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TELEPHONE MAIN 661.

## THE WEATHER

Western Oregon and Washington—Showers.  
Eastern Oregon, and Washington Idaho—Showers and thunderstorms.

## THE WARNING OUT.

The long-drawn and wearisome fight between the Astoria police commission, common council, and shrewdly of Clatsop, as to which element shall enforce the laws of State and city against the law-breakers in the matter of saloons and their conduct, and amongst which stools of contention the wholesome desire for an orderly and well-regulated community, cherished by the people, falls to the ground, inert and inoperative, has been borne about as long as public suffrage intends and there is going to be something done before the June election, and after it, that will bring the officials to their senses, or we are very much mistaken in the popular temper.

The warning is out, in the shape of petitions for local option; the patience of the citizens may be reduced to a point where the use of such expedients shall prove far more effective than the mere demand that the officers, charged with the maintenance of the law, do their duty; in which case there is no appeal, no resort, no way 'round, nothing but the prompt withdrawal from a business that cannot, confessedly, be conducted within the law.

There is a strong contingent of Astoria citizens who do not believe in this procedure at this time, because it is inopportune, and liable to conflict seriously with many specific and desirable improvements and advantages now imminent; and this attitude may avert the concrete expression of popular reprisal for sometime to come; but even in that event, it will not allay the sentiment to employ it later on. For these reasons, it is essential that the saloon men of Astoria shall get within range of the necessities of the hour and come out for a square observance of the law in all its details. We do not want the intervention of local option, nor do many of its adherents, but if it is the only thing that will make the men already bonded to keep the law, observe that bond and the law, then it will be used for all it is worth and those who may suffer may lay the unflattering "unction" of it all to their own stupidity and cupidity.

There is a growing dislike for extreme measures in the application of the simple and straight laws of the land, and a feeling of resentment when the necessity arises for public expression on such a question; and one of the extremists is in force and place whenever a city is asked to go on its marrow-bones to any given business for the better observance of the very laws that business is bonded to faithfully observe. It is squarely up to the saloons of Astoria to do the right thing, such of them as are not doing it; for default now, may mean a burden of loss and defeat later on that will put them where they will have no saloon law to observe from the standpoint of a licensed dealer.

The officers of the law have their share of interest in this proposition. They are responsible for the apprehension of every known offender against the law, and if they fail and refuse to do their duty, or make a "shuttle-cock" of that duty by trying to pass it on to some other officer or department, they are, indirectly, participants criminis and should be treated on that principle, and are likely to go up against just such a handling, if the public temper is further aroused on this subject.

## OREGON'S EDUCATORS.

Just at present Astoria is enjoying the distinct advantage of entertaining "three score and ten" of the public

educators of the State; ladies and gentlemen, who, collectively, and individually, exercise an immense and lasting influence for good in the coming citizenship of the land, and who offer an excellent and composite type and quality to all who stand for the best of civic conditions in the present hour.

The highly trained, conscientious, well poised teacher, public or private, carries always, a huge responsibility to society, as he or she shall express the best concepts of the profession and pass them on to the receptive minds entrusted to them. The gospel of culture, which is infinitely comprehensive of the graces, virtues and solid attainments of modern life, takes no second place in the universal estimate of the fixed callings of humanity, and parallels the grave and lofty cult of religion itself, differing from it only in the sense that the education of the day must be material and not wholly spiritual.

Every phase of the teacher's duty is instinct with light and promise and goodly development, and entitled to the largest and freest recognition at the hands of the people everywhere. In their hands rest the bid, and the guerdon, of a splendid and cultivated future, not to speak of the very character of the nation itself; and such a trust, well served, should receive at the hands of all men, the cordial and interested acknowledgment it deserves from every community.

Astoria knows, to a man and woman, what she owes to the profession, and gladly confesses the obligation!

## THE JETTY DISASTER.

There is not a home in all Astoria nor Clatsop county, that does not send forth its message of sympathy to the stricken families upon whom the weight of sorrow cast by the jetty accident of Wednesday, falls.

Neither this city nor county has yet outgrown the intimacy that dwells in the unmetropolitan community; we know and feel and suffer one with the other down here, because of the nearness of our relations and the interchangeable sympathies incident to that kindly familiarity. It is all right to; and while we may long for the larger sphere and the broader activities, we know how to prize the ready and understandable concert of compassion that exists here, and will regret the day that diminishes, or dislodges it.

Again, the Morning Astorian, speaking for the whole county, declares the sorrow that is universally felt for the unhappy families of Jacob C. Lehman and Martin Carlson, of Hammond.

## "One Touch of Nature Makes the Whole World Kin."

When a rooster finds a big fat worm he calls all the hens in the farm yard to come and share it. A similar trait of human nature is to be observed when a man discovers something exceptionally good—he wants all his friends and neighbors to share the benefits of his discovery. This is the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. This explains why people who have been cured by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy write letters to the manufacturers for publication, that others similarly ailing may also use it and obtain relief. Behind every one of these letters is a warm-hearted wish of the writer to be of use to some one else. This remedy is for sale by Frank Hart and leading druggists.

## TRACK WASHED AWAY.

FORT WORTH, Texas, April 23.—A heavy rainstorm last night swept away one-third of a mile of Rock Island track in the vicinity of Newark and brought traffic to a standstill.

Traffic between this city and Dallas over the Rock Island Railroad is still cut off because of the numerous washouts resulting from the rainstorms of the past few days. Trains to and from the north will be detoured over the tracks of the Fort Worth and Denver Railroad around the stretch of tack washed out last night.

## Chamberlain's Has the Preference.

Mr. Fred C. Hanrahan, a prominent druggist of Portsmouth, Va., says: "For the past six years I have sold and recommended Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It is a great remedy and one of the best patent medicines on the market. I handle some others for the same purposes that pay me a larger profit, but this remedy is so sure to effect a cure, and my customer so certain to appreciate my recommending it to him, that I give it the preference." For sale by Frank Hart and leading druggists.

## Pengreave's Helping Hand.

By W. F. BRYAN.

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Pengreave, coming slowly down the street, gave no heed to his surroundings. For twenty years he had been coming down the same street, sometimes a little earlier, sometimes very much later, but always he passed along with unseeing eyes, his thoughts fixed upon his business and his home.

At fifteen he had first turned into the side street from the main thoroughfare. Horse cars had run unevenly over the badly set rails, and flickering gas lamps had lighted all save the business streets. Now there were trolleys everywhere, and even the alleyways were lighted by electricity, but Richard Pengreave gave no heed to these changes.

It had been a good locality once. When Pengreave, in the glory of his first long trousers and his first "real" job, had sought a boarding place Mrs. Beldin had been recommended as being in a "nice residential neighborhood."

It had been a well swept street then, lined with rows of three story brick houses and here and there a "brownstone front" to break the monotony. Now the homes had given way to five and six story tenements. Mud heaps and garbage barrels littered the unkempt pavement and the broken flagstones.

The Beldin house, too, had changed. Mrs. Beldin's daughter had assumed charge at her mother's death and had changed it to a furnished room house, declaring that the cares of a large kitchen weighed too heavily upon her. Then she married and had moved uptown, and some one else had taken over the shabby house, with its shabby furniture.

The change had annoyed Pengreave, and he had promptly purchased the



"I SHALL HOLD YOU TO YOUR PROMISE!" SHE CRIED.

place, for he was errand boy no longer, but the proprietor of a business. He had retained the first floor for his own use, and a real estate agent had rented the other floors. He handed Pengreave quarterly checks, and Pengreave worried no more.

He was sure of a home, the only home he had known. He sat at his window in the summer evenings and looked across the square opposite and gave no heed to the children swarming in the street.

There had been few children when he had first come to Barrow street, and those were well dressed and orderly. Now the policeman on the beat had his hands full, and only Pengreave remained serene and unworried.

Once for nearly a year he had worried. It was when he was nineteen and he had fancied himself in love. But Lena had married a junk dealer on the corner below, and after an unquiet month, during which he drank seldies instead of the smaller glasses at the Bierhalle, Pengreave had recovered his placidity.

Since then it had pleased him to believe that his life had been wrecked, and so he kept Lena's faded photograph on the mantelpiece, and at times he took it down and sighed over it; also he avoided all feminine society.

At his uncle's death the latter's business had passed to him, and under his even administration it had grown greatly. He lunched at better places, and he also dined downtown. He bought a new suit of clothes whenever his old cashier discreetly hinted that one was needed.

The woman who acted as janitress for the house attended also to his rooms, and he found them always orderly. He asked nothing more.

But tonight a surprise waited for him at his very door. As he let himself in a voice from the darkness of the floor above roused him. It was a musical voice with the indefinable accent of good breeding, and it gave to the simple question the melody of a song.

"I am not the doctor," was his reply as he kept on up the stairs instead of turning into his own apartments on the first floor. "Is there need of a doctor? Some one is ill?"

"Mrs. Brady," explained the voice. "She scolded her hand, and I sent a little girl for a doctor."

Pengreave turned up the tiny flicker of gas. The increased flame revealed a dainty feminine form in a simple tailored gown. Pengreave was conscious only that the girl was well dressed.

It was the face that held him fascinated. The features were well cut and regular; the eyes were calm and unafraid and of a deep tender blue that moved Pengreave strangely.

"Where do you live?" he demanded. The girl smiled.

"I don't live here," she explained. "I am a visitor from the Helping Hand society."

Pengreave was puzzled.

"They need charity here?" he demanded. "I thought that was only with the very poor."

"These are the very poor," she said simply. "Don't you know?"

Pengreave shook his head in bewilderment. Twenty years he had lived there, and poverty had come to be his neighbor, but he did not know it.

"Had I known I should have given aid," he said quietly. "If there is need, come to me. The doctor—I will pay him. Send me his bill. I am sorry for Mrs.—Mrs—"

"Brady," supplied the girl. "You are very good."

Then the physician hustled in, and Pengreave went downstairs to his rooms. In a little while there was a tapping at the door, and he opened it to discover the girl.

"Mrs. Brady asked me to thank you for your kindness," she said. "It pleased her so much that she almost forgot the hint of her burn."

Pengreave smiled. He could not recall ever having been thanked before. He had never done anything to call for thanks because he did not know how.

"You must come again when you need help," he said warmly. "I am here always in the evenings. You have but to ask."

"I shall hold you to your promise," she said. "There is much good that you can do. We are so handicapped by lack of money, and there is so much that we want to do. You must see for yourself the misery about you. Good night."

She hurried down the hall, and Pengreave waited until the street door closed behind her before he shut his own.

He went back into the room, his head in a whirl. Dimly he was conscious that the street was not the same as it had been in his boyhood. The girl must be right. He was willing to see with her eyes, those eyes of the glorious blue.

Those eyes gave him much to think about. He was not yet forty, and more than half of his years had been given to the unwavering pursuit of business. True, there had been Lena, but now Pengreave knew how little Lena had really meant to him.

For the first time that he could remember he had met a woman of his own kind, and he felt the need of knowing more of the life he had missed. He remembered that he was still a comparatively young man, and those blue eyes had loosened something within his breast—his repressed boyhood, his unrealized need of the society of his fellows.

He was as one born again and, being born, saw the world in a new light. Methodically he removed the picture of Lena from its tawdry frame and tossed it upon the coals glowing in the open fire. He was rather well pleased with the reflection in the mirror above the mantel as he stood there.

"I must get some new clothes tomorrow," he said to the reflection; "also I must find a place where it is well to live, a house such as she will like. I, too, need a helping hand." And the reflection in the mirror smiled back at him. Now that Pengreave was awakened he knew it was well. The rest would follow in due course.

## Rheumatic Pains Relieved.

Mrs. Thos. Stenton, postmaster of Pontypool, Ont., writes: "For the past eight years I suffered from rheumatic pains, and during that time I used many different liniments and remedies for the cure of rheumatism. Last summer I procured a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm and got more relief from it than anything I have ever used, and cheerfully recommend this liniment to all sufferers from rheumatic pains." For sale by Frank Hart and leading druggists.

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