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Through the consolidation of the Weekly Herald and the Daily News, a morning newspaper called the News-Herald will appear Sunday, August 29. While it is given out that the News-Herald will be independent, politically, and will be conducted after the policy of "Astoria for Astorians," we understand the new paper will be mixed up in local politics and will endeavor to put up a fight for an open town.

A petition is in circulation pleading for the pardon of Paddy Lynch, now serving a term in the penitentiary at Salem and according to reports, the petition is receiving some signatures. We are heartily in favor of abolishing penitentiaries—provided we may hang such men as Lynch and thus remove the possibility of petitions of a similar nature. We do not know from among what element these signatures are being solicited but are satisfied that if any of the city's decent people have affixed their names to the petition they have done so without proper consideration or under misrepresentation, and we venture the assertion that at least ten of the jurors who tried Ynech will oppose his being given freedom.

Speaking of the development of this country, there are few who are unwilling to give due credit to the railroads. Everywhere that a line enters, in regions remote or near, if any grass grew there at all, two blades are likely to be made to grow only where one grew before. The census bureau of the government in a bulletin just issued gives the commercial value of the railroad property in the United States. It is \$11,244,832,000. These are figures that amaze the senses. More than eleven billions of dollars invested in rail transportation! Truly, as President Roosevelt says, those be immense interests engaged in interstate commerce! Viewed from another standpoint, there is very little of this immense investment that is not, in the present day, broadly considered, good. Railroad companies are more active than ever before; good dividends are being expended in new equipment and extensions. There is still one section of our country illy supplied with railroads. That is wide Alaska, where the commercial value of such property is only \$100,000. In New York it is approximately \$900,000,000.

Felicitations are in order. The modest Astorian, the enterprising newspaper of the finest little city in the Pacific Northwest, has succeeded in stirring up an editorial row between the Oregonian and the Journal. Replying to the Oregonian's "simple answer," the Journal, which was referred to as a "yellow" newspaper printed by a "group of pious people," says in part:

"The fundamental idea then is that the Morning Mossback is "out for the stuff," a fact that has been well known but seldom heretofore proclaimed. "This class of news comes to us through the business office," information conveyed on an Oregonian letterhead somewhat startled a section of our population a year or two ago. If it pays, it says, we will prostitute our newspaper and debauch the minds of our youthful readers because we will not be outdone in our own field. We are not responsible, it asserts in extenuation, because we have no settled moral convictions and if the other fellow gives the lurid news you can count on us doing the same because the public demands it. There is a lofty conception of public duty expressed with a keen sense of the value of a dirty dollar!"

While we are not in the least inclined to laud the Journal, or to emulate it in any manner, shape, or form, in its editorial it certainly hits the nail

on the head. The Oregonian is out for the Almighty dollar and is willing to nauseate its readers that it may swell its coffers. In conclusion the Journal felicitates itself saying: "It (the Journal) has stimulated the growth, broadened the horizon, bettered the newspapers (as newspapers), and it has raised the standard of civic righteousness. We are glad the Journal was specific—as newspapers; there is the possibility that by splattering red ink over its pages the Journal has forced the Oregonian to turn "yellow." From the standpoint of newspapers, we fail to see that the Journal is the superior of the Oregonian and as a matter of fact we do not believe it may be rightfully called an equal. We have no fight against the Oregonian, nor are we desirous of making one against the Journal. There appeared in the columns of both these papers lurid stories which were, as we have already stated, "nauseating." We called attention to the character of these stories and evinced surprise that they should appear in the columns of papers supposedly respectable. Instead of admitting the stories should be alien to any newspaper, both the Oregonian and the Journal make the slim excuse that it is a matter of appealing to public taste or going out of business. Since this conception of the question at hand seems mutual, so long as these stories continue to appear we are determined to do our best toward eliminating them not only from our columns but from the columns of newspapers in such territory as our influence may extend.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

WHAT THEY TOOK.

It is reported that on a recent occasion when Arthur Balfour, Lord Chamberlain, Lord Charles Beresford, and the Japanese minister were dining out together, Mr. Balfour, who was standing treat, asked Mr. Chamberlain what he would take.

"Thanks, I'll take Scotch, Arthur," was his respond.

"And what will you take, Lord Charles?"

"I'll take Irish, Arthur."

"And what will you take?" addressing the Japanese minister.

"I'll take Port Arthur, thanks," was the answer.—Harper's Weekly.

NIGHT IN MERMENVILLE.

"Did you put out the catfish?" asked Mrs. Merman.

"Yes," replied Mr. Merman; "but if that dogfish doesn't quit baying at the moonfish I'll never get any sleep."—Judge.

GLOOMY PROSPECT.

"They say a gallon of Georgia corn whisky will cure any snake bite."

"Yes, yes—and the snakes will soon be gone!"—Atlanta Constitution.

HIS LIMITATIONS.

"They say he writes for bread?"

"Exactly—says bacon makes the road to Oblivion too slippery."—Atlanta Constitution.

BACCHUS.

And as I sat, over the light blue hills There came a noise of revelers; the rills Into the wide stream came of purple hue—

'Twas Bacchus and his crew! The earnest trumpet spake, and silver thrills

From kissing cymbals made a merry din—

'Twas Bacchus and his kin! Like to a moving vintage down they came,

Crown'd with green leaves, and faces all on flame;

All madly dancing through the pleasant valley,

To scare thee, Melancholy!

—Keats.

THE LAST WORD.

"Does your wife insist on having the last word?" said the man who asks impertinent questions.

"Certainly not," answered Mr. Meekton. "She doesn't have to insist."—Washington Star.

NO FOOD AT ALL.

"Lady," said Hungry Higgins, "I'd thank you for a meal—"

"Ah!" exclaimed the bright house-keeper. "You're one of these after-dinner speakers."

"Not exactly, lady, or I wouldn't be so hungry. I ain't got so much as a chestnut about me."—Philadelphia Press.

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The Gentleman From Indiana

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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Helen gave a little gasp. "Never!" she cried. "Never!" The buckboard stopped on the Herald corner, and here and along Main street the line of vehicles which had followed it from the station took positions to await the parade. The square was almost a solid mass of bunting, and the north entrance of the courthouse had been decorated with streamers and flags so as to make a sort of stand. Hither the crowd was already streaming and hither the procession made its way. At intervals the gun boomed from the station, and Schofield's Henry was winnowing the air with his bell. Nobody had a better time that day than Schofield's Henry, except old Wilkerson, who was with the procession.

In advance came the boys, whooping and somersaulting, and behind them rode a band of mounted men, sitting their horses like cavaliers, led by the sheriff and his deputy and Jim Barlock. Then followed the Harkless club of Amo, led by Boswell, with the magnanimous Halloway himself marching in the ranks, and at sight of this the people shouted like madmen. But when Helen's eye fell upon Halloway's fat, rather unhappy face she felt a pang of pity and unreasoning remorse, which warned her that he who looks upon politics when it is red must steel his eyes to see many a man with the heart-burn. After the men of Amo came the Harkless club of Gainesville, Mr. Bence in the van with the step of a grenadier. There followed next Mr. Ephraim Watts, bearing a light wand in his hand and leading a detachment of workers from the oil field in their stained blue overalls and blouses, and after them came Mr. Martin and Mr. Landis at the head of an organization recognized in the Herald as "the business men of Plattville." The band played in such magnificent time that every high stepping foot in all the line came down with the same jubilant plunk and lifted again with a unanimity as complete as that of the last vote the convention had taken that day. The leaders of the procession set a brisk pace, and who could have set any other kind of a pace when on parade to the strains of such a band playing such a tune as "A New Coon in Town" with all its might and main?

But as the line swung into the square there came a moment when the tune was ended and the musicians paused for breath and there fell comparative quiet. Among the ranks of the "business men" ambled Mr. Wilkerson, singing at the top of his voice, and now he could be heard distinctly enough for those near him to distinguish the melody with which it was his intention to favor the public:

"Glory, glory, hallelulah!
As we go marching on."

The words, the air, that husky voice, recalled to the men of Carlow another day and another procession not like this one. And the song Wilkerson was singing is the one song every northern born American knows and can sing. The leader of the band caught the sound, signaled to his men, twenty instruments rose as one to twenty mouths, the snare drum rattled, the big drum crashed, the leader threw his baton high over his head, and music burst from twenty brazen throats:

"Glory, glory, hallelulah!"

Instantaneously the whole procession began to sing the refrain, and the people in the street and those in the wagons and carriages and those leaning from the windows joined with one accord. The ringing bells caught the time of the song, and the upper air reverberated in the rhythm.

The Harkless club of Carlow wheeled into Main street, 200 strong, with their banners and transparencies. Lige Willetts rode at their head, and behind him strode William Todd and Parker and Ross Schofield and Newt

Tibbs and Hartley Bowlder, and even Bud Tipworthy held a place in the ranks through his connection with the Herald. They were all singing, and behind them Helen saw the flag covered barouche and her father, and beside him sat John Harkless, with his head bared. She glanced at Briscoe. He was standing on the seat in front of her and Minnie and both were singing. Meredith had climbed upon the back seat and was nervously fumbling at a cigarette. "Sing, Tom!" the girl cried to him excitedly.

"I should be ashamed not to," he answered, and dropped the cigarette and began to sing "John Brown's Body" with all his strength. With that she seized his hand, sprang up beside him, and over the swelling chorus her full soprano rose, lifted with all the power in her.

The barouche rolled into the square, and as it passed Harkless turned and bent a sudden gaze upon the group in the buckboard, but the western sun was in his eyes and he only caught a glimpse of a vague, bright shape and a dazzle of gold, and he was borne along and out of view down the stinging street.

"Glory, glory, hallelulah!
Glory, glory, hallelulah!
Glory, glory, hallelulah!
As we go marching on."

The barouche stopped in front of the courthouse, and Harkless passed up a

lane they made for him to the steps. When he turned to them to speak, they began to cheer again, and he had to wait for them to quiet down.

"We can't hear him from over here," said Briscoe. "We're too far off. Mr. Meredith, suppose you take the ladies closer in; I'll stay with the horses."

"He's a great man, isn't he?" Meredith said to Helen as he handed her out of the buckboard. "I've been trying to realize that he's the same old fellow I've been treating so familiarly all day long."

"Yes, he is a great man," she answered. "This is only the beginning."

"That's true," said Briscoe. "Only wait awhile, and we'll all go on to Washington and get a thrill down our backs when we hear the speaker say, 'The gentleman from Indiana,' and see John Harkless rise to speak. But hurry along, young people."

Crossing the street, they met Miss Tibbs. She was wiping her streaming eyes with the back of her left hand and still mechanically waving her handkerchief with her right. "Isn't it beautiful?" she said, not ceasing to unconsciously flutter the little square of cambric. "There was such a throng that I grew faint and had to come away. I don't mind your seeing me cry. Pretty near everybody cried when he walked up the steps and we saw that he was lame."

John Harkless looked down upon the attentive, earnest faces and into the kindly eyes of the Hoosier country people, and as he spoke the thought kept recurring to him that this was the place he had dreaded to come back to; that these were the people he had wished to leave, these who gave him everything they had to give, and this made it difficult to keep his tones steady and his throat clear. Helen stood so far from the steps (nor could she be induced to penetrate farther, though they would have made way for her) that only fragments reached her, but these she remembered.

"I have come home. Ordinarily a man needs to fall sick by the wayside or to be set upon by thieves in order to realize that nine-tenths of the world is Samaritan—and the other tenth only too busy or too ignorant to be. Down here he realizes it with no necessity of illness or wounds to make him know it, and if he does get hurt you send him to congress. There will be no other in Washington so proud of what he stands for as I shall be. To represent you is to stand for fearlessness, honor, kindness. You have sent all of the Cross-roads to the penitentiary, but probably each of us is acquainted with politicians who ought to be sent there. When the term is over I shall want to take the first train home. This is the place for a man who likes to live where people are kind to each other and where they have the old fashioned way of saying 'home'; other places they don't seem to get so much into it as we do. And to come home as I have today—to see the home faces—I have come home."

CHAPTER XV.

It was 5 o'clock when Harkless climbed the stairs to the Herald office, and his right arm and hand were aching and limp. Ross Schofield was the only person in the editorial room, and there was nothing in his appearance that should have caused a man to start and fall back from the doorway, but that is what John did. "What's the matter, Mr. Harkless?" cried Ross, hurrying forward with a fear that the other had been suddenly re-seized by illness.

"What are those?" asked Harkless, with a gesture of his hand that seemed to include the entire room.

"Those?" repeated Ross, staring blankly.

"Those rosettes—these streamers—that stovepipe—all this blue ribbon?"

Ross turned pale. "Ribbon?" he said inquiringly. "Ribbon?" He seemed unable to perceive the decorations referred to.

"Yes," answered John. "These rosettes on the chairs, that band, and—"

"Oh!" Ross answered. "That?" He fingered the band on the stovepipe as if he saw it for the first time. "Yes; I see."

"But what's it for?"

"Why—it's—It's likely meant for decorations."

"It seems to have been here some time."

"It has. I reckon it's most due to be called in. It's be'n up ever since—"

"Who put it up, Ross?"

"We did."

"What for?"

Ross was visibly embarrassed. "Why—fer—the other editor."

"For Mr. Fisbee?"

"Land, no! You don't suppose we'd go to all that work and bother to brisen things up for that old gentleman, do you?"

"I meant young Mr. Fisbee. He is the other editor, isn't he?"

"Oh!" said Ross. "Young Mr. Fisbee? Yes; we put 'em up fer him."

"You did? Did he appreciate them?"

"Well, he—seemed to—kind of like 'em."

"Where is he now? I came here to find him."

"He's gone."

"Gone? Hasn't he been here this afternoon?"

"Yes; some time. Come in and stayed durin' the kevy you was holdin' and saw the extra off all right."

"When will he be back?"

"Sense it's be'n a dally he gits here by 8 after supper, but don't stay very late. Old Mr. Fisbee and Parker look after whatever comes in then, unless it's something special. He'll likely be here by half past 8 at the farthest off."

(To be Continued.)

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