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THE WEATHER

Oregon and Washington—Fair and colder in east portion.

GOVERNOR AT LAST.

Samuel C. Cosgrove is at last Governor of the Evergreen State.

Through the travail of protracted illness, and with its hand still heavy upon him, Mr. Cosgrove has struggled to meet the honor and exigency thrust upon him during the engagement; and now that he has accomplished the will of his constituency, the hope is abroad that he may rally thoroughly and "make good" to the wide limits those who know him best have set for him.

ADDITIONAL JUDGES.

The bill to increase the Supreme Court by two additional judges ought to meet with general satisfaction all over Oregon.

There has not been a time in the past 15 years when this increase would not have been a boon to the State and to the men charged with the immense tasks provided for this department. There are not, in all Oregon, three men of law who have given better or ampler service than they who dignify that bench and we hope the bill will pass with all expedition.

As to the appointments in this behalf, the governor may be trusted to make them promptly enough, and of a calibre compatible with the distinction and the service.

CALIFORNIA PAUSES.

California law-makers have come to a pause to their anti-Japanese crusade in deference to the President's wishes and to wait for his letter which will, beyond all doubt, justify not only his insistence, but the Legislature's concession.

These pauses in the progress of agitated debate over grave questions are frequently the saving grace that forefends trouble and discredit, and we believe it will turn out that way in this instance. California cannot afford to blunder any more than the National Government can; and while it may have issues of its own to settle and desirable ends to gain, it were better to give them the advantage of the broader gauge of national auspices and warrant than to assume a front

and right that may precipitate irremedial results. We have no idea of war with Japan. But we are not forgetting that, in such an event, this coast is the nearest plain of attack and that this coast is in tremendous need of fortifications and ships and all the defensive equipment essential at such an emergency. That we must, by every rational dictate, soon amend these conditions, goes without saying, but there is no sense in precipitating conditions we cannot meet with credit nor honor; and this conclusion is not borne of fear but of ordinary common sense.

"CUBA LIBRE."

At high noon yesterday Cuba took over the pregnant honors and conditions of a free and independent nation, with its own President, Congress and administrative status and staff generally, and is launched among the nations under the wing and credence of this country. She has been lifted up from the prostrate, servile and hopeless inertia engrafted upon her by Spain, to the fresh and wholesome activity and appreciation of a live state with a splendid future and goes forth upon her course with the good will of all mankind. Uncle Sam is proud of his progeny and will back that pride to the limit if it becomes necessary. Cuba of 1909 and Cuba of 1899 are two distinct countries, and no one knows it better than the people who have profited by the transition. May good luck go with the "Pearl of the Antilles" and may she so direct her energies and her policies as to win a great place in the annals of the future.

IT MEANS BUSINESS.

The American-Hawaiian Steamship Company evidently means business on this coast, and is cutting into the transportation fields here with keen and incisive effect. The latest proposition, to put the steamship Riverside (of the Dollar fleet 2000 tons and chartered), on between the Columbia river and San Francisco, as a feeder for its liners and save the greater craft the time and cost of coming up the coast to this river and Puget Sound for the trans-isthmian business that is easily falling its way, is a master stroke; and is likely to cut in more directions than one, since it will open up a new line for the handling of coast freights as well as doing the company's long-distance hauling, and will include passenger traffic as well. Some day the railways of the country will learn the lesson that goes with water transportation and en-

deavor to meet it with rates somewhere in harmony with this, their surest and hardest competition. Of course no one expects them to parallel the tariffs of the ocean carriers; but they may get to a basis where an abated schedule, coupled with sure despatch, will measurably meet these competitors with some show of holding their own. The railway people themselves confess that this new departure is going to be hard to meet and rather dread its introduction. It is inevitable, however, and some people are going to profit by it.

EDITORIAL WING-SHOTS.

For the life of us we cannot tell who offends the most, the man who marries a Chinese woman in China, or the woman who marries a Chinaman in the United States; nor with whom the offense lies, nor why. We confess to an indifference that is measured only by the inconsequence of either act. Both are pure perversions of natural selection.

James J. Hill has had Portland on a veritable grid-iron of doubt and expectancy for the past year or two; and now he has sprung another quiet little surprise by buying a lot of property she does not know what he is going to do with. It is a shame, the way that man mystifies and disappoints the Portlanders!

Will this Legislature of ours have the courage to seek to amend the insurance situation in this State? If it does, we will take back all the mean things we ever said or thought and confess that there is yet a chance for the people who sent them there. But they'll have to "show us."

Maybe we do not realize the scope of our federal mail business; but it strikes us that 234,000,000 dollars is a vast sum to ask for its handling!

A fine highway from the valleys and transportation centers to the superb elevations and scenic glories of Crater Lake, is well worth the sum of \$100,000, especially if about one-fourth of it is to be subscribed by the counties at interest.

It's a pity Astoria cannot conserve her sunshine. So rare and beautiful is it in mid-winter that it seems almost sheer waste to let it pass by day. Thank the powers that be, it fades to the westward or we might think Portland was "hogging" it!

Don't Take the Risk.

When you have a bad cough or cold do not let it drag along until it becomes chronic bronchitis or develops into an attack of pneumonia, but give it the attention it deserves and get rid of it. Take Chamberlain's cough remedy and you are sure of prompt relief. From a small beginning the sale and use of it has extended to all parts of the United States and to many foreign countries. Its many remarkable cures of coughs and colds have won for it this wide reputation and extensive use. Sold by Frank Hart and leading druggists.

Don't forget that the "beasts of the field and the birds of the air" have suffered with us, during this extraordinary winter! The weather makes no exceptions.

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White Violets

By VIRGINIA BLAIR.

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Out of the darkness Margaret said, "Then every one knows it?" "Every one but you, my dear. Over at the Country club it is common talk."

"But, Aunt Clara," vehemently, "they gossip so at the hotel." "This isn't gossip, I've known it for a long time, Margaret."

"Oh—the sigh was almost a sob—he has always seemed such a gentleman." "He has the training of one," Mrs. Kent affirmed. "His mother is charming."

After a moment's silence Margaret broke out, "But he saved my life, Aunt Clara." "There was a rustle of skirts as Mrs. Kent moved impatiently in her chair. "Yes, and that's the worst of it."

"Mrs. Kent ended the longer silence that followed by ringing for lights. "No, no," Margaret protested. "I like it better with just the fire."

"But I must go, dear, and dress for dinner, and you will be so dreary alone in the dark." As she rose and stood by the couch her caressing fingers touched Margaret's cheek and found tears on it.

"You'd better have the lights," she said, and there was a worried note in her voice. "I hate to leave you here alone."

"Oh, I shall be all right," Margaret said. "I'll lie here in the dark and get Toolekins."

Still protesting, Mrs. Kent found her way out, and after a time in the big room, there came the sound of a stifled sob, and another and another, and after that everything was very quiet. The flame of the fire died down. The green eyes of the little cat, snuggled close to her mistress, glowed in the blackness.

The click of an electric button and the flare-up of lights brought Margaret's head out of the cushion where she had buried it. She shielded her face with her hand.

"You are early, Uncle Dick." "I'm late. What's the matter with the lights? Why didn't you get somebody to look after them?" "I like the dark."

"Queer taste." He gave her a keen glance and sat down in the chair by the couch "How's the foot?" "It hurts a little, but it's going to be all right."

"Why can't you take them?" "Because—" "That isn't any reason," he flung out. "Do you mean that you don't want me to come?"

She held out one slim hand to him. "Don't," she said beseechingly—"don't speak to me like that. We must always be good friends, but you mustn't come."

He took her hand. "It's to be just—friends?" "Yes." "Never anything more?" "Never."

"And yet that night after the accident you let me kiss you—Margaret." "Yes," very low.

The fire flickered and sapped. The little cat, disturbed somewhat, slipped down from Ridgeway's arms and curled herself up on the rug.

"Would you mind," Margaret said at last, "turning off the upper light? The strong glare hurts my eyes."

The rosy halo of the lamp made dark the distant corners of the room. Margaret on her couch was a dim outline. The little cat was invisible except for her emerald eyes. Ridgeway came back and sat down; then he bent forward.

"Margaret," he said sharply, "you are crying." "Yes," she sobbed. "I'm crying—oh, because you are such a black sheep, Justin."

He drew his breath sharply. "So that's it?" he said at last. "Yes, I didn't know until tonight Aunt Clara told me."

He stood up. "Then there's nothing more to say, Goodby." He went to the door, hesitated and came back.

"Look here, Peggy," he said grimly. "If I were a story book hero I'd take my medicine and go away and suffer in silence. And it would all be very tragic and romantic, but it wouldn't be sensible."

He threw himself into the big chair and knitted his brows. "The sensible thing is to get over the difficulty. Let's begin at the beginning. Everybody says I'm a black sheep!"

"Yes," she murmured. "Well, I am. I've wasted my time in riotous living, as the Bible says of the prodigal, and when I fumbled in my studies I got what was coming to me. But that was before I met you, Peggy. I don't think my worst enemy could accuse me since the night I saw you at the junior prom in your white gown, with your hair twisted up in a big braid like a crown. You seemed the princess in a fairy tale, and I made up my mind then and there that I'd win out."

He drew a long breath and went on: "But now I know I'm not good enough, and I know, too, that I have not any right to ask you to wait for me. All I'll ask is that you don't condemn me utterly, don't shut me out from your life."

Astoria Theatre

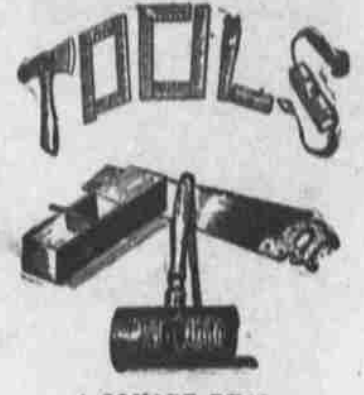
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JANUARY TIDE TABLE.

Table with columns for High Water, Low Water, and tide heights for January 1909. Includes dates and times for various days of the month.

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