

STUDENTS STRIKE

Refuse to Sign Agreement to Not Haze Anymore.

WILL EXPELL ALL WHO REFUSE

Sixty Agree to Sign the Manifesto as Drawn by the Faculty and Forty Refuse to Take the Pledge.

CHICAGO, Oct. 2.—Forty Lake Forest College students refused last night to sign a pledge submitted by the faculty not to indulge in hazing and by the declaration of President Richard D. Harlan, they will be expelled from the college today. Sixty students, after a mass meeting, decided to accept the manifesto of the professors.

President Harlan, in chapel last Friday, delivered an ultimatum to the students forbidding hazing. In order that the rule might be observed more generally, he asked the students to sign a pledge. This they refused flatly.

President Harlan said he would give the students until last night to sign the agreement. If they had not attached their names by 10 p. m., they were to consider themselves expelled. A mass meeting was called accordingly and the matter was discussed pro and con.

The forty students refusing to sign the faculty pledge bound themselves into a collegiate union after the mass meeting and declared they would fight the professors to a finish. They say they will cause a "strike" and will bring out the sixty signers to their side through sympathy if by no other means.

FIND BURIED TREASURE.

NEW YORK, Oct. 2.—A special to the Herald from Hudson, N. Y., says that gold, silver, and bills, aggregating \$50,000, were found yesterday in the Robinson homestead, where Miss Frances Caroline Robinson, a recluse, was found dead four weeks ago. The treasure was stuffer in pots, cups and vases, which were hidden in nook and corners. Miss Robinson left a will dividing her estate among four charitable institutions. It is expected that the relatives living in New York will make a contest.

Nothing to Fear.

Mothers need have no hesitancy in continuing to give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to their little ones, as it contains absolutely nothing injurious. This remedy is not only perfectly safe to give to small children, but is a medicine of great worth and merit. It has a world wide reputation for its cures of coughs, colds and croup and can always be relied upon. For sale by Frank Hart and leading druggists.

WILL BE HERE SOON.

"Uncle Josh Perkins" Due at the New Astoria Theater Saturday Night.

A capital example of good old-fashioned melodrama was the performance of "Uncle Josh Perkins" given at the Opera House last night. When the huge audience which packed the building from pit to dome alternately applauded the heroine and hissed the villain, listening to every word of the play meanwhile with full enjoyment.

After a cycle of problem plays, music comedies and legitimate dramas, it is like a breath from another world to witness one of the quaint and wholesome plays which take us "back to the soil" with a vengeance. It is all very impossible, yet we laugh and are thrilled, hang on every sentence and heartily applaud the climax of virtue triumphant and villainy confounded.

Burt Hodgkins as Uncle Josh Perkins was splendid. He is a fine character actor and his smile was irresistible. Jane, his wife, (Bertha Honora) acted extremely well and Hiram (Otis Knight) won many a hand-clap from the audience. Caleb Slick (J. D. Stenson), with the side whiskers, top hat and diamond ring, which it is always

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the special prerogative of the villain to wear, and "Rags" (Bonnie De Wort) both played their parts in a thorough acceptable manner, while the rest of the company served to make up a cast which did ample justice to the play. "Uncle Josh Perkins" is sure to draw big houses in whatever city he appears.—Vancouver (B. C.) News-Advertiser.

A MOST WORTHY ARTICLE.

When an article has been on the market for years and gains friends every year, it is safe to call this medicine a worthy one. Such is Ballard's Horehound Syrup. It positively cures coughs, and all Pulmonary diseases. One of the best known merchants in Mobile, Ala., says:

"For five years my family has not been troubled with the winter coughs; we owe this to Ballard's Horehound Syrup. I know it has saved my children from many sick spells." Hart's drug store.

THE COMING OF THE A. P. A.

ABOLITION, PROHIBITION, ADULTERATION, WHICH? INTERESTING STATEMENT FROM ASTORIAN CORRESPONDENT.

The following letter has reached this office and for the sake of the real, new issue it presents, is offered its readers in the hope the new phase of the great problem of temperance may take its due place in public consideration:

"Dear Sir—In the Oregonian of Sunday (30th inst.) a smart article on the 'dry council' appears.

"May I suggest to the good temperance people that if they will only try to get in the thin edge of the wedge (first) they will succeed in reaching temperance.

"Many years ago, in 1888, I was in London, England. The last but one of the awful 'Jack the Ripper' murders had been committed. At that time I was a very rabid 'total abstainer,' and also a member of 'Justice to work-women articles,' appearing in 'The London Telegraph.'

"Mr., at that time, Walter Besant, G. A. Sala, Miss Meira (of New York, the contractor's daughter) and Mr. Cochran (of the Bengal Times now then a reporter of the Daily Times, were appointed as a staff to look into the condition of things. The one outcome is two of Besant's novels, one of which touched me most 'Katherine Regina,' and the other 'The Industrial Palace,' in Bethnal Green. G. A. S., as he was early known, wrote the articles in the Daily Times and Figaro. Miss Meira was the philanthropist; I the Nurse. Mr. Cochran drew the plans of the houses.

"After the November murder of 1888 Mr. — of the great firm of brewers and who sacrificed a fortune to help in temperance work, expressed his opinion that it was adulteration, not alcohol alone, that was the cause of dreadful crime. I differed.

"Then it was up to me. We all went to Piccadilly Circus and at the 'Cafe Royal' had one six-penny worth of whiskey.

"Never had I tasted it. This was at 6 p. m. At 11 p. m., we went into White Chapel. I wish I could impress upon your mind the dreary scene. High walls of factories, narrow alleys, the glimmering lights of gas lamps over alleys. The dark rays from little stores and the flickering lights from the saloon, where the unfortunate victim took her last drink.

"We went in there and each took the same amount of whiskey, paid the same price and it was horrible; fring the veins, stupefying the senses; tasting the mouth with hell fire. This is my experience. Fine with imprisonment all adulteration; this is the edge of the wedge.

"Harboring minors and others—but I beg that Oregon will not go crazy over this prohibition act.

"Poor men live and work hard. Tired wife, weakly children. Well! He fights for crops and home. Can he work without some relaxation? No. Then he goes to seek companionship once in a while.

"The mother love finds it in the babies' talk and perhaps in a neighbor's sympathy. We cannot fill dual lives. Now that man if he does not find a companionship in his own home or state, will go away. Then there will be deserted wives and mothers left in poverty.

"Inspect the saloons for adulteration; fine heavily for that, and intoxication to be paid by the saloonkeeper, and this will be a God-speed to our state, our homes, our standing. Yours truly, "E. M. LAVIS."

WITHOUT LICENSE

By EDITH M. DOANE

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There was such excitement in Four Corners as had not been known in that small settlement for many a day.

The quail on the Cornish estate were protected by the game laws from April to September and by Dawson, the gamekeeper, at all times, yet one May morning found Dan O'Connor in the Cornish preserves with a brace of quail at his belt, whereupon Dawson, summoning the sheriff from Windsor Bend, had promptly arrested O'Connor and jailed him.

Such a thing had never happened before in the history of Four Corners, and public feeling ran high. A crowd had gathered at the one store the place boasted, and their muttered threats finally merged into open defiance.

"I heard that Dawson had kinder got his eye on a couple more o' the boys," hinted old man Pierson.

A ruffianly looking fellow leaning against the counter looked up with a heavy scowl.

"He'd better look out the boys don't get their eyes on him first," he growled savagely.

"A few birds more or less ain't nothin' to make a fuss over now," put in a tall, lank fellow behind the stove.

"He's got to look fer a little shoot, in," mumbled old man Pierson.

The hard faced fellow against the counter straightened up and moved slowly toward the door. "He might 'a



"HINT, MISS MOLLY, HINT!" SAID A VOICE

well look for it; it's comin' to him," he said menacingly as he slouched heavily from the room.

The rougher element of Four Corners were used to depending upon their rifles to eke out an existence, meager enough at best, and in the lifetime of old Mr. Cornish, the former owner of the great estate, their depredations had been practically unchecked, but now a new order of things prevailed. Old Mr. Cornish was dead, and the villagers regarded the son who had succeeded him with suspicion and sullen hatred.

The villagers were not alone in their disapproval of Dawson.

"You are making a mistake in appointing him," the doctor's daughter had declared, her brown eyes resting on the tall young man beside her.

"I wish to see why," Robert Cornish had returned stubbornly. "Something has to be done to preserve the game. These fellows are a lawless set, shooting in season and out and ruining the preserves. Besides"—his voice rung determinedly—"it is my property."

"Yes," she admitted, "and yet they have so little it doesn't seem quite fair they should have no rights."

"But I'm willing they should do a certain amount of hunting," he protested, "only they must observe the game laws, and they must also realize that it is my property, not theirs."

"Do they know you will allow them a certain amount of game?"

Robert Cornish shook his head. "Not yet. Dawson advised cutting them off short until they learn to realize the estate is private property. When they understand shooting is a privilege, not a right, they will give less trouble."

Molly shook her head doubtfully. "I know them better than you do," she said. "They are lawless and ignorant, but there is more good in them than you believe, and Dawson isn't the man to deal with them. I wish you would talk to them yourself," she went on.

There was a brief silence.

"I will—if you wish," he said impulsively. "I will do it tomorrow."

But on the morrow two unforeseen things happened. Robert Cornish was called suddenly away on an urgent business trip and Dan O'Connor bagged the quail.

It was the evening after the excited discussion at the store that Molly, prompted by an unusual feeling of restlessness, crossed the room to the window and, stepping out on the veranda, wandered down into the moonlit garden. Robert Cornish would be back that night, but of course it was no vague hope of meeting him that brightened her eyes or led her through the gate into the road, made light as day

by the full moon overhead.

"Hint, Miss Molly, hint!" said a voice close at her ear.

She started violently as a small, unkempt figure crept through the hedge and stopped short in her path.

"Don't go on, miss," said the boy, with much excitement. "Don't! They are waitin' fer Dawson below, an' maybe they might do ye some harm."

"Waiting? For what? To shoot him?" asked the girl breathlessly.

"Yes, miss. The wagon has gone to Windsor Bend to meet him, an' when it comes back—well, they're waitin', miss, down in the hollow."

"But if isn't Dawson the wagon has gone to meet," said Molly in a horrified whisper. "It is Mr. Cornish."

"I guess it won't make no difference to them, miss, whether it's Dawson or the master himself. They're bent on blood."

The boy darted through the hedge, leaving the girl, white and horrified, in the middle of the road. For a moment she stood as if stunned. Then her mind leaped riotously to the chance of escape. "If I can reach the Windsor road through the cross path," she thought desperately, "I may be in time."

She turned through a broken gap in the hedge, into a field beside the road, and, breaking into a quick run, rushed through the wet grass into the thicket, over a high bank, into a tangle of blackberry bushes, whose thorns clutched at her light dress, through another gap, across a wall, whose stones slipped and slid under her feet, on again, lightly, swiftly, through a plowed field, across a ditch, over a marsh where her slippery feet sank deep in the soft, wet sod, still onward, with a passionate thankfulness in her heart as she heard the distant ring of horses' hoofs.

Could she reach him? "Robert! Robert!" she cried desperately.

The sounds came nearer. A light road cart swung swiftly toward her.

"Robert!" she cried again. Then, as a tall young man in the cart pulled up his horses sharply, she sank, spent and breathless, beside the Windsor road.

The excitement had largely been a matter of misunderstanding, and when young Cornish had explained his plan of sharing the game, and, furthermore, had refused to prosecute the ringleaders of the disturbance, Four Corners was with him to a man.

It is hard to say which of his two next moves—his marriage to Molly or his appointment of Dan O'Connor to the position of gamekeeper—evoked the more admiration.

"Each ov 'em bein', so to speak, a stroke o' genius," mumbled old man Pierson.

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AND CONSIDER THE ALL-IMPORTANT FACT



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Many women suffer in silence and drift along from bad to worse, knowing full well that they ought to have immediate assistance, but a natural modesty impels them to shrink from exposing themselves to the questions and probable examinations of even their family physician. It is unnecessary. Without money or price you can consult a woman whose knowledge from actual experience is great.

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation. Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women only. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established the eternal confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Out of the vast volume of experience which she has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge that will help your case. She asks nothing in return except your good-will, and her advice has relieved thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.

If you are ill, don't hesitate to get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once, and write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for special advice.

When a medicine has been successful in restoring to health so many women, you cannot well say, without trying it, "I do not believe it will help me."

FOOTBALL

The season is here—also the goods. Balls, 70c to the official \$4.00 Ball. Head Harness, Nose Masks, Shin and Elbow Guards—all the necessities of the game. Come early and let us take your measure for a pair of pants, vest, and all qualities and prices.

The Game

Incidentally don't send away for anything—a 50c or a \$5 article—the cost makes no difference—if it is in our line come and let us quote you. If we cannot make the price or a better one, you have a bargain and had best take advantage of the offer.

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