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TELEPHONE MAIN 661.
Official paper of Clatsop county and the City of Astoria.

WANTED: BRAINS, AND MONEY!

Men, nor towns, ever get to a point where they want nothing; there is always something desirable, and oftener than not, unattainable. Astoria has her ambitions, plans and purposes, and by rational degrees she is rounding in her best cherished advantages and has her cards laid for the accumulation of other necessities, that make for her final endowment as a city of standard measure and equipment. Her most essential want at the present moment, however, is a man or a group of men, primarily gifted with brains enough to appraise her real need for an extended electric railway system, that shall comprehend the baseline around the peninsula, a crest line along its backbone, with deflecting lines down both faces of the hills to the two bays that flank her site, and, of course, the logical and certain continuance of the system across Young's Bay to the "West Side" with all that means to the concern that will go far enough and give a live and comprehensive service. Secondly, they must have money, because Astoria, having set by this unneeded increment, for lot these unmentionable years, without initiative enough to make the slightest grasp at it, is not to be relied upon to do more than make it feasible for someone else to do it, and this she will gladly do because she actually understands her own limitations as well as her crying necessities and undeniable short comings of this sort.

There is a splendid field here for the trained brains and idle capital behind builders of such plants and lines, and the day cannot be far distant when the glaring possibilities of the proposition will be noted and made proper use of; and, when it shall have been taken over and exploited to the ultimate, the men who have known it, seen it, figured it, and neglected it, will gulp down another lesson in industrial economics that will last them for the rest of their lives.

Even the layman, without a shred of technical knowledge, can see the reasonable ratio of profit that must accrue from the correlative development that invariably follows such expansion of transportation and the sole trouble with those who are best informed, hereabout, on the score of this work, is, that they want other people's money to work with, rather than their own; the new and crippling doctrine of latter-day financial dogma and policy. Well, if it must be other people's coin, let the outsider have the whole thing, so long as his courage and means make it possible for Astoria to forge ahead on her destined course of growth. Even the man from abroad has been in here and tried to work the new promoting trick and some of them have gone so far as to really throw out surveys and do a bit of grading but the farce has always played itself out after lingering long enough to deny the gift of some honest and capable man, or company, who would have done the work long ago but for the interloper.

We are going to howl for this thing until we get it. Astoria needs it and is sure to get it in time. We are going to hasten that time if there is anything in ceaselessly demanding, and inviting, and declaring our belief in the virtue and value of the enterprise. Such an investment here would mean the building of a thousand homes in this city the very first year of its existence; with all the vast and swift accumulations that must follow the last foot of such a road, and to the last day of its operation.

ASTORIA'S REAL PLACE.

The port of Astoria stands at the transportation-end of the base-of-grades for all traffic from, and to, the great Northwest of America. This is the simplest way of putting the proposition to those who are not familiar with the exact conditions here. The city stands at the mouth of the Columbia River, the mightiest artery of what is commonly known, the country over, as the "great Northwest," that vast and rich territory that as yet, has hardly been "scratched" by the industrial hand of man; within 10 miles of deep-blue Pacific Ocean water, and in the midst, or rather at the feet, of a measureless,

pristine forest of merchantable woods, without parallel, in scope and value, anywhere else on earth.

The jetty stands upon a peninsula, flanked on either side by a magnificent bay and useable for all marine businesses whatsoever, within sight of a bar that is yielding, year by year, inch by inch, to the effects of a mighty jetty six miles in length that must, in time, so harness the tides of the ocean and the floods of the great river, as to leave an almost scumless channel, from the deep waters or the sea to the pier-sides within this harbor. Nature has been far kinder than man (man in the Governmental sense, alone excepted), in the disposition of things about Astoria and we are but waiting for man to realize his blunder and return to the ready-at-hand advantages he has so long ignored in favor of the metropolis, 112 miles inland, and up two rivers.

We are calling people to this city and section by every mail that goes hence and we want them badly not only to bring their wits and dollars and industrial crafts and help build us up and grow and prosper with us, but to aid us in the task of swinging Astoria's destiny back to the natural and unescapable trend laid out for it and from which it was swerved only at the behest of influences that intervened long before the dictates of trade had made their proper impress in behalf of this model sea-port and logical territorial sea-gate.

But the deflection is not insuperable; it is already giving way to the inevitable pull and rebound compelled by every-law of nature, that which all transportation methods adhere to with wonderful precision and grim finality, once they are established; and we shall have something to offer those who come at our bidding, that we did not have when we called them, something of infinite value and transcendent importance, and from which they who cast their lot with us, shall reap as abundantly as we, who have waited so long for the realization: **THE ESTABLISHMENT, HERE, AT ASTORIA, OF THE MIGHTIEST MARINE DEPOT, PORT AND HARBOR, ON THE MARGINS OF THE VAST PACIFIC!**

SATAN AND NEWSPAPERS.

"What would Satan do if he were an editor?" asks the Rev. Mr. Shaffer, and he proceeds to answer his question by declaring that he (i. e.) Satan would do pretty much what every present-day editor does in the conduct of his newspaper. Mr. Shaffer is one of those hot-stuff creatures who try nobly to do their duty by the Monday morning newspaper, which is largely a chronicle of pulpit sayings and doings. The Oregonian printed the brother's sermon yesterday; yet it is pained to relate that no special increase in the usual daily sales or circulation was recorded. On the other hand, the Evening Telegram told in an extra the story of a low prizefight in San Francisco and sold thousands of copies. Now, we'll have to leave it to Bro. Shaffer and the public to draw a moral, if there is any, from this situation.

Meanwhile, though a little discouraged, the Oregonian will promise to stay with the preachers and print their sermons faithfully, even though few go to hear them, or some of them, on the theory that if the public won't listen to them they certainly should be made to read them. We shall await too, with what patience we can command, the report from the sales counter next Monday morning, when we expect to inform the public through our report of Brother Shaffer's sermon, "what Satan would do if he were a preacher." We could answer that question to our own satisfaction, but we purpose to give Brother Shaffer a chance. We are sure, however, that if Satan were a preacher, and had selected such a sulphurous subject, he would announce it a week in advance, prepare a typewritten report of the sermon and give it out to the newspapers.—Oregonian.

ASTORIA THEATER.

Splendid Production of "Whose Baby Are You?"

"Whose Baby Are You?" was presented by the Allen Stock Company to a most appreciative audience that filled the house to comfortable capacity, the performance was received with great favor and approval. Miss Felton played the part of Madge Morton, the unexpected visitor and during her scenes it was a continuous laugh, she kept her audience with her the entire evening, displaying a few of the many attractive qualities she possesses. As Walter Mylton Jr., the farce was complete in Mr. Forrest Seabury's delightful interpretation of the part.

Mr. Harry Blanchard appeared as the baron, and his work, though not new to us, is always a welcome delight. He is one of the few who come from the good and solid old school of acting.

Mrs. Allen kept the fun rolling with her very funny eccentric slavey and she appeared to better advantage than in the opening bill. Miss Thompson and Miss Mundorf also proved their worth. The performance was a splendid one and was presented with success.

Tonight's bill is "Jim the Westerner."

BAILIFFSETTEMADE

CAPTURE

TRAPS FOUND FISHING BEFORE SEASON OPENS, AND CHARGES WILL BE MADE AGAINST THEIR OWNERS.

Water Bailiff Settem arrived yesterday with five captures of illegal fishing. All five instances were where fish traps were operating before the season opened yesterday noon and the offenders are Knute Nelson and the Columbia River Packing Company's traps, both of which are located at Tenasilla Island. Two traps belong to Nelson and he was there in person at the time of the water bailiff's arrival and the remaining three are reported to belong to the Columbia Packers and John Morbeck was alongside these traps.

Water Bailiff Settem said yesterday afternoon that he would prefer charges against the men and company named today and use his utmost endeavor to establish a case against them. He is confident that the men present at the traps were there for the purpose of running the traps which were fishing. That any fish were taken he is not certain but the fact that the traps were in operation and ready to take fish makes a clear case as far as the water bailiff is concerned.

RAINS MAKE WATER

MUDDY

NO WAY OF TELLING HOW THE FISH ARE RUNNING TO HATCHERIES VISITED BY FISH WARDEN VAN DUSEN.

Master Fish Warden H. B. Van Dusen returned yesterday from an extensive trip to Eastern Oregon where he visited the hatcheries of that section. He was at the Ontario station and the Wallowa station and reports that everything is in readiness to take fish. During the time he was there he was unable to learn the exact amount of fish which had arrived on account of the muddy water. The recent rains had raised the streams and made them muddy so that the fish could not be seen.

Mr. Van Dusen states that the high water is one of the most favorable aspects of the season as it is known that many fish have already arrived at Ontario and also at the Wallowa stations. The high water will permit more fish to run up and live and the experience of former seasons when the water has been low will not be gone through with. At the low stages the fish run up and they arrive in such quantities that there is not enough water for them all and they get sick and die before they mature. These fish are called "sore backs" and are common to every stream during the spawning season, especially if it is low.

At the Clackamas river experiment station the work of taking eggs is progressing and will continue for ten days yet. The eggs have developed to such an extent that Mr. Van Dusen has ordered Superintendent Brown, of the Salmon River station, to transfer the eggs which have "eyed" out to his station. Transferring cases have been sent to the Clackamas station and this work was probably begun yesterday.

It is a well known fact that persons living in the Pine forests do not suffer from kidney diseases. One dose of Pineules at night usually relieves backache. 30 days' treatment, \$1.00. Your money refunded if not satisfied. Sold by Frank Hart's Drug store.

Mothers with little children need no longer fear croup, colds or whooping cough. Bees Laxative Cough Syrup tastes good. It works off the cold through the bowels, clears the head. Guaranteed. Sold by Frank Hart's Drug store.

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TAKE NOTICE

The CHICAGO PAINLESS DENTISTS, of Portland, will open their Branch Office on or about

September 15th

Corner Eleventh & Commercial Sts.

WE WOULD be pleased to have every man, woman and child, to call at the office on the opening day and have their teeth examined FREE OF CHARGE. We will also give away on that day a beautiful souvenir consisting of an Ivory Tooth Brush and Powder. Nervous people and those afflicted with heart weakness can now have their teeth filled without the least pain or danger.

We will give \$100 to any charitable institution for a tooth we fail to extract without pain. These offices will be equipped with the latest appliances and formulas for doing high-class dentistry. **Lady in attendance.**

Dr. Austin will spare no pains or money in making this office one of the best in the Northwest.

Chicago Painless Dentists

North-West Cor., COMMERCIAL & ELEVENTH Streets

NEARLY AN ACCIDENT.

Last night what might have been a serious accident was narrowly averted at the corner of Tenth and Commercial streets. At about 6 o'clock Herman Peterson, who was returning from his work, was riding his bicycle along Commercial street, going west, while a street car was approaching him going east. Peterson turned out to pass the car and at the same time the team attached to Wells-Fargo & Company's wagon, and driven by Cyrus Thompson, turned to pass the car, from the rear and going in the same direction. Peterson did not see the team until he had dodged the car and tried to turn out of the team's way, but before he could do so the team, which did not slacken speed, was upon him and he was thrown from his wheel under the horses' feet. Fortunately he was thrown to one side of the wheel, and narrowly escaped the horses' hoofs, although his bicycle was totally destroyed. It was a narrow escape and the episode attracted quite a crowd.

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