OF DANIEL.

Couple Married at State Fair, While Beasts Growl.

SACRAMENTO, Cal., Sept. 3.—In the presence of 12,000 spectators, standing in a den of African lions, Miss Abbie Higgins and J. T. Betts of this city, were joined in wedlock last night, at the state fair pavilion, Rev. A. R. Schumacher of Fair Oaks officiating. It was the most successful function of this kind given in the west and there was not a hitch in the program.

During the ceremony Prince, the immense African lion, growled and started the party somewhat, but was soon quieted by his owner, Madame Schell. The ceremony was short and inside of three or four minutes the party were allowed to leave the cage when the happy bride was handed a check for \$50 as the wedding present from the fair management.

KILLED IN PANIC.

CHICAGO, Sept. 3.—Strap hanging played a part in the death of William Finley, 5 months old. The baby was being carried by its mother, Mrs. Annie Finley, who was forced to hang to a strap in a crowded Fifth-street car which she entered on August 21. She had traveled only a short distance when a telephone pole fell, striking the roof of the car. The passengers were thrown into a panic and before Mrs. Finley could get out of the aisle she was knocked down and the baby was trampled on. Efforts to save the life of the child at the Provident Hospital proved unavailing, and it died yesterday.

HAS A STRONG FRIEND.

TANGIER, Sept. 3.—The departure of Dr. Vassel the German consul here, for Fez, which has caused such a sensation in Europe seems to have produced a general impression among the Moroccans that Germany is the first power to recognize Mulai Hafid and the only power friendly to him.

Sinclair's Strategy.

By HENRY HAVEN.
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"Our dance, I believe, Miss Trent." Dick Underby whisked Myra away and to Fred Sinclair, with a declaration of love trembling upon his tongue. It seemed that Myra went with him morned eagerness. Underby hurried Myra off to the dancing floor, but Sinclair remained in the conservatory and made rude remarks to the tiny fountain playing in the fern lined basin.

All the season it had been a race between himself and Underby for Myra's favor, and now the season was closing with the Dagmar dance, yet neither of the two men had been skillful enough to evade Myra's innocent stratagems and make his avowal of love.

Both had come to the dance determined to put his fate to the test, for on the morrow Myra was to leave town for a long visit to distant relatives. Perhaps had there been but one suitor his persistence might have been rewarded by opportunity, but Underby and Sinclair unconsciously aided Myra in her evasions by interrupting the other at crucial moments. When the last dance had been played and the guests were departing Sinclair realized, with sinking heart, that his opportunity was lost.

Underby, too, was heart heavy with disappointment, and chagrin still showed in his face when he came to the station the following afternoon to see



SHE WROTE OUT A ONE WORD MESSAGE, "YES."

Myra Trent off. Sinclair was there, but upon his face was a smile of such satisfaction as made Underby wonder if perhaps Sinclair had found his opportunity, after all.

There was a stir as the train pulled in, and under cover of the confusion Sinclair handed a package to Miss Trent.

"It's the newest detective story," he explained. "I know that you like all sorts of mystery stories. I have taken the liberty of adding a homemade puzzle in case you find the book too short." Myra smiled appreciatively. She preferred cryptograms to chocolates, riddles to roses. She had won many magazine contests of this sort in her youth. She found Sinclair's present more acceptable than Underby's violets, and as soon as she had settled herself in her Pullman section she unwrapped the book.

As she ran over the pages an envelope dropped out. It contained a single sheet of note paper, and in Sinclair's cursive handwriting was this note:

Kara Myra—Ebla, ech kun helpo de tin-chi shlosilo, vi trovas lom da mal-facileco kompreli la sencoon de tin-chi senda, sed mi scias ke vi shatas labori je enigmoj, kaj pro tio mi sendas al vi tulin chli letereton. Ghi seligos al vi tion kion vi ne permesas ke mi scitu al vi persone. Mi vin amaa, karolino, kaj vi igos min la plej feliceca vitro en la mondo per la unu vorto "Jea."

Myra smiled as she studied the odd jumble of words. Many of them looked familiar. There was no mistaking "enigmoj." "Mondo" was clearly the "world," and "labori" was "labor." Other words were of familiar aspect, and then there were some that were totally strange.

It might be a combination of the "hog Latin" of childhood days and the real Latin of the college course, but an hour's study showed many words not to be accounted for on any such hypothesis. The more she studied the more firmly convinced was Myra that this was some new form of cryptogram invented by Sinclair to divert her on her two day trip.

She was still studying the slip of paper when the porter came around to make up her berth, and in the troubled sleep which broke the night journey strange combinations of letters danced before her eyes.

When she came back from breakfast in the diner the next morning the porter approached with a small package.

"A gemman done tole me gib you dis here in de mo'nin'," he announced as he handed the package to Myra. The girl's face brightened as she recognized Sinclair's handwriting. "This" evidently contained the key. She would not have to puzzle longer.

From the package dropped a small booklet with "Esperanto Key" on the cover page. Myra had heard of the "universal language" and had heard also that it required but half an hour to become familiar with the grammar. So, after all, her mystery was nothing but a letter in Esperanto, and the unraveling would come in a brief hour. She was half inclined to regret that the

mystery would solve itself so quickly as she thought of the long day's ride before her.

But in this thought she was wrong, for, although the key was accompanied by a larger dictionary and she found the few rules absurdly simple, these were but part of the mystery.

The book laid stress upon accents as essential to the understanding of the words, and Sinclair's letter was entirely wanting in accents, nor could she find some of his words in the dictionary.

It was not until late in the afternoon that she stumbled upon the explanation. "Shlosilo" she could not find, but under the accented S's she found "slos," meaning a lock, and "lo," an instrument, and decided that a lock instrument was a key. With this clew as to the surplus h's which replaced the accents on preceding letters she soon had the translation written out. It read:

Dear Myra—Perhaps even with the aid of this key you will have some small difficulty in getting at the sense of this letter, but I know that you like to puzzle over enigmas, and it is for this reason that I am sending you this note. It is to tell you what you will not let me tell in person. I love you, dear, and you will make me the happiest man on earth with the one word "Jea."

Myra allowed the paper to flutter to the floor as she stared out of the window on the glory of the western sunset toward which they were flying. She was half pleased, half angry, at the declaration. This was her first season in society, and she was not minded to give up her liberty so soon, and for that reason she had evaded Sinclair's declarations. She did not wish to say yes so soon, and she could not say him no.

She remembered how Nancy Baldwin had been the belle of one season and during the next had been almost completely monopolized by Ben Trayer. Myra had planned to have another year of freedom before she should be led captive by Cupid.

But in the end an amused smile played about her lips as she thought of Sinclair's strategy, and when the porter came through the car to light the gas she procured a telegraph blank and wrote out a one word message, "Jea."

Her uncle was at the station the next morning to greet her and to hand her a yellow envelope.

"This came just as I was leaving the house," he said. "I hope that it does not contain bad news."

Myra tore open the envelope and read the short message.

"I am coming on," Sinclair wired, "to tell it over again in English and pantomime."

"It's good news—very good news," said Myra, smiling softly, as she looked up into her uncle's anxious face, for, after all, pantomime, not Esperanto, if properly expressed, is the universal language of love.

Afraid of Safety Pins.

It is not easy to realize the bondage to fear under which barbarous people live on account of their superstitious ignorance. Mrs. Theodore Bent tells in her book, "Southern Arabia," how she tried to make a present of a safety pin to a native woman and what a storm of indignation was occasioned by her act. On our arrival at our camping ground and while we were waiting for our tents to be ready I was surrounded by women all masked. They seemed highly astonished at a safety pin which I was taking out, so I gave or, rather, offered it to an old woman near me. She wanted to take the pin, but several men rushed between us and roared at us both and prevented my giving it to her. I stood there holding it out and she stretching out her hand, and one or two men then asked me for it for her. I put it down on a stone, and she took it away and seemed pleased, but a man soon brought it back to me on the end of a stick, saying they did not know these things and were afraid of them.

The Opium Habit.

In an article on Robert Louis Stevenson's horror of the opium habit the Rev. W. E. Clarke in the chronicle of the London Missionary society gives a letter which the novelist sent when on the island to the native king of Samoa on the subject, in which he said: "Nothing is more quickly learned than the opium habit. It passes from one to another like a song. Nothing is so pernicious; it feeds upon unaccustomed races like a fire upon dry wood. And I assure your majesty no race appears less able to stand the results of this drug than that to which your majesty belongs and over so great a portion of which your majesty is called upon to rule."

Stevenson concludes a long letter by suggesting to the king that "any foreigner other than a doctor or a missionary acting as a doctor who shall be found to have distributed the drug either for money or as a gift" should at once be deported from the islands.

A Nature Study.

I like to watch the old fool hen that's tied beside my door. She has of little chickens ten and thinks she has three-score. Of all the blamed important things that ever fussed around she is the worst. All day she sings and claws the dirt around. She thinks she has the only chicks, and so she clucks and humps. All other chickens are gold bricks; all other hens are chumps. She sees a foe in every friend and drives that friend away. Her feathers always are on end; she's mad the live-long day. And so I watched the old fool hen, and still she seems to me like many chuckle headed men whom every day I see. This life to them's not worth a cuss, no pleasure it affords, because they fume and fret and fuss about their little hoids, with bile and envy in their souls pursue their narrow plan and ever guard their dirty rolls and bate their fellow man.—Emporia Gazette.

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