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**THE WEEKLY GAZETTE-TIMES**

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**N. R. MOORE** . . . . . Editor  
**CHAS. L. SPRINGER**, Business Mgr.

**THOUGHTS ON OREGON.**

"A poor crop in Oregon gives as great a yield as a good one in most of the older States." This is the assertion of a patriotic Oregonian, and while it may be considered a little extravagant to those who are not familiar with the facts, it is to a great extent true, and in many instances altogether so. Regardless of weather conditions—of drouth or flood—there is no such thing as a "failure of crops in Oregon." There may be a failure of one or two crops in certain sections of the state, but in these same sections, because of the varied productivity of the Oregon soil, and differences of the climate, there are good yields of other crops; so that entire failure of all crops is not possible in any one locality, while in most sections the greater number of crops are successful. Notwithstanding the peculiarly "backward" weather conditions in many parts of the state this year, partial yields will be made in those sections, while in the larger part of the great farming country full production is likely. The area of Oregon is too great, its crops too numerous and its climate too varied to make such a thing as a "failure of crops in Oregon" possible; and then, as suggested by the above quotation, "a poor crop in Oregon gives as great a yield as a good one in most of the older states."

**TWO MOTHERS.**

Two women attracting a good deal of public attention recently are the mother of Harry Thaw and the mother of the late Lieut. Sutton. They are both deserving of pity, as are all mothers whose sons go wrong. For even though the misdoing is often the direct outcome of maternal indulgence and lack of wisdom, the distress of the mother thus to blame—she seldom realizes her responsibility in this respect—is none the less intense than that of one who has used the best of judgment and seemingly the wisest methods in the training of her son, only to see him drift into evil ways. But while the mothers of these wayward boys suffer and deserve compassion, they are, after all, not without a source of consolation, a modifier of their woe, which is seldom taken into account. They do not hold their sons as guilty as the evidence indicates and as the common verdict makes them. If, as in Harry Thaw's case, a crime is actually committed and can not be denied, then the mother makes excuses for the perpetrator. He was led astray; he was a good boy, but the crimes of others and the wrongs they had committed exasperated him beyond human endurance. Mrs. Thaw, in her testimony the other day, indicated her belief that Evelyn, the

young wife, had dragged her son down, forgetting or ignoring the fact that he is nearly twenty years the girl's senior and had long been traveling at a rapid pace before he knew her. She declares and presumably believes that a conspiracy exists, with Jerome as its leading spirit, to prevent her son from securing his freedom. It was a cruel, though only too well fitting, reference which Mr. Jerome made to this and to her published pamphlet when he said that it was plain whence some of Harry's mental weaknesses were acquired. But, even though she be lacking in intellectual quality, that fact makes no difference in her attitude toward her son. Were she a very Portia for wisdom she would nevertheless make excuses for him and refuse to see him as others do.

The only inference the public can draw from the disclosures in the Sutton case is that whether or not the lieutenant committed suicide, he had been previously what is known as a "hard bat," with disagreeable traits that made him unpopular among his associates. His mother ignores all the testimony in reference to his habits, and makes direct charges against a number of officers of conspiracy to murder her son, basing them chiefly on "intuition" and a communication received from the lieutenant after his death.

It is pitiful, in its way, this blind confidence in the children they have borne, yet it has its element of beauty verging on the divine. These mothers see their sons, not as the faulty, dissolute, sin-scarred men whom others see, but as the innocent children they once were, with all the possibilities of noble manhood. They will not believe that that innocence and those possibilities have vanished forever, but that they linger in the boys' souls yet, and that all the blackness of their later conduct is mere surface blemish. Perhaps, after all, they are right and that their faith is a mortal shadowing of divine compassion for human frailty. Do we not base our hope of future life on the belief that the Infinite One knows us better than our fellow creatures know us, and understands that with all our imperfections good yet remains in the hearts of even the worst of us?

The Salem Statesman has recently engaged a man with a very vivid imagination. A few days ago this personage with a crooked pencil and a tendency toward luridly presented an article about the Albany fire, attributing that conflagration to a cork leg and four prohibitionists engaged in a game of poker in the bank building. The article was dressed up like a professional had hold of it, but it was so manifestly unjust and misleading that the Albany Democrat protested. Now comes this same scribbler with a column article in which he has an O. A. C. professor "knocking" the fruit of "his own country," (the Willamette Valley) in order to favor Hood River. No name is mentioned (these fellows never mention names) and various professors at the college are left under suspicion of the crime(?) set forth. The Statesman reporter forgets that the Oregon Agricultural College is not a Willamette Valley institution and that the professors of the school are not "knocking" their "own country" when praising Hood River fruit. All sections of the state should look alike to O. A. C. professors and it would be as unfair for them to praise the Willamette Valley fruit to the detriment of Hood River as it would for them to reverse the situation. That such a test as the Statesman names has been made is certain—and by the eastern college man located here as stated,—but the luridly and inference of the article is not justifiable. Willamette Valley fruit will stand the test, and does not need the boost-

ing of a well-intentioned but careless reporter with a limber pencil and a disposition to do a little "gentle tapping" on his own hook.

**BUILT ROOMS FOR SPIRIT FRIENDS**

(Continued from page one)

upon their return, Hale added about twenty small rooms to his house. He firmly believed that the spirits of those who died came back and visited these rooms, and so spent much of his time in keeping them in readiness. The old man when found hanging was dressed as for the coldest weather, having on three vests, a jumper, two pairs of underclothes and much other clothing. In the pocket of one vest was \$6 silver; another pocket contained \$200 in gold. The house was a museum of curiosities, and one looking at the various articles he had purchased for returning spirits to amuse themselves is struck with wonder. A vast lot of shoe-strings, several clocks, musical instruments and various articles were there. The collection must have cost him more than \$2500. Mr. Hale was 79 years old. A widow and three daughters survive him.

**HAND-SHAKE QUEERED NEW MEXICO**

**Territory Refused Admission by Southerners who Resented Action**

It may help to a realization of the injustice that has been done New Mexico, to recall the fact that nothing but the accident of an inopportune hand-shake prevented the admission of the Territory thirty-five years ago. In the

forty-fourth Congress, the question of the admission of Colorado and New Mexico was one of the burning issues. Apparently the two Territories must come in together, or stay out in company. Separate enabling acts were passed by the House, but were amended in a few minor particulars in the Senate. Unfortunately, just at this juncture a "force bill" was up for debate. Julius Caesar Burrows, now a Senator from Michigan, but then a member of the house, delivered a fiery philippic, grilling the South in the manner approved at that period. Stephen B. Elkins was then Territorial Delegate from New Mexico, and had not yet acquired the suave and subtle diplomacy that came to him with advancing years. He was carried away by the vehement oratory of the man from Michigan, and rushed up to congratulate him the moment he had finished. Others hastened to grasp Burrows by the hand, but Elkins reached him first and was effusive in praise of his wonderful speech. Congressmen from the South took note of Elkins' enthusiasm over the merciless grilling that had been administered them, and were too human to refrain from revenge, when revenge was so easy. When the Statehood bills came up, for concurrence in the Senate's amendments, Colorado was admitted, but New Mexico was barred, lacking four votes of the necessary two-thirds. A rather costly hand-shake for New Mexico!—Pacific Monthly.

**Fine Tract For Sub-division**

The best tract of land in or around Corvallis to be sub-divided into small tracts.

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**To The Public**

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 Corvallis, Aug. 16, 1909  
 8-16-6t

**Card of Thanks**

We desire to tender our heartfelt thanks for the many kindnesses shown during the illness and death of our wife and mother.

J. R. Rowland and Family.

**Bids Wanted.**

Notice is hereby given that sealed bids will be received for the erection of the new church building for the First Presbyterian Church of Corvallis, by the Board of Trustees, up to 6 o'clock p. m. Monday, August 23, 1909, according to plans and specifications which can be seen at the office of the architect, E. E. McClaran, Portland, or at the office of Virgil E. Watters in Corvallis. A certified check made payable to First Presbyterian Church of Corvallis, of five (5) per cent of amount must accompany each bid. Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

A. J. JOHNSON,  
 Chairman Board of Trustees. 8-16-6

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