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THE WEATHER
Oregon and Washington—Clearing in west, rain possibly turning to snow in east portion, cooler in east portion.

TAFT AND ROOSEVELT.
William Howard Taft, the twenty-seventh President of the United States of America, is in the executive chair of the nation; and most happily for the nation, he is of the highest type of man; a fit successor to Theodore Roosevelt and his peer in all ways. We should be a happy people in the winning out of our will, as exemplified in Mr. Taft's exaltation; and in the perfect working of the simple and noble expedients whereby we attain to these changes.

We have little to fear with this man in place at Washington. He has proven his ability to take hold of the greatest of national problems and solve them by the strongest and clearest of administrative processes; he has been tried in the severe school of huge initiative and has won out distinctively and honorably; he is no novice in the field to which his character and claims have raised him and he will lift the reins of government with practiced hand and the warrant and assurance of being trained to its last and gravest demand. He has been so long in immediate and familiar touch with the very presidency itself, that neither he nor the people need fear nor hesitate for an instant as to the successful issue of his incumbency of the great post.

His friend and predecessor, Theodore Roosevelt, hewing to the simple, straight-forward line of being "a decent President for a decent people," leaves the Capitol before the inauguration of Mr. Taft, and "walks to the depot," escorted by a thousand of his fellow New Yorkers, so that all the honors of the day shall fall, undivided, to the man to whom they belong. This is just like Mr. Roosevelt, and an apt illustration of his direct thoughtfulness for others. He was too much of a man to mix his own popularity in with the acclaim that belonged honestly to another. He has been just that sort of a man from the instant of his elevation to the great office, and it is one of the attributes for which the people love him.

He goes out of office with the devoted admiration and confidence of the American people, just as Mr. Taft comes into power, fortified with the same ardent good will. A condition of affairs that must work for the universal success and up-lift of the country. It is seldom indeed that two men exchange this magnificent trust on such equal terms and status, and the parallel has its own true and far-reaching significance.

HOW WILL YOU SWAP?
We believe we are safe in offering to swap our beautiful harbor for Portland's shipping business. She has everything to make a port except a harbor, and we have the port and harbor but lack the business. There can be no squarer proposition than this, for either place. If we had the business out of this port it would still be vastly, if not wholly, Portland's; it would take her capital, experience and interest, while the business itself would center there, as all great concerns concentrate in, and radiate from, commanding commercial depots. It would suit us down to the ground and Portland would lose nothing by the deal; and might save herself an immense amount of annoyance and loss, especially if she is going to build a few more bridges across her meagre "harbor."

It would at least save the commerce to the State of Oregon, surely and forever, for the question of dispatch, the chiefest of all considerations in the world of ships and shipping, would be fixed at a scale of advantage that could not be surpassed on the entire Pacific coast. We know these are old pleas, but they are so self-evident, so gospelly, as to justify

STATE FISH WARDEN'S FEBRUARY REPORT

PRESENTED YESTERDAY TO STATE BOARD OF FISHERIES AT SALEM.

The following salient features are published as coming from the February report of Master Fish Warden H. C. McAllister, to the Oregon Board of Fisheries, and will be found of interest:

"Portland, February 28, 1909.
"While the Columbia was closed from March 1st to May 1st, nothing was done towards closing the Willamette and Clackamas. Under the present law, fishing is permitted in the Willamette and Clackamas until March 15th, noon, when a close season of thirty (30) days begins, ending on April 15th, noon. This permits the taking of salmon in these streams for fifteen (15) days. From April 15th to May 1st, whilst the Columbia is closed. There is not much use protecting the salmon in the Columbia unless they are given the same protection after they reach the Willamette and Clackamas, and I would respectfully urge that you, as the Board of Fish Commissioners, use the power given you in Section 4106 of Bellinger and Cotton's Annotated Codes and Statutes, as amended by the laws of 1901, and close both the streams to conform with the Columbia.

"During the month, I appointed E. B. Hayden as master of the patrol boat 'Astoria' to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of the former master, R. E. Voeth.

"On February 27th, I appointed Wm. A. Paulsen, of Astoria, to act as special water bailiff on the Columbia river, during the closed season, beginning March 1st. Mr. Paulsen will act in the above capacity, under the supervision of State Water Bailiff W. A. Mack.

"The legislature made it possible for me to carry on my hatchery work on the coast streams by an appropriation of \$20,000 for that purpose. They also appropriated \$12,000 to be used in building a Central Hatchery Station on the Columbia river. I have not fully decided as yet where this hatchery will be located, but at the earliest opportunity will select a suitable site—this with the aid of one of the United States government experts. An appropriation of \$1,000 was also provided for the purpose of killing seals and sea lions at the mouth of the Columbia river. This work will be taken up at once.

"Arrests and prosecutions during the month for violation of the fishing laws have been as follows:

"District No. 1.
"Information was filed by Deputy Warden Brown, in the Portland justice court, against a Mr. Mason for dealing in smelt without the proper license.

"Deputy Game Warden J. L. Green

It is strange that the policies of prohibition and local option, as applied to the liquor question, have passed from the status of mere ethical propositions, to become issues of communal and personal defense. And not so strange, either, when it is remembered that the worst of the liquor dealers, and patrons, have begotten the sentiment. There is a day of reckoning for all who deliberately insist on doing the wrong thing; and not alone in the realm of liquor.

Over \$12,000 in fines is suggestive of the fact that this term of the Hon. Circuit Court of Clatsop has been fairly busy for the past month, and that a number of people will be far less busy in the future, along certain reprehensible lines.

The people have always the final and effective right and power of putting those men and things and businesses that continually offend and transgress, down and out, by the implacable laws of ouster, recall, prohibition and public option. This immense fact seems to be forgotten, as a general thing and is adverted to here, and now, as a friendly suggestion to those whose memories are failing them!

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mean better, healthier, happier people. It has been proved, however, that all medicines are not adulterated and worthless any more than are all food products.

The wheat has been sifted from the chaff, and such medicines as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from roots and herbs and complies with all conditions of the Pure Food and Drugs Law, will continue to hold its place as the standard American remedy for female ills.

seized and confiscated about 200 lbs. of small sturgeon in transit from Mayger to Clatskanie. Information was filed in the St. Helen's justice court, February 20th, against E. Hillsbury, of Mayger, the consignor of the shipment, for having sturgeon less than four feet in his possession. Upon being arraigned before Justice Watkins this same day, Mr. Hillsbury entered a plea of guilty, whereupon he was fined \$20 and costs, which he paid.

"District No. 2.
"Information was filed against the Three Pine Lumber Company, January 25th, by Deputy Warden Clanton, for allowing sawdust to escape into the waters of Jump-Off-Joe Creek. The case was set for trial February 1st in the Grant's Pass justice court. On account of the court allowing the 'Defendant Company' to set up as a defense that the violations occurred through the negligence of their employees, the jury found them not guilty. Deputy Warden Clanton filed a complaint in the justice court of Myrtle Creek against Buell Bros., for dealing in salmon without a license. Upon being arraigned before said justice, they entered a plea of guilty and were fined \$50 and costs which were paid.

"A complaint was filed in the Justice court of Cottage Grove, against J. J. Wilson, for dealing in salmon without a license, by Deputy Warden Clanton. Upon appearing before Justice of the Peace Vaughn, Mr. Wilson entered a plea of guilty and was fined \$50 and costs.

"The receipts of the office during the month have been as per the following:

"District No. 1.
"February 22—Received from the sale of 200 lbs. of confiscated sturgeon, seized by Deputy Game Warden J. L. Green, February 19th, and sold to John Barr, of Clatskanie, for \$10. February 27—Received from the sale of confiscated nets, seized for fishing illegally in the waters of the Columbia river, and sold as follows: J. V. Mardesich, of Clifton, \$22.50; Andro M. B. Kuljis, of Clifton, \$5; total \$37.50. From account of licenses issued: 3 set nets, 17 dealers (first class), 1 dealer's (third class), \$102.50; total, \$140.

"District No. 2.
"From fines and penalties: February 24—Received from Justice of the Peace J. G. Gaither, of Myrtle Creek, two-thirds of fine imposed February 4th, against Buell Bros. for dealing in salmon without license, \$33.35. From account of licenses issued: 1 set net, 10 dealers' (first class), \$52.50; total, \$85.85.

"Total for both districts, \$225.85.

"Disbursements.
"The accounts against the Department which I have approved and present herewith for payment amount to the sum of \$1651.98; \$718.28 of which is against Hatchery Fund District No. 1; \$681.50 is against Hatchery Fund, District No. 2, and \$253.20 is against the Special Appropriation for the expenses of the Master Fish Warden; total, \$1651.98.

"Respectfully submitted,
"H. C. McALLISTER,
"Master Fish Warden."

THE MERRY BOMB.

JAMAICA, L. I., March 4.—A saloon kept by an Italian was wrecked by a bomb about midnight. The front part of the building was blown out and had not the proprietor closed his place for the night he would in all probability have been killed. Two men were arrested. They had been ejected from the place earlier in the night.

HIGH-O-ME

That's the Way to Pronounce Hyomei, the Money-Back Catarrh Cure.

As doubt exists in the minds of many readers of the Astorian let us say that the above is the proper pronunciation of America's most wonderful catarrh cure. T. F. Laurin is the agent for Hyomei in Astoria and he will sell you an inhaler, a bottle of Hyomei, and full instructions for use, for only \$1.

And if it fails to cure acute or chronic catarrh, asthma, bronchitis, croup, hay fever or coughs and colds, he will give you your money back. The person who suffers from catarrh after such an offer as that, must like to snuff, spit and wheeze, and be generally disgusting.

Read what Mr. G. F. Lowe says: "I have used Hyomei for a case of nasal catarrh which had bothered me for a long time. I can say that Hyomei killed the germs of the disease and gave me the much sought and needed relief. From this experience I know Hyomei to be a reliable remedy, and I give it the praise and recommendation that it deserves."—G. F. Lowe, R. F. D. No. 7, Allegan, Mich. September 19, 1908.

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ATTACKED BY A LION.

Awful Experience of a Railroad Man in Africa.

IN THE JAWS OF A MAN EATER.

Dragged From His Bed by the Fierce Monster, He Was Mangled and Gashed and Carried Off Bodily by the Brute.

The following description of an attack by a lion, as related to Mr. St. Michael Podmore, F. Z. S., while he was returning from a sojourn in the wild places of the earth, is so terribly realistic that we offer no apology for printing it. Mr. Podmore met the hero of this story while on a trip across the Pacific ocean and was shown the terrible scars on the man's body:

I was engaged on the transcontinental Cape to Cairo line, and our gang consisted of two white men and fifty blacks. We each occupied a separate hut.

One dark night I was aroused from sleep by hearing something moving backward and forward beneath my bed. Becoming alarmed, I listened breathlessly to a loud, long and indescribable snarl which broke the stillness of the night. My experience of Africa was not extensive, but I instantly realized that some wild animal was under my bed. Every one of my faculties became immediately paralyzed with horror. I was unable to utter a sound.

After a moment or two I became aware that a man eating lion was sniffing his way along the edges of the bed, perhaps a little puzzled at the mosquito curtains. I then felt I must do something, and instinctively, yet noiselessly, I huddled all the pillows and bedclothes over my head. No sooner had I done this than the lion, with a horrible purr, grabbed me by the right shoulder and dragged me out on to the floor and immediately began to suck the blood which streamed down my neck and chest, and every time I moved he bit me more savagely.

As I raised my knees to get into a crouching, protective position he gave me a little pat with his paw which nearly broke my leg and inflicted a dreadful wound. Then suddenly the monster dropped me out of his mouth, placed one massive paw on my chest, and then, throwing back his noble head, he gave four terrible roars of triumph and defiance.

My chum walked round the hut and then saw with horror the hole made by the lion, who had torn out the mat walls and crawled under my bed. Then it dawned upon him what had happened, so he ran round to the other side and kicked the door down.

All this time the only thing I seemed to take interest in was the loud snoring, such, made by the lion as he drew my blood into his reeking jaws. I remembered, with a pang of regret, that I had not lived a model life recently, and I began to pray as I had never prayed before. As I prayed I thought how curious it was that I did not feel the slightest sense of pain with a man eating lion chewing my flesh and drinking my blood.

I had been lying on my back, with my neck and head resting against the side of the hut, when my friend smashed the door. As he did so the lion drove his terrible fangs into my right groin and leaped out of the hut into the darkness. As he ran with me he seemed to be twisting and jerking me round sideways, as though striving to get me on his back.

The lion ran across the clearing with me for about thirty yards and put me down under a big baobab tree. I lay on my back with the lion on top of me, occasionally gazing with his great luminous, greenish yellow eyes, which filled me with unutterable loathing, so expressionless and cold were they, yet so diabolical in their ruthless cruelty.

The lion seemed perfectly content with his prey. I felt his long, rough tongue scraping up my thighs and abdomen, and as it crept higher and higher I felt little gusts of his horrible breath. I half turned my head away, but still the long, greedy tongue worked its way toward my throat. I could distinctly feel each bite, because, although it did not cause the slightest pain, yet as the fearful fangs were driven into a fresh place I was conscious of a strange numbness in that particular part.

During all this time the negroes kept screaming, "Nkanga, nkanga!" My friend kept running round the clearing in utter bewilderment. The appalling blackness of the night added horror to the thing which no pen could describe.

At last two negroes were induced to make a couple of torches of dry grass, and by the lurid and uncertain light of these the lion was seen standing over my prostrate body. He was an enormous brute, over ten feet in length, and with a luxuriant, tawny mane that imparted to him a most majestic appearance. My friend told me afterward that as he approached with his gun I was moaning and crouching softly to myself. For some time he was afraid to shoot lest he should kill me instead of the lion. He screamed out, "Keep cool, Jack, and I will see what I can do for you!"

As he crept nearer the lion took his fangs out of my groin and faced about, growling and snarling horribly. The rifle was leveled, there was a sharp report, and the first shot hit the lion in the eye. The ball as it came out shattered his lower jaw. Two more shots were fired, and the fierce monster fell dead by my side.—London Ideas.

John Fox, Pres. F. L. Bishop, Sec. Astoria Savings Bank, Treas.
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