

By LULU JOHNSON.

Mrs. Bayard's matchmaking craze."

troduced to each other while the world

this firtation nook. Mrs. Bayard be-

her amiable ends, and it seemed a

the last moment.



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TELEPHONE MAIN GO.

THE WEATHER Oregon-Fair, warmer colder in east portion.

PROHIBITION SENTIMENT.

der is excited or whose business is

imperilled. Primarily, it is due to the daring

some truth sank into the public con- etc.

science finally, and the sweeping, un- We are willing to make due allowtounds while it gratifies.

American public against the domina- other able man will do.

One of the conspicuous signs of the unflattering comment abroad over times is the steady and extraordinary the State in this regard, and a growgrowth of the prohibition sentiment ing sentiment in favor of a constituof the nation. No day passes without tional qualification of the great prero- The London Urchin With the Bun some record of its remarkable spread, gative. For ourselves, we should and usually in places where it is least like to see the right vested in a board expected as a cardinal proposition of of pardons, of not less than five, with civic procedure. What was once a two women in the group; the whole nals as tragedians that to aver that despised element of the political and membership to be distinguished by in crime than tragedy seems at first getic Mrs. Bayard, thereupon to be incommercial programs, is, today, the years of pronounced civic standing view paradoxical. Yet such is the case. ganda all over the United States. And good citizenship and but one A little London urchin ran into a -our little world-looks on and smiles baker's shop and, placing a halfpanny its commiseration." the marvel is well worth searching an- time. This would take it out of poli- on the counter, asked nervously and alysis on the part of those whose won- tics, which is the main consideration. timorously, "Mister, 'ave you a 'alf-

EASTERN PEEVISHNESS.

assumption of the liquor interests of The editor of the Saturday Evening the political prerogative in this coun- Post throws a dignified spasm betry, and secondarily, to the graceless cause, forsooth, a Western editor, an aucress of that assumption. The coun- ardent admirer of James J. Hill, gives try has revolted, at last, at the dictum, a bit of testimony in his columns of and the wave of prohibition is due that gentleman's masterly thoroughleas to the actual sentiment behind ness and public spirit in the building the doctrine than to the popular re- of one of the the finest trunk-lines Come round here, my little chap. There sistance to a control at once insolent in all this section of country, and atand disastrous. We have laughed off tributes the ardor expressed to sycothe matter for long years, but the irk- phantic devotion to a rich man, etc.,

disputed course of prohibition every- ance for the Saturday Evening Post where is one of the results that as- man's ignorance of Western sentiment and of the absence of traditions Let it be remembered of all men in the West, and to acquit him of

that this powerful expedient is not of any definite knowledge of Western any given field; its universality is realization of the greatness of such crucial proof of the fact that it is be- work and of the local gratitude felt ing used as a political weapon rather when our interminable distances are the corner." than as an ethical test of the anti-reduced to a minimum by the pluck liquor forces that might be engaged, and money and brains of such men as big boy collared the till and bolted. There can be no doubt of the exist- Mr. Hill. And we are not particular ance of the rebellious attitude of the that it shall be due to Mr. Hill; any

even here in Clatsop it is in sure, but man refers in his diatribe nor do we

earned the distinction of "empire builder" by the sheerest and sharpest application of the term to its farthest demonstration. We are not the idealists the Post man think; we are a very practical people who possess the true idea of

Copyrighted, 138, by Associated Literary Press. our own great West and the formidable conditions that beset such men mann "You may come in," called Ethel. eying approvingly the tall, well pro-

The Saturday Evening Post is popalar out here in the Northwest; but it can easily disturb that popularity by such gratuitous snarls as the one in man." question. Such utterances are calcu-

lated to waken the suspicion that the Post man is understandingly committed to Mr. Harriman and his inter-

ests in the Northwest, so gratuitous hide from a woman-a woman I never and unaccountable is the stricture in met." last week's issue of the Post; nor would we deprecate even such an interest if Mr. Harriman built more, were running away from you and we and speculated less, in Western rail-

from each other?" may be furnished elsewhere. "Our ways, George" has the exclusive executive This is written from the farthest southwest; right of this fine function and he has western terminus of the Hill lines used it with his customary sagacity, and is prompted only by the sense of for political ends, and those ends have fair play that should govern a paper should find ourselves in the same rebeen served, without doubt, to his en- like the Saturday Evening Post. The treat with the common aim of avoiding each other."

tire satisfaction. But the people are article in question appears elsewhere not satisfied. There is very plain and in this issue of the Morning Astorian.

COMEDY IN CRIME.

Down His Back. It has been a matter so customary look upon crime as tragedy and crimi-

"Yes, my little man. Here is one

guite hot." "Thanks, mister. Would you mind a-shovin' it down my back?" "Down your back, my little man!

Why down your back?" "Cos, sir, I'm only a little un, and come to hate each other." if those chaps outside know I've a buster they'll take it, and I am so 'un-

gry, I am." "Dear me, how wrong of them! -there, it is down your back." The boy ran off. In an instant an-

other entered-a bigger boy. "I say, mister, 'as a little boy just been in 'ere?" "Yes."

lieves in filrtation booths to further "And did 'e buy a 'alfpenny buster?" "Yes." clever bit of satire to take refuge in "And did 'e arsk you to shove it down 'is back, as us big fellows would one of her matrimonial traps."

take it? "Yes." "Yah! Where's your watch and chain? 'E's got 'em. 'E's just round Out rushed the baker. In a trice the

The shopman never saw the comic ride of it all .- London Strand Maga-

tion of the liquor-control everywhere; We do not know to whom the Post

quiescent, state, and needs but little care who it is. The comment is ripe . THE JOKE THAT MAKES YOU PEEVISH +

promission Let us enjoy these few minutes without the thought that fate and Mrs. Fate and Mrs. Bayard are contriving to make un hateful to each other." Bayard.

"If I am hateful"- suggested Ethel,

"Don't go," pleaded Chisholm, "I didn't mean it that way. You are not hateful. You are a most adorable and charming young woman. It is only as an inevitable thing that you could become-not hateful, but"-

"Irritating," suggested Ethel, resumportioned figure in the doorway. "I'm ing her seat. "I suppose that when we hiding." she explained as Chisholm are introduced I shall feel the same came forward..."I'm hiding from a way about you."

"Then you do not feel that way now?" he pressed.

"Remarkable!" was Chisholm's quiet "Yeu are not hateful-yet," she concomment as he dropped into a chair ceded. "I think that I should like you opposite the settee on which Miss if I were not certain that Mrs. Bayard Sprague sat. "I have come here to is looking everywhere for us to give the detested introduction."

"Then don't let us be introduced," Ethel clapped her hands, "Wouldn't pleaded Chisholm. "I mean not by our It be funny if it happened that you hostess. We can get some one elso to were running away from me and I introduce us, and when Mrs. Bayard sees us talking together she will leave both should be hiding here togetherus alone."

"Perhaps that might be done," "More than likely we are the vicagreed Ethel thoughtfully. "The only tims of Mrs. Bayard's well intentioned tims of Mrs. Bayard's well intentioned trouble is that so few here know me, efforts," asserted Chisholm, "It is odd it would be running a risk to go in that after dodging Mrs. Bayard we search of an introducer."

"Then we might go and look forthe devil." he completed unexpectedly as the palms which screened the en-"If you should tell me your name," trance parted and Mrs. Bayard swept suggested Ethel, "we could find out if

we really are the only two victims of "There you are," she cried, shaking a plump, roguish forefinger at the pair. "And rob the situation of its plquan-Mrs. Bayard would insist on being kitcy!" objected Chisholm. "No, Miss-Miss-or-Miss Dimples. 1 think we tenish in spite of 200 pounds of all too solid flesh. "I have been looking ev-erywhere for you two," she added. will enjoy a chat far more, because we are not absolutely certain that presand Chisholm groaned. Evidently they ently we will emerge from our retreat were one of Mrs. Bayard's "pairs." only to be pounced upon by the ener-"I think it's a shame," continued the

good lady. "There are Mr. Wynne and Miss Maurer flirting desperately, and all the time I've been looking for you two to introduce you to them." "Mrs. Bayard means well," declared A gleam of interest shone in Chis

Ethel, "but it is dreadful the way she holm's eyes. goes around introducing people with a "Dear Mrs. Bayard," he suggested

look that says, 'Now I have introduced "don't you think that perhaps it would you young people 1 shall expect you to be married immediately, because you be well to let that infatuated couple alone and rest content with introducare perfectly suited to each other." ing us to each other?" Every one finds such amusement in

"Miss Sprague-Mr. Chisholm," re-Mrs. Bayard's matchmaking that her peated the hostess, adding, "I am sure victims are marked persons, so they that you will like Miss Maurer when you meet her, Mr. Chisholm,"

"If she were content with mere hints "I am quite convinced of that," asit would not be so had," continued sented Chisholm caimly. "I am al-ready very grateful to Miss Maurer Chisholm comfortably, "but she had me over here this morning to tell me for occupying Mr. Wynne's attenthat tonight I should meet my fate." tions." "And she wrote me," explained

There was no mistaking the meaning Ethel. "It seems that she has three and the mastery in Chisholm's tone sets of victims here tonight, so as Mrs. Hayard turned and fled. Chis soon as I came I made straight for

holm faced the blushing girl. "Since it was fate and not Mrs. Bay ard who took an interest in our af fairs," he said significantly, "I-that is

-there is a good half hour before the supper dance. Let's spend the time in "I felt much the same way," assentgetting better acquainted." And be sat down again, this time on the bench

ed Chisholm. "Of course some time in the course of the evening I shall beside her. have to undergo the ordeal, but I am trying to defer her introduction until His Lady's Tresses.

"This is the first time that I ever Sarah, the first Duchess of Mariborough, whose tempestuous character have been warned that 1 must marry, lacked many of the ordinary graces of whether or no, and-well, I don't suppose that it would sound right to say womanliness, was yet sincerely loved that I am bashful, but I don't seem to fancy the idea."

"Which is ungrateful when Mrs. ough, and the "good" Queen Anne. Among the many pictures which Mr. Bayard goes to such trouble on our Fitzgerald Molloy, the biographer of

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 30



to make itself felt with a command- with insult and should not pass uning force that will turn things over on noticed; it is a reflection upon the . the instant and for good. It is no press out here. The West is gratechild's play; it is a living, engrossing, ful to Mr. Hill for many things far second concentration and each other if let alone!" commentpotent fact, with a threat in its power greater than the building of the "400 and a sting in its final application, for mile branch" alluded to; just as it is

THE PARDONING POWER.

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the West. He is no exception in the vidious prejudice against wealth in scale of pioneer railway projectors this country. At this season of the year, just and builders out here; nor in the For example, a branch railroad 400 have carried out Mrs. Bayard's wishes

full play and mankind is thinking nured to him from his superb courage the Northwest. It was a creditable through a sense of duty." most of his fellows, the relative values and splendid ability. He is entitled to piece of work. The dirt was accuof the pardoning power are well with- tis last dollar of profit, since it is rately shoveled, so as to make a level taken. in the purview of discussion; and out known that a vast percentage of that roadbed, the ties properly placed and gretted the matchmaking propensities here in Oregon there is even ampler same profit has gone back into enter- the rails laid exactly so far apart all of her hostess, which had resulted in cause for its' public treatment than prise after enterprise until he has the way. The achievement was cele- prejudicing the mind of this new

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If it were not for wealth's fool can imagine that in happier circumthose who shall invite its application. grateful to 50 other men identified friend, or if people would always take stances I might"with the marvelous development of a joke, there would be even less in- holm paused.

when all the kindlier instincts are in matter of the millions that have in- miles long was recently completed in through natural impulse and not

brated at a public banquet, where the found acquaintance against her. gentleman who promoted the branch Builder.'

Contemplating this, a thoughtful requisite skill. Then he went downcontemporary-somewhat atremble with ecstatic devotion-observes: "We west owes more to Mr. Hill than to parents." any human being who ever lived."

Passing by the strict grammatical onstruction, which would imply that Mr. Hill is not a human being, this is the kind of thing that makes some first thing instead of running off to citizens, albeit peaceably inclined, hlde." turn peevish and look about for a "And then you make my acquaintbrick. They think Shakespeare, Newton, Lincoln-to mention only a few at random-did as much for them as for people who live off the line of Mr. Hill's railroad. A gentle imputa- victims." tion to the contrary, instead of provoking laughter, really irritates them. -Saturday Evening Post.

Cleanses the system thoroughly and clears sallow complexions of pimples and blotches. It is guaranteed

account." reminded Ethel. three or four balls a year just to 'bring people together,' as she expresses it."

"Just as though the people would not charming: ed Chisholm, with a laugh. "Now, I

"What?" demanded Ethel as Chis-

"I was going to say," he concluded, "that left to myself I might perhaps

for the meaning was not to be mis-

Morcover, she suddenly resurprise

"I remember when I was a youngster in short trousers," reminisced in modest expectation of earning a Chisholm, "that one day my father neat profit on the investment had the mixed a pail of whitewash, placed a pleasure to see himself described, in brush beside it and gave me strict orletters of golden fire, as the "Empire ders not to whitewash the chicken coops because I did not have the

town, and I took chances on a thrashing to prove that I could do it." "We always want to do the forbidthink we are entirely within the mark den things," assented Ethel. "I supwhen we say that the Pacific North- pose we inherit the trait from our first

"It's human nature," agreed Chiaholm. "Now, if Mrs. Bayard had said. 'Above all things, keep away from Miss-er-Dimples," I should have hunted up the introduction the very

ance the very first thing, just the same."

"But we are not certain, you know," yourself that there were four other

pairs," insisted Ethel.

may be that through some happy chance fate has been permitted to the pans of water. That is how pearls take a hand and do things right."

suggested Ethel, "we could nettle the mntter. "And spoil it all," reminded Chis-

holm. "Then I shall tell you my name," de-

clared Ethel firmly. "I am"-"You are Miss Dimples-for just a

the duchess, incorporated in his "Life" is one which is not only lively, but

On the death of the duke the duchess found in a cabinet where he kept all that he most valued a mans of her hnir. Years before when he had thwarted her in something she resolved to mortify him, and, knowing that her beautiful and abundant hair was a source of pride and delight to

him, she had it cut off. were left in a The shorn tresses room through which the duke must Ethel colored softly at the remark, pass and in a place where he must see them, for whatever Marlborough's lady did she did thoroughly. But he and showed neither anger, sorrow nor

> When he next quitted the house she ran to see her tresses, but they had disappeared, and on consulting her looking glass she saw how foolish a thing she had done. But she said nothing about her shorn locks, nor did the duke. She never knew what had become of them until after the death of the duke she found them among those things which he had held most preclous.

How Oysters Drop Pearls. "The pearl oyster gives its pearl to you as a pretty girl gives you her white hand," said a jeweler. "Did you think that, like an oyster opener in an eating bar, the fisher pried open the shell with a knife and went jabbing about in the soft flesh? Oh, no -nothing so unpoetical. The oyster opens its lips and sliently lets drop its pearl.

"The oysters," he explained, "are brought in to port and are laid on sloping boards, mouths downward. A pleaded Chisholm eagerly. "You said few inches below their mouths is water. In two or three days the oysters become dreadfully dry and thirsty. "But of course we are one of the The water tantalizes them. It increases their thirst. At last they open "Perhaps not of the same pair. It their shells, and if there are pearls within they roll forth and drop into are obtained. To open the oysters and "If you would tell me who you are." search them is a useless task that is never thought of at the finheries."

Too Much Equality. "Why are you so vexed, Irma?" "I am so exasperated! I attended the meeting of the Social Equality league, and my parlor maid presided little while," plended the man. "All and had the audacity to call me to too soon the awakening will come, order three times!"-Fliegende Blatter.

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