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THE WEATHER

Oregon and Washington—Fair in the west, showers, thunderstorms; cooler in east and in Idaho.

THE JUDGMENT FALLS.

The Federal court of appeals has reversed the judgment handed down by Judge Landis, in the Alton cases, whereby the Standard Oil Company was assessed in the stupendous aggregate of \$29,000,000 in fines, and upon a number of strong points, well taken, ably presented, and deeply considered and conscientiously applied, by the judges, en banque. This ends the government's great suit against the Standard. Whatever follows must come de novo, and upon hypotheses heretofore unemployed. The assignments of error are plain, and yet essential, and are thereby hardly susceptible of reversal on subsequent review.

Incidentally, it may be mentioned that John D. Rockefeller has cleaned up a cool \$15,000,000 on the stock market, on the strength of the later judgment, aside from being relieved of the original and tremendous obligation.

The American public will not take kindly to this news, because it has been trained to suspect and detest the Standard Oil Company as the chiefest commercial menace in the country; and the concessions, even of the law, made in its behalf, take on the color and substance of inspired discrimination on the part of the courts granting them, no matter what the quality of justice confirming them may be. The country rejoiced exceedingly when it became evident that the Standard was to be severely punished for its known and proven derelictions; and for the hour, it will resent the reversal of the tremendous decree. But, sooner, or later, our national sense of fair play will take its commanding place in the popular consideration and the judgment of the court of review will be accepted as right and just, even if it be in a purely abstract sense.

It will be an unhappy day that sees the national confidence in the courts destroyed, and we should guard against the dangerous conclusion with all the ardor and faith that are left us. To nurse this appalling creed of distrust to the point of unanimous and bitter conviction, is to open the gates of revolution and invite the curse of disintegration; to give the Republic over to the enemies of peace and progress and abandon the superb destiny of our people. It is of insidious growth, this absorbing passion of suspicion wherewith we are silently tearing down our own great institutions about our ears; we are not really conscious of the deadly expansion of it, day by day, and year by year; and we shall know the loss and terror of it only when the realization comes with annihilating force and retributive significance. We must be supremely patient, supremely loyal, supremely honest, in our reception of this concrete expression of American law and the interpretation thereof; nothing short of this will carry us safely and sanely by the crisis it invites. It is up to the people to stand by their own courts and their own laws.

In a commercial sense, this suit of the government against the Standard and all the issues begotten of it, constitute the hugest example of the law invoked and applied, ever known in the nation's history, and its reception by the people at large will be very significant of the standards that possess and govern us and of our sense of duty along civic lines; we cannot afford to sacrifice one scintilla of the faith and duty we owe to the bulwark of our national existence, the courts of the land, nor permit a huge, national prejudice to warp us to anarchistic levels by so much as a single

step. The judgment that has been rendered in reversal of the former decree is equally as just and pregnant; and it must stand, respected, observed, and championed to the end, because it emanated from the loftiest source of authority we have set up for ourselves; from our last and best refuge of power and dignity in a national sense.

Even out here on the far Western confines of the country, this is the common sentiment of the people; and we hope to see it travel broadcast over the nation until it meets the same sane wave from East and South and North, to mingle as one inimitable and insuperable expression of American fair play.

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

"What's the matter with Astoria?" "She's all right!"

A. B. Hammond has come back to her, and centered his immense milling interests here.

Frank A. Seufert is coming down from the upper river to build or buy and operate his great fishing interests here, or hereabout.

This is to be one of the best fishing seasons known in a long time.

The lumber mills are running all over the city, and the outlying plants are making ready to open up.

Tourists are flocking to the coasts north and south of us, and many of them are stopping off here in spite of the plans of certain transportation people to sidetrack Astoria. Everybody in Astoria who has to work or wants to work is busy at good wages. The youngsters are in the midst of their vacation festivities; the sick are getting well; the people refuse to die under any circumstances during this superb weather; the stork is winging daily flights to this neighborhood with a brow lot of handsome healthy new recruits to the civic ranks; the business world here is as free as ever of failures; trade might be better and soon will be; the bay is bristling with busy craft of all kinds and the suburban towns are lively and active and inviting; the weather is ideal and the regatta season is to be the finest ever.

We might go on indefinitely with quotations of this sort, but these suggestions are enough to convey our sense of satisfaction to the outsider and we agree to prove it all if he or she comes down to see us. It's all here, with more to come!

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Was in Poor Health For Years

Ira W. Kelley, of Mansfield, Pa., writes: "I was in poor health for two years, suffering from kidney and bladder trouble, and spent considerable money consulting physicians without obtaining any marked benefit, but was cured by Foley's Kidney Cure, and I desire to add my testimony that it may be the cause of restoring the health of others." Refuse substitutes. T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

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COFFEE

Insist on the roaster's name; never mind the country it grew or is said to have grown in.

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like Schilling's Best. We pay him

The Spirit of Allegiance.

A Fourth of July Story
By EMMA ARCHER OSBORNE.

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THE street in which the McShanes dwelt was one of the least inviting of the lower west side. The long rows of old red brick buildings were ornate with non-descript collections of superfluous household articles thrust on to the fire escapes.

A boy, yelling vociferously to his kind in the street, five stories below, balanced his scantily clad little body across the iron railing of the McShane fire escape.

This was the lad's first pause since daybreak, since the young America of the neighborhood had emerged numer-



"I SWEAR ALLEGIANCE TO THE FLAG."

ously, yet as one man, with crackers and joyous spontaneity, to hail with diabolical din the nation's natal day and to awake many a grownup to a profane realization of the hour.

He raised himself and took a long view of the street in either direction. He broke into a surprised exclamation. "Geo-e-e!" he shouted. "Look at the flag!"

For the space of a few seconds the boy gazed delightedly. He seemed to forget the thrilling bangs that filled the air. Then he glanced quickly in the direction of a nearby schoolhouse.

"She's there, all right!" he exclaimed as he caught sight of a good sized gay bunting floating above the building.

A swish of skirts and a happy faced girl stood beside him.

"Who's there, and where?" she asked. "Well, if girls don't ask the foolish question?" sniffed the boy in undisguised scorn at the girl's query. "A flag ain't a 'who.'"

"Oh!" breathed the enlightened girl, with a smile. "She's a flag, is she? But you'd better flag yourself in to breakfast. Mother's waiting for you."

She turned to go inside. The boy caught her.

"Say, Kate, we learned something at school to say to the flag. Want to hear it?"

The boy was the brightest spot in Kate's prosaic life.

"Of course I want to hear it," she replied eagerly.

At once the boy assumed a military air. With body erect and dirty little heels in close contact, he raised a grimy hand in soldierly salute to a much befreckled forehead. Ignoring surroundings and apparently addressing the flag in the distance, he repeated clearly and in a high pitched boyish voice:

"I swear allegiance to the flag and to the republic, for which it stands—one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all!"

He was immediately gathered into the girl's strong young arms.

"Terrance, my little man, you talk like the president," she exclaimed, proudly kissing the boy's red hair.

"And you learned that in school? Oh, it's fine!"

She clasped him so tightly that patriotism was forced to cry out for liberty.

"Lem-me-go, lem-me-go!" roared Terrance, sputtering and wriggling from his sister's embrace. "Sure, I learnt it in school, but you needn't squeeze a feller to death about it," giving himself a reassuring shake.

"It's such a pretty speech," interrupted Kate, ignoring the uncomplimentary allusion to her sex, "that I'm going to fetch you something nice from Coney Island for learning it."

As the family ate its breakfast Kate was bombarded by queries as to who was to accompany her to Coney. Mike Peters and Kate's father were teamsters, and it might have been this similarity of occupation and their almost constant association which endeared Peters to the major portion of the family. It might have been his big, handsome self, his wholesome good nature, coupled with a dogged patience in waiting for Kate, that was subtly bringing the girl to a realization of his enduring devotion. This change of escort, therefore, on the day of all days for an outing naturally aroused curiosity.

Kate's days were passed in a big department store. Many persons stopped at her counter and made purchases. Some were fine people, and from snatches of their conversation she gleaned mental visions of their luxurious mode of living. Frequently she looked out covetously on to their beautiful plane of life.

She often wondered how people get rich.

But today she was for once to be "a real swell lady," as Susie Mullins had expressed it.

"Now, look a-her, yez two," interrupted Kate's mother, coming to the girl's assistance at the breakfast table. "Kate's goin' to Coney wid Susie Mullins an' two rale gintlemen as has axed the gir-ruls, an' thim as has autimobeels too. Shure, if she wants to be a-goin' wid quality instid av the folks av Mike Peters—an' I'm sayin' nothin' agaln' Mike, ayther, God bless him—why can't she?"

The question at issue seemed convincingly answered with a strong intimation that no further discussion was desired. The meal was finished peacefully, but not without some inward resentment on the part of Kate's father over the seemingly unwarranted sidetracking of Peters.

Later a gay little automobile party sped swiftly through the city streets, across the river, over vast stretches of lowlands and on to the fantastic wooden city by the sea.

It was a still gayer little party as it indulged in the pleasures and revels of the place. The light heartedness of youth made the day one of irresponsibilities and freedom, and the cloudless sky and the life giving sea breezes were in accord with the blissful mood and high spirits of the merry-makers.

Not even a passing thought was given to the unconventional circumstances of their meeting.

Paul Ricard, chauffeur for an uptown garage, made some purchases of Kate one day.

"She is very pretty," said Ricard to himself as he noticed her delicate features, crowned by auburn hair.

When she looked up to more clearly catch the address he was giving for the delivery of his purchases he saw that her eyes were of a deep blue, and there was a hidden laugh in them. He smiled at her boldly with his great brown eyes.

The little flush, scarcely perceptible, and the slight parting of the lips telegraphed to Ricard his victory.

He found other occasions upon which to visit the store, never forgetting to pass Kate's way. An acquaintance followed, into which Susie Mullins was introduced, and the Fourth of July trip was planned.

"I may invite my friend Mathot?" he asked.

"Sure!" chimed the girl unhesitatingly.

Kate was swept to heights of ecstasy by the flattering attentions of Ricard. He was tall and handsome, lithe, dark and had winning features.

Mike Peters became merely an occasional thought.

It was evening at Coney Island. The little party had dined on the balcony of a big hotel. The quieting influence of twilight had hushed their irresponsible chatter, and they sat dreamily watching the shifting scene before them.

The ocean sighed and broke softly on the gray sandy beach.

In the distance the lighthouses flashed their warnings to ships plying their lonely ways over the dark waters.

Away off at the horizon the big moon peeped—hesitatingly, so it seemed, for a continuous performer—then, reassured by the long silvery reflection upon the waves, rose bravely to the occasion.

Kate was as if charmed.

Ricard sat complacently smoking, his eyes feasting on the changing beauty of the girl's face.

Susie and Mathot strolled away. Then the witch of fire appeared.

Little lines of white light shone out, moving indefinitely about like illuminated snakes. They reached upward, outward and encircling; they outlined buildings; they crept high, leaving noble towers; they wrought stirring emblems commemorative of the day; they lighted the highways; they pointed to the scintillating places for the night's revels, and they traced great piers stretching far into the sea.

Coney was depicted in exquisite silhouette.

Suddenly the air was filled with flamboyant glory.

Myriads of explosives shot skyward—up, up, swiftly at first, with hissing sounds. High in the heavens they faltered a bit as if in search of stellar objects against which to dash themselves. Then, bursting into gorgeous displays of varicolors, they spread into showers of beauty simultaneous with the shouts of delighted spectators and fell gently, like brilliant, iridescent spray.

Kate was in raptures. She laughed and clapped her hands. She let out little screams of delight.

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In danger of falling. Ricard sprang to her side, caught her and held her protectively with an arm encircling her.

He talked to her lightly, merrily at first; then he bent his handsome, dark head until it was close, very close, to the auburn tresses, and he spoke in deeper, more serious tones, and the girl forgot Coney in the music of his voice.

Kate caught herself wondering why Mike Peters had never acquired the pleasant ways of Ricard.

After awhile he placed a big, firm hand under her chin and raised her face so he could watch its every lineament. His dark eyes were luminous and tender. His voice was persuasive as he said something to her, now and again its tones pleading, and he emphasized his words with soft little pats on her warm cheeks.

Silently Kate's head drooped to his shoulder, and he held her tightly for the space of a few moments.

Then he took her by the shoulders gently. He stretched his arms at full length and held her there. His handsome face was aglow with exultation. Kate laughed hysterically. She felt herself helpless in his strong grasp, and she expected any moment to be gathered back with a mighty rush into his embrace.

Something dark, like a great mantle, floated noiselessly in between them, shutting each from the other's view.

Ricard caught it and flung it off.

It whirled back again, swept toward Kate and partially enveloped her.

The girl was frightened and struggled to disentangle herself. Ricard was helping her when a blaze of light from an exploding rocket revealed what they were pulling and tugging at.

It was the trailing end of a big flag moved by the shifting breeze.

Like one electrified, Kate ceased her struggles. She snatched wildly at the fluttering bunting and held it captive. Her face turned like marble, and into her eyes there came a new, strange expression as she stood motionless, her white gown gleaming here and there between the folds of the flag.

As swiftly and silently as the coming of the colors enlightenment had descended upon her.

Oblivious to the presence of Ricard and her surroundings, she was living again her commonplace existence of the morning. She was seeing her home, with its mean environments, and all was being borne in on her mind swiftly and with new significance.

Again she saw Terrance saluting the flag and heard his childish explanation. "One nation indivisible—one nation indivisible," repeated itself over and over. Then it seemed to merge into "one home indivisible" and ever in Terrance's clear boyish voice. There could be no "home indivisible" if she went with Ricard into his enchanted world, as he had suggested.

With a cry that was half sob she sank to her knees, burying her face in the flag.

"Terrance!" she whispered.

Ricard had watched the girl wonderingly. Her tears brought him pityingly to her side.

"Don't! Don't do that!" he pleaded tenderly, attempting to raise her.

Kate sprang to her feet, shuddering at his touch. She shook him off.

He was perplexed by her action. "You are tired," he ventured and took her hands in his.

She made no reply. Instead she tried to free herself. Ricard, aroused and angry, would not release her.

"You shall not shake me off," he said sternly. "You are mine." And he grasped her by the shoulders, hurting her cruelly.

She did not speak, but met his eyes unflinchingly. For the space of a few seconds they thus faced each other. He searched in vain for the light that had shone in her eyes but a few moments before. What he saw instead were



"AW-CUT-IT-OUT!" HE PROTESTED.

awakened, aroused womanly intuition, chastity and hatred. What she saw was determination, pleading.

She yielded not a bit to him.

The red haired Irish shopgirl was like the embodiment of an age of Celtic queens. He wanted to crush her, to devour her.

And still she said not a word, but looked and looked at him steadily, coldly, dominantly. He met her gaze with equal fortitude. It was as if the souls of the man and woman were in visual combat.

Ricard's perfidious spirit swayed. "Forgive me," he said in a trembling, humble voice. "Let me take you home."

Terrance awoke with a start when Kate, flinging herself on her knees beside his bed, commenced to smother him with kisses.

"Aw—cut—it—out!" he protested sleepily. "What'd—you—bring—me, Kate?"

"These," she replied, spreading an array of trinkets and souvenirs of the day out upon the bed—"these, dear boy!"

The boy was asleep again when she added sobbingly—"and your sister."

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