


THE MORNING ASTORIAN
 Established 1873.
 Published Daily by
THE J. S. DELLINGER COMPANY.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
 By mail, per year\$7.00
 By mail, per month..... .50
 By carrier, per month..... .75

WEEKLY ASTORIAN.
 By mail, per year, in advance..\$1.00

Entered as second-class matter June 28 1900, at the postoffice at Astoria, Oregon, under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.



Orders for the delivering of THE MORNING ASTORIAN to either residence or place of business may be made by postal card or through tele news. Any irregularity in delivery should be immediately reported to the office of publication.

TELEPHONE MAIN 661.

A PLEA FOR DESERTERS.

The plea of General F. D. Grant on behalf of deserters from the United States army is worthy of his generous hearted father and should bring about a change in the law which would practically remove the disability placed upon the deserter, at least in times of peace. Several hundred young men are now in prison taking their punishment for quitting the ranks of the army. None of them, under the present regulations, will ever again be permitted to enter the service. General Grant believes that these men should be given an opportunity to redeem their lost reputation and to place themselves again upon a respectable standing in the army and before the public. The fact that the government accepts the service in the army of young men who have not reached the years of sound judgment as to their future is sufficient reason why the government should offer an opportunity for them to be reinstated after paying the penalty of a term in military prison. As it is the punishment of deserters results only in further disgrace of the young man who has made the mistake of enlisting and then seeking to escape responsibility by desertion.

The military prison for the deserter should be made a training school for further military duty in the case of the first offender, fitting him for the discharge of responsibilities in the army, as the civil prison should be made a training school for the first offender against the civil laws, helping him to better citizenship.

THE SOURCE OF FLOODS.

A flood is devastating Missouri, with the usual accompaniments. Some lives have been lost, hundreds of head of live stock have drowned, railroad tracks have been washed out, and crops have suffered great damage. Unfortunately it is no new thing in Missouri. It is an annual occurrence, at least, and this is the second event of the kind this year. Commenting on the situation the Chicago Tribune remarks that there is no prospect of a diminution in the severity of these visitations, but on the contrary every indication that they will become more and more serious. This is due largely to the deforesting of the country through which the rivers flow, and as the work of deforesting is still going steadily forward, the extent and destructiveness of the floods will probably continue to likewise steadily increase unless intelligent and comprehensive measures are adopted to prevent them. The Tribune also comments somewhat caustically on the lack of effort which has heretofore been put forth to moderate or prevent floods. No half way measures are going to afford any material protection. The work of protection must be thorough and extensive. What has been done and has been provided for is good, but it is doubtful if it will prove a complete remedy.

Conger says that American promoters of a railway in China broke faith with the Chinese government after he, relying on the word of the promoters, had pledged his honor that the concession would not be sold or relinquished. It is rather a sad reflection that there are among these eminent financiers men who do not hesitate to use a United States minister to gain their ends. If there was any possible way to bring about the result the guilty parties should be punished in the United States. They have gained their point and have possibly gained some money, while the legitimate business of their fellow citizens

has been harmed and in some cases ruined by their action.

Those who hold to the belief that money is essential to religious effort may never have thought of the fact that the Savior when on earth did not so much as take up a penny collection except when he needed the money to pay taxes.

Greater sensations are promised all the time in connection with the life insurance investigation, and there may be a determination to compel the conservative Associated Press to become a sensational agency or mill handling the news.

The revelation showing that British army officers stole \$30,000,000 while the South Africa war was in progress shows that the war party in Great Britain is very much like the life insurance clique in the United States.

The fact that four Chicago packers were fined a total of \$25,000 may be an indication that the price of meats will be higher for some time. If these packers are to be compelled to pay fines the public must stand the expense.

Morgan receives \$48,000 for the use of \$800,000 over night by the New York life for the purpose of making a false entry and deceiving the state authorities. Six per cent for twenty-four hours is a great rate of interest for a concern as strong as the New York Life has represented itself to be to pay for the money.

PERSONAL MENTION

Col. John Adair has returned from a visit to the Portland fair.

Miss Maud Dobbs, the popular Ilwaco school teacher, was in the city yesterday.

Mrs. W. O. Wilkinson left yesterday morning for her home in Bermuda, via New York.

F. W. Hellwig and wife of California, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Christensen.

A. Minard, of this city, an employee of the American Can company, at Portland, arrived here yesterday on a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Minard.

Miss Florence Judd, of Los Angeles, California, will sing a solo during this morning's service at the Presbyterian church.

Merrill R. Pomeroy, the popular agent of the Vancouver Transportation company, in this city, made a flying business trip to Chinook yesterday. He says the play of the big tide yesterday afternoon among the traps on the Washington shore was something startling, but no damage was reported.

STEAMER CHANGSHA SAFE.

Manila, Sept. 30.—The British steamer Changsha has arrived here.

The Changsha, a steamer of 2300 tons belonging to the China Navigation company, was overdue 36 hours from Hong Kong at noon today and it was feared that she had encountered the recent typhoon, and had met disaster. A number of American passengers were on board.

ANOTHER BODY FOUND.

New York, Sept. 30.—In searching the ruins of the lodging house at 221 West street, destroyed last night, three men early today found the body of an unknown man, making two known dead.

UPHOLSTERERS STRIKE.

New York, Sept. 30.—About 1000 upholsterers employed in 20 shops of the Interior Decorators and Cabinet Makers association struck yesterday to enforce a demand for an advance of 50 cents a day. Several independent firms, have according to the workmen granted the increase.

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The Transformation of Bayal The Porcupine

It was understood by all the animals of the wilderness that Bayal the Porcupine owned a disagreeable temper. He showed neither kindness nor consideration toward those he chanced to meet, and if he spoke at all to other animals it was in a sneering or sarcastic tone that really made them wish he had remained silent.

The reason for this lay in the fact that Bayal was dissatisfied because he had been created a porcupine. As he rubbed his nose against the ground in search of insects for food, his sharp eyes saw the antelopes go bounding through the forests with the speed of the wind; saw the tribes of the wilderness shrink back in silence as the majestic tiger stalked proudly along his path; saw the huge form of the elephant loom dark against the sky and many of the wild prostrate themselves in awe of the Mighty One. Noting all this, Bayal moaned to himself:

"They are magnificent—they are grand! It is worth living to be one of the Masters of the Wilderness. But what am I! A pig! A stupid, rooting hedgehog! Does the antelope see me? Does the tiger turn from his path because I am near? Does the elephant know a hedgehog exists? No! I am nothing. There are no songs in my praise. There are no legends telling of my deeds. I am unknown and unimportant!"

And then he would roll himself into a ball until his quills spread in every direction, and moan and groan and grieve until those who heard him heartily wished he had never been born.

Athlos, the fairy of his race, whose duty it was to watch over the lives of the porcupines, was exceedingly sweet tempered and loyal to her charges, but the selfishness and peevish disposition of Bayal became so hard to bear that more than once the gentle fairy was tempted to leave him to his fate and devote herself to more cheerful porcupines.

Of course Bayal did not know Athlos, nor that she listened always to his weary complaints, for with such knowledge he would not have dared to try her temper so severely. So he kept on grumbling and growling until the fairy, losing patience, resolved to teach him a lesson.

She appeared before Bayal one morning while he was grubbing for ants, in his usual discontented fashion; and the sight of Athlos radiant and beautiful filled him with reverent awe and caused him to drag his quills upon the ground in humiliation.

"Tell me, Bayal," she said, looking on him with calm eyes, "why are you always unhappy?"

"Because I am a lowly porcupine," he answered, with eagerness. "It is not had to be alive when some one is of importance in the world. But, if one must be so small and insignificant as I am, it were better not to live at all."

"Do you, then, desire death?" Athlos asked in a grave tone.

The porcupine hesitated.

"No," he replied, after a pause; "I prefer to live. But I also prefer to be an animal of importance."

"And so you are in your present form declared the fairy. "The beetles scurry from your path as you draw near; the lizard slips beneath its rock, the mole seeks its burrow; even the hare and squirrel fear you. To them Bayal, the Porcupine is mighty."

"Puh! They are trash!" said Bayal disdainfully. "It surprises me that you, most gracious fairy, should know of the existence of such insignificant creatures as those you mention! And to win from them either fear or respect does not content me while I am myself obliged to shrink from the leopard, the lion the bear and the wolf. Why, alas! am I not one of those grand animals?"

The fairy sighed and looked sorrowfully upon him.

"Wisdom may not argue with folly," said she. "Have your desire, Bayal, if you will. I am your guardian fairy. Choose, then, what form you will have among the animals of the forest or plain and I, by means of my fairy powers, will bestow it upon you."

To hear this delighted Bayal beyond measure.

"I will be an elephant, most gracious

one!" he cried, in the instant. "Transform me, I implore you, into an elephant."

"It shall be done" declared Athlos.

The form of the porcupine changed, swelled and grew big. Almost before he realized the change he stood towering above the brushwood wherein he had been wont to hide. Between his glittering eyes a huge gray trunk waved, curling and uncurling at his will. His chest was broad and deep; limbs huge as tree trunks supported his vast body. He raised his head and blew a shrill triumphant blast from his throat. And then he trumped away through the wilderness, bellowing again and again in the exuberance of his joy.

He was great as the greatest; mighty as the mightiest; Lord of all the Wilderness! But in the elephant's body was the soul of Bayal the Porcupine.

He did not stop to think of that. He did not think at all, in those moments of his transformation. He simply gloried in his size.

A python swung from a tree. The elephant caught it with his trunk, dashed it upon the ground, and trampled viciously upon it through very wantonness. Then he marched on.

Presently he descried a herd of other elephants in a distant grove. He approached them, proud and arrogant. They looked upon him curiously as he drew near, but continued to feed with calm indifference. That did not please Bayal. He could see very well that he was taller than any of the herd.

These were his people now. He thrust himself into the group with impressive dignity, shouldering aside an old bull who seemed to be their leader. And the bull, with an angry cry, drew back and faced the intruder.

No one warned Bayal; but the other elephants moved away slowly from his vicinity, and before he realized that he was in danger the old bull, with lowered head and a bellow of defiance, came rushing toward him with sudden speed.

His own tusks were larger and sharper than those of his antagonist, but Bayal did not know how to use them. Moreover, he was taken by surprise. The shock threw him far back upon his haunches; there was a ripping, tearing sound, and he became conscious of a dull pain in his great chest. He looked, with startled eyes, at the angry bull who had charged him. The fierce leader of the herd had retreated a few paces and now, with red eyes and uplifted trunk was about to rush again.

In the elephant's body was the soul of Bayal the Porcupine. He did not await the onslaught, but, swinging his huge bulk around, he fled with marvelous speed, trumpeting with terror as he went.

The rent in his breast alarmed him. When, miles away from the scene of his humiliation and defeat, he paused to find he was not pursued, the pain of his body overcame his fear of mind, and he stood still and trembled.

What could a wounded elephant do to seek relief? And why should his own people have turned against him? Was he not an elephant? The porcupine, he remembered, never interfered with their fellows, nor fought them. Were elephants less considerate of their kind? Perhaps he had made a mistake after all to choose becoming an elephant.

"Athlos! Oh, Athlos—come to me!" he moaned. And Athlos responded to the call and came to him.

"I was wrong, Athlos, to wish to become an elephant," he said, his big body swaying from side to side with faintness. "Give me, I beg of you, another form!"

"Will you be a porcupine again," said the fairy gently.

"No, not that!" he cried shudderingly; "but elephants are very big—too big! And they are ugly, and herd in families, and have no welcome for strangers. I would be a smaller animal, smaller and yet strong and masterful. Give me, I implore you, the form of a black bear!"

"So shall it be," the fairy answered sighing; and Bayal felt himself shrink away and change in form. A moment more and the elephant shape, with its

(Continued on page 3)

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