

THREE DOLLARS A BUSHEL.

And Better for Oregon Apples—Growers are Getting Rich From Their Sale.

Hood River and its apples are in the public eye. Many Oregonians journeyed Hood Riverward last week to see the apple fair. The display of fruit is said to have been beautiful. It was the talk in Portland that the exhibition was as fine as the world can make in the apple line. Great, indeed, is Hood River and her apple industry.

There is, however, something remarkable in this story of apples and the beautiful valley up the Columbia. It is a valley known in the markets and busy streets of New York City. It is known in the wealthy homes of that great town. It is known in London and to London apple buyers. "Hood River Apples" emblazoned on a box of fruit sells the apples without question on the part of the buyer. Three dollars and fifteen cents a box for Spitzenbergs and \$2.90 for Newtowns, is the price Hood River growers got for their apples this season. The crop is all sold.

Three dollars and fifteen cents a bushel is a beautifully profitable recompense for the trouble of growing apples. The snug sum of \$4,500 is what a 20-acre orchard netted one man and there are dozens and scores of similar instances in the Hood River valley. The growers are all getting rich, just as hop growers have made fortunes in the Independence district the past years. Yet, it is a truth, a solemn sacred truth, that great as is Hood River, famed and fabled as are her apples, it is possible to grow and sell apples just as well in the Willamette valley. Equally good apples can be produced, and equally fancy figures can be secured for them. A box of apples displayed for sale in the Corvallis market last week and grown on Benton soil were just as fine apples as the best exhibited at the Hood River fair. That is the statement of a man who saw the box at Corvallis and saw the apples at the fair. He is an apple expert. He knows where of he speaks. He has no motive that would cause him to misrepresent. What he says is not in derogation of Hood River, but in glorification of Benton and other Willamette valley counties.

But why has Hood River all this fame and why are her apples clamored for all over the world at fancy prices? The answer is easy according to this apple expert. It is a case where one far seeing mind and one indomitable worker led his community up and on in progress. This man saw that the world wanted perfect apples, and would pay liberally for them. There is no fruit so standard, so stable, so all-valuable in a home as an apple and he knew it. But it must be an unblemished apple. It must look right. It must taste right. It must be clean and attractively packed.

All this the Hood River leader understood and he began to preach it to his neighbors. In season and out he talked, explained, demonstrated. He proved it by what he grew. By degrees he convinced his neighbors. He induced them to spray, to cultivate and to adopt every method suggested by scientific inquiry. The trees now are gone over when the apples are babies, an inch or two through. If too thick the apples are thinned by picking. They are not allowed to grow nearer than five inches apart. That makes an apple of perfect size and shape. It lays the foundation for fame and fancy figure. A skilled association packs and ships all the fruit. The private orchardist doesn't do it. Enlightenment directs every department of the industry. Experience shows that it is easier to do it that way than by the old fashioned, slipshod method. The consequence is that every grower is getting rich.

It could be the same in the Willamette valley. The soil is here. So is the climate. In all the uplands of the foothills is the place. That is what an apple expert who knows says. The industry, though lies dormant, dead, unawakened. There is no master mind to arouse it. There is no firm hand to lead. There is no clear headed prophet like they had at Hood River to forsee and to go ahead and blaze the way. There is no E. L. Smith for he is the man who, more than all others, is the maker of the fame and fast multiplying wealth of Hood River.

If you want clover and grass seeds go to Zierolf's.

Here are the Winners!

EVERY man who comes to us for clothes goes away looking like a winner. We get him into Hart, Schaffner & Marx clothes, and that's the best clothes thing that will ever happen to any man.

These clothes of ours the most perfectly tailored, all-wool fabrics; the styles are the correct models and we guarantee a perfect fit.

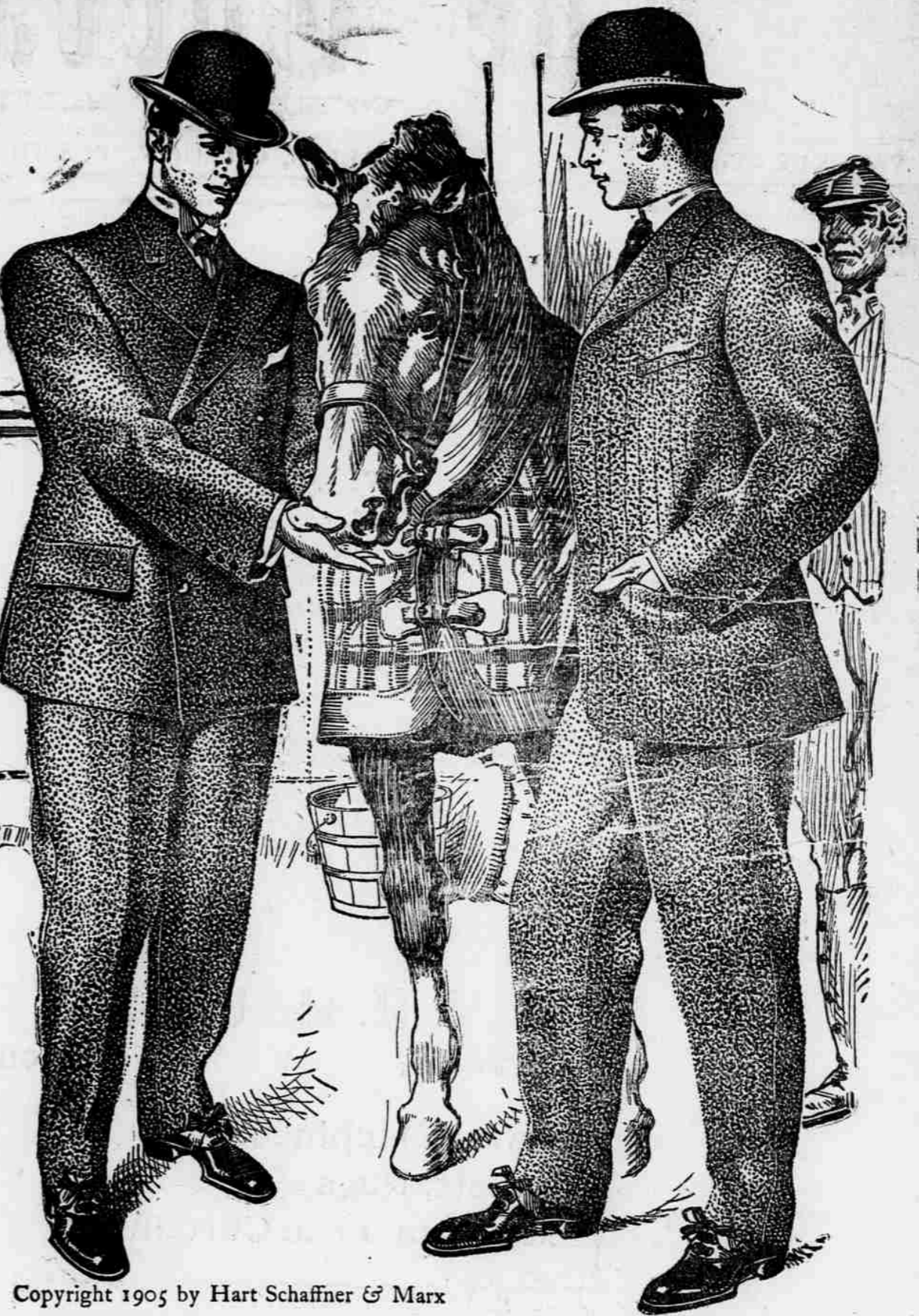
\$15:00 to \$30:00

The People's Store.

S. L. KLINE

Established 1864.

Corvallis, Oregon



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HE SWAPPED CAKES ON THEM.

How Two Prominent O. A. C. Lads got Taken in by a Portland Dealer.

It was a red cake, that is the frosting was red. Bert Pilkington and Herman Tartar espied it in a Portland bake shop. The only way to make red frosting is by use of dyes injurious to health. The boys as attaches of the food commissioners office, were on their rounds in search of adulterated foods. They bought the red cake. They carried and chatted with him while the proprietor wrapped it. He asked them sweetly to "call again" as he handed them the package and they passed out. They remembered his sweetness of manner afterward.

The boys chuckled as they repaired to the food commissioners office to analyze the frosting on the red cake. It was a clear case and no mistake. The red coloring would supply the evidence and the lawbreaking bake shop man would have a fine to pay.

Two attaches of the commissioner's office looked blankly into each other's faces when they unrolled the package and viewed that red cake. The whitest chuckle was gone and a sort of a "well, I'll-be-durned" expression was on each physiognomy. The red cake was a brown one. It hadn't turned brown during the transfer from the shop to the office either. The knowing proprietor was wise to their game, as the parlance of the street would put it. As he wrapped up the package, he had deftly substituted the brown cake for the red one, and thereby withheld the evidence they would have used in prosecuting him. They hurried back to the shop, but the red cake was not there. It had been put carefully out of their reach, and the laugh was on the boys.

A RAILROAD INCIDENT.

Two Cots in the Baggage Car, and the Sequel Thereto—Brother and Sister.

A strange coincidence transpired on the north bound train at Independence Friday. H. W. Murphy of Corvallis, a pioneer and eminently respectable citizen of was enroute to Portland, to enter a

occupied a cot in the baggage car, being much spent in strength after an illness of several weeks. At Independence another cot was lifted into the baggage car, and placed by the side of that occupied by Mr. Murphy. The occupant of the new cot turned out to be Mrs. Lucas, a sister of Mr. Murphy, and she too, was enroute to Portland to enter a hospital. Her trouble was a fractured limb, just sustained. The surprise of the two was complete, but it was easily imaginable as they chatted together during the rest of the journey that something more than surprise entered into the incident. It was a brother and sister's love and sympathy and it did much to mollify the pain and shorten the distance to the metropolis.

CARVED THE LETTERS HIGH.

How an Unknown Student Wrote O. A. C. far up a Rocky Ocean Cliff.

High up on a sheer cliff at the mouth of the Umpqua river, where the flying surf is sometimes storm driven until blown against the rocky wall, are the familiar letters, "O.A.C." There, where the sea gulls fly and the monotonous thunder of the surf never ceases, the well known letters perennially tell the story of the educational institution at which so many young people have dispersed in the founts of knowledge. It is 75 feet from the ground to where the letters are boldly carved in the living rock, and it is a mystery how the intrepid OAC boy who put them there was able to reach the vantage point from where his pocket knife fashioned the characters he loved. But there they are, and there they hold aloft the banner of the college and tell in letters that the winter storms cannot blot out the story of one of her boy's devotion and loyalty to the institution. The point is where the Gardiner road passes to the beach and in a position so conspicuous that no passer-by can fail to read the significant inscription, and to interpret to the uppermost the reason of why it is there. Dr. Withycombe saw the monogram on his recent trip to Coos county and he is anxious to learn the name of the loyal son of OAC who carved the letters there.

Leave orders at Zierolf's for fresh Yaquina bay oysters for delivery Sat

REDUCED SUMMER EXCURSION RATES.

Newport, Yaquina Bay, Breitenbush Hot Springs From All S. P. and C & E. Points.

On and after June 1, 1906, the Southern Pacific in connection with the Corvallis & Eastern railroad, will have on sale round trip tickets from points on their lines to Newport, Yaquina and Detroit at low rates, good for return until October 10, 1906.

Three day tickets to Newport and Yaquina, good going Saturdays and returning Mondays, are also on sale from all East Side points, Portland to Eugene, inclusive, and from all West Side points, enabling people to visit their families and spend Sunday at the seaside.

Season tickets from all East Side points, Portland to Eugene, inclusive, and from all West Side points, are also on sale to Detroit at very low rates, with stop-over privileges at Mill City or any point East, enabling tourists to visit the Santiam and Breitenbush Hot Springs in the Cascade Mountains, which can be reached in one day.

Season tickets good for return from all points until Oct. 10. Three-day tickets good Saturdays and returning Mondays only. Tickets for Portland and vicinity good for return via the East or West Side. Tickets from Eugene and vicinity will be good going via the Lebanon-Springfield branch. Baggage on Newport tickets checked through to Newport; on Yaquina tickets to Yaquina only. Sunday excursions to Newport on the C. & E. will begin June 10th or 17th and run every Sunday thereafter, leaving Albany at 7:30 a. m.; leaving Corvallis 9 a. m. S. P. trains connect with the C. & E. at Albany and Corvallis for Yaquina and Newport. Trains on the C. & E. for Detroit will leave Albany at 7:30 a. m., enabling tourists to the Hot Springs to reach there the same day. Trains from and to Corvallis connect with all East Side trains on the S. P.

Full information as to rates, time tables, etc., can be obtained on application to J. C. Mayo, Gen. Pass. Agt. C. & E. R., Albany; A. L. Craig, G. P. A. S. P. Co., Portland, or to any S. P. or C. & E. agent. Rates from Corvallis to Newport, \$3.75; To Yaquina, \$3.25. Three-day rate from Corvallis to Newport, \$2.50.

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