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TELEPHONE MAIN 661.

THE WEATHER

Oregon, Washington and Idaho—Rain.

WHAT IT ALL MEANS.

There are those in Astoria who have held, and uttered, the conclusion that the Morning Astorian has been actuated by a mere, momentary political spirit in the candid course it pursued throughout the recent municipal election; that it had no other means at hand to make an impression on the public mind, other than by dealing with the more potent disagreeable facts of her public obligations; that there was really nothing "in it"; that it would not have been resorted to, except to arouse a defensive sense of insecurity and force the consideration of other men and measures. All of which is folly.

The Morning Astorian has known the inexpediency of advertising the city to the world in this relation, as a newspaper policy; it has the sense of its day and age and position. It had no liking for the plan; but it used it in the largest and best interest a newspaper is compelled to use it for the common safety. It has never pleaded the peril of the city in a financial way; it has wrought against a system of recklessness that must have forced that limit sooner or later; and it intends to keep on, until there is a radical change in the policies of the local government; the more so that now it has some sort of equal advantage on the "official floor," with the men whom it contended against. And before it has finished the fight, it will be seen that many another good citizen is squarely behind the program. There are things to be looked into; to be explained; to be adjusted and accounted for; and it does not hesitate to say that this work will be done in behalf of those who have held the responsibility, as it fully well as for those who have footed and set an example worthy of it, for the bills; it has no accusations to it worth any example that can be

make, and hopes it may ever have any; it can make its exceptions quite as readily and clearly as most other citizens and will make them, but they will not include the "nigger in the woodpile." He is the particular object of interest with many of Astoria's citizens and the paper stands with, and for, all citizens, in such a premise as is believed to exist.

THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT.

The holiday season is upon us. Its spirit of goodwill and affection, and its best impulses toward charity, are waking everywhere. Astoria, with its myriads of little people (always the prime objective of such a season of gift-making and comfort-dealing) is peculiarly amenable to the operation of this, the most humane and grateful of all our laws and customs. Day by day the largess of the Christmas hour will expand and grow, until it blooms far and wide and happily.

It is said that the circulating, cold, exacting money-spirit of the day has robbed the beautiful cult of its primal and essential effect; but that has been said of it in every age; and yet, yearly, with the power that it holds unbrokenly and perpetually, it has driven commercialism aside and had its own gentle and kindly way, among all men. When the lust of money and business and bargain does force the old essence of the Christmas significance down and out of human society, we may be sure the millennium is at hand.

Gradually the talk of the hour turns to gift-making; one hears it everywhere and has pleasure in the sound; is inspired to, turns his, and her, own thought to the delightful duty and privilege, and soon all hands of us will be doing our little best, or our biggest little, for the good of someone who we cannot forget.

Don't hinder the progress of this work by those who have footed and set an example worthy of it, for the bills; it has no accusations to it worth any example that can be

set, if only because of the wonderful happiness it makes for the children.

In the opinion of the trusts, the president is not improving as a writer of annual messages.

The coming tariff debates will serve to show, for one thing, how far Missouri is gerrymandered out of the sort of congressmen its majority vote calls for.

All that Carrie Nation ever exhibited in the line of hysterics is easily surpassed by the demonstrations of her English sisters in behalf of woman suffrage.

France should be credited with moral elevation in refusing Castro the right to land. Paris seldom agrees to exclude a visitor with several millions in his pockets.

The president omitted any mention of tariff in the message. He knows that the revision will be conducted by the party that does things, and along protective lines.

Taft received in North Carolina 114,887 votes, or \$2,445 over the Roosevelt vote in 1904. Another pull at North Carolina will land it in the Republican column.

NEW TO-DAY

The very best board to be obtained in the city is at "The Occident Hotel." Rates very reasonable.

The Clean Man.

The man who delights in personal cleanliness, and enjoys his shave, shampoo, haircut, and bath, in Astoria, always goes to the Occident barber shop for these things—and gets them at their best.

Low Insurance.

Call at Van Dusen & Co., 119 11th street, and insure your dwelling and furniture. The rate is so low that you can't afford to go without insurance. There has recently been quite a reduction in the rates on dwellings and their contents.

The Palace Restaurant.

Any phase of hunger can be daintily gratified at any hour of the day or night at the Palace Restaurant. The kitchen and dining room service are of the positive best. Private dining rooms for ladies. One call inspires regular custom. Try it. Commercial street, opposite Page building.

Try our own mixture of coffee—the J. P. B. Fresh fruit and vegetables Badollet & Co., grocers. Phone Main—

Clean Your Chimneys.

George Ludwig, an expert chimney sweep is in the city and will make your chimney clean and safe from fire for \$2 or two chimneys for \$3. Place your order at the Astoria hotel or telephone Main 3521, or leave your orders at the Astorian office.

ANOTHER MAN FALLS.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 15.—Paymaster's Clerk Wm. McDonough, of the battleship Missouri, who arrived from the Orient on the transport Thomas was arrested yesterday for desertion and taken in iron to the prison ship Manila stationed at Mare Island.

Beware of Frequent Colds.

A succession of colds or a protracted cold is almost certain to end in chronic catarrh, from which few persons ever wholly recover. Give every cold the attention it deserves and you may avoid this disagreeable disease. How can you cure a cold? Why not try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy? It is highly recommended. Mrs. M. White, of Butler, Tenn., says: "Several years ago I was bothered with my throat and lungs. Someone told me of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I began using it and it relieved me at once. Now my throat and lungs are sound and well." For sale by Frank Hart and leading druggists.

THE KALISPEL CASE.

KALISPEL, Mont., Dec. 15.—The jury in the case of Joe Hobbins, charged with being an accomplice of Fred Lebau in the murder of the Yoakums, father and son, last June, came in with a murder in the first degree verdict at midnight after being out three hours and fixed the penalty of life imprisonment.

John Rossiter's Christmas Present.

By GEORGE H. PICARD.

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WHEN Allen Armitage died, which he did suddenly on his sixtieth birthday, everybody wondered what would become of Janet—pretty, irresponsible Janet, his young wife. She had been Armitage's wife since her eighteenth birthday. He had not made up his mind to marry until he was past fifty.

Although he was sufficiently alert as to the main chance in business dealings, Armitage had not been markedly successful in his ventures. The year before his death he discovered a promising bed of fire clay on a piece of land which he owned on the outskirts of the village, and he made up his mind to exploit it to his own advantage. He had little ready money, and he mortgaged his real estate to the limit to obtain the means to float the enterprise. Before it began to yield an appreciable return he was beyond the need of it. It was a promising undertaking—all Crosskill admitted it—but that did not restrain her friends from wondering as to the probable future of Janet.

They had not long to speculate. The day after the funeral Janet told Tom Masterson, her father, who was at least ten years the junior of her late husband, that she intended to devote all her energies to the development of the brickyard. Tom knew from past experience that it would be fruitless to object, but he did so in the course of the argument which followed because so earnest in his opposition that he was led to apply to his daughter an epithet against the use of which the Scriptures are notably explicit.

"I'm not a fool," she dissented proudly, "and now that I have a chance I'm going to demonstrate the fact." Janet did demonstrate it, and the way she did it was a revelation. In less than two years after she assumed control of the brickmaking business it became so profitable that she was able to pay off all the indebtedness. Then she proceeded to enlarge the plant and to improve the quality of her product. Almost before she realized it she had a most gratifying credit at the village bank. Owing to the superior nature of her product the demand for Janet's wares became greater than she could supply. The man whom she employed as superintendent turned out to be a veritable treasure, and under his honest and clever management there existed the most perfect harmony between the small army of Italian brick-makers and their capable employer.

Before she was thirty-five Janet had become the village magnate. Prosperity and the outdoor life had done great things for her. She had developed into a noble woman, freed from the trivialities which had been a part of her girlhood and endowed with that completed comeliness which is never within the grasp of the very young. So she seemed to everybody who knew her and more especially to John Rossiter.



"WHY DID YOU, THEN?" SHE DEMANDED ILLOGICALLY.

ter, the cashier of the village bank, who had loved her since the very day on which he might do so legitimately and who had told her so as quickly thereafter as decency would permit.

At the time Rossiter's declaration had not impressed Janet profoundly, nor had she at any subsequent period found her persistent admirer more engaging than the business of brick-making. Until she should, she assured herself and everybody else who broached the subject, it would be folly to make any change in her way of living. She admitted, to herself only, that John was a man among a thousand, and it was not at all disagreeable to have him fond of her. She had demonstrated, however, that she was abundantly able to look after her own interests, and that fact alone should entitle her to immunity from such a sentimental position as that which John seemed anxious to have her occupy. She liked him well enough, but—The time came when Janet believed that she hated him. It was the day when she learned that he had given up his position at the bank and had or-

ganized a company for the purpose of converting the traprock of Duke mountain into gravel for commercial uses. At first she refused to credit the story. It seemed incredible that any one who had been born within the shadow of Duke mountain, the historic landmark which made Crosskill distinguished for something nobler than the quality of its fire clay, could be guilty of such vandalism.

It was true, however, and when Janet realized fully that John Rossiter and his company had actually obtained possession of the river side of the mountain and were preparing to erect a stone crushing plant and to install an army of Sicilian diggers at the foot of the beetling height she was shocked and indignant. There was justification sufficient for her wrath. Less than two years previously she had bought a piece of land shuttling on the mountain and had built thereon a handsome house in which she had settled herself comfortably with the assurance that no uncongenial neighbor could ever harass her from the mountain side. That the unforeseen was actually imminent and, above all, that John Rossiter should be its agent made her desperate. She resolved that it should not be.

So she went to him with her avalanche of protests and reproaches. To her surprise and infinite chagrin she was unable to lodge them effectively. He listened with admirable gallantry, but Janet Armitage realized before she had launched a tithe of her argument that John Rossiter had made up his mind.

"I couldn't—nobody could—have believed you capable of such—such an awful desertion!" she declared, with a manifest intention to put him on the defensive.

"I hated to do it," he confessed soberly. "I really did."

"Why did you, then?" she demanded illogically.

"I must have money," he replied simply.

"One needs very little in Crosskill," she said. "You certainly must need it very much to be tempted to do what you expect. It must be another case of life or death."

"Oh, hardly as bad as that!" He laughed rather uneasily. Then his face sobered and his voice became lower and somewhat unsteady. "It might not seem necessary to another man, but it does to me. Shall I tell you all about it, Janet?"

"No," she returned hastily. "I must decline to have anything to do with such a detestable thing."

"Then we must let it go at that," he said, with a quick resumption of his business manner. "Let it stand that I want money for precisely the same reasons that influence the average man—for a steam yacht, a house in Fifth avenue, a castle in—in Killarney, a—"

Janet did not remain to hear further. At bay, but still unvanquished, she retired and from that day gave herself up unreservedly to the task of frustrating the design of the traprock company. The weight of public sentiment was with her, and she manipulated it in every possible manner that her ingenuity could suggest.

Nothing was of the slightest avail. The big crushing machinery came up the river in sections, was unloaded at the foot of the mountain and put together and began at once its merciless reduction of the picturesque outcrop which had been loosened by the mighty fulminations and sharp pickaxes of the gang of dwarfed and noisy Palermians that had camped just without Janet's inclosure.

It was a trying period for Janet Armitage. She was the most wretched woman in Crosskill when she knew that she should have been the happiest. She was the prey of contending emotions. It almost crushed her to be brought face to face with the knowledge that the power to make her supremely unhappy had been delegated to any one, and it grieved and humiliated her inexpressibly that the person delegated should have been John Rossiter. Most exasperating of all was the tardy conviction—unwelcome, yet unmistakable—that the man who had brought her to this extremity of discomfort was dearer to her than life itself.

All this came home to her with tremendous significance as she sat alone at her dinner on Christmas day. Everything seemed strangely unreal. The season itself was as unlike the typical holiday time as it well could be. Thus far there had not lodged a single snowflake on the hemlocks to herald the approach of winter. The air was soft and balmy, and there was a hazy lull in it that suggested a belated Indian summer. The unseasonableness of the weather was positively disquieting. It was impossible to fit the Christmas essentials into the scene.

"Open the windows, Beppo—wide open!" she called out to a half grown boy who stood looking in on her from the veranda outside. "It's positively stifling." Beppo was a swartly Sicilian lad whom she had rescued from the mountain gang and befriended and who was repaying her for her protection with a devotion that was almost tragic in its earnestness.

Beppo threw open the unlatched door windows and stood in one of them in an attitude of rapt admiration. There was nothing at all reserved about Beppo. His effusiveness was a thing to be dreaded and repressed. Standing framed in the tall window, he seemed to Janet to be especially out of place and melodramatic. It irritated her to see him standing there, so suggestive of an opera chorus or a trumpy Neapolitan figurine. It was all very well, she told herself, to have him about when he was a starved and helpless wretch left to shift for himself, but now—really she must send him down to the yards to see if anything could be made of him.

A Few Suggestions For Xmas

- Ladies' and Gents' Watches, Fancy Bathroom Fixtures, Fancy Lamps, Xmas Candles, Banquet Candles, Thermometers, Revolvers and Air Rifles, Fishing Tackle, Carpet Sweepers, Bread Makers, Meat Choppers, Cake Mixers, Boys' Wagons, 5 o'Clock Tea Kettles, Tea Sets, Alcohol Stoves, Fancy Baskets, of all kinds, Thermo Bottles, Flash Lights, Corn Razors, Watch Charms, Pocket Knives, Table Knives, Carving Knives, Plated Ware, Table Cutlery, Nut Picks and Cracks, Chafing Dishes, Coffee Percolators, Razors and Razor Sets, Scissors and Shears, Manicure Sets, Serving Trays, Crumb Sets, Fancy Table Cutlery, Berry Spoons, Gravy Ladles, Pocket Traveling Flasks, Shaving Mugs, Shaving Brushes, Watch Chains,

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Every lady and child attending the matinee from now to Christmas will be given a coupon which will entitle them to a drawing on a free present. The presents will be displayed in the show window of the Bee Hive Store on Commercial street. Special matinee prizes for children from now till Christmas, 5c. Who are the lucky ones? ADMISSION 10 CENTS SEATS FREE

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