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ALLEGED BURGLAR CAUGHT.

OLYMPIA, Wash., June 4.—Governor Mead has honored the requisition of the Governor of Massachusetts for John Andrew, who is under arrest at Seattle for alleged wholesale forgeries while treasurer of the North Shore Electric Company at Beverly and Gloucester, Mass., last February. Governor Mead has issued a requisition on West Virginia for George Wyatt, who is under arrest at Elkins, that state, and is wanted for the alleged burglary, November 25, 1907, of Albert Topett's jewelry store at Doty, Lewis County, where \$500 worth of goods were stolen.

FIRST TWELFTH GRADE.

WOODBURN, Or., June 4.—The first high school senior graduating class held commencement exercises in the M. E. Church last evening. The church was decorated with roses in the red and white class color and was filled with the friends of the cause of education. The address to the class was by Charles V. Galoway, of Salem, who took the place of President P. L. Campbell, U. of O., who was on the program but unable to be present. The diplomas were presented to the members of the 1908 class by Colonel John M. Poorman, of the board of directors. The graduates were Miss Mabel Livesay, Ray McKinney, Chas. Randall and James Hendrichs. A reception and banquet by the junior high school class to the seniors followed. Woodburn has one of the best high schools in the state under the superintendency of Professor Albert Frost, assisted by Miss Maude E. McKinney, W. M. Sanders, J., and Miss Jennie Jackson.

WOMAN FOUND HANGING.

APPLETON, Wis., June 4.—The lifeless body of Mrs. Minnie Grunert was found in a sitting position in a closet at her home last night. A small cord circling her neck and attached to a hat rack had apparently caused strangulation. District Attorney Roiney is of the opinion that she was murdered. Paul Krause, from whom Mrs. Grunert was divorced a few weeks ago, is in jail here awaiting trial on a charge of having fired his wife's home. For several weeks he had been out on \$1500 bail, but last evening his bondsmen recalled the bail bond and Krause was replaced in jail. Two hours after Krause was again in jail the lifeless body of his former wife was discovered.

HIGH WATER IN IDAHO.

LEWISTON, Idaho, June 4.—The town of Stites, located on the Clearwater River, 70 miles above Lewiston, is swept by a flood today as the result of continued warm rain for the past 48 hours. The business and residence sections are practically vacated, and a raging torrent four feet deep is rushing through the streets. Buildings are badly flooded and a

number have been thrown from their foundations. A further rise of one foot will sweep half the town down the river. Stites is a railroad town of 1000 people, located at the Clearwater terminal of the Northern Pacific Railroad. The damage by water is impossible to determine at this time, but is known to aggregate many thousand dollars. The flood waters reached Lewiston shortly before noon, and the river is now rising at the rate of six inches an hour.

CAUGHT CREMATION IDEA.

Burned Body of Murdered Husband Week After Learning Method.

SEATTLE, June 4.—Mrs. Madeline King, of Olalla, now in the county jail here, charged with the murder of her husband, Edward King, and admitting that she burned his body, and had never heard of cremation as a means of disposing of human remains until a fortnight ago. She was visiting her daughter, Mrs. Anna Marie Fisher, of West Seattle, when a neighbor brought up the subject of cremation.

"Do they really burn bodies instead of burying them?" she asked, and when assured of the fact, eagerly asked concerning the details of incineration.

It was a little more than a week later that she almost completely destroyed the body of her husband by building a funeral pyre alongside her little cabin in the woods. So thorough was her work that an ounce tobacco box now holds all the ashes and pieces of charred bone that the officers have been able to find.

John E. Green, justice of the peace for Olalla precinct, and other officers who have investigated the death of Edward King, say this is the manner in which the old man met his death, and they believe that the crime was premeditated.

ROSEBURG SHIPS 12 CRATES.

Two Thousand Boutonnieres Will be Given While They Last.

ROSEBURG, Or., June 4.—Twelve large crates of beautiful roses and about 2000 individual roses prepared for boutonnieres were shipped from this city to Portland last night for display and distribution during the rose festival. The two crates containing the more choice flowers will be presented to the King and Queen of the festival. Of the balance in bulk, a large portion will be exhibited in one of the street windows of Meier & Frank's establishment, while the remainder will be arranged in huge bouquets and placed in the leading hotels. Every rose thus distributed and every exhibit will have attached a ribbon bearing the word "Roseburg", together with a few other words of advertisement. Upon the arrival in Portland, the roses will be taken in charge by a committee of the lady "boosters' club" of Roseburg, to whom credit is due for the origin of such a clever advertising scheme.

Oliver H. P. Belmont Not Expected to Live

NEW YORK, June 4.—With his family at his bedside, O. H. P. Belmont was hovering between life and death late tonight. After an operation for appendicitis was performed this noon, Belmont developed peritonitis and sank so rapidly that it was feared he would not survive the night. Although they would not say that hope has been abandoned, his physicians admitted his condition very precarious. Belmont's illness dates from Tuesday of this week when his family physician found him in such a serious condition that consultation was speedily called.

FONTAINBLEAU BEAUTIFUL.

Otis Skinner In The Honor Of The Family.

There is a fine stretch of woodland near Fontainebleau—perfect for picnicking or for those suddenly planned excursions that break up the monotony of home or of hotel. It is an aspect of that part of France that, with the halo of romance that history has cast over the very name of the place, vastly heightens its value for an American of any imagination. And Fontainebleau is beloved of the French too; we think of it, cursorily, as the scene of Josephine's humiliation; they think of it as a likely place for quieting nerves strung taut to the breaking point by the strain of living in Paris. And it is of the woods of Fontainebleau—and they are not far from the delightful little hotel of that town,—that an American actor and that American actor's little daughter and her mother think ever so fondly through the dreariness of every American winter. Spring does not suggest to them any of the thousand and one of Nature's happenings that poet's sing of and ploughmen work by; it is only another jump of the great hand on the face of the clock of the seasons, towards the time when father and mother and daughter take passage to Cherbourg and so to Fontainebleau. And it was on one such excursion that these three chums, having rambled deep into the recesses of the woods, came upon an artist at work upon a canvas. Such a sight always excites the liveliest curiosity. Who that was ever there of a summer afternoon has not cracked his shins over and over again crawling about the garden of the Musee de Clugny for a sly peep at the drawing boards and perhaps at the pretty faces of the young girl artists whose youth and sprightliness so strangely contrast with the antiquity and somberness of the prostrate art relics that serve them for models? But they are so easily irritated,—these French; and so the American family would have avoided the landscapist but that he saw them and smiled—and politeness seemed the better part of curiosity. "I may not seem so, but I am a compatriot of yours," said the artist, getting up from his camp stool and speaking excellent English. "I am Victor Hecht. I got my training in the schools of Paris, but I was born in your country." "I am Otis Skinner," said the American—"Mrs. Skinner and my daughter." That was some years back. Hecht was just come out of an art school—he had yet to find his metier; he was in the full flush of rebellious, overweening youth and was for out-Turning Turner. Not long afterwards he found his forte by study, by a touch of the divine spark and by industry; and it turned out to be, not attempting with pigments a rivalry with nature "in her wildest moments," but portrait painting, notable for a singularly happy touch and refinement of composition. His finest canvas has just been completed and exhibited. It is of an American, an American actor, his chance acquaintance met in the

woods of Fontainebleau, Otis Skinner, whom he has drawn as "Philippe Bridau" in "The Honor of the Family."

A DELIGHTFUL SUMMER DISH.

"A chandroid of salmon is suitable for the piece de resistance of a dinner or luncheon during the warm season", says Fannie Merritt Farmer in Woman's Home Companion for June. "Take the contents of one can of salmon or equal weight in cold boiled fish, remove skin and bones, and separate in flakes. If the canned product is used, first rinse very thoroughly with hot water. Mix one tablespoonful of flour, one half tablespoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of mustard and a few grains of cayenne. Add one egg slightly beaten, one and one half tablespoonful of melted butter, three tablespoonful of vinegar and three fourths of a cupful of milk. Cook over hot water until the mixture thickens like a soft custard, stirring constantly at first and afterward occasionally. Remove from the range and add three fourths of a tablespoonful of granulated gelatine soaked in two table spoonfuls of cold water. Strain the mixture, add to the fish, and turn into individual molds or a brick mold. Chill thoroughly, and remove from the mold or molds to a serving dish. If I mold the mixture for individual service I usually surround the portions with cucumber sauce and garnish each with a slice of cucumber. If I have a large mold I arrange it on a bed of lettuce and serve with frozen horseradish sauce."

SLOVENLY MENTAL HABITS.

The normal mind acts under law. The mental faculties will not give up their best unless they are marshaled by system. They respond cordially to order, but they rebel against slipshod methods. They are like soldiers. They must have a leader, a general who enforces order, method.

The majority of people get very little out of their brains because they never learn to think systematically. Their minds are like some country stores where everything is jumbled up. There is no order or method anywhere. They browse, or cogitate, but they do not focus their minds and conduct their mental processes with order.

Slovenly mental habits will destroy the finest minds.

The strength and persistency of our habitual thought-force measure our efficiency. The habitual thought-force in many people is so feeble and spasmodic that they cannot focus their minds with sufficient vigor to accomplish much.

We can quickly tell the first time we meet a person whether his thought-force is strong or weak, for every sentence he utters will partake of its quality.

The person who has a negative thought-force betrays his lack of strength in his every word. His language is weak, has no gripping quality.

But the man with a vigorous mentality takes right hold of you, grips your mind with every sentence. His power thrills you, and you feel immediately that you are in the presence of a strong personality.

It is positive, the aggressive thought that creates, that invents. The negative thought is always weak. —Success Magazine.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

"What's your name, sir?"
"Wood."
"What's your wife's name?"
"Wood, of course."
"H-m; both wood. A-ah, any kindling?" —Success Magazine

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STAND FOR SOMETHING

The greatest thing that can be said of a man, no matter how much he has achieved, is that he has kept his record clean.

Why is it that, in spite of the ravages of time, the reputation of Lincoln grows larger and his character means more to the world every year? It is because he kept his record clean, and never prostituted his ability nor gambled with his reputation.

Where, in all history, is there an example of a man who was merely rich, no matter how great his wealth, who exerted such a power for good, who has such a living force in civilization, as this poor backwoods boy? What a powerful illustration of the fact that character is the greatest force in the world!

A man assumes importance and becomes a power in the world just as soon as it is found that he stands for something; that he is not for sale; that he will not lease his manhood for salary, or for any amount of money, or for any influence or position; that he will not lend his name to anything which he cannot endorse.

The trouble with so many men today is that they do not stand for anything outside their vocation. They may be well educated, well up in their specialties, may have a lot of expert knowledge, but they cannot be depended upon. There is some flaw in them which takes the edge off their virtue. They may be fairly honest, but you cannot bank on them.

It is not difficult to find a lawyer or a physician who knows a good deal who is eminent in his profession; but it is not easy to find one who is a man before he is a lawyer or a physician, whose name is a synonym for all that is clean, reliable, solid, substantial. It is not difficult to find a good preacher; but it is not easy to find a real man, sterling manhood, back of the sermon. It is easy to find successful merchants, but not so easy to find men who put character above merchandise. What the world wants is men who have principle underlying their expertness, principle under their law, their medicine, their business; men who stand for something outside of their offices and stores; who stand for something in their community, whose very presence carries weight.—Success Magazine.

CONCRETE HOUSES

In a preface to its annual house building number Cement Age says that during the past year considerable progress has been made in the design and construction of concrete houses. Twelve months ago there were many concrete block houses, a few monolithic houses of moderate cost, with here and there a costly mansion of solid concrete. To-day there are countless block houses and a vast number of monolithic houses ranging in cost from three or four thousand dollars to hundreds of thousands.

Architects everywhere are thoroughly interested in concrete and its possibilities and the result is manifest in recent improvements in design, which has included the block house as well as the more costly and pretentious monolithic structure. One noticeable feature is the increasing use of cement stucco. There is promise that this process will eventually be applied to cheaper houses with great success. Another noteworthy feature is the discovery of the fact that in a number of instances concrete houses which at first admitted moisture freely have become waterproof with time. This is a more important consideration than would appear at first thought, for dampness in concrete walls has been the chief objection cited by the opponents of concrete. With the use of a reliable waterproofing compound to start with, we are likely to hear less and less of damp walls. Another pleasing feature of recent progress is the distinct advance made in the use of concrete blocks. Some of the finest

residences in the country have been built of blocks, and not blocks produced in fantastic or intricate shapes, but an honest and severely plain unit that has answered every purpose when treated frankly. And in the matter of monolithic walls there has been a return to common sense as opposed to strained or bizarre treatment. To sum up the situation, architects and builders are going right ahead with concrete house construction producing admirable results in every sense of the word, and matters have now reached the point where some insist that even the first cost of concrete may be brought down below that of wood, brick or stone.

A HOME-MADE PARASOL CASE.

For a pretty and useful umbrella or parasol case, cut a piece of cardboard one yard long and seven inches wide. Cover one third of it on one side with a pretty-patterned chintz of cretonne, and the rest with plain sateen of a harmonizing color.

For the pocket, cut a piece of the chintz about thirty-two inches long and eighteen inches wide; turn down a hem two and one half inches wide at one end, and put in a piece of elastic nine inches long just below the hem. Gather the lower end of the chintz, and sew it and the sides neatly to the cardboard.

Trim the top of the back, which stands above the pocket, with a ruche of ribbon or lace. Finish the bottom of the case with a twist of ribbon and a bow at one side, put a bow of ribbon at each corner of the top, and add a loop with a bow, by which to hang up the case. Put another twist of ribbon finished with a bow across the pocket just below the frill where the elastic is run.

Chiffon and lace trimmed parasols, which should be carefully kept from the dust, are safely and daintily "housed" in one of these useful cases. —Woman's Home Companion.

ROSE STAHL SUGGESTS RULES.

An anxious friend wrote to Rose Stahl recently asking for a few rules that would help preserve her complexion as successfully as actresses do. Miss Stahl replied in part as follows: "Always remove the face before retiring, but be sure to place it where it can be easily found in case of fire.

"Never use cosmetics—they are injurious to the skin.

"Before going out use simply a little rouge for the cheeks, blue pencil for the eyes, a good lip rouge, and then brush the face over lightly with any good face powder.

"Never drink tea and coffee at the same time; and never eat poached eggs while running fast.

"Ingestion is one of the most frequent causes of a bad complexion."

PRESERVING PROPRIETIES

A traveler in the mountains of Tennessee had been stowed away in the best bed the cottage afforded. Late in the night he was awakened by the voice of the paterfamilias addressed to the daughter, who was entertaining company by the fireside. "Mandy," growled the old man, "is that young man there yet?"

"Yep, pap."

"Is he got his arm around yer waist?"

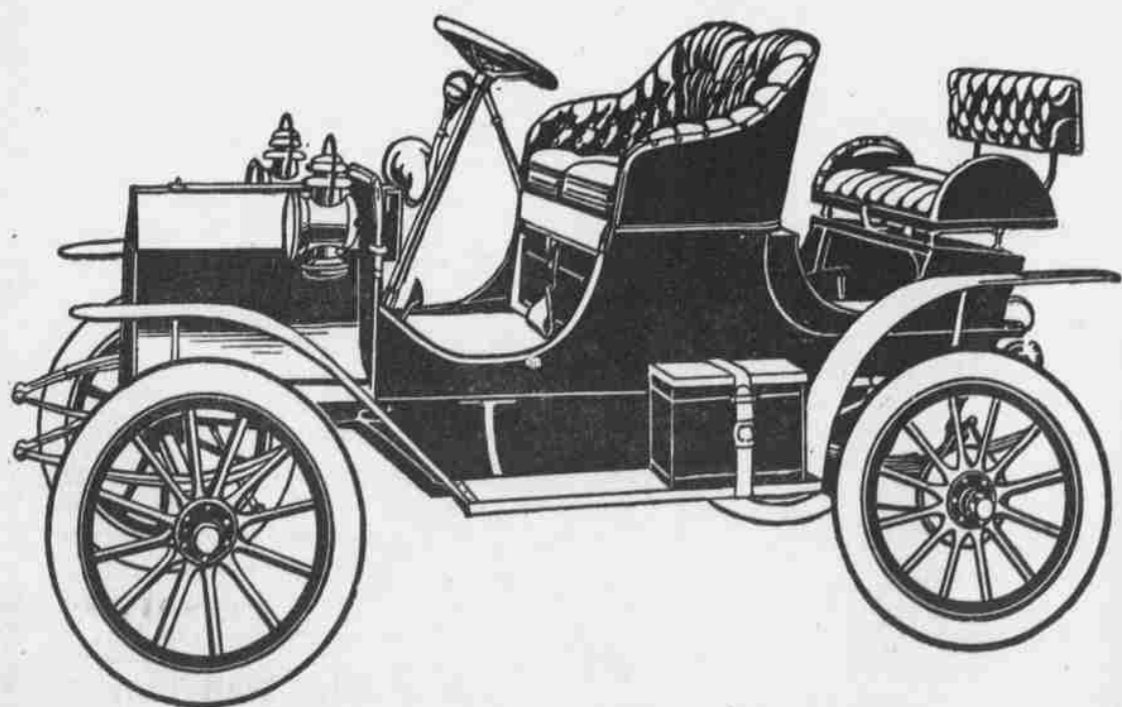
"Yep, pap."

"You-all tell him to take't away."

"Aw, ye tell him yerself, pap," replied the girl, in a dull, lifeless voice.

"He air a plumb stranger to me." —Success Magazine.

W. R. Ward, of Dyersburg, Tenn., writes: "This is to certify that I have used Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup for chronic constipation, and it has proven, without a doubt, to be a thorough, practical remedy for this trouble, and it is with pleasure I offer my conscientious reference."



Grand Prize, Reo Automobile, to be Given Away by MORNING ASTORIAN in Popular Contest. See Page 16 For Special Offer Next Week.

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