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THE WEATHER.

Oregon, Washington and Idaho—Fair.

THE SHOOTING OF HENEY.

The startling intelligence from San Francisco, last evening, of the shooting of Francis J. Heney, the great federal prosecutor, in open court, was received here with varying expression, and all of it sincere, whatever the trend.

There are those here, as everywhere, who detest the very name of this man, as well as those who commend and endorse him, the antagonistic element probably preponderating throughout city and county; the vast proportion of the hatred finding its source and stamina in sheer politics. His work has been so closely interwoven with the political policies and people of the State of Oregon, some of whom were served by his labors and others defeated and undone thereby, that it is a difficult matter to determine the scope and bearing of popular feeling at this moment. But, speaking from the standpoint of civic righteousness, Mr. Heney has done an heroic and hateful task with extraordinary ability, fortitude and courage. He has advanced the cause of good government immeasurably, not only here in Oregon, but everywhere his orders were cut out for him; and that he did it all with the sanction and aid of the national government itself, leaves him free of the reproach of having acted from vicious interested impulse. That he has made enemies in the doing of it, goes without saying; but it took a disinterested, courageous and able man to do it.

The attempt to kill him surprises no one. Such a contretemps has been looked for months, and the not come far sooner. And now that it has been done, there is still the unescapable conviction left with those who rejoice in his fall, that if he gets well and strong again, he will be at the same post of duty and doing his unequalled best to carry out the edict under which he is operating, the government command to purge the country of official evil-doers.

PREDATORY SANITATION.

After waiting an unconscionable time for some manifestation on the part of Astoria's citizens that they wanted a seawall and for some initiative action on their part to get it, and realizing that this dear and pet project of his and his contracting progeny would drop utterly out of sight for the time unless he launched it himself, A. M. Smith, upon his own admission, started in, under the terms of Section 39 of the city charter, to put the scheme in shape, via the common council, in order "to secure the peace and good order of the city and the health of its inhabitants here at this time."

ants." And to this end dubbed the bill, in its caption, a "sanitary measure" and insists that it must be so construed; this, of course, to bring it within the purview of Section 39, as a measure officially initiated in the council. But finding that he could not get the proposition before the people at the polls and file it within the 60 days prescribed by the State law, he later sends it out among the people, scrapes together the requisite number of signatures and makes it a matter of popular initiative, instead. But this double-dealing is quite apart from the ridiculous fallacy of its "sanitary" quality. This is the emptiest phase of his plea.

The following facts about the actual, recorded conditions of health and mortality of the City of Astoria, taken from the public records maintained in the office, and by the hand, of Dr. Vernon, county health officer, to whom the coroner and every physician in the city and county report all infectious diseases, and deaths, as they occur, puts the sign and seal of denial upon the plea that "Seawall Tony's" bill is a peculiar and pertinent health measure, to wit:

There have been, so far in 1908, just 139 deaths.

Of these 21 were drowning cases. Four of the deaths recorded were still-births.

And 24 of them were patients from out of town.

This leaves the mortality of the city due to disease, infectious, and otherwise, at 90 exactly; of this number, 17 died of infectious diseases, and two of them were out in the country.

Of the 139 deaths noted, 35 were of persons over 60 years of age; 18 were over 70 nine were over 80, and one was past 90. This leaves a death roll of 76 people under 60 years of age, and with 90 dead of disease gives the city the phenomenal ratio of .64 of one per cent as its tribute to bad sanitation, which is about as low as any community ever got in the history of human malady and mortality.

Our smooth and genial boss will have to find some other predicate on which to harp for his pet scheme; and he might turn his attention to the inevitable necessity of mending the disgraceful sewage system, and raising the grades of the city, before any seawall, his, or the peoples', can be built with safety and success; and while he is about it, he must not forget to raise the grades, streets and buildings from four to twelve feet at any old cost such work may foot it.

We are credibly informed that the term "sanitary," as employed by Mr. Smith, is entitled to strictly legal construction and but serves to fortify and justify the legal introduction of such a measure; which, to our mind, but increases the fallacious and needless quality of the measure, since upon no ground, of sanitation, commerce, nor utility, is a seawall city and the health of its inhabitants wanted here at this time.

STOMACH MISERY

DREAD OF EATING, SOMETHING CAUSING INDIGESTION.

GET THE STOMACH CORRECT

Why Not Begin Today and Forever Rid Yourself of Stomach Trouble Which is a Detriment to Anyone—It is Merely a Matter of Taking a Little Diapiesin.

You can eat anything your Stomach craves without fear of a case of Indigestion or Dyspepsia, or that your food will ferment or sour on your stomach if you will take Diapiesin after eating.

Your meals will taste good, and anything you eat will be digested; nothing can ferment or turn into acid or poison or stomach gas, which causes Belching, Dizziness, a feeling of dullness after eating, Nausea, Indigestion (like a lump of lead in stomach), Bloating, Heartburn, Water brash, Pain in stomach and intestines or other symptoms.

Headaches from the stomach are absolutely unknown where this effective remedy is used. Diapiesin really does all the work of a healthy stomach. It digests your meals when your stomach can't. Each triangule will digest all the food you can eat and leave nothing to ferment or sour.

Get a large 50-cent case of Pape's Diapiesin from your druggist and start taking today and by tomorrow you will actually brag about your healthy, strong Stomach, for you then can eat anything and everything you want without the slightest discomfort or misery, and every particle of impurity and Gas that is in your stomach and intestines is going to be carried away without the use of laxatives or any other assistance.

Raw Lungs.

When the lungs are sore and inflamed, the germs of pneumonia and consumption find lodgment and multiply. Foley's Honey and Tar kills the cough germs, cures the most obstinate racking cough, heals the lungs, and prevents serious results. The genuine is in the yellow package. T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

Honor and Digestion.

Cobbie—You certainly have a good cook. By the way, where do you get your servants?

Stone—From our neighbors. When we hear of a good one among them we offer her more money to come with us.

"But, my dear fellow, is that honorable?"

"Why not? Can you develop a sense of honor with a poor digestion?"—New York Life.

Watched Fifteen Years.

"For fifteen years I have watched the working of Bucklen's Arnica Salve; and it has never failed to cure any sore, boil, ulcer or burn to which it was applied. It has saved us many a doctor bill," says A. F. Hardy, of East Wilton, Maine. 25c at Charles Rogers & Son's drug store.

POST CARD ALBUMS of all kinds and at lowest prices.

Svenson's Book Store.

Fourteenth and Commercial Streets.

THE LIMEKILN CLUB.

Brother Gardner Makes Some Remarks on the Rabbit Foot.

THE FIRST COLORED MAN.

He Was a Mistah Ham and, According to the President, Has Brought Luck to All Those Who Have Followed His Footsteps.

(Copyright, 1908, by T. C. McClure.) As the president of the Limekiln club rose up to speak he placed a rabbit's foot on his left and another on his right, and after seriously regarding them for a moment he said:

"My friends, I reckon dat you all know dat de first cull'd man bo'n into dis yere world was a Mistah Ham. What his front name was nobody seems to know. Mistah Ham has de honoh of bein' de first man, black or white, to disklaber dat de rabbit's foot



"HE GOT ME TO HUNTIN' THROUGH GRAVEYARDS AT MIDNIGHT."

brought luck, and since dat time every cull'd man has follered in his footsteps.

"It has come to my knowledge dat Gilead Jones sleeps wid a rabbit's foot under his pillow at night.

"Dat Elder Fenstock has carried one in his coatall pocket for de last forty-four years.

"Dat Waydown Bebee wears one tied to his left leg to keep de rheumatics away.

"Dat Samuel Shin believes he would have been murdered by a ghost if he hadn't produced his rabbit's foot jest in de nick of time.

"Dat Korneil White filted de woman he was gwine to marry last month kase de rabbit's foot curled up a little.

"Dat Judge Kabiff keeps burglaris away from his cabin by hangin' a foot on de doah.

"I has heard all dis and a heap mo', and de time has come to tell you dat you am makin' fools of yourselves. De man who kin show me dat dar' am mo' luck in a rabbit's foot dan in a raw tater or turnip kin make \$100 right away. In de first place, de rabbit is a fool animal. He can't fight, he can't roar, he can't crawl, and he don't know 'nuff to run straight. He jest goes foolin' around on airth till somebody knocks him out and eats him up. He's skered from de day he is bo'n to de hour of his death. Sunthin or somebody is allus arter him, and he never has any luck 'tall.

"In de second place, luck hain't comin' to nobody through any fool thing. You has got to git up mighty atry in de mawlin' and hunt all day for luck. She'll come to you jest as quick if you are carryin' a head of cabbage under your arm as she will if you have a rabbit's foot tied to your neck.

Mistah Ham's Idea.

"Mistah Ham got de idea dat dar was luck in a rabbit's foot. When and whar did it bring him luck? 'Cordin' to all de accounts I have read of him, he had a hard time of it in dis world, and he didn't have much of a funeral punction when he finally passed away. How does it come, den, dat so many of you are follerin' Mistah Ham?

"Dar was a time in my life when I was a fool believer in de rabbit's foot. I was young, and it was an old nigger man dat told me about it. He got me to huntin' through graveyards at midnight in de second quarter of de moon to kill a rabbit. Lawd love ya, I was skered to death for six months. Den I finally killed a rabbit and got both front paws. Den dat old nigger man told me I was heeled for anything dat come along, and I was fool 'nuff to believe it and bring down consequences on my head.

"I tackled a big cull'd feller dat was arter my gal, and he wolopped me so dat I didn't git out of de house for two weeks.

"I craved for pork and got arter a hawg belongin' to a white man. I had both dose feet wid me, and I orter got dat pork and got away wid it, but dar was a slip up. Dat white man got me instead, and I went to jail for a month.

"I was courtin' a powerful fine cull'd gal. Dem rabbit's feet orter brought me luck. Did dey? Not much. When I axed dat gal for her heart and hand she throwed me down for a cross eyed nigger dat didn't know a possum from a persimmon.

"I worked till I had \$30 in my pocket, and den I started out to buy a mawl. Dem rabbit's feet was wid me. I found a mawl and planked down de money and led him home. Jest as I got home I turned around and disklabered dat I had been leadin' a cold

corpse for de last half mile. Dat mawl had a fit and expired.

"On an occasion I bankered arter some green co'n and sot out in de night to visit a field. I figgered dat dem two feet was good for 'fo' dosen ears. But what happened? Why, de white man was on de watch and filled me so full of bird shot dat I couldn't jump over a tow string for de next month.

Kissed Rabbit's Feet.

"I had one mo' case befo' I quit. I found \$20 in de road and no one in sight. Dat was my money for shore. I needed it. I took out dem rabbit's feet and kissed 'em in gratitude, and I was still kissin' when a robber jumped out and not only took de money, but left me wid a headache dat continued for two straight years.

"Dar am jest on single occasion when a rabbit's foot may possibly bring luck. Dat am arter you has stood in front of a grocery for about two hours lookin' at a great big heap of watermellons.

"Your eyes has bulged out.

"Your mouf has watered.

"You has felt your heels lift up.

"In imagination you have devoured 'fo' de biggest and de ripest and de sweetest—eberry one of 'em wid a core as red as de heart of an ox.

"You has gone frow all dis and den had to back away becase you hadn't a cent in your pocket and knew dat de grocer wouldn't trust. You has gone home feelin' de iron in your soul, but to suddenly remember of a melon patch about a mile away. You have a rabbit's foot. You know dat it won't be a moonlight night. You dimly remember of bearin' dat de owner of de patch am away on his vacation.

"When de chill'en have gone to roost you wank at de old woman.

"Not a word am spoken, but she knows what dat wink spells.

"She goes out in de wood shed and brings you in an old coffee sack and puts you on de shoulder and gives you into de keepin' of Providence.

"You sot out. You saunter along cheerlessly. You whistle and you sing. If you meet a policeman he takes you for a happy ducky gwine to cots your gal.

"You reach dat field. You walk along de fence. You talk to your rabbit's foot, and bimbe you find a hole to creep through. De millions am dar. You kin smell 'em. Dey have been waitin' for thee. Dey am so anxious to be picked and eaten dat dey almost come rollin' at you.

"And now, wid dat rabbit's foot in your teeth and your heart tankin' you sarch around for de biggest and de best, an old red one, and a few seconds later it am in de sack, and you feel like shoutin' out glory.

"Den comes de crisis. I have known dat rabbit's foot to help a man git back home wid de million and have de feast of his life, and I have known it to give him dead away to a white man, a bulldog and a shotgun. Can't nebbel tell what it will do, and I reckon de safest way am to look around instead for a ham dat a butcher may have left hangin' outdoah when he closed his shop for de night.

"I hain't gwine to say dat no member of dis Limekiln club must believe in de luck of a rabbit's foot, but I am tellin' you dat when you am holdin' a pair of axes and de older man has throwed all de rabbit's feet in de hull world hain't gwine to let you rake in dat pot to buy a sealskin cap wid."

M. QUAD.

A Mean Joke.

The Artist—That poet played a mean joke on me yesterday. He said he had sold a poem and if I would walk up to his "den" he would open a small bottle.

The Actor—And did he keep his word?

The Artist—Yes. I climbed up five stories to his "den," and he opened a small bottle of ink—Pittsburg Post.

"Looky Here, Sir!"

In car: "Looky here, sir: I got up to give my seat to that lady."

Second Man (sitting down)—That's all right, old fellow. She's my wife.—New York Life.

Willing to Oblige.



"Willie, if you'll stop blowing that infernal horn I'll get you any other toy you want."

"All right, dad. I wants a bass drum."—New York World.

Those at Least.

"I gossip very little," remarked Mr. Speederino.

"Indeed?"

"Yes. I believe that motorists should be particularly careful not to run down their friends and neighbors."—Kansas City Times.

The Real Expert.

"Do you think that alienist really knows anything about insanity?"

"Yes. Almost as much as the lawyer who is cross examining him."—Houston Post.

Starting.

Mrs. Bullion—I wish I knew something to do that would provide me with an absolutely new sensation.

Mr. Bullion—Go out and pay cash for something.—New York Life.

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