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THE WEATHER

Oregon and Washington—Occasional rain.

SIGNIFICANCE OF TERMS

In cold type, as they meet the eye of the reading public, terms and titles take on their amplest significance and are most literally, if often, wrongly, construed.

A case in point has arisen in which we, primarily, plead guilty to a misuse of titles that led to a, presumably, bright man, a State officer, taking over the "unearned increment" of an implied charge, though he knew better than anyone else that he could not, conceivably, be involved in the affair, and particularly under the simplest interpretation of the phraseology employed.

In the issue of the Morning Astorian of September 24th last, in dealing with some very important proof at hand concerning Governor Haskell's bald removal of Republican teachers from the schools of Oklahoma, we quoted the gentleman supplying that proof, to the following effect:

"I might mention, incidentally, that, of two of the old faculty retained one was a brother-in-law of the attorney general of the State, and the other was a paid representative of the American Book Concern; facts that made their retention decidedly obvious at the time."

As a matter of fact he said "Auditor of the State," and not Attorney-General: That is the crux of our offense, and for the sake of all concerned we are profoundly sorry the error occurred, but it is one of those things that will creep in among the best of methods and disturb the best of rules and intentions. Yet we insist that the complaining Attorney-General might have saved himself a lot of alleged agony had he not jumped at a conclusion that was wholly untenable by himself or his friends, since he and they knew, beyond all peradventure, that he never had a "brother-in-law" there to be discharged. However, this is written to adjust, and close, the incident, and we file our distinct promise to be on guard against similar breaks in the future.

TAFT'S FIRST JUDGESHIP

Mr. Taft's first judicial post was on the Superior Court bench of the State of Ohio, to which he was elevated soon after his marriage in 1886. He had courted and become betrothed to Miss Helen Herron, daughter of John W. Herron, who was President Hayes's law partner. He and Miss Herron had known each other from childhood.

So far as money went, Mr. and Mrs. Taft, when they were wedded, probably had less than most of the young married pairs whom they knew. But they made it do. Their first home was in McMillan street. It was their own from the start and the keen satisfaction they felt in possession of a domain all their own was not marred by the fact that there was a mortgage to clear away. That was an immense deal for the husband to work and the thrifty wife to save in the life partnership that began so happily, and which has lost none of its charm and its idealism, its contentment, pleasure and comfort in the decades that have gone.

Mr. Taft had been steadily growing in usefulness and in the regard of the community. People began to have a notion that they wanted him to work

for them, to place him in the forefront of public affairs, to look after their interests in the things which they had neither the time, patience, nor perhaps the ability to handle themselves. The same instinct of self interest which prompts a business man to prize reliable clerks and managers is apt to guide us when we cast about for men to fill our high offices. We like to feel that we can trust them.

When Governor Foraker sent notice to Mr. Herron that he intended to name him as Superior Court judge to fill a vacancy, the Governor was besought, when Mr. Herron declined the honor, to appoint Mr. Taft. By the rules of politics it was almost inconceivable that he should, for Foraker was the embodiment of the machine and Mr. Taft was against it. Foraker broke the rules and did the unexpected. Mr. Taft became a judge. Foraker went farther. He sanctioned the nomination of Judge Taft for a full elective term, and used his influence to elect him. But it was not entirely disinterestedness on his part. Judge Taft's name on the ticket and the following which he commanded was an asset for the party, and his winning reflected a measure of credit upon his sponsors.

WE HAVE ONE COMING

The Oregon Electric Railway Company yesterday opened its scheduled service between the metropolis and Hillsboro, using coaches of the Astoria & Columbia River Railroad Company in lieu of their own which have not yet arrived.

We, too, have an electric line coming. The day is not far distant when electric trains will be flashing between Astoria and Seaside, covering the whole intervening territory with a service that shall unite and mass the interests of the county and make for rational and sure development. It has never been known to fail, and Clatsop offers nothing but the most pronounced encouragement to all concerned.

We are looking hourly for cheerful news from the East as to Mr. Forsythe's report to his syndicate on this proposition and the certainty of capital to bolster and build the system. Never was this question in as promising light and condition as now exists and the question of rights-of-way alone impends. There is no reason to believe this issue will in any degree impede or embarrass the best venture before the people of city and county, for the more those in this interest examine the status of the enterprise, the more certain will they become of the surety and success that are inevitable.

THE SPLIT-LOG

From all that has been said and written concerning the efficacy of the split-log as an adequate, cheap and around implement for the building of all manner of country roads, we coincide with the suggestion of a well-known Clatsopian that it might well be tried upon the roads of this county and made to do very effective work. A thorough test of the plan might prove of great value and contribute to the hastening of work now in abeyance for want of just such an expedient. This is especially true of the Nehalem section, which by way of remoteness and inaccessibility, is susceptible of unusual delays in getting tools and materials for the improvement of its highways. The fact that Clatsop is making remarkable headway with her system of road-building and is giving intelligent thought and generous sustenance to the policy, does not negative the use of this simple and handy implement in the initial work at hand; and as it has its place in every phase of roadwork, its introduction would be practicable, and practical.

COFFEE

Poor coffee has to be sold in bulk, it isn't worth packing.

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

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THE TREE AND ITS FRUIT.



A picture suggested by a quotation used in Mr. Taft's Cincinnati speech.—Baltimore Sun.

THE BEADS.

As Mame approached young womanhood she balked at scrubbing floors and stairs. The gossip of the block averred that she was getting uppish airs. She blossomed out one Sunday morn. A thing of feathers, bows and fues. While in her ears the neighbors saw Two pearl drop jewels hanging thus:

She soon became the reigning belle of all the district thereabout. Her dresses at the barkeeps' ball put all the other girls to rout. Her father—but we'll let that wait until with his expense we seek. The neighbors gazed in great surprise. At beads like these about her neck:

A grand display of wealth she made. Like women of a higher plane. Who gazed the men folks on to toll and glitter with their hard earned gain.

Mame's father labored with a hod. The beads that framed the showy miss. Cost daily beads upon his brow. That stood out as he slaved like this:

Charles R. Barnes in Puck.

Leather Hinges. In the town of Ballingh lived a butcher who was famed for selling tough meat. A countryman went in one day to purchase some. "Well, my good man," asked the butcher, "is it for frying or boiling you want it?" "Neither," replied John. "It's to make hinges for the stable door."—Tit-Bits.

Garge and the Pig.



"Well, Garge, what did the pig fetch?" "Not near so much as I expected. I never thought it would."—Tit-Bits.

The Vehicle of Uncertainty. "Where shall we go for our wedding journey, dearest?" He hesitated. "Let's leave it to fate, darling." "Good," she cried. "We'll start without knowing where we are going to stop." So they went in a balloon.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Where Bullets Flew. David Parker of Fayette, N. Y., a veteran of the civil war, who lost a foot at Gettysburg, says: "The good Electric Bitters have done me more than five hundred dollars to me. I spent much money doctoring for a bad case of stomach trouble, to little purpose. I then tried Electric Bitters, and they cured me. I now take them as a tonic, and they keep me strong and well. 50c at Charles Rogers & Son's drug store."

The Difference.

"Well," said the optimistic boarder, "there's one thing about our boarding house—you can eat as much as you like there." "Of course, same as ours," replied the pessimistic one. "You can eat as much as you like, but there's never anything you could possibly like."—Philadelphia Press.

Always Capelizing. Rodrick—Jibb's yacht capelized again. Why, it must be topheavy. What's it called? Van Albert—Cupid. Rodrick—Cupid, eh? Well, he ought to call it Lovers' Quarrel. Van Albert—Why so? Rodrick—Because it soon blows over.—Town Topics.

The Weight and the Day. "It's silly for any one to suspect me of cheating," said the tricky coal man. "My weight is honest as the day." "H'm!" remarked the housekeeper. "The days are getting shorter and shorter as the cold weather approaches."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Lost His Title. Simkins—You say that little man was formerly the lightweight champion? Tinkins—Yes. Simkins—How did he lose the title? Tinkins—Oh, he didn't lose it. He merely sold his grocery and retired.—Detroit Tribune.

His Scheme. "Gaddie certainly is stuck on himself." "Oh, I don't know. He's always running himself down." "Of course. That's the only way he can keep on talking about himself and get people to listen to him."—Minneapolis Journal.

His Friend's Opinion. "I have been married four times, and yet I often fear that I do not understand women." "The fact that you have been married four times ought to remove from your mind all doubts concerning the matter."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Reason. Mr. Prairie Dog—You look pretty cross this morning. Rattler—Humph! Had to keep my rattle going all night to keep the baby quiet.—Bohemian Magazine.

A Healthy Family

"Our whole family has enjoyed good health since we began using Dr. King's New Life Pills, three years ago," says L. A. Bartlet, of Rural Route 1, Guilford, Maine. They cleanse and tone the system in a gentle way that does you good. 25c at Charles Rogers & Son's drug store.

Love's Young Dream.

Together they were occupying a rustic seat on the lawn, he and she, and she at least seemed to be unconscious of the flight of time. "How bright and shimmering the evening star appears tonight, George!" she said. "Pardon me, my dear," replied George, "but that is the morning star!"—Chicago News.

Looking Ahead.

"I've often wondered," said the thoughtful man, "why they throw old shoes and slippers after a bridal couple, but I think I see the idea now." "Yes," asked the other. "Yes, I suppose the idea is that they'll come in handy for spanking purposes in the future."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Another Thrust.

Mr. Stubb—That old chap Argus had a hundred eyes. Mrs. Stubb—So they say. Mr. Stubb—And I suppose, Maria, if I had a hundred eyes I could see everything too. Mrs. Stubb—Everything but your own faults, John.—Chicago News.

Woman Interrupts Political Speaker

A well dressed woman interrupted a political speaker recently by continually coughing. If she had taken Foley's Honey and Tar it would have cured her cough quickly and expelled the cold from her system. The genuine Foley's Honey and Tar contains no opiates and is in a yellow package. Refuse substitutes. T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

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