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THE CALL OF DUTY.

We humans do not always meet the call of personal duty, whether it be sworn, habitual, or casual; but, to the credit of mankind it may be safely said that, in the main, all duties are done, in a way, and measure, that account them fulfilled, while what of dereliction marks them, is charged to carelessness or some lesser fault. Every waking hour of our lives presents some task, big or little, that we classify as a duty, and which we perform almost instinctively, unconsciously, because we are, in all ways, socially, commercially, religiously and educationally, insured to the performance; we do not stop to analyze or question or weigh, our relation to the task; we know that it must be done in order to preserve the general balances to which we owe our peace and success, and we go ahead and do it.

But when we are confronted with the greater, more essential, duties of public life, and office, there is a rigor, a mandatory quality, a legal definiteness, associated with them, that lend emphasis to the oath we take to perform them, and matches the gravity of any failure we are guilty of by way of non-performance.

A sworn duty transcends every other obligation, on the ground that it is made to the public that trusts the man assuming it, and which cannot always have oversight over either the man or the task, but must rely upon the good faith that won the office for the servant. The public duty is prescriptive; no ordinary excuse will stand for its neglect, abandonment, or non-performance; the same law that creates and prescribes the duty, punishes the man who forgoes it, and what the law fails to supply in the way of penalty, public opinion and private conscience, generally contribute.

The man with a record of having ignored, transcended, or "scotched" his official duty and played with his official oath is never forgotten, and tacitly, never forgiven; he must stand for the measure of discount and distrust that he finds in the private walks of his later life. (Of course, this little sermon does not apply to anyone in Astoria.)

UNIVERSAL QUIET.

From every source, by letter, press, and voice, comes the tale of universal quiet through the country; even old Astoria is in the range of dubious commercial inaction, and along with all the other towns of State and Nation, has her little growl going on account of it; but she is not one whit worse off than hundreds of her neighbors and realizes this and makes the best of it; charges it up to the pending tariff, and complains and laughs, and yearns and joshes, and is

as patient as may be. She knows that in this fortuitous year she is in better shape to take on her real destiny than ever before; that there is more talk of Astoria over this land, than ever before; that bigger men and heavier capital are interested in, and allied to, the city and county, than have, for years, been at all concerned about her; that her mills, her commerce, her railroads, her bar, her camps, her general businesses, are all within the reach of the uplift and are to share in the new development that Uncle Sam, the Farmers' Union, Hill, Harriman, and the men of A. B. Hammond's ilk, are responsibly conjuring and preparing and dealing out.

Astoria has more real "irons in the fire" at this moment than she has had for time beyond calculation, and most of them, if not all, are genuine, feasible, and as certain as they are logical. That all these enterprises are waiting on the final passage of the new tariff law, will not, of course, be admitted; but the tariff is as good as anything else of a big and important sort to lay the inactivity to; and as nothing else presents itself as a scapegoat, that disconcerting, hampering and hindering pretext will serve all purposes.

Just as soon as things loosen up, we know that Astoria is in a position to respond as quickly and successfully as any city of her size in America; and she will do it, alright; howsoever we gloom and growl and growl. She is gradually freeing herself from the worst of her cumbering and depressing influences at home, and abroad in the State, and will rally swiftly and heartily to every scheme and franchise that is making for her advance in every line.

ECHOES FROM THE JUNGLE.

There may be no press, associated, or otherwise, in the African jungle; but its echoes are eternal, and may be relied upon to furnish forth some fragmentary data as to what out particular Teddy is doing in its depths day by day. Echoes carry far, sometimes clearly, and always accurately. Knowing the man as we Americans know him, there can be no sort of doubt as to the actual import of the echo that records his sayings and doings; he will see to it that anything he does has sound and snap and suggestion to it quite sufficient to charge any old echo that may be ready to start out.

He is in there for a year; and he intends to do enough to make a record but we are not willing to wait for the published account; we must have it as it passes, and we will get it, for he knows us as well we know him, and he likes us. Keep your good ear attuned for the wireless echo from the Dark Continent! There will be news, and plenty of it.

TOPICS OF NEW YORK

NEW YORK, April 24.—To one not directly interested the spasmodic and wholly abortive attempts to enforce the Sunday closing law in this city are a source of considerable amusement. The law has been on the statute book for many years but, it is safe to say, it has never been enforced conscientiously and with sufficient energy. Most of the saloons in the down-town districts remain closed on Sundays, for the simple reason that they would not do any business on that day, even if kept open. The saloons in the Bowery district, in the Tenderloin district and in the other densely populated parts of the East and West sides, in Harlem and in the Bronx have never seriously contemplated suspension of business on Sundays.

The question, whose fault it is that the law is not enforced, has never been satisfactorily decided. Commissioner Bingham stated repeatedly that the police department was fully competent and able to enforce the law and District Attorney Jerome has made similar statements in behalf of his own office. Notwithstanding the alleged fact that the police as well as the district attorney's office were able to enforce the law, it has practically remained a dead letter and some inquisitive persons have expressed a desire to know why Mr. Bingham and Mr. Jerome are probably both right. The probably could enforce the Sunday closing law were it not for some big "IF".

Policemen do not like to make arrests for violations of the Sunday law and they seem to have good cause for their attitude. In nearly every case the cases against violators of the Sunday law are dismissed for various valid or alleged reasons by the magistrates and the policemen who made the arrests gain nothing except the ill will of the aldermen and general unpopularity in their precincts. Under such conditions it is not surprising that the authorities have not made a better success of Sunday closing.

A ventriloquist with a keen sense of humor had a barrel of fun last Sunday at the Bronx Zoo. The beautiful park was visited by thousands and the enclosures of the menagerie were surrounded by big crowds all day. The ventriloquist referred to was among the visitors and watched the animals in the cages and enclosures with as much interest as the human beings outside of the bars. Nobodysuspected the man of being a headliner of the vaudeville circuit. After he had seen his fill, it occurred to him that a little joke would add spice to the enjoyment of the visit.

Hundreds of visitors surrounding the enclosure of the aquatic birds were watching the ungainly pelicans making their Sunday afternoon toilet, preening their feathers and carefully oiling them. There were probably not many naturalists in the crowd, but all of them had learned at some time in their life that pelicans are not song birds. Their surprise may be imagined when the old pelican popularly called "Hidalgo Pete", opened wide his capacious bill and burst into jubilant song. Every time he opened his bill he gave forth another stanza of his spring song, while the visitors and even the keepers stared, undecided whether they should believe their ears or consider themselves victims of some weird acoustic delusion. Only one man knew what made "Hidalgo Pete" sing and he never said a word nor cracked a smile.

A woman in Williamsburg had her husband arrested the other day on the charge of having failed to provide for her support. When the case came up before the magistrate the prisoner, who acted as his own attorney, maintained that he should not be compelled to support his wife under the circumstances. In explanation of his argument he submitted to the court a note which, he said, his wife had written and left for him at their home. The note read: "Paul—Your supper is in the oven. I have gone to a show with the only man I love, Charlotte." After the magistrate had read that note he ordered the complaining woman out of court and dismissed the complaint without further ceremony.

The new "woman's suffrage stamp" has arrived and all those who are in favor of woman's suffrage now have an opportunity to give public testimony of their advocacy of it and, at the same time, to contribute to the support of the movement in favor of the extension to women of the right of suffrage. The stamps are sold in sheets of 100 each and cost one cent a piece. The profits from the sale of the stamps will flow into the campaign fund of the Co-Operative Equal Suffrage League.

Scores of women who had made purchases at Uncle Sam's bargain counter at the recent auction of unclaimed and abandoned merchandise, are boiling over with indignation over the "bunko game", as they characterize the government's auction sale. They bought packages, listed as containing certain articles of merchandise and when they opened the packages at home they discovered that they had been "stung". The packages contained only part of the listed goods and those absolutely worthless, while the valuable or supposedly

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NORTH SIDE NEWS

Miss I. M. Williamson, of Ilwaco, is the accredited representative of The Astorian and will take care of all items of news, orders for subscriptions and all kinds of printing.

ILWACO

L. A. Loomis and son L. E. Loomis, returned Wednesday from a short business trip to South Bend.

Mrs. Pearl Seaborg and Mrs. Harry Whitcomb were guests of Mrs. Smith at her Long Beach home Thursday afternoon.

J. R. Goulter returned Wednesday from South Bend where he has been attending commissioner's court for over a week.

Capt. Stuart of Cape Disappointment was a business visitor to Astoria the first of the week.

Miss Ruth Richardson of Oysterville was a guest of her friend Miss Eleanor Williams for a day or two the latter part of the week.

Mrs. Dave Beechy of Ocean Park came down Thursday and returned the following morning.

James Butler, an old-time resident of Ilwaco, but who has been in Idaho for the past two years, arrived recently and expects to remain in this vicinity for a few months.

Word was received recently that Claud Young, well known in this city was hurt while at work on the Celilo railroad. His leg was broken just below the knee and he was immediately taken to a hospital in the Dalles. It will be a few weeks before he will be able to again resume his work.

Miss Buelah Howerton of Portland arrived Saturday and will spend a few days with relatives in this city.

Mrs. Bert Sprague, Mrs. Ross Williamson and Mrs. James Gold came down from McGowan Saturday and spent a few hours in Ilwaco.

Mrs. James Howerton, who has been in Portland for several weeks undergoing medical treatment returned the last of the week much improved in health.

Mrs. A. A. Seaborg and Miss Edith Whitcomb received the sad news

valuable things on the list were not to be found. Many of the purchasers thus fooled accepted the situation with good grace, while others stormed the customs offices and demanded their money back. They were politely received and their attention was called to a printed remark upon their bills of sale, stating that "no allowance will be made for any deficiency or discrepancy found."

REVOLVER SHOOTING.

NEW YORK, April 24.—The result of the annual indoor championship revolver and pistol matches of the United States Revolver Association for 1909, held recently in 25 cities throughout the country, are announced here. The first five men in each contest were as follows:
Match A, revolver—Lieutenant R. H. Sayr, New York, 450; J. R. Gorman, San Francisco, 450; William G. Krieg, Chicago, 445; William T. Smith, Philadelphia, 440; R. P. Prentiss, San Francisco, 438.
Match B, pistol—Frank Fromm, 456; Lieutenant R. H. Sayr, New York, 455; J. R. Gorman, Boston, 445; H. N. Hoyt, Red Bank, N. J., 442.
Match F, pocket revolvers—William G. Krieg, Chicago, 190; Lieutenant R. H. Sayr, New York, 175; Charles Nelson, New York, 171; G. H. Wiedeling, Chicago, 169; C. F. Armstrong, San Francisco, 167.

KIDNAPPED HIMSELF.

NEW YORK, April 24.—John Taylor, a 12 year old boy, crawled into a box car at Northampton, Pa., last Monday to take a nap. When he awoke the car, which was loaded with cement, consigned to a New York firm, was moving, and the door locked. As a policeman was passing the car here yesterday he heard moans and when the door was forced open he found Taylor almost dead from starvation. He was cared for by the police and will recover.

Monday Night—At The Bakeronian—

"Johnson-Burns" Fight!

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FOR YOUNG MEN