

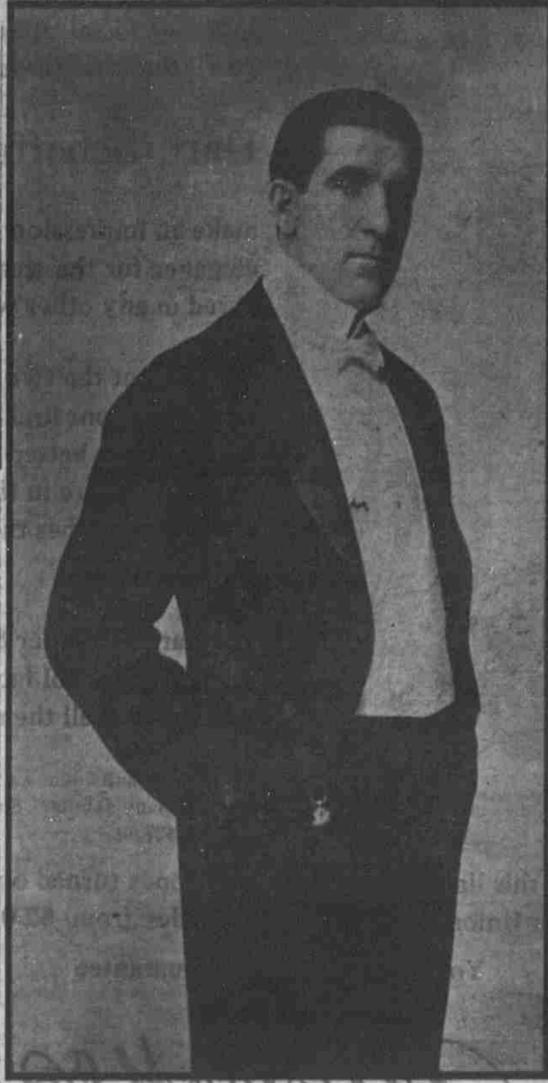
Coming Attractions at the Astoria Theatres.

JAMES J. CORBETT TONIGHT.

Anyone not satisfied with this show can call at the box office and get their money back

Mr. James J. Corbett, whose earnest efforts in recent years as a player of parts, and whose success has been quite sufficient to entitle him to consideration as an actor rather than as a pugilistic champion, will come to the Astoria theatre tonight at the head of his own company in "Facing the Music." The engagement will be doubly interesting from the fact that Mr. Corbett is a prime favorite in this city, and his new play will give him abundant opportunity to demonstrate his talents as a comedian. Those who have heard Mr. Corbett in his highly humorous monologue will not have to be told that he is really a comedian. Much of the effect of his humor is in its very drollness, and his friends will readily agree that it will not tax Mr. Corbett's resources to maintain a fast pace in this distinctly funny play, in which he has been surrounded with a particularly capable cast of players. It will be remembered that "Facing the Music" was originally produced in New York with Mr. Henry E. Dixey in the principal character, and that it enjoyed a long run at the Madison Square theatre. It was subsequently disclosed at Powers' Theatre in Chicago, where it ran throughout the summer a few years ago. Mr. Dixey became involved in a controversy with his management and abandoned the play. Last winter, Mr. H. H. Frazer, who entered into a contract with Mr. Corbett under the terms of which the latter was to be starred, decided that "Facing the Music" was just the play for his stalwart and handsome charge. The work is by Charles Henry Darnley, and the story may be briefly told.

In a Kensington flat there lived two John Smiths, one a curate and the other a sportively inclined young man with a liking for the racetrack. Both the Mr. Smiths were married to young and attractive Mrs. Smiths, and as both Mrs. Smiths have been out of town and the curative Smith has engaged a Kensington flat during his wife's absence, and as both Mrs. Smith's return unexpectedly and one of them late at night during a heavy fog and is shown into the wrong Smith flat, the complications can better be imagined than described. Suffice to say that with the aid of an actress and a detective everyone becomes involved in a door opening and door slamming affair,



JAMES J. CORBETT
In "Facing the Music" Tonight at the Astoria Theatre.

that keeps the audience in a state of hilarity, ranging from a polite titter to a boisterous guffaw and culminating every now and then in enthusiastic applause. As John Smith—the sportively inclined flat dweller, Mr. Corbett ought to give a good account of himself. Among the prominent members of the supporting company are the Messrs. Joseph Sullivan, Corwin Luskmoor, Charles Horn, Tom Dare and the Misses Eleanor Montell, Amanda Hendricks, Lillian Leslie and May Dudley. Appropriate and complete scenic equipment has been provided.

THE PEOPLE ITS FRIENDS.

Astoria Theatre, Monday, Nov. 16th.

No play has ever won for itself so much human love as so much of true friendship from the whole public as Clarence Bennett's "The Holy City." It takes hold of the heart of the auditor at once. It bears that magic spell-of genius that makes it real to an auditor. He at once forgets that it is a play and is carried away with its realism. Having once seen it, it ever after takes on a sort of personality. It becomes to us like some person whom we have known and loved. We remember it, not as a play, but as an old friend, and, on its return, hasten to grasp it by the hand and say: "Welcome!" It is the ONLY play that pleases EVERYBODY. This is one true mark of real genius in a drama. Another is that every time you see it again, you find new and beautiful things that you had never seen in it before. This is one of the few plays that will live to delight our grandchildren and their children after them.

A Notre Dame Lady's Appeal.

To all knowing sufferers of rheumatism, whether muscular or of the joints, sciatica, lumbagos, backache, pains in the kidneys or neuralgia pains, to write to her for a home treatment which has repeatedly cured all of these tortures. She feels it her duty to send it to all sufferers FREE. You cure yourself at home as thousands will testify—no change of climate being necessary. This simple discovery banishes uric acid from the blood, loosens the stiffened joints, purifies the blood, and brightens the eyes, giving elasticity and tone to the whole system. If the above interests you, for proof address Mrs. M. Summers, Box R, Notre Dame, Ind.

OLD PAPERS FOR SALE: PER hundred, 25 cents. At Astorian Office

ROYCRAFT PHILOSOPHY.

The first thing in the common sense creed is OBEDIENCE. Do your work with a whole heart. Revolt is sometimes necessary, but the man who mixes revolt and obedience is doomed to disappoint himself and everybody with whom he has dealings. To flavor work with protest is to fail absolutely. When you revolt, why revolt—climb, get out, hike, defy—tell everybody and everything to go to Hell! That disposes of the case. You thus separate yourself entirely from those you have served—no one understands you—you have declared yourself. But to pretend to obey, and yet carry in your heart the spirit of revolt is to do half-hearted slipshod work.

People are always asking you to do to follow their advice, but they are seldom willing to tell you which way it went.

Freedom and truth are Siamese twins.

All that ministers to human happiness is divine.

A good man will ever respect you for an honest conviction; whether he agrees with it or not matters little.

Nature gives us facts, but it is for man to distil truths from facts.

Falling in love is a matter of intermittent propinquity. The cure is—propinquity.

Fear, hate and prejudice deprive a person of the power to arrive at correct conclusions.

To possess a beautiful voice you must be genuine.

In theology belief has always been regarded as more important than that which you know.

The joy of reading consists in self-discovery.

Leave off thinking your thoughts, and feeling of your feelings.

Unstable equilibrium is made stable by progressive motion. He who stands still is lost.

The strong man's reward lies in being strong, is that not enough?

Happy is the man who strays only in his sleep.

Heaven is largely a matter of digestion.

Every trade and profession requires its whole man.

The voice should be the sounding-board of the soul.

An ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness.

Think less about your rights, more about your duties.

Aim high and consider yourself capable of great things.

Action will remove the doubt which theory cannot solve.

The sweetest thing on earth is the pleasure of pleasing.

Those who do the most in the world are those who love most.

Any man who plots another's undoing is arranging his own.

The man who pursues pleasure will never catch up with her.

Take off your hat to the man who minds his own business.

It is what we think and what we do that makes us what we are.

Character is the result of two things, mental attitude and the way we spread our time.

Do not fear being misunderstood, and never waste a moment thinking about your enemies.

Never do anything disagreeable, but seek even in your anger to please in whatever you do or say.

A retentive memory may be a good thing, but to be able to forget is a true token of greatness.

Don't tell about what you would do if you were some one else—just show what you can do for yourself.

City of Mexico Street Cars.

The street car system of the city of Mexico is a fine one, but here is one arbitrary rule that strangers must learn as soon as possible—that is, the cars do not stop except at certain points, where you will notice the electric light poles have a band of white painted on them. These stopping places are very close together in the crowded parts of the city, so you must look out for them. You are expected, too, to enter at the back and go out at the front door. Apart from this, the conductors will be found courteous, ever ready to tell you things and anxious to assist you.—Houston Post.

No One Questions It.

An automobile party was touring through a mountainous district of one of the states and had made a stop in one of the small towns to make some repairs to the machine. While they waited the attention of one of the party was called to an intelligent looking lad of about fourteen who seemed to be very much interested in the work and of whom the following question was asked:

"Say, son, what do you live on out here?"

"Nuthin," replied the somewhat surprised youth. "Dad's a preacher."—Judge.

Object, Matrimony.

"I want to put an ad. in your paper," said the weary looking man. "Make it, 'Wanted, a situation—any old job.'"

"Shall I say 'wages no object?'" suggested the clerk.

"No; make it 'object matrimony.' If I could get acquainted with a decent job I'd be willing to marry it for life."—Catholic Standard and Times.

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VAGARIES OF SOUND.

Acoustic Phenomena That Are Puzzling to Scientists.

At twilight some time ago at a life saving station of the English coast noises were heard that sounded like signal shots from some distance away. A boat was launched and sped with all possible energy to the place from which the sounds seemed to have come, but it returned without having heard or seen anything further. Yet the man who had been last belted on guard declared solemnly that in the meantime he had heard near shore unmistakable cries for help from drowning persons. The biologists themselves are most inclined to regard the whole matter as supernatural and the vessel as spectral. Scientists say that it is possible, however, that such sounds may be audible in remarkable distances where there is a high coast, though they may come from a great distance, especially when persons they are placed accidentally so that behind them rises a wall which reflects the sound and throws it back.

On some coasts that are often visited by fogs a legend of so called "fog shots" has acquired vogue. These are said to have their origin, for some reason not yet fathomed, within the masses of fog. Acoustic phenomena are found of such a strange kind that the investigation of them may be said to be still very far from conclusive. The most inexplicable secret lies perhaps not in the occurrence of sounds, the origin of which may be reached only with great difficulty, but in their disappearance and in absolute silence when audible noises should be expected. Many a ship has been wrecked because its signals of distress, loud and uninterrupted, have remained inaudible, although only a very short distance from the coast.

But, again, it happens that in such an instance the very same signals become audible at a far greater distance, where they provoke great excitement. A remarkable example of this was produced by the firing of guns by the English fleet in the roadstead at Spithead on Feb. 1, 1901, as a token of mourning for Queen Victoria. This was not heard at all by many persons close at hand who were listening for it, while at places much further away it was heard plainly. The direction of the wind failed to explain this aberration of the waves of sound.—Chicago News.

Gaining the End.

D'Aubist—Do you think my battle picture expresses, as I have meant it to, all the poignant horrors of war? Krittick—Oh, yes; it's the wildest thing I ever saw!—Cleveland Leader.

Ridicule is a keep wasp, but the things that succumb to ridicule deserve to die.

NEW PIANO STORE!

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED FROM THE

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ON WHICH WE CAN MAKE PRICES AND TERMS TO SUIT.

If we haven't got what you want we will get it.

We are here to stay, not for two weeks, but for all the time.

We would be pleased to have you call and see our line.

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