

**THE DAILY GAZETTE-TIMES**

Published every evening except Sunday. Office: 232 Second street, Corvallis, Oregon.

PHONE, 4184

Entered as second-class matter July 2, 1909, at the postoffice at Corvallis, Oregon, under act of March 3, 1879.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES**  
DAILY

Delivered by carrier, per week.....\$ .15  
Delivered by carrier, per month..... .50  
By mail, one year, in advance..... 5.00  
By mail, six months, in advance..... 2.50  
By mail, one month, in advance..... .50

**THE WEEKLY GAZETTE-TIMES**

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES**

One year, in advance.....\$2.00  
Six months, in advance..... 1.00

Entered as second-class matter August 5, 1909, at the postoffice at Corvallis, Oregon, under act of March 3, 1879.

In ordering changes of address, subscribers should always give old as well as new address.

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

Salem enrolled 1700 school children the first day, and claims 17,000 population. Corvallis enrolled practically 700 the first day, and at Salem's ratio may reasonably claim 7000 population—but in truth Corvallis has less than 6,000 population. It is easy to make claims based on figures for this, that or the other.

**HOTEL MEN AND LIQUOR**

According to the Portland press, the hotel men of Oregon, as represented by the State Association, predict that if Oregon is made dry in 1910, the travel from the East will stop, tourists will avoid Oregon and homeseekers will seek elsewhere to establish themselves. All of which is the veriest buncombe—a lot of rot so palpably rotten that it scarcely needs refutation. It is folly to declare that any traveller from the East visits, or would fail to visit, Portland or Oregon because he can or can not secure liquor. The traveller travels for some other purpose than getting a drink in Portland, and the wetness or dryness of Oregon will neither invite him nor interfere with his plans.

Of the tourist, it may be said that no one sufficiently sane to travel alone will make up his itinerary from a liquor dealer's map showing location of saloons.

As for homeseekers, it is impossible that many would more readily seek a town having saloons than one without. The saloons add nothing to the home and Oregon can well spare that sort of homeseeker who labors under the delusion that the saloon is a help to any state or community.

Many recent newcomers to Benton county have said to the writer of this that the absence of saloons in the city and county had much to do with their decision to locate here.

And solid business men here who once held the view entertained by the hotel men are convinced that they were sadly mistaken. The convincing argument has come to them in the shape of bills paid by drinkers, and cash paid by drinkers' wives and the purchase of larger bills of clothing and household goods by the drinkers who once spent their all in the infernal hell-holes that once made this city a hissing and by-word.

And to clinch the argument, these business men, convinced that the removal of the saloon would kill this city, have seen it grow more rapidly and sub-

stantially since the saloons were abolished than it ever did before. It is not claimed that the removal of the saloon has caused this growth, but it is denied that the saloon ever added anything but distress to this or any other community. The saloon builds up its owners and robs men, homes and cities of every thing that is worth while—it adds nothing.

The argument of the hotel men is the rankest sophistry, a fallacy in which there is no truth, an argument that will convince no one that is not anxious to be convinced.

**THE NEW STUDENT**

With the arrival of the O. A. C. student body, many fine, manly, young fellows are to be seen on Corvallis streets. Their faces show clean, well-ordered lives, and no sign of dissipation is there. The eye is bright and keen, lips are not discolored with nicotine nor distorted in shape by the use of a heavy pipe at the corner of the mouth, the skin is fair and not blotched; neither have they yet fallen victims to the extremes of fashion, the vicious slang, and more vile utterances indulged in by some who have been here longer.

It would be a great thing if these magnificent young fellows could find it within themselves to so order their lives during the coming school year that they will take back to their parents the same open countenances unscarred by the viciousness that is ever at hand for the young fellow weak enough to indulge. No one would deny these young men all the legitimate pleasures in existence, but every man who has hit the trail wishes that they might be granted the wisdom to find a happy medium and follow that through to the end.

Late hours never added ought but regret to any man's life. No one would have the boys go to bed "with the chickens," but it may be said that no boy making it a point to be at home and in bed at 10:30 ever lived to regret it. No young lady who makes it a point to be always in bed at 10:30, will ever have to marry in order to save her good name. Nor will her health be damaged by her rectitude in this respect.

Smoking can add nothing to a life that knows not the joy smoking is said to bring to some, so why have knowledge of that, which is also declared to be detrimental in many instances? It is an expensive and filthy habit, offensive to most people and does not add to any young man's popularity. A pipe or cigarette is not a certificate of intelligence or respectability, though it is not necessarily the opposite.

A love for the extreme of fashion is not a crime, but it does proclaim a mind too little occupied with something better, and it indicates a tendency to extreme in thought and disposition. This is never a recommendation. The young man in modest apparel, hat set on his head properly, with a bright eye, clear complexion, lips and fingers not discolored with nicotine, has his start in life half won.

The Gazette-Times would not make a girl of the boy, nor would it fashion him after a Sunday School if he chooses otherwise, but it would have the new boy not led astray by foolish older student who would by word and deed cause him to indulge in habits that can bring him little temporarily pleasure and considerable regret later.

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**AUNT NAN'S MISSION**

By M. QUAD.

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Being she had never married, and being she had reached the age of forty-five, most of the people of the village of Millville spoke of Miss Spooner as Aunt Nan, and she raised no objection. She had an income, and she lived alone. It was said of her that she was a disappointed woman. She was, but not in the sense that she had loved and lost. So far as any one knew she had never loved at all, though several widowers had cleaned their muddy feet on her doormat and tried to interest her in affairs matrimonial. Just what was the matter with Miss Spooner was that she was a woman with a mission, and did not know exactly what that mission was. Up to the age of thirty she had thought it was to convert the heathen of China and Africa, but the returns were so uncertain that she had finally decided that she was on the wrong track. Then it dawned on her to take up the temperance question, but here she was handicapped. Old Sol Pritchard was the only one in the village that got drunk, and his wife said that she would rather have him come home drunk than sober, as he broke fewer dishes.

There is nothing more discouraging than feeling that you have a mission and having that mission dodging you and keeping you in suspense. The only thing that can be done, however, is to wait. Miss Spooner waited, and at length her mission hove into view. It was in the form of a tramp. It called at her house for something to eat. She sat it down at the table and bade it fill up. While it was doing so she ran into a neighbor's to see if that neighbor couldn't spare an old coat, and when she returned the tramp had departed; also her watch and chain and other things.

Miss Spooner was justly indignant. She gave the alarm, the fellow was overhauled, and before night he was in jail at the county seat, six miles away, on a three months' sentence. The justice of the peace, the constable and others applauded her action, and for two or three days she felt that she had done her duty. Then the still small voice began to whisper to her. She had tempted the wayfarer. He had probably been driven to trampism by misfortune. He might have been an honest man up to this time. In fact, she made a dozen other excuses for him, and all at once it dawned on her that here was her long sought mission. There would be more joy over saving one tramp than in sending a million tracts to the heathen. She recalled that the man looked lonely and downcast, as if he realized that the world was against him, and she wasn't quite sure that he didn't have tears in his eyes as he sat down to the spread.

You probably know how conscience works when it gets out of leading strings, and it is useless to relate that within a week Aunt Nan was asking admission to the county jail. She had a friend in town and had driven over to tell her all about it and to stop for a few days. She began with the tramp by begging his pardon. He would have been no tramp at all if he hadn't taken his cue from this. He pleaded sudden impulse and stoutly asserted that he had turned about to restore the property when arrested. It was the only theft he had ever committed. He had been poor, but honest.

There was a second visit and a third. The tramp grew more mellow at every visit. He was ready to and did promise everything asked of him, including truth, sobriety, industry, economy, ambition and excelsior. Then Aunt Nan went home and enlisted the aid of her minister in the mission. They worked for a pardon, but failed to get it. No one else seemed to have a spark of sympathy for a downtrodden man who wanted to climb up. Then came a mental struggle in which the minister did not participate. It was all Miss Spooner's secret. She wanted that tramp out of jail that he might lose no time beginning a new life.

When Miss Spooner visited the jail again she carried a couple of flies with her, and they were left there. She had convinced herself that her mission was greater than the law. It took the tramp two nights to file through the bars, but on the third night, as the spinner sat alone in her house with swelling heart, he entered by the back door. She was expecting him. She was to give him \$10 to go far away and make a new start. He was to keep her in his thoughts as he climbed up and write her once a fortnight. The money was ready for him, as well as a package of provisions. She was giving him sisterly advice as to his future conduct when all of a sudden she was thrown to the floor. Before she could scream a second time there was a gag in her mouth, and then her hands and feet were tied, and she was helpless.

Then the tramp hummed a cheerful tune as he began a search of the house. He got her jewelry again; he got \$90 from a bureau drawer; he got her Sunday dress and her silver spoons and forks. She had some currant wine down cellar, and he drank three bottles and sat down beside her and delivered a brief lecture on missions and ended by calling her an idiot. Then he walked out and went over and stole the minister's horse and buggy and drove away. Three days later Aunt Nan called on the good man to ask:

"Parson, do you really believe I had a mission?"  
"If you did you made a fool of it!" was his blunt reply as he thought of his lost horse and buggy.

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