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THE WEATHER

Oregon, Washington and Idaho—Fair.

OREGON'S VITAL ISSUE.

Good faith and moral responsibility ought to determine the senatorial issue in Oregon; but, in the final analysis, there is more involved in the issue than the good faith and moral responsibility of members of the present legislature of Oregon. The organic rights of the people of Oregon, representing a residuary sovereignty which must ever inhere in a free people under our system of government, are at stake, and if these rights are sacrificed it will be to the perpetual shame of the commonwealth.

Legislators in Oregon may break their promises; except by moral suasion, by an appeal to their manhood and their consciences, there is no way to prevent them from violating the solemn pledges they have made to the voters of the State.

But before they heed the bad advice of men who are urging them to ignore moral obligations they have legally assumed, it may be well for them to take a reckoning lest they drift too far from safe moorings and plunge themselves and their state into dishonor.

They are told that they will do violence to the federal constitution if they heed the instructions of the people on the senatorship. It is not true. The constitution empowers them to elect the senators from that state; but it leaves them absolutely free to say in what manner they will determine a choice; if they elect, as they have elected, to refer the matter of a choice to the people of Oregon, and declare their purpose to abide by the preference thus expressed, they have a right to do so, and there is not a word or a syllable in the federal constitution to condemn or nullify such a procedure.

The people of Oregon have spoken on this question. They may have erred. But the issue is no longer a party issue; it is now a question of morals, a question of political decency on the part of members of the

legislature, and a question also which involves the sovereignty of the people and the good name of the state. It should be settled right—Ex.

LAWS PROTECT CRIMINALS.

At last great minds are beginning to find defects in our laws which have a tendency to protect the criminal to the detriment of society and are asking that the next sitting of the state legislature be called upon to draft restrictive laws to prevent unnecessary review of judicial action on the part of the criminal.

In the days of Samuel when murderers were given an opportunity to seek a city of refuge, justice came as near being meted out as at the present time. For 5000 years wise heads have endeavored to pass laws to ward off man's inventions for escaping justice and the result is that the nation is swamped with criminal codes and repealed laws which have more loop holes than a rail fence. All kinds of ridiculous quibbling by the legal profession is tolerated by the bench to the end that justice is always delayed and frequently defrauded. It is high time for the bar association to concern itself in procuring legislation that will protect society and punish the criminal, instead of vice versa.—Ex.

On the whole, we are not sure that we would not be revolutionists if we lived in Hayti.

Castro isn't wanted in Paris; in fact, he doesn't seem to be wanted anywhere.

And it is much easier to boost than to knock, if once you get the habit.

The Haytian revolutionists are preparing to eat Christmas dinner in the capital.

Queen Lil hopes that America will give her a merry Christmas.

There are few places more comfortable than Astoria.

The advance agents in Astoria of Santa Claus are getting busy.

In Fashion Cavalier.

By Barry Preston.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

The knight of the golden helmet rode briskly down the lane. His sword made a pleasant clanking in the rusty scabbard which it was never fabled to fit; his eyes sparkled; his plumes waved bravely in the breeze.

Anon from sheer exuberance of spirit the knight of the golden helmet let out a wild and joyous whoop which startled the grazing cattle and set the mild eyed sheep huddling together in trembling wonder.

The general setup of the gentleman of the aureate headpiece was a trifle startling. Upon his head was a basket, the handle beneath his chin and its bottom (or, rather, top in its present position) decorated with the tail feathers of an incandescent rooster. About his waist was a red sash stuck full of wooden dials. From the left side of this sash half dangled, half dragged, the naval sword in the old cavalry scabbard.

A rake handle answered the purpose of a lance and bore as its pennon a fluttering three cornered piece of red flannel. Upon the knight's fat, chubby legs were fastened pieces of zinc, evidently intended for greaves. The steed he bestrode was a crooked piece of apple limb, with a bit of twine about one end of it for reins.

It is quite needless to state perhaps that the knight of the gold helmet had recently been filling his small head with certain romantic literature relating to the days of chivalry.

It is probably quite as needless to cite that, now the literature had been absorbed, he thirsted for deeds of valor.

Hence the ride down the lane, and hence the whoops. But very unfortu-



"I AM THE KNIGHT OF THE GOLDEN HELMET."

nately it seemed to be an off day for opportunities.

The cattle gazed upon him in melancholy doubt. The sheep bunched together and went up discordant bleats. Aside from these, the landscape gave no evidences of life.

It was a sorry world. Whatever it was you wanted you never got it, the knightly gentleman reflected sadly. One couldn't perform deeds of valor with nothing at hand but sheep and cattle. People were necessary to his plans—live, red blooded, much troubled people—languishing ladies preferred.

The world was full of 'em. There must be some about somewhere. The only way to get 'em was to find 'em. With another full throated bellow the knight of the golden helmet spurred his good apple limb steed to a yet more furious pace and sped down the shaded lane in quest of adventure.

He had just splashed through the muddy pool where the cattle drank each evening and was cantering blithely past the birches beyond when he saw a young man approaching—a young man in flannels, very tall and straight, pleasant faced, too, although just now the forehead was wrinkled in a frown and the firm jaw was set in determination. The young man was puffing vigorously at the briar pipe between his teeth, sending out great blue clouds of smoke in his wake.

The knight of the golden helmet reined in his steed and accosted the man before him with a familiar: "Hey, Charlie!"

Then, suddenly remembering the dignity of his position, he squared his small shoulders and threw up his chin. "What, ho, Charles!" he corrected his first salutation. "Hold a bit. I wouldn't have converse with thee."

"Hello, Billy!" said he, abstractedly glancing at the queer figure before him. "What's up now?"

"I am the knight of the golden helmet," was the grave response.

"You don't say! Where are you

If you shop early, you get the pick of the goods.

The determination of Oklahoma to be radically original is evidenced by the fact that she has floods in December.

"Fair and warmer" sounds good. If the weather man will deliver the goods it will be all right.

Mr. Taft has become so addicted to the habit of winning that he can't lose even a game of golf.

boud?" "Where is thy lady?" the knight demanded. "My lady! You mean your Aunt Margaret?" The knight nodded. "Down the lane a bit, by the walnut trees. Know the place, don't you?" "Sure!" was the unknighly reply. He drew a bit nearer. One hand rested upon the hilt of the sword. "Why are you here, varlet?" he demanded. "Why hast thou deserted thy lady?"

"Bah!" said the man in flannels. Then he burst into laughter. But there was a certain grating noise in it. "Well, Billy—Mr. Golden Helmet, I

mean—I'm here because she sent me. Couldn't seem to endure my society. Are you on? And I hardly think you're correct in calling her my lady. She's just told me mighty plainly that she wasn't."

The young gentleman astride the stick pondered deeply, and to aid his cogitations he removed the basket from his head and swung it idly to and fro in one hand. Then he replaced it with a considerable show of firmness.

"Back you go, craven!" he declared flatly.

"Huh? What?" said the man in the flannels.

"Back you go! I ride to the succor of ladies in distress."

"Bully for you, old chap," the other replied. "I think you'd better go alone, though."

"Never!" bawled the knight. "Turn around."

After several futile efforts he managed to yank the sword from the scabbard. He waved it threateningly above his head.

"See here," the young man began irritably as he took a step forward, but at that moment they both heard quick steps down the lane.

Around the bend came the lady under discussion. She started violently at the sight of them. Her face was flushed, and her eyes were suspiciously red.

"I've got him!" shouted the knight joyously. "He's in my power! He was deserting you, but I held him up! I'll see he begs your pardon if you say so!"

The young woman drew herself up. Her face was scarlet now.

"Billy, what are you doing? What is the meaning of this foolishness?" she demanded.

"Come on, you! Apologize!" said the youth sulkily, prodding the immaculate white trousers with the point of his sword.

Neither the words nor the prod seemed to attract the man's attention. He stood staring at the girl—particularly at her red eyes. Then suddenly he sprang to her side and caught her hand in his.

"Margaret," he cried, "he's right! I should apologize, that's a fact. I'm a pigheaded duffer. The quarrel is my fault—all mine."

Then came a few low words, a little happy laugh from the girl, and then two of them strolled down the lane together, utterly oblivious of the ridiculous figure which stood silently watching them until they disappeared around the bend.

The knight of the golden helmet remained thus for some moments lost in thought. Then he turned about and went slowly up the lane.

"Geef!" he muttered. "Wouldn't that cook yer? This ain't the way they done it in the book."

He was still lost in his own musings as, whooping, he passed again the grazing cattle and the huddled sheep.

Muscular Pains Cured.

"During the summer of 1903 I was troubled with muscular pains in the instep of my foot," says Mr. S. Pedlar, of Toronto, Ont. "At times it was so painful I could hardly walk. Chamberlain's Pain Balm was recommended to me, so I tried it and was completely cured by one small bottle. I have since recommended it to several of my friends, all of whom speak highly of it." For sale by Frank Hart and leading druggists.

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REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

Scandinavian-American Savings Bank OF ASTORIA.

To the State Bank Examiner, at the close of business, November 27, 1908:

CONDENSED.

RESOURCES.
Loans and Securities.....\$133,918.19
Furniture and fixtures..... 4,446.54
Expenses paid..... 205.50
Available funds:
Due from other banks.....\$10,376.19
Cash in vault..... 9,679.21 20,055.40
Total.....\$158,625.63

LIABILITIES.
Capital stock.....\$50,000.00
Surplus fund..... 3,500.00
Undivided profits..... 445.58
Deposits..... 104,680.05
Total.....\$158,625.63

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

Astoria National Bank

At Astoria, in the State of Oregon, at the close of business, November 27, 1908:

RESOURCES.
Loans and discounts.....\$403,175.76
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured..... 8,942.78
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation..... 47,500.00
U. S. Bonds to secure U. S. Deposits..... 20,000.00
Other Bonds to secure U. S. Deposits..... 34,000.00
Premiums on U. S. and other bonds..... 4,575.00
Bonds, securities, etc..... 85,681.15
Banking house, furniture, and fixtures..... 4,305.00
Other real estate owned..... 8,233.41
Due from State Banks and Bankers..... 10,306.50
Due from approved reserve agents..... 77,849.65
Checks and other cash items..... 438.76
Notes of other National Banks..... 3,035.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels, and cents..... 871.06
Lawful Money Reserve in Bank, viz:
Specie.....\$71,075.55
Legal-tender notes..... 72,580.55
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent circulation)..... 2,375.00
Due from U. S. Treasurer, other than 5 per cent redemption fund..... 600.00
Total.....\$784,469.62

LIABILITIES.
Capital stock paid in.....\$50,000.00
Surplus fund..... 50,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid..... 21,485.58
National Bank notes outstanding..... 47,500.00
Due to State Banks and Bankers..... 107.58
Individual deposits subject to check.....\$281,224.91
Demand certificates of deposit.....\$30,486.40
Time certificates of deposit.....\$258,333.50
Certified checks..... 331.65
U. S. Deposits..... 45,000.00 615,376.46
Total.....\$784,469.62

State of Oregon, County of Clatsop, ss:

I, J. E. Higgins, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. E. HIGGINS, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 3rd day of December, 1908.

M. C. MAGEE, Notary Public.
Correct—Attest:
GEO. H. GEORGE,
GEORGE W. WARREN,
A. SCHERNECKAU,
Directors.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

First National Bank

At Astoria, in the State of Oregon, at the close of business, November 27th, 1908.

RESOURCES.
Loans and discounts.....\$456,888.00
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured..... 1,786.94
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation..... 40,000.00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds..... 1,200.00
Bonds, securities, etc..... \$5,430.00
Due from National Banks (not reserve agents)..... 63,379.03
Due from State Banks and Bankers..... 25,022.36
Due from approved reserve agents..... 153,733.46
Checks and other cash items..... 776.29
Notes of other National Banks..... 2,530.00
Nickels and cents..... 361.70
Lawful Money Reserve in Bank, viz:
Specie.....\$169,000.00
Legal-tender notes..... 220,000.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)..... 2,000.00
Due from U. S. Treasurer, other than 5 per cent redemption fund..... 350.00
Total.....\$977,677.48

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in.....\$100,000.00
Surplus fund..... 25,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid..... 29,175.94
National Bank notes outstanding..... 40,000.00
Due to State Banks and Bankers..... 70.87
Individual deposits subject to check.....\$655,145.75
Demand certificates of deposit.....\$128,284.92 783,430.67
Total.....\$977,677.48

State of Oregon, County of Clatsop, ss:
I, S. S. Gordon, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

S. S. GORDON, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 1st day of December, 1908.

E. P. NOONAN, Notary Public.
Correct—Attest:
C. C. FLAVEL,
JACOB KAMM,
W. F. MCGREGOR,
Directors.

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ASTORIA, OREGON.

FINANCIAL.

First National Bank of Astoria

DIRECTORS

JACOB KAMM W. F. MCGREGOR G. J. C. FLAVEL

J. W. LADD S. S. GORDON

Capital.....\$100,000

Surplus..... 25,000

Stockholders' Liability.....100,000

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J. Q. A. BOWLBY, President J. W. GARNER, Assistant Cashier

O. I. PETERSON, Vice-President FRANK PATTON, Cashier

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Yet in Both
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