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THE ASTORIA HIGH SCHOOL

A Class of Bright Boys and Girls Graduate With Honor.

THE COMMENCEMENT DAY

A Splendid Program Given Last Night at Fisher's Opera House.

A RECEPTION TO SENIORS

Jolly Social Time Among the Students and Their Friends at the High School.

Every seat in Fisher's opera house was filled last evening with the friends of the graduating class of the High school to witness the exercises that close the work in the public schools of Astoria.

The decorations for the occasion were largely and appropriately, Carnations, the class flower, and mountain ash, the class tree, being given the precedence in the stage decorations, together with flags which were entwined about the scenery forming the back ground to the stage.

On the platform were the teachers of the High school and arranged in a semi-circle to their right were the members of the graduating class. Also occupying seats upon the platform were the members of the school board, H. C. Thompson, C. W. Patton, W. H. Barker, J. E. Higgins and E. P. Kendall, together with Rev. Edward Curran, who was to deliver the invocation.

The program was carried out promptly and on time and no account to the musical selections delayed the exercises to too late an hour. The addresses of the graduates had the merit of being short and to the point, and did not contain all the philosophy and advice from Socrates to Ben Franklin. Without flattery to Prof. Wright and the graduates, their papers were all above the average and the Astorian only regrets that it cannot publish them all. Owing to the inability to get the type set only the salutatory, class prophecy and valedictory are given in full.

The program was begun with a fine selection, well rendered, by the orchestra, after which an invocation quite appropriate to the occasion was delivered by Rev. Edward Curran. The salutatory by Florence Lester Turner was delivered in a clear, strong voice, every word being distinctly heard by all. The subject of Ralph Worsley's oration was "The American Flag" and the thought expressed and clearness of statement it was very creditable to the boy and his knowledge of history.

"Rockaway" was a song that caught the fancy of the audience and the singers, Madams S. W. Fulton, B. Van Dusen, J. E. Rogers and C. J. Trenchard, gave a hearty encore to which they bowed a response. The debate on the question, Resolved, That the United States has reached the zenith of its glory, was a very good presentation of arguments of Maull imperialism and expansionists. Charles R. Wright handled the affirmative and William J. Gray the negative. The boys each made their points clear and concise and each was heartily applauded by the audience. A patriotic selection, "America Forever," by the orchestra was given in a spirited manner, after which Amy Grant Lemon spoke, her theme being, Has woman's position in the world improved? Miss Lemon depicted the position of women in Roman and medieval times, when they were honored and often were entrusted to stations of honor and responsibility. But with the growth of modern civilization women's rights and position have sunk until in some of the greatest states of this boasted country of liberty and equal rights, women have no rights at all.

Austin Osburn in his oration entitled, "A Transformation Scene," outlined the progress the world has made in the arts and sciences, contrasting the slow progress of previous centuries to the present, which opened as a transformation scene from the old to the new.

A pretty song, descriptive of a summer scene, was sung by Miss Grace Short. The compliment of a hearty encore was given Miss Short to which she bowed her response.

Mary Alice Gray in her class prophecy and Anna D. Campbell in her valedictory acquitted themselves with marked success. The articles are given in full below. The orchestra, whose spirited music made a pleasing diversion to the program, followed with a rollicking selection, "Georgia Camp Meeting."

The next number on the program was presenting the class to the board of education by Prof. R. N. Wright, principal of the High school and the query, Did it pay? He sketched its work, what it had done and what it could do and made a strong plea that it be kept to the front as an institution that was paying for itself to the people of Astoria. He thanked his fellow teachers for their splendid cooperation in the work of the school. Prof. Wright closed with a few well chosen words of advice to the graduates. He admonished them that the

real work of their life had now begun and it now rested with them whether it should be a success or a failure. Chairman Thompson on behalf of the board replied to the superintendent of the work of the school and of the manner in which the graduates had acquitted themselves this evening. Now that they were ready to make their beginning in life he cautioned them not to set around awaiting for opportunities to come to them. Thompson then presented the diplomas to the graduates. The ladies quartet sang "Good Night," expressing the sentiment of the song finely and giving to it the pathos their well modulated voices were so capable of.

The members of the junior class then came upon the stage and presented handsome bouquets to each of the graduates. This finished the program for the evening.

MODERN KNIGHTHOOD.

What visions of valor and glory cluster around the sounding title of knight-wealth, beauty and love—waiting on the ill of their champion's lance, while royal invests the victorious contestant with the glittering insignia of rank.

What can there be in these prosaic modern times that will vie with the pageantry of kings and queens.

How can there be a modern knight? When we look back in history to glean the facts of knight-hood we find that it came into existence at the close of the crusades and continued until the end of the war of Rome.

The necessary attributes of knight-hood were loyalty, courtesy and munificence, with valor as a primary qualification, and whatever may have been its inherent defects it is at any rate indisputable that it embodied some of the noblest sentiments and engendered the warmest actions of contemporary mankind.

Poetry and art were nurtured by this elevating ideal and it has left a wide and fruitful field to be harvested by all succeeding ages.

Chivalry was all the bloom of all the virtues of knight-hood, and of it Burke has said: "It is the unthought grace of life, the chief defense of nations, the nurse of many sentiment and heroic enterprise."

If modern society were divested of its inheritance of chivalry derived from the gallant knights of remote times, it would stand out gaunt and uninviting, but with all the noble requisites of the knights of olden times, and armored in the robes of truth and right our modern knight comes to the rescue—the architect and pillar of society, the exponent of the modern educational idea which has leveled distinction between the rich and poor, making merit not wealth, the requisite of rank.

The recompense for valorous achievement is not a lady's smile nor the touch of a sovereign sword.

Our knight does not bend to win the applause of the crowd, but making truth his cause, he stakes his all upon the right and entering the lists he dares to fall.

The hero of Santiago with the unromantic name of Hobson has demonstrated to the world that a "golden thread of purpose" ran through all his plans, lifting him above the commonplace and blazing him a modern knight indeed.

Some ardent writer has said of him: "Now no more that ancient phrase, 'Chattering pupa from Charles's days, Hobson's choice of 'that or none' He had two and chose the one. Safety, danger, death or life, Let the phase new meaning wear, Now, here, here, here, here, here, here, Let the phase new meaning wear, Gallant choice to do and dare. 'Shall be Hobson's choice.' There is no limit to gallant choice to do and dare."

Every profession and walk of life give of their best to fill the surried ranks of knight-hood, and how we love to do honor to the heroes of the van, the first, who without a selfish thought of cost or blame, stand by their cherished ideals of right.

And in his frozen grave in the north; our dear soldier boys who gave their lives helping to bear the "white man's burden," the sleepless sentinels who are wrestling nature's secrets from her iron grasp; the strong, unpolished pioneers, who in still endurance conquered forests and cleared the way for the western emigrants and the countless others who stand alone are our modern knights.

The magic of wealth and an empty name fades away before the modern requirements of pure hearts, high courage and the invincible look of nobility.

Friends and patrons of the Astoria High School—you whose protecting love and influence have surrounded our lives as the coral reef encloses the calm lagoon, freeing us from the disturbing storms without—in the name of the class of '98 I greet you.

Emerson says that strength is measured not by the arms but by the heart, and we feel that this occasion which is brightened by your presence strengthens in us the eager desire to venture out on life's stormy ocean, and in the words of another:

To breast the storm, to fight the fight,
To brave the dark, to find the light;
To guard the innocence of youth;
To bare one's heart to joy and truth;
To live out one's allotted span;
In search for good and hope for man.
Thus may the upright soul be blest
And leave the earth a rich bequest.

We welcome you.

FLORENCE LESTON TURNER.

CLASS PROPHECY.

"And unrolling further, I will foretell the mysteries of fate." Aeneas and his followers, tossed about on land and sea, and wandering here and there over the face of the earth, at times convenient, consulted the oracle to learn their destinies. Likewise we, tossed by the tempest of this stormy world, would consult a sooth sayer for the ponderous words of fate seeking to know our future.

Being kindly disposed towards all mankind, I climb to the top of Coombs hill for inspiration and earnestly entreated the Jupiter of mythology and dreams to vouchsafe me one glance at the book of fate. To my delight the request was granted, but scarcely had I glanced down the index to see that no name from the class of '98 was missing when I was startled by a gentle touch. Before me stood the helpful Cythere in her mystic robe—"Come with me," said a persuasive voice, "and I will grant you your heart's desire." Lulled to sleep, I was borne across land and sea, and soon found myself on the Isle of Wight. My guide

knocked at an ivy grown gate. Could it be, that regal bearing could belong to none other than my former classmate—Amy Grant Lemon. She came toward me with an astonishing retinue of four tenant children. I had heard she had married an English baronet and had created a decided sensation when introduced at the court of St. James, not only for wit and beauty, but also for her deeds of charity. Lady Radcliffe greeted me affectionately and was so deep in the mysteries of medical lore, explaining how she had taken up this study as an amusement in her idle moments since she had become Lady Radcliffe. She called upon some of the prodigies who were playing on the lawn and showed how she had straightened the eyes of one, lengthened the nose of another and cured still another of stammering. In the midst of this interesting conversation I felt again but all too soon the magic touch.

And now I stood before the door of a studio over which was written in letters of gold, "The poet is born, not made." The owner of this study, Mr. Ralph H. Worsley, had after years of hard labor and a realization of the fact that the world was not made in a day, compiled a series of poems in his own hand writing. These poems traveled over the world and were seen one day in the hands of Chief Smollah of the Owyhee tribe, upon inquiry as to what the barbarian was doing with a poem written in the English language it was learned that the chief had bought it as Homer Gray's productions have been purchased thinking it was in his native tongue.

My guide next showed me our orator—Mr. Austin Osburn who is no less favored by the destinies and whose philippic will remain a classic for posterity. A modern Cicero in eloquence and style he will undoubtedly excel the present famous Homesteads of America—William Jennings Bryan. Austin by his untiring effort has become known throughout the hemisphere. "His said, 'The past is prophetic for the future is the past' remarkably true in Austin's case. He had often surprised his fellow students by his bursts of oratory and will do so again.

But Cytherea bent hurried me to a studio at Hammond where I called to mind the quotation,

"In framing an artist, art hath decreed,
To make some good but others to exceed."

Among them Miss Florence L. Turner who after devoting most of her life to her sole aim has won the title of the second Rose Bonner. Her beautiful paintings and especially sketches bring the natives for miles around to admire. In the sketching line she is somewhat like Chas. Dana Gibson, for her beautiful portrayals are all on the subject nearest her heart—the bicycle. She has won, and is now working as assiduously that she has not even the time to notice her gentlemen friends or to read the poetry sent her which is indeed a very strange circumstance!

In a few moments we were in Astoria where Prof. Wm. J. Gray devotes so much of his precious time to the study of perpetual motion and liquid air that he is considered authority on all the phenomena related to these wonders. Liquid air is so thoroughly under his control that in a moment of his experimenting he removed the hill on which the Astoria High school building at one time stood. By this deed, and numerous other similar ones, he has won the gratitude of every pupil of that institution as well as that of the taxpayers of Astoria.

But not yet had I come home to stay for in the twinkling of an eye, I was where "music hath charms to soothe the savage beast" I found this to be admirably illustrated on the island of Guam where the natives throng a palace in which is a conservatory under the able management of Miss Anna D. Campbell. She is greatly admired by the native chiefs but 'tis plain to be seen that she favors a particular young gentleman. He is very short, very stout and a native of the country signified by his name—Mr. Wagner Beethoven Chopin Smith.

Our last visit was to Mr. Chas. A. Wright who after faithful attention to duty has attained the distinguished position of Commander of the North Alaskan Squadron. It is needless to say I astonished him greatly by my unexpected presence on the flagship "Carnation" where everything showed that Wright ruled. Though envied by all the Naval Reserve boys of Astoria, he told me that he felt himself to be deprived of the magazine story of war and that if only given an opportunity he too might have been a Hobson. My words of sympathy were abruptly ended by the sweet voice of my invisible guide, "One more scene and you must return to the 19th century."

Standing on the veranda of a hotel in Key West I looked into a room and saw a successful bookagent seated on the floor arranging and putting into groups of different sizes books and books and books! The owner of this movable library was fair, Gray and plump. She looked over the pile and lovingly handled the objects with reverence and admiration. The moment she left the room, I stepped inside and picked up some of these queer looking objects wondering at the following titles: "How to Ride a Florentine Bicycle Up Western Grades" profusely illustrated by F. Leston Turner. The next volume that caught my attention was "Osburn's Philippines against Gumbewching in the Ballroom and other Public Places." Fearing the agent would return I barely had time to glance at this and picked up another lying by it—"Notes on the Benefits of Red Flannel for Shattered Nerves" by Lady Lemon Radcliffe. A tiny little volume, very thin, indeed, but most daintily arranged next caught by eye. "What I Know About Girls." The wit and humor of Admiral Chas. Russel Wright's book almost made me forget where I was. Res-

tantly putting down this, I picked up a most peculiar looking volume; at first I thought it was a port folio of music but found that the cover did not reveal all. The first part contained Opus No. 119 or a Transposition of Rubenstein for Primary Grades; the second part was Mendelssohn's Songa versus Dish washing by Anna Daisee Campbell.

"I was almost afraid to open the next book because it looked as though it might be a Century Dictionary in one volume. This was Prof. Wm. Gray's famous lectures on "The Utilization of Excessive Rain."

For some I had been wondering what in size and color. They were bound in could be contained in 21 volumes identical Yale blue and each was entitled "To the Girls I Knew in My School Days" by Ralph Harlow Worsley. I found that each separate poem was dedicated to a maiden fair with the name and date of acquaintance. Accompanying each poem was a small pamphlet by the same noted poet on "Derivation of Words," "Based on One Year's Study in all Ancient Languages."

While carried away by the music and rhythm of Ralph's verses, I was interrupted by my faithful guide who said, "Come the time I was to give you is at ready spent; and I awake to find myself only a schoolgirl on the platform listening to the weakish voices of my classmates."

MARY ALICE GRAY.

VALEDICTORY.

Every man to accomplish the actual must have an ideal. What a train of thoughts that one word "ideal" leads forth! An ideal—the image of the higher self which, by its power, thrills one and urges him on. A conception not only to be aspired to and dreamed of, but to be written for; not only to be imitated, but to be equalled or surpassed. All men have their ideals. An ideal alone can unify our abilities and powers. He who expects to attain success in life without first deciding for what object he will work, what end he will attain, is like a carpenter who strives to build a house without a plan; or the sculptor who tries to mould a figure with no model in mind. A single sketch, without a definite mental picture of the image to be wrought, might ruin the whole statue.

A man who strives with joggled determination to make his ideal actual cannot lack opportunities if he is ready to grasp them as they present themselves.

Fame opens all the entrances to her palace to him and draws him, striving, ever nearer, nearer, by some invisible force. Purpose, who rules over the forest outside of the palace, hews out a pathway which Fate, following closely after, smooths and ride of stumbling blocks. Hope, which, according to the beautiful myth of Pandora's box, remains when all else has flown away; urges him on by recognizing the success of former travelers over the same road.

Could one thoroughly imbued with a determination to accomplish the actual fail?

A fountain cannot rise higher than its source; so one's character may be estimated by the nature of his ideal, and the intensity of his purpose to make it the actual.

Low ideals make low characters, while lofty ideals are the essence of a noble character. Not always can one reach the goal for which he has striven, but if he cannot, he will be much nearer to it and the stronger in character for having made the effort. On the contrary, he may succeed in a manner far exceeding his wildest fancies. Such instances are not lacking in history. He who does not sever a hair's breadth from his ideal, even in the most trying circumstances, must be a man of determination, a man of grit, a man of iron.

All history proves that only he will succeed who makes his ideal the master passion of his life, which subordinates everything else.

"The motor-power of all grand deeds Hath had its source in holy dreams." We, as a class, have our ideals. Shall we reach them? Shall we continue reaching toward them? Our pilgrimage to the palace of fame or failure has already begun.

Never has the way seemed so bright and so free of obstacles before. Hope has been whispering encouraging words, and holding out before us our victory pictures painted in the most brilliant coloring. Some of us will enter in at one gateway; others at another, but may none of us miss entirely the path which leads where Fame sits enthroned.

In taking a retrospective view of our high school days, we find many pleasant memories, few unpleasant ones. We have fought our way through the difficult tasks of the past four years and now, the sad. But, while we are glad to have reached this end, there is a feeling of regret and sadness underlying our pleasure.

We extend our heartfelt thanks to you, kind friends, for it is through your interest in us and in the high school that we have been enabled to reach this goal. Gentlemen of the Board of Education: We, who are now about to sever our connection with the high school in the capacity of students can truly appreciate your efforts toward furthering our progress by furnishing us the necessary appliances and by so fully carrying out the wishes of the people. We thank you. We would not be unmindful or ungrateful toward you. Do not think because former classes have spoken to you similar words that we are simply following a precedent in extending to you our gratitude for the privileges that your good judgment and generous kindness have provided us. Tonight I speak for the entire class when I say that our hearts are truly filled with an ambition to become honorable men and women; that this ambition has been aroused largely by talk

(Continued on page three.)

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