

# The Corvallis Times.

WEEKLY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.

Vol. XIX.-No. 3

CORVALLIS, OREGON, TUESDAY EVENING, JULY 24, 1906.

R. F. IRVING Editor and Proprietor

## Offerings for July!

Great reductions made in all our departments on the price of every article. Big stock from which to make your selections.

A Lot of childrens shoes sizes 11-2 to 21-2 at 50c.

A big lot of boys clothing, age 4 to 10 years at specially low price.

All Summer dress goods goes at a big discount. See our offerings and get prices.

**J. H. HARRIS.**

Corvallis,

Oregon

No Prizes go with our

**Chase & Sanborn High Grade COFFEE**

In fact nothing goes with our coffee but cream, sugar and **SATISFACTION**

**P. M. ZIEROLF.**

Sole agent for

**Chase & Sanborn High Grade COFFEE**

## New Sporting Goods Store.

A new and complete line consisting of

Bicycles, Guns, Ammunition,  
Fishing Tackle, Base Ball Supplies,  
Knives, Razors, Hammocks, Bicycle Sundries

In fact anything the sportsman need can be found at my store.

Bicycles and Guns for rent. General Repair Shop.  
All Work Guaranteed.

**M. M. LONG'S**

Ind. Phone 126.

Corvallis, Oregon.

## HOME-SEEKERS

If you are looking for some real good bargains in Stock, Grain, Fruit and Poultry Ranches, write for our special list, or come and see us. We take pleasure in giving you all the reliable information you wish, also showing you over the country.

**AMBLER & WATTERS**

Real Estate, Loan and Insurance  
Corvallis and Philomath, Oregon.

## SUGAR TRUST TYRANNY

OVER ITS MEN WORSE THAN THAT OF THE "JUNGLE."

The "System" of the Sweltering Refineries—What Goes to Make the Little White Lump—From Cuba to Dirty Wharves of Williamsburg.

This is the plain story of sugar and its slaves in New York. They make that pretty crystal lump of sweetness which you drop into your morning cup of coffee. It looks so clean and seems so pure white that never a suspicion rises in the mind of the taints mixed therein and the horrible conditions under which it is produced. What really goes to make this little lump is:

One ounce of sugar cane,  
One dash of dirt,  
One pound of flesh,  
One quart of human sweat,  
Twelve hours of slave-driven labor,

One half-starved family,  
One corrupted United States Senate and

One hundred per cent. trust profit. If you look along the Brooklyn shore of the East River just above the new Williamsburg bridge you will see a series of tall, dingy, red brick buildings lining the water front. These are the refineries of the Sugar Trusts, of which the Havemeyer are principal owners.

In the United States senate are men who have profited by Wall street transactions in Sugar Trust stock. Elverton R. Chapman, a broker, once went to jail for refusing to tell the senate who of these men were his customers in sugar speculations when favored legislation was being enacted.

Under the shadow of the tall refineries are hundreds of small houses of mean and squalid type. They shelter a swarming population of workers that go and come in day and night shifts from the great establishments. The man who leaves his home at 6 o'clock in the morning to begin work gives his bed to the tired laborer who has just ended a night's tour of duty and sleeps all day. Neither factory or bed is ever empty. The hours of labor are continuous, measured only by human endurance. Twelve hours are reckoned an easy day, but when fourteen, sixteen and eighteen hours are passed under the spur of driving foreman, your lump of sugar contains very nearly a human life.

It has had other ingredients, too. It was not always so clean and white and so delicately handled. It came from Cuba, or perhaps from far-off Java, in the hold of a ship. The cane that grew on the tropical plantation was crushed in a mill and the sweet juice flowed out to be boiled and crystallized into coarse brown sugar. It was packed in bags, and finally laid on the dirty wharf in front of the sugar refineries. There it was turned over to the Lithuanians and Poles, the sugar slaves, for refining. They shoveled the sugar like coal. They handled it as they would sand it re-enters. It was dumped into bins, it was boiled in caldrons, it was run through pipes, it was mixed with bone dust to clarify it, it was run over dirty floors, trampled and often times ground with dirt.

At 12 o'clock noon yesterday the whistle blew on the tall refinery. Half an hour was given for dinner. Hundreds of men, clad only in undershirts dripping with sweat and blue overall trousers, rushed out for a breath of air and a can of beer.

Their mouths parched for beer. It seems to be the only thing that quenches the thirst. Ice water gives them cramps and makes their heads hurt in the intense heat. Various drinks have been tried, but beer still remains the favorite. The average worker who earns \$10 per week spends \$2 of it for beer.

"Half of you stay here and clean up," ordered the foreman on each floor.

Then began the weekly cleaning of the refinery floor. It is no easy job of sweeping and scouring. Pick and ax take the place of broom and mop. The hot, sticky sugar that has spilled and leaked in the process of refining dries into a hard mass on the cement and iron floors. It is tramped on by the men and mixed with the dirt and debris

of a great factory. Many of the workmen chew tobacco and spit freely on the floor. On rainy days their boots bring in the mud of the street. On some floors the men wear no shoes and go about in bare feet. Drawing-room manners are hardly to be observed where the temperature is always above 100 degrees and men are working day and night with brute strength.

On the mixing floor, where the raw sugar first is dumped from the bags, and on the packing floor, where the refined product is run into barrels, the refuse is deep. It is like a hardened bed of cement, a sticky brown mess that has become solid as a street pavement.

The men dig it up in cakes and blocks. From other floors come the drippings. Not a pound of sugar is wasted. The rough brown bags that have brought the raw product from Cuba are put through a steaming process and every drop of clinging sweetness drained from them.

Is this sticky, dirty mess of sweepings of the refineries thrown away or put to some baser use? No, indeed. Back into the boiling vats it goes; on through the clarifiers and the drying drums it runs until it comes out the white lump of sugar that you drop in your morning coffee. You touch it only with the silver tongs and handle it so daintily. The treatment of that lump has not always been so careful.

Labor in the sugar refineries is as near to slavery as can be devised by modern business methods. No man is forced to work there, nor is he obliged to remain. So far as physical restraint is concerned, he is free; but once caught in the meshes of the sugar system he becomes a slave, body and soul, sweating his life away for pittance wages and struggling every waking hour to make money enough to buy food and shelter. The Poles no longer write home urging their countrymen to come over and enter the sugar pens.

"Will your son go in to the sugar houses when he grows up?" was asked of one worker.

The man raised his eyes toward heaven and stretched out his arm in a gesture to shield the lad.

"God forbid," he said. "Anything but that."

Out in the jungle of Chicago's stockyards there are other Poles and Lithuanians. They slaughter cattle and pack meat. Their life and their hardships have been pictured in minute detail recently. They labor hard for 10 hours a day but they are able to rise to better pay positions. Yet the whole world has raised in indignation and horror over their condition.

There is no jungle around the refineries of Brooklyn. There is dirt, but no indescribable filth. There is no decaying of meat nor sickening smells. But the Lithuanians and Poles who labor here suffer more than their brothers in Chicago; they work harder; they work longer hours for less pay, and in the heat of their factory the giant of the jungle would become as weak as a babe.

In these torrid days of summer the refineries become boiling, sizzling caldrons of intense heat, in which thousands of men are laboring with might and main, stripped almost to nakedness. The hot air seems to scorch their lungs as they breathe it in. The sweat runs from them in tiny streams. Their skin is beaded white. Their muscles become tired and weak. Their heads grow dizzy; things begin to go round and round before their eyes. Then they drop to the floor.

"Get him to the ice-box," commands the foreman. The unconscious sufferer is thrust into a rough box packed around with ice. The boiling blood inside his veins is cooled. Sometimes he revives, sometimes he does not. The ambulance dashes deep into the refinery. It is only three short blocks to the hospital. The foreman merely notes the hour. The victim's pay stops when he falls.

The refineries are simply huge steam kettles. Always it is boil, boil, boil, steam, bake and dry, with temperatures of 100, 150, 200 and even 240 in the great caldrons, vats and pipes. Around them stand the workmen, who earn 14 1-2 cents per hour, or \$1.74 per day, if they work from 6 A. M. to 6 P. M. without stopping. In these mid-summer days, when even the shade offices, stores and shops are oppressively warm, the sugar-worker amid his boiling caldrons and on

Continued on page 4.

## WAR CONTINUES

A LIEUTENANT AND TWELVE PRIVATES AND A SCOUT ARE KILLED.

Regulars Ordered Out—Major Neville Reports That 400 to 1000 of the Insurgents are in the Field—Other News.

Manila, July 23.—A detachment of Constabulary, Lieutenant Williams commanding, encountered a band of 600 Pulajanes near Buraen, on the Island of Leyte, yesterday morning. Lieutenant Worwick, 12 privates and Civilian Scout McBride were killed.

The constabulary were driven back. The Pulajanes secured 14 rifles and two revolvers. The bodies of Worwick, McBride and ten privates were recovered. Reinforcements of constabulary have been sent from the nearest station.

Major Nevill, commanding the military, has ordered a company of the Twenty-fourth regular infantry to be hurried to the scene. Major Neville reports that there are from 400 to 1000 Pulajanes in the field.

Lieutenant Worwick was a graduate of the University of Kansas, and was appointed to the constabulary last February. He graduated from the constabulary school June 4, and this was his first battle. Buraen is situated in an isolated portion of Leyte.

Los Angeles, July 20.—Sacrifice by fire is the latest symptom of fanaticism, of which the Holy Rollers have given evidence. Immolation of the oldest children is the program, unless the authorities interfere. This extreme manifestation of religious frenzy has aroused the little town of Monrovia to a degree that Marshal Miller has made it his business to attend the meetings of the sect every afternoon and evening, not knowing in what form the frenzy will break out next.

Neighborhood gossip has stirred the townspeople because of the rumors that the eldest children of certain families of the faithful are being segregated to go through an ordeal of purity, later to be paschal lambs of slaughter.

A wave of Holy Rollerism has swept along the Pacific coast, but it remained for Monrovia to reach the radical stage. Two of the best-known adherents of the faith are known to have kept their oldest children locked up at the home for some time, and out of this has grown the story that a sacrifice of children will happen if the authorities do not stop the fanatic element.

Last night the sermon of Evangelist Cook advocated self-immolation by fire. He said that it was a Christian's noblest fate to die by fire, to make himself a living sacrifice to God.

Forest Grove, Or., July 14.—Forest Grove narrowly escaped a great catastrophe Friday night about 10 o'clock, when the telephone line got crossed with the trolley wire of the new electric car line, thus sending over 550 volts over the telephone wire, turning out the switch and fuse board at central, setting the office afire in place, raising havoc with over 500 private phones, starting a blaze in Schultz's butcher shop and raising a great disturbance in general.

The rope holding the trolley arm down and in place became detached. The arm flew up and caught on to the telephone line, which crosses the trolley wire in front of McNamer's butcher shop. This tore the phone wires from the insulators and brought them in direct contact with the entire voltage required to run the car and electric lights. This was about 9:15 and Night Operator Ray Williams immediately felt the shock and luckily escaped being electrocuted. Young Williams is new at the business and didn't think about ripping out all the fuses, which would have prevented most of the damage, but instead turned the hose on the burning switch and insulation and caused a continuous current over the whole affair, as water is a good conductor of electricity. The water covered the office floor and the whole room became a strong electric battery. Williams saw that

he couldn't do anything with it, so sent for Electrician Hughes, the owner of the Hughes telephone line, who cut out the fuses and checked all further damage. Williams, discovering the blaze in Schultz's butcher's shop near by, broke into the building and extinguished the flames which might have caused the destruction of the entire business block.

Salem, Or., July 20.—For the first time in the history of the state, practically every dollar of the common school fund is out on interest. The report of the state treasurer, just filed, shows a balance of a little over \$70,000 in the fund, but applications for loans to this amount have been approved and the money will be drawn from the treasury in a few days. Three years ago there was idle money to the amount of \$750,000 in the common school fund. The amount has gradually decreased until it is all out at interest, chiefly on real estate loans. The total amount drawing interest is now slightly in excess of \$4,000,000, which sum is bringing 6 per cent interest.

Lawn social at the Presbyterian church next week.

Goats for Sale.

65 head. Inquire of G. Baringer, or Ind. phone 51 Oakridge line Alsea party please notice.

Fine Platinums and Aristo Platinums Photos at the Corvallis Studio.

—One dollar reward is offered for return of a lost cat, second-hand oil stoves and other articles are offered at bargains, and many other interesting announcements appear in the advertising columns. Read everything in the paper.

—Arthur Alexander has been given a position in the General Electric works at Portland. His mother, Mrs. Isabel and sister, Mrs. Keith Brown left yesterday to join him, expecting to take up their residence there.

**GRAND Mid-week Excursion To Newport and Return Wed. July 25**

From Albany, Corvallis and Philomath. Leaves Albany 7:30, Corvallis 8, Philomath 8:12.

Returning leaves Newport at 5:30 arrives Albany 10. Fare Albany, Corvallis and Philomath \$1.50, Children \$1.00.

For the benefit of those who do not care to go on excursions on Sunday the C. & E. has arranged to run the above grand mid-week excursion.

Five and one half hours of fun and pleasure at the briny deep.

**Come and bring the children and enjoy the day.**

Summons.

In the circuit court in the state of Oregon, for Benton county.

Catherine Boehringer, Plaintiff,

vs.

Oregon and California Railroad Co., and Union Trust Company, Defendants.

To Union Trust Company, the above named defendant:

In the name of the state of Oregon you are hereby summoned and required to appear and answer the complaint of the plaintiff in the above entitled suit, in the above entitled court, now on file in the office of the clerk of said court on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the order for publication of this summons made by the county judge of Benton county, state of Oregon (which order is hereinafter referred to) to-wit: August 31, 1906, and you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as herein required, for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the above entitled court for the relief demanded in her said complaint, to-wit: that the defendant O. & C. R. Co. make a deed to plaintiff conveying the N. W. quarter of N. W. quarter of Section 29, Township 13 S., R. 2 W., in Benton county, Oregon; that defendant Union Trust Company join in said deed, and that if defendants refuse to make such deed then that the decree of the above entitled court stand in lieu thereof.

This summons is published in the Corvallis Times newspaper once a week for six successive and consecutive weeks, beginning with the issue of August 21, 1906, in pursuance of the directions contained in an order made by the Hon. E. Woodward, county judge of Benton county, Oregon, dated July 26, 1906. Date of first publication hereof is July 20, 1906.

E. E. WILSON, Plaintiff's Attorney.

Best line of postal cards, combs and scenery at the Bazaar.