

The Daily Astorian

Established 1874

Published Daily Except Monday by THE J. S. DELLINGER CO.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

By mail, per year\$7.00
By carrier, per month60

WEEKLY ASTORIAN.

By mail, per year, in advance.....\$1.50

Entered as second-class matter July 30, 1906, at the postoffice at Astoria, Oregon, under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Orders for the delivering of The Morning Astorian to either residence or place of business may be made by postal card or through telephone. Any irregularity in delivery should be immediately reported to the office of publication.

TELEPHONE MAIN 661.

THE WEATHER

Oregon, Washington and Idaho—Occasional rain.

WHAT IS IT FOR?

What is the Astoria Police Commission for anyway?

With a long series of years to its credit, it has no single thing of record to which to turn for prideful reference. It is a "fifth-wheel" of the sheerest sort, minus all practical value. Mostly, it has been used as a local "machine" in the political deals, and none of these have wrought any specific good. It is "de trop," ineffectual, unessential; it does not fit; it does not work; it does not serve one solitary end of municipal advantage, and the pertinent inquiry of one of its members, made yesterday, to a representative of this paper, "Why don't you urge its discontinuance?", is candidly answered with the declaration, and if the people of this city will stand behind us, we will frankly and honestly campaign for its utter ousting, either by initiative, or recall, at the next general election! We are not mincing matters on this head; there is no necessity for ambiguity on our part, nor on the part of the people; and this, too, without any adverse reference to the gentlemen constituting the present board; there is nothing personal in the matter whatever; they make, probably, as good a triumvirate as could be assembled in this relation.

The Common Council has the general oversight of the policemen, and the Mayor holds the right of suspension; but the police commission retains the single prerogative of hampering, nullifying and disturbing the work of the Council and the officers; no way that its status can be viewed contributes an iota to its merit nor influence as a necessary department of local business. Its response to the Belland resolution, sent it by the Council, indicates, more plainly than anything that has transpired for some time, the ready capacity of the commission to thwart and disparage the council rather than work with it for the particular good of the community. This is the popu-

lar construction of its answer to the resolution as gathered from the streets of Astoria, yesterday.

"OCEAN VIEW" RIGHT-OF-WAY

It has not been so very long since the proposition was mooted, officially, in this city, to have the Astoria & Columbia River Railroad Company construct a spur from its main-line to the municipal cemetery of "Ocean View," to facilitate the movements of funeral parties and otherwise expedite the business our citizens have to perform at that sepulchral, yet beautiful spot; and now that the new Seacoast Electric line is seeking a right-of-way directly to and through the acreage, it is manifestly opportune and essential that the concession be granted at once; since it must redound to the despatch and convenience of the public in reaching that territory, and at the same time enhance the values attaching to that property, and negative the original proposition to have the A. & C. establish the spur, which, would be of no inconsiderable expense to the public; while the granting of a couple of acres, or less, in the latter premise, would work no money hardship to the public nor the city; and at the same time it would be a good lesson in public-spirit and the municipal appreciation of a very necessary enterprise. This, of course, upon a route, through the property, at once rational and non-interfering.

A PUBLIC MARKET.

A public market in Astoria would do more to level the scale of prices paid here for staples than anything else on earth. There is nothing like trading at first hand to get to the essential values of things that people use the most; and the prospect of such an adjustment would amply justify the movement and all it might cost for establishment. The people here are keenly alive to the need of such relief and it would not surprise anyone to see a start made in this direction. At all events, the people are doing some earnest and intelligent thinking and a way will be found to equalize some of the impositions now prevalent here.

THEY DID RIGHT.

According to the report of Master Fish Warden H. C. McAllister, of the State of Oregon, it appears that Senator W. T. Schofield and Representative J. C. McCue, of Clatsop, did not vote to repeal the two fish bills passed under the provisions of the Initiative and Referendum in June last, as has been reported; they did subscribe to the other seven bases of agreement reached by the joint conference committees of the Oregon and Washington Legislatures, recently held in Seattle.

Their discrimination was wise and commendable, and will be better appreciated as time develops the cunning purpose of the "wheel-barons" to nullify a law that passed with 26,000 majority and flourish under the provisions of their antagonistic measure which was stupidly passed by a paltry majority at the same time. Without going out of our way to take sides, further than this, we are of the immovable opinion that the only salvation of the salmon fisheries of the Columbia rests in their complete reversion to federal control at the instance of the people of the two States.

There is a growing desire on the part of many Astorians to see, and use, those new telephones. But it is well understood that the telephone people are moving heaven and earth to accomplish the re-adjustment, and it will be brought to a consummation at the first practical moment.

It is said that there are still worse things than bumbling to be ferreted out in this man's town; that the very manhood and life-long health of the younger set of this community is in

CALIFORNIA IS CALLED TROUBLE SPOT

FEW AGITATORS THERE STIR UP ALL THE JAPANESE TROUBLE.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 3.—With two nations stirred to a fever pitch over the anti-Japanese measures of two states, the people of California are beginning to wake up and ask what it is all about. The outburst of the Nevada legislature was unexpected, but it has not caused a great deal of comment in this state. With the League, no organization is engaged in the fight. But these facts are not generally accepted as an indication that the people of the state are not genuinely interested in the Oriental race problem. The interest of the agriculturists is indicated by the bill to prohibit the ownership of property which was introduced by A. M. Drew of Fresno, the center of the largest orchards and vineyard districts of the state. The other bills were introduced by Grover L. Johnson who hails from the Sacramento valley where the Japanese are regarded with considerable hostility by people of all classes. This feeling has been intensified by the acquisition in late years by the Japanese of large tracts of orchard and garden lands.

The criticisms of the eastern press on the anti-Japanese feeling in this state has aroused a storm of protest from papers of California. The California papers generally complain that the real attitude of the people of this state is not understood in the East. Most of these papers regard the exclusion of the Japanese to be both necessary and inevitable and they express the fear that the action of the legislature will retard more than advance this solution of the problem. In an editorial published this morning in the San Francisco Chronicle complains that the feeling against California in the East is entirely based on "Two main motives, both sordid one is to keep solid with Japan and thereby promote the sale of cotton goods and kerosene, no matter what cost to the unfortunate people of the Pacific Coast, and the other is to force congress to make heavier appropriations for the army and navy."

The editorial predicts the exclusion of Japanese by domestic law as the only logical solution of the problem, and it maintains that in this desire to keep the Pacific Coast "A white man's country," two thirds of the people of the country are with California. In the meantime Governor Gillett and Speaker Stanton of the Assembly are sitting on the lid which is expected to lift at Sacramento today. Both of these officials say there will be no anti-Japanese measures passed, but the friends of the bills are equally certain that they will succeed in passing the bills.

jeopardy from certain conditions that exist in certain quarters, and that peremptory orders to leave Astoria forthwith, would not be amiss, if left at certain well known low dives by the police chief, whether such orders were backed by the Police Commission or not. This hint is given on the word of one who knows.

Hoarse coughs and stuffy colds that may develop into pneumonia over night are quickly cured by Foley's Honey and Tar, and it soothes inflamed membranes, heals the lungs, and expels the cold from the system. T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

HER THIRD SET.

PITTSBURG, Feb. 3.—Cutting her third set of teeth at the age of 78 years and complications produced by it are assigned as the cause of the death of Mrs. Theresa Suckfiel at McKeesport, a suburb, yesterday. Ten grandchildren and 13 great grandchildren are among her descendants and several of the latter were teething simultaneously with their great grandmother.

The Secret of Long Life
A French scientist has discovered one secret of long life. His method deals with the blood. But long ago millions of Americans had proved Electric Bitters prolongs life and makes it worth living. It purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood, rebuilds wasted nerve cells, imparts life and tone to the entire system. Its a god-send to weak, sick and debilitated people. "Kidney trouble had blighted my life for months," writes W. M. Sherman, of Cushing, Me., "but Electric Bitters cured me entirely." Only 50 cents at Charles Rogers & Son's drug Store.

PARSONAGE MUST BE OCCUPIED.

In the preliminary letter from a certain New Jersey pastorate desiring my service was this sentence: "We would like to have you come to us as a married man, as we have a parsonage and would like to have it occupied. We will pay you three hundred and fifty dollars a year—and a 'donation'."

I was just twenty-one, and poor. I had no such thought in my head as marriage; yet here—at the very threshold of my work—I was confronted by it, much as if it were one of the requirements of ministry. "Surely," I said, "this cannot be required by churches in general"—and I opened a correspondence with several other churches I knew were seeking pastors. They all raised this chorus: "We want a married man." It seemed there was but one thing to do—get married.

It was only short time after my first letter that a second came urging my attention to their "call." My answer was decided. I replied that I was a single man and likely to remain so for an indefinite period; if the church cared to consider me upon that basis I would go and do what I could for them. To make my story short, I was engaged "conditionally" until conference time, when it was decided to retain me as a pastor for the following year. The committee, while expressing appreciation of my ministry, could not depart without a covert hint that the church would count it a favor if I would marry. During all the succeeding months of my pastorate this thought was kept constantly before me. If I made a call I was sure to be reminded of that empty parsonage that ought to be occupied.—Success.

THEY WANTED A PREACHER.

My predecessor in this parish was informed upon application to the parish committee, that only a married man would be considered. He married; and began an uphill struggle on a salary of four hundred dollars a year. In order to make both ends meet he had to devote much of his time to outside issues, which policy was detrimental to his pulpit work and unsatisfactory to the parishioners, who did not see him in their homes as often as they thought they ought. What would you have? A man must support his wife, and these people insist upon the wife. It is easy to see that under such conditions the pastorate was a failure, as it could hardly help being. My friend left the place, and, I fear, the ministry. Am I overdoing the situation? I have no doubt that it seems so to the uninitiated; but I invite any doubter to make a canvass of the rural parishes of his State with a view to ascertaining the attitude of the people toward this issue.

I have thus far served in country outweights that of the pulpit. My people have been scattered and hard to reach. I contend that my position as a single man presents immense advantages. First, I am enabled to live within my income, which a pastor (of all men) should do. Second, I am enabled to mingle with my people with a greater freedom, and, being able thus to carry the religious element into many homes that would not otherwise receive it, my church feels the effect in a broader and deeper activity.

Surely I am not at fault when I say that the success of a man's work does not depend upon the possession of a wife, but upon his fitness for the work. Perhaps I have said enough, but, as there is, to-day, a widespread discussion of the reason why young men do not enter the ministry as freely as of old, it occurred to me to suggest the possibility that an unwillingness to face the petty persecution in regard to matrimony, which seems to be quite general, might well deter a bashful man.—Success.

CELEBRITY COMING.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., Feb. 3.—Secretary John T. Burns, of the Trans-Missouri Dry Farming Congress, has been notified by cable that Sir William McDonald of Pretoria one of the most noted agronomists of the world, has left London to attend the meeting of the congress in Cheyenne, February 23, as a representative of the Transvaal. He will address the congress on dry farming in South Africa.

Foley's Orino Laxative cures constipation and liver trouble and makes the bowels healthy and regular. Orino is superior to pills and tablets as it does not gripe or nauseate. Why take anything else? T. F. Laurin, Owl Drug Store.

Subscribe to the Morning Astorian, 60 cents per month.

A Christmas Restoration

By FRANK H. SWEET.

Copyright, 1908, by American Press Association.

It was a most disheartening trick of the brain—John Loftus told himself—a trick of the memory, a way it had of dropping into that old rut and going over and over again the same awful road of misery and desolation.

What he saw was a rocky hillside pasture, with myriads of Canada thistles and a barefooted boy picking his way among them at the heels of a straggling little line of home going cows.

"O-u-u-o, but I can feel those thistles yet. How like she did punish my bare, brown feet! Mother was not feeling well when I went after the cows—my blessed, darling mamma. She had heart trouble, I heard one neighbor tell another, and would go suddenly some day when we least expected it. I had hardly let her out of my sight after that, although in the misery of my poor, bursting heart I could never tell her what I had heard. How I raced down the hill that night! And at the foot of the pasture, just at the end of the village street, I stopped to put up the bars.

"As I turned there stood that—th—that—vision. Blessed if I did not think it was a fairy. I had never seen the like before. For a moment I forgot even my anxiety about my dearest mamma. Oh, I can see her now—the folds of her filmy white dress, the little blue slippers with the straps over the ankles, the long golden curls and the plying violet eyes. And the poor little devil of a kid in a faded shirt and blue jeans—how he winced and fell ashamed!

"And then the vision spoke. She came to me shyly and held out a rose. 'I wish you would take this,' she said, holding it out, far out, and I saw then that tears were running down her pink cheeks. I did not take the rose, but the birch switch dropped from my hand, and my heart turned to ice. Poor little kid! Poor kid!

"My mamma sent me to meet you," she said and sobbed, brushing the palm of her hand across the track of her tears. 'I wish you'd take the rose. I came to stay all day with you. Maybe I can stay all day tomorrow. I—I've got a white kitten. We brought it from our former charge. I'm the new minister's little girl, you see, and you may have my kitten, and—and I know how to string red berries into booful strings of beads, and—"

"She pushed the rose into my hand and then turned away, and I saw her bare white shoulders toss up and down in a tumult of sobbing.

"What awful, horrible hurts there can be in this little life of ours! I know, I know.

"I threw the rose as far as I could dash it and flung myself into the sand by the roadway.

"I did not cry out. I beat the earth with my clenched fists and my bare face. The sand filled my mouth and blinded my wet eyes, and the blood oozed out and clotted across my throbbing temples.

"Then people came and wiped away the sand and the blood, and the shaking voice of a woman kept saying, 'Poor boy, poor little boy!'

"A team drove along the road and crept into the grass, in order to pass me. Then I heard a neighbor say: 'Let me take the little shaver into the wagon. Poor little fellow! It is dreadful sudden for 'im, but still Mrs' Loftus has had the heart disorder for a good spell back.'

"Oh, yes, I knew. I knew the awful truth as soon as I saw the tears in the eyes of the little strange girl. The dreadful blow had fallen.

"They carried me into the house, full now of sad faced, whispering women, that very room where I had kissed my mother a merry goodby not more than half an hour ago. Away in the darkened bedroom they had laid her and spread a white sheet over her face. Mother!

"But the great wheel of the years kept turning. The old life was homeless, friendless. But the years did not stop, and as they turned I grew out of my blue jeans and no longer went barefoot. And now I was in love with the minister's daughter, just the same angel that stood that night at the bars, the beautiful vision with a woman's tender heart. And then came ambition, that great, swelling sea that swallows up all else of life.

Ho swept his hands out and in the gesture included all the magnificence that wealth could give, all that his surroundings implied.

"I'll give you my white kitten! Dear little heart, what was she not ready to sacrifice for me always? And I, brute, the beast of selfishness and ambition clothed over with the garments of a man, I—yes, it was the old story. In my selfish sorrow I threw her rose in the dust. At first I said: 'There is not enough for two. I can have just what I want at the club if I am alone.' I broke her heart and drifted away from her, waiting till she should have enough for two to live in the style I desired.

"Oh, never for an instant did I intend to lose her, only just to make her wait till we could begin life in the style that would give us just the social position I desired.

"I did not think she realized my selfishness. I did not myself. And then the unexpected happened. Her father died, and she took a position

as companion for a wealthy invalid, and they went to Europe.

She may be married for all I know and have forgotten me, and I—well, I am perfectly happy. I am sure. Hanged if I know what has got into me that I can't think of anything else tonight. I don't want to think of her—of course I don't. I am perfectly content as I am. Yes, her 'white kitten' was as the apple of her eye. Beryl—a pretty name—Beryl Bayswinter. I wonder if she did marry. I saw Teddy bears and woolly dogs and cotton cats in the shop windows tonight, and I thought of the Christmas trees mother used to make for me—red apples and striped candy and popcorn, with tallow dips for candles. It's the old memories that have got into my brain tonight. Confound the holiday season anyway! But I believe I'll take a turn down by the shops and shake them off. I can make a lot of little duffers happy with a handful of Christmas pennies. It is not that I want a home—with Beryl in it—no—certainly not. I'll just go to—to—I am perfectly satisfied as I am. But I'll take a look around to—to—well, to pass the time away."

The stores were ablaze with light, and the windows twinkle with tinsel and toys, and the tired shopgirls were behind their counters until, 10 o'clock at night. John had spent a pocketful of dimes, and there was but one left—that is, but one dime left of the ten dollar bill that he broke when he stood to buy Christmas toys for the first ragamuffin he met as he started out to do the Santa Claus act on a small personal scale.

As he turned to take the car he stumbled over a ragged little mite, who was pressing a bit of a blue flag against the plate glass of a big window and cooing in broken English to a sprawling yellow Teddy bear in the toy window.

"Want a Teddy bear?" he asked. And the child grinned hungrily. "Well, come on in, then. I'll get you one."

The bear bore the price tag, "Seventy-five cents." John must go in to change a bill. Crowds were thinning in the store, and he dragged the ragged mite after him through the long aisles, up the elevator and down among the rows of toys.

"Toy animals? Oh, yes. Down that aisle at post 10," so the floorwalker said, and John led the child hastily along.

"Have you toy"—he began. The clerk was putting a box on the shelf. She turned a weary white face to attend to her late customer.

"Beryl!"

The cry rang across an ocean of cotton cats and paper elephants heaped on a dozen counters. A little rattling crash followed, and then the voice of a clerk crying, "Oh, Mr. Headman, Miss Bayswinter has fainted again!"

The manager hurried up. Miss Bayswinter lay very white and limp across the arms of the tall customer. No one noticed the little German wail scudding away with two white cotton cats and a Teddy bear in her pinafore.

"Send for the ambulance, some of you! Miss Bayswinter will get her discharge in the morning. This fainting is getting altogether too frequent," the manager said sharply.

"Where does this lady live?" John Loftus asked. "I will take her home in a carriage."

"Oh, rooms somewhere. We'll send her to the hospital. Don't trouble yourself."

The marriage occurred on Christmas day, and now the fellows are at wondering who the mischief Miss Bayswinter was, whether she was some English girl or simply an American belle.

Assup Up to Date.
A Hare, meeting a Tortoise one day, remarked as he looked at the Tortoise's heavy shell and short feet, "I think I could beat you in a race."
"All right," answered the Tortoise. "It is not every race that is won by a hare."
At the hour appointed for the contest the Hare soon left the Tortoise out of sight and, feeling sure of winning, lay down by the roadside to take a nap. After a half hour's sleep and rest he resumed the race. But the Tortoise had turned into a wayside garage and hired an automobile, and so he soon overtook the fast-footed Hare.

The Hare was going at the limit of his speed, but the Tortoise was going at the speed limit and won the race by three miles and seven laps.

When the Hare, in the course of time, arrived at the post he said, with a sigh, "You'll never catch me in an endurance race again."

Moral.—Foot racing is healthy, but motoring is swifter.—St. Nicholas.

Neighborhood Advice.
I am not one of those who insist that everybody should mind his own business; that is too harsh a doctrine. One of the rights and privileges of a good neighbor is to give neighborhood advice. But there is a corresponding right on the part of the advisee, and that is to take no more of the advice than he thinks is good for him. There is one thing that a man knows about his own business better than any outsider, and that is how hard it is for him to do it. The adviser is always telling him how to do it in the finest possible way, while he, poor fellow, knows that the paramount issue is whether he can do it at all. It requires some grace on the part of a person who is doing the best he can under extremely difficult circumstances to accept cheerfully the remarks of the intelligent critic.—S. M. Crothers in Atlantic.

The Quelle

ELEVENTH STREET
Opposite the Bakerian
HOT

CHICKEN TAMALES

EVERY EVENING

MRS. F. WOOLLEY PROPRIETRESS



WE DON'T HAVE TO DEMONSTRATE the value of our Paints, because all who have ever used them are familiar with their merits. They are grounds in the purest White Lead and the colors are of the very best. Only the finest Linseed Oil is used and they are so carefully packed as to be kept entirely free from any foreign substance. Prices are low, too.

Allen Wall Paper and Paint Co.

Nature provides

but one CALIFORNIA

It is the natural winter home of many thousands of the world's best people. Under the gentle influence of its mild winter climate, every amusement and recreation abounds. Bathing, boating, fishing, driving; such picnics, parties and "jollifications."

- GO TO**
- Los Angeles, Paso Robles Hot Springs, Hotel del Monte, Santa Barbara, San Diego, Santa Monica, Venice, Long Beach, Santa Cruz, or a score of similar resorts and you will find health, congenial surroundings, hospitable associates, faultless accommodations and numberless attractions and conveniences.

The O. R. & N. Co.

CONNECTING WITH
The Southern Pacific Co.

Makes inexpensive round trip excursion rates to California.

A six months stopover ticket Portland to Los Angeles and return is \$55.00

Corresponding rates are in effect to other points.

We have some very distinctive literature covering California's winter resorts, and will take pleasure in giving you all of the information and assistance at our command.

For tickets, sleeping car reservations, etc., call on, telegraph, or write

WM. McMURRAY, Gen. Pass. Agt. Portland, Oregon.

URINARY DISCHARGES RELIEVED IN 24 HOURS

SANTAL MIDY

Each Capsule contains a MIDY

Prepared in France

ALL DRUGGISTS.

Habitual Constipation

May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, **Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna**, which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed, as the best of remedies, when required, are to assist nature and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts and right living generally. To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine

Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna
CALIFORNIA
FIG SYRUP CO. ONLY
SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS
one size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle

The Cornelius

"The House of Welcome"

Corner Park and Alder,

PORTLAND, OREGON

A hotel where the Northwest people will find a hearty welcome and receive

Courteous Treatment
at moderate prices.

Our free Omnibus meet all trains.

Under management of N. K. Clarke
C. W. CORNELIUS, Proprietor.