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TELEPHONE MAIN 661.

THE WEATHER

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

PUBLIC PATIENCE FAILING.

Whatever the flattering unctious the Common Council of Astoria is laying to its corporate soul, the actual fact remains, undisguised and unmistakable, that the patience of the Astoria public is failing; and there will be plenty of significance given before many days have gone by, of the real extent of this lapse from confidence and regard.

The people are just beginning to understand that the council and its committees and advisers are not so clever, nor thoughtful, nor considerate of the public purse and pride as they should be, and the realization is wrought of facts that permit no other accounting, such as the raw and costly blunders developing constantly in the matter of street improvements and the hard-and-fast program laid out and adhered to in the case of the proposed seawall, along with lesser manifestations of incapacity and official disregard of the essentials of cost, convenience, and general conservation of the popular interests.

The impression is justified that the council and its group of attaches are too closely knit, too unified in purpose, too compact and homeogenous, to serve the broader ends of real public service and this conviction leads to the downfall of all civic faith and reliance. No council is above the electorate that puts it in power; nor does its pretended adherence to the wishes and will of the people, always lavishly made under reproach, relieve it of the charge of indifference, or worse, when based upon such tangible pleas as Astoria now makes against the present administration.

The council is blundering badly in more ways than one, and it will do well to call a halt in its autocratic course of doing things irrespective of protest and counter-pleas from the public; especially in this matter of the seawall. A continuance of its peremptory schedule will invite reprisals that even it may not flout. For if it dreams for one instant that Astoria is going to have a million-dollar public improvement crammed down its throat without proper preparation and essential scrutiny of all preliminaries, it is going up against a lesson in the efficacy of the law of injunction that will open its eyes. It can't have its way about the seawall, provided the taxpayers and the people generally have their way first. This by way of warning!

A BEAUTIFUL DREAM.

The news comes down from Portland, and must, therefore, be of irreproachable verity, that the whole of Clatsop beach is to be transformed into a sort of Eden, a dreamland of modern delight and happy indulgence, a premier resort for the pleasure-seeking world, in which Messrs. Hill and Harriman have blended their power and purpose, along with other conspicuous people; and that when the scheme is fulfilled there will be nothing between Nome and National City to compare with it for scope and magnificence.

Good for us!
Astoria's interest in this development can hardly be measured just now but will probably come within the range of computation as the work unfolds and then it will be found that it means an immense deal for this place; as this must be the distributing point for the hundreds of thousands of summer visitors and the enormous

supplies incident to their coming, etc., etc. We do not doubt, disparage or deny any of it. There are too many palpable capabilities in the project to discredit it; and we are only too glad to feel that someone has found anything with the earmarks of blessedness in old Clatsop, especially anyone up in the metropolis. Here's to 'em!

SOUNDS LIKE BUSINESS.

Portland is to spend many millions of money in excavating for a harbor and when she is through will have 10 or twelve million square feet more than she has at present. She will need it all, considering the little she has now; and we hope she will not spend the money in vain. We have 40 or 50 square miles of the commodity down here we should be glad to have her consider as a resource in this line, if she will but use it. She can handle the business even at an even 100 miles away.

SPOT-LIGHT MANIA.

Mr. Bryan's mania for the spotlight is being gratified to the full these days; but as of old the central figure will gradually recede to the up stage-rear-exit and fade dimly while the refulgent beam of the s.l. will find the real and correct focus and fall where it belongs. For the moment he is enjoying the recurrence of an ephemeral popularity that will frazzle out early in November and leave the "idol" in proper shape for the dust and desuetude of another four years; it cannot fail to issue this way; it never has; and the conclusion is foregone because there is less this time to bolster the idea of his election than ever before; he has no new hold on the American public thought and interest; nor even so strong a grasp as he held eight years ago; he is simply a reversionary candidate, logical, because he was the only available man in his party or parties.

As to Mr. Taft getting in the glare of the calcium, we don't give a hang if we never hear of him until the evening of November 2nd next, and then only to the effect that he has been elected to the Presidency; in the meantime the country, knowing the man and all he stands for, may safely go about its business and eschew the radiance that emanates from the Bryan camp, for it is but the immaterial glow of the mock-fire from the "woods" toward which he is headed and hastening.

The New Pure Food and Drug Law

We are pleased to announce that Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs, colds and lung troubles is not affected by the National Pure Food and Drug law as it contains no opiates or other harmful drugs, and we recommend it as a safe remedy for children and adults. T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

How to Avoid Appendicitis.

Most victims of appendicitis are those who are habitually constipated, Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup cures chronic constipation by stimulating the liver and bowels, and restores the natural action of the bowels. Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup does not nauseate or gripe and is mild and pleasant to take. Refuse substitutes. T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

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Nothing does more for a grocer, one way or the other, than coffee. He must sell poor; (he needn't sell it to you) it is good that makes him.

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

Evils of the Blacklist and the Boycott.



By Justice DAVID J. BREWER, United States Supreme Court.

HERE are certain individual rights, the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and they are rights which belong to every individual in this broad land. THERE IS NO CROWNED HEAD IN THIS COUNTRY WHO CAN SAY "I AM THE STATE." THE ONLY THING WE HAVE TO FEAR IS THAT MAJORITIES WILL GET TOGETHER AND FOR BUSINESS OR COMMERCIAL OR INDUSTRIAL REASONS WILL CRUSH OUT THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

Nothing appeals to me so strongly as calling for the combined action of every true American to preserve these inalienable rights. The spirit of liberty prevails here. No majority and no power compels you to remain here or do anything against your own reasonable wishes.

Now we have both capital and labor demonstrations of different character in this country. There are vast combinations of capital which exist. It is not fully known, and probably never will be known, just how many business men are compelled by these combinations to join them. If the business man will not join they arrange to undersell him and break up his business.

IT IS NOT PHYSICAL FORCE AND COERCION, BUT WHEN ARRANGEMENTS ARE MADE BY WHICH A MAN'S PROSPERITY IS SWEEPED AWAY FROM HIM UNLESS HE JOINS A COMBINE THE FIRST PRINCIPLES OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE HAVE BEEN VIOLATED AND A BLOT HAS BEEN CAST ON THE NAME OF AMERICAN LIBERTY. I DO NOT CARE WHO DOES IT OR WHAT COMBINATION IT IS, IT IS A DISGRACE.

The same thing is equally true of labor. There is nothing more wholesome than the collection of labor into union or organizations. It tends to give them higher wages, better standing and countless other advantages, and of this I most heartily approve. But when any body of laborers say to one man in that same branch of endeavor, "You must join this organization or you won't be permitted to work anywhere," and resorts to violence or boycotting or anything that cuts that man out from pursuing his happiness in his own way, I say that organization also has insulted the name of American independence.

LET THE TIME COME WHEN ANY ORGANIZATION CONTROLS BOTH CAPITAL AND LABOR, AND THE GOVERNMENT FOR WHICH OUR FATHERS DIED WILL VANISH FROM THE EARTH.

THE PROMISING FUTURE.

Signor, I now weel speaks true
Som' theings dat gon' surprisa you,
Baycause you have not undarstood
Italian people vera good.

Een all dees fina bigga land,
Where evratheeng eet ees so grand
An' all men eesa s'pose' to be
Way like 'nother, equal free,
Dere ees a mosta noble race
Dat should be put een highest place,
Baycause dey play sooch bigga part
Een evra beerness, evra art,
For mak' so younga land like dees
To be da gretta theeng eet eea.

Bayhold, da grand Italian race!
Com', see 'wat pride ees een my face.
Ah, vera manny, manny year
We been sooch leetla people here,
But now all dat ees gon' be change'.
You theenk dat 'wat I say ees strange?
Ah, yes, but true! Eh? How I know?
Big, wisa man he tal me so.

You laugh. I s'pose you theenk dat he
Dat tal all dees news to me
Ees like mysal', Italian.
Not so; he eesa 'Merican.
An' he ees vera reech an' swal.
I weech dat you could hear heem tal
Wat granda theings ees gona be
For poor Italians like me.
Dat weech be wise an' "boost da game"
By helpin' Meester 'Wat's-bees-name-
You know, dat bigga fatta gent
Dat's gon' be 'lecta president.

Ah, vera manny, manny year
We been sooch leetla people here,
But now we look you in da face-
Bayhold da grand Italian race!
-T. A. Dady in Catholic Standard and Times.

Progress.
"Yes," said Mrs. Malaprop, "my boy is doing first rate at school. I sent him to one of them alimentary schools, and his teacher says he's doing fine. He's a first class sculler, they tell me, and is head of his class in gastronomy. I know his letters by sight and can spell one o' these deformed spellings down to Washington."

"What's he going to be when he grows up?"
"He wants to be an undertaker, and I'm declined to humor him, so I've told the confessor to pay special attention to the dead languages," said the proud mother.—Harper's Weekly.

His Way of Proposing.
He—They tell me you are great at guessing coondrums.
She—Well, rather good.
He—Here's one for you: If I were to ask you to marry me, what would you say?—Pick Me-Up.

Not Literary Himself.
"But, papa," pleaded the pretty American girl, "can't you take the

the price along with us to the seashore? He is so literary I just know he will entertain you."
"No, thanks," replied the old millionaire firmly, "I don't care to take any literary supplements."—Chicago News

Aristocracy.
"This, I suppose," said the visitor, "is the gun carried by your grandfather in the Revolution?"
"That was his gun," replied Richley Kadd pompously, "but he didn't carry it. His man did that for him, of course."—Catholic Standard and Times

They Left Nothing.
"And what," asked the bereaved lady, "were my husband's last words?"
"He didn't say any laast wurruuds, ma'am," replied Pat. "Aftther the doctors got through wid him on de operatin' table he hadn't a ven a wurruud left in him, poor soul."—Houston Post

POLLY THE JESTER.
How a Mischievous Parrot Jollied a Windy City Physician.
A south side physician gave his wife a parrot which he had purchased for his office, but which was so uncanny and mischievous that it gave its owner nervous prostration. Then he turned it over to his wife, with strict orders that it should be kept out of his sight.

No one can ever bank on a parrot, and Mrs. Physician kept the bird in a cage in an alcove of their room where the doctor could not see it and covered the cage with a heavy blanket during the time the doctor was at home. Polly was as mute as a mouse when covered up, and the man of the house never even surmised her proximity.

But one day when he was shaving himself a sudden gruff chuckle gave him such a start that he cut a gash in his chin. He looked toward the alcove, from which the sound came, and saw a white eye protruding through a hole in a planket—a fiendish eye, filled with an unholly delight. Then a hoarse voice croaked:

"What yer doing?"
"Can't you see what I'm doing, you blamed fool?" roared the doctor, wiping the blood from his chin.

Then Polly, with a wicked laugh, twinkled that white eye maliciously as she shrieked out the shibboleth of the barber shop:
"N-e-x-t!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

His Blunder.
"Your wife seems to have taken a violent dislike to Meechem."
"Yes; when he was at the house the other day he leaned his head back against one of the ornamental tidies she keeps on the rocking chairs for that purpose."—Chicago Tribune.

Killed the Kisses.
"Yes, they tried to live on bread and cheese and kisses."
"Didn't it work?"
"No. She made the bread and George furnished the Roquefort, and after that nobody wanted any kisses."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Logical Reasoning.
Manufacturer—The making of baby carriages ought always to be protected by the tariff.
Social Expert—Why so?
Manufacturer—Because it is and always will be an infant industry.—Ref.

A SUMMER DRINK

Table listing drinks and prices: Unfermented Grape Juice absolutely non-alcoholic, Concord 50c quart, Catawba 60c quart, Welch's Grape Juice, Nips 10c.

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