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IN THE ORCHARD.

Oh! here, beneath this roof of green,
I throw me down and dream again
The golden dreams of what has been
And future harvests yet to gain!

The wheat waves in the field close by,
An apple, ripened ere its time,
Drops from the tree, the sun's great eye
Seeks through the leaves, and, as I rhyme,

The birds weave to and fro and sing
The very songs I would declare,
And now and then the branches swing
Stirred gently by a wandering air.

The binders, clicking in the wheat,
The whistle of a passing train,
The distant noises of the street,
Are to my song a low refrain.

To-day! To-day I rest at ease!
And pick the golden fruits that grow
In solitude on twigs of peace—
The fruits that only dreamers know.
—New York News.

UNCLE MARTIN'S MONEY.

ROSEVILLE was asleep in the dulness of Sunday afternoon. In Mrs. Maloney's sitting room there was the odor of strong tea, and that meant that Mrs. Burns and Mrs. Ryan had stayed over after mass for dinner and were having a friendly cup of tea before they started homeward with their husbands. The men themselves were hanging about the village somewhere. There had been silence for some minutes—a heavy, thoughtful silence—after Mrs. Maloney's last remark. The good women were relatives, cousins in the first degree, and Mrs. Maloney had been talking of their maternal uncle.

"It's a perfect shame," she had said. "Uncle Martin has a good deal of money saved up. I am sure. He won't spend it himself and he won't give anybody else a chance at it, and, like as not, when he dies, he'll leave it to Father Shanahan for something or other that he happens to take into his head. Martin's getting dreadful pious in his old days, since he's been living alone in the little house."

"He hasn't it in any bank at Fairbrook," said Mrs. Ryan, "because Pat has asked."

"Like as not," Mrs. Burns said, "he has it hid in the house somewhere. He's that queer about it, you never can tell. He's always wishing he had money enough for a trip to Chicago. But the Lord knows that it is he that could go if he wanted to. Not a chick nor a child to hold him."

Mrs. Maloney looked thoughtfully at the speaker. "I saw him get in with the McGoverns after mass. He was going out to the farm to dinner with them. We might walk over to the house, and if he's in, give him a little visit. If he isn't—"

"The key is under the doormat," said Mrs. Burns.

And over to Uncle Martin's the good ladies went. He was not at home, and the key was under the mat. The house, though generally clean, had the air of being managed by a man, which women see at once. The pipe was laid away with the cups and saucers, and a pair of shoes stood prominently on one of the chairs. But none of them had any eyes for these incongruities to-day.

"How much," said Mrs. Maloney, "do you think he might have?" as she drew out a drawer of the old bureau and began going through it.

"A thousand or so," said Mrs. Burns, from the depth of an old rag bag.

"I don't believe it's that much," said Mrs. Ryan, as she went through the old cans and jugs stored away in the closet.

They were so busy that they did not hear a step outside, just as the three of them concluded to look through the cornshucks in the tick.

But all their digging brought forth nothing but a few cents laid away for ready change, less than a dollar altogether.

Red in the face with hurry, and a little bit ashamed, too, they put things back as best they could.

"I wonder where he has it, anyway?"



Amateur Photography
Adulol Developer.—Adulol without alkali gives an excellent developer. Water, sulphate of soda and adulol form the working solution, which gives excellent shadows without the slightest fog. Only when under-exposed, the usual quantity of alkali should be added to the developer. The picture appears slowly, taking even as much as a minute, when over-exposed. Bromide of potassium is a good retarder for adulol. In the collodion-emulsion process adulol has the great advantage of hydroquinone, preventing the settlement of any impure matter at less pure places. A great advantage is also the strong insensibility of the materials toward the carbonic acid of the atmosphere.—Photo. Times.

Window Transparencies.—Old cast-off negatives can excellently be made use of. A strong fixing soda solution, to which is added an abundant quantity of red prussiate of potassium, is prepared as reducer, and in this preparation they are left until the old pictures have entirely disappeared. The plates are then well washed and dried. For sensitizing, the ordinary blue solution, consisting of equal parts of a solution of green oxide of iron ammonia and red prussiate of potassium, is applied. (The formula for this will follow at the end.) The bath should act for at least five to six minutes, after which the plates are taken out, and are placed in a dark room to dry. On the following day print under a negative. The exposure should not be too short, and a little overexposure will do no harm. When the plate is taken from the printing-frame, put it, film side up, in a tray with water, and the dispositive will almost at once appear clearly. If the exposure was too long the shadows will remain yellow; but this will do no harm, as the further treatment will make this discoloration disappear again. Prepare now a solution of ordinary soda (about 10 per cent.) and bathe the well-washed dispositive. It seems to disappear completely, the whole picture becomes yellow and thin. Now wash again thoroughly, and put the plate in very dilute muriatic acid—about 1 to 80—and you will be astonished how slow and handsome the blue picture is building up. As soon as the desired intensity has been obtained, wash again and dry on a rack. The formula for preparing the blue solution is according to Professor Valenta:

Solution 1.—Red prussiate of potassium, 4.5 g.; distilled water, 50 g. Solution 2.—Green citric oxide of iron ammonia, 12.5 g.; distilled water, 50 g. Equal parts of Solutions 1 and 2 are mixed. For a few 9x12 plates 30 to 40 c. c. m. sensitizing solution are sufficient.—Photographic Times.

A summons from the store came just then, and Mrs. Maloney was, fortunately, left alone.

"He must have seen us," she moaned, as she dropped into a chair. After dinner she went out and hitched Jenny to the road cart, telling her husband that she was going for a little drive. Once out of sight, however, she made Jenny fly.

There were tears and gnashing of teeth in the Burns and the Ryan households, but in the end the butter money was produced and, added to what Mrs. Maloney had saved by odd dressmaking jobs in the village, the guilty women managed to get the \$150 together.

Toward six o'clock Mrs. Maloney slipped into Martin's little house and put the money into the tick. The next morning early, when the Maloneys were at their breakfast, Uncle Martin appeared, chuckling. "It was in the straw tick," he reported truthfully enough. "Moved about a little. I guess I've made up my mind to take that trip to Chicago. I am so glad after my scare that I feel like celebrating. And you never can tell what may happen," he went on, chuckling anew, and looking at his niece.

"That's right, that's right," said her husband. "You might as well have the good of it yourself. You worked hard enough for it."

Mrs. Maloney choked, and set down the cup of coffee she was drinking, and rose hastily from the table. Uncle Martin looked on sympathetically.

But the chagrined and angry woman had one consolation. She knew that there were two others no less uncomfortable than she to find the old man going merrily to Chicago on their hard-earned money.

Alas, curiosity is the ancient sin of woman, and it seems to take many lessons to break her of it.—New York News.

MRS. JAMES G. BLAINE.

Wife of the Distinguished American Statesman, Passes Away.

Mrs. James G. Blaine, widow of the brilliant American statesman, who died in 1893, passed away recently at



the Blaine homestead, at Augusta, Me., in her seventy-sixth year. For some time past she had been sick and her death was due to a general breaking down of the system.

Mrs. Blaine was a native of Augusta, her maiden name being Harriet Stanwood. She and her distinguished husband were married in Kentucky, where Mr. Blaine was teaching in a military institute in Blue Lick Springs. She also was a teacher, being connected with a ladies' seminary near Augusta. Her long life in Washington during Mr. Blaine's notable career made her one of the most prominent

women of the national capital. She leaves one son, James G. Blaine, and two daughters, Mrs. Harriet Beale and Mrs. Walter Damrosch, of New York, who were at her bedside during her last illness.

Mrs. Blaine was a woman of remarkable personality, great will power and limitless ambition. This ambition was not, however, for herself, but for her husband. She believed him the most gifted of statesmen and ever held the hope of the White House alluringly before him. When he was defeated at the polls by Grover Cleveland in 1884 she was tremendously disappointed, but did not even then lose hope. In 1892 General Harrison was a candidate to succeed himself and Blaine had promised to support him. At the Minneapolis convention, however, Mr. Blaine announced himself as a candidate, and Mrs. Blaine's influence was said to have been responsible for this change of front. After her husband's death Mrs. Blaine practically retired from the world. With his demise the object of her ambition passed and the public saw and heard little of her. Her gifts of mind and speech and her strong will would have made her among the most noted ladies of the White House had her husband been elected to the presidency.

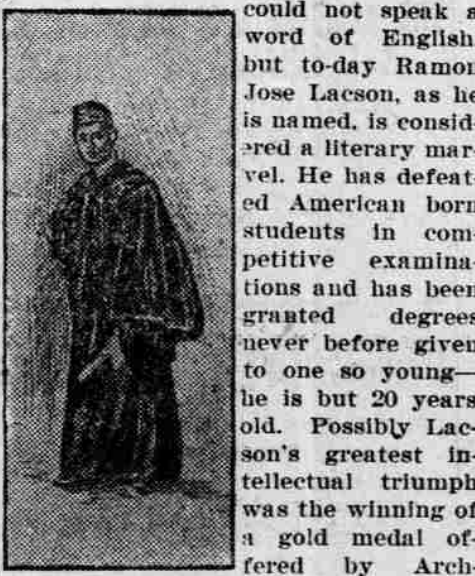


MISS ANNIE DONAHUE.

ment life-saving station have been ignored, the neighbors have organized a volunteer life-saving club, a member of which is always on watch. Miss Annie Donahue, 19, is a tall and willowy beauty. She has saved a boy and a girl from drowning at the pier, and effected another rescue by leaping from an excursion boat as it was passing through Hell Gate. On this occasion she saved a woman.

A TALENTED FILIPINO.

The begowned Filipino shown in the illustration is a student at Georgetown University. Four years ago he could not speak a word of English, but to-day Ramon Jose Lacson, as he is named, is considered a literary marvel. He has defeated American born students in competitive examinations and has been granted degrees never before given to one so young—he is but 20 years old. Possibly Lacson's greatest intellectual triumph was the winning of a gold medal offered by Archbishop Riordan for the best essay on the Christian religion, the essay to be written in English. His father, a rich sugar planter of Negros province, was one of the first natives to recognize the sovereignty of the United States.



RAMON LACSON.

Speaking From Experience. Miss Dorey.—We girls are just wild about Victor Pretty.

Mrs. Blunthair.—Now, I simply can't endure him. I like strong, stern-browed men of indomitable will.

"Gracious! What for?" "They are so easy to manage."—Life.

Women may be outspoken, but they are never out-talked.

Inhabitants of New Mexico believe in a future State.

SOME COSTLY FOUNDATIONS.

Part of London Said to Be Built on Veritable Quicksands.

In connection with a recent American "sky-scraper" building it is reported, says Tit-Bits, that the foundations, which go five stories below the street level, will cost something like \$100,000, this being quite irrespective of the price of the ground. But this is by no means a record even here in England, for the huge excavations in Whitehall, intended for the war office and other buildings, will run it pretty hard and in the case of a Manchester block of buildings the huge total has been surpassed.

In this latter case, however, the shifty character of the ground constituted a veritable quicksand, into which tens of thousands of pounds were literally flung, only to be absorbed, as it seemed, everlastingly, just as years before Chat Moss swallowed up everything that the best engineers of the world could throw into it during the construction of the Manchester and Liverpool line. There is, as property owners cannot disguise from themselves, one whole district of London where houses and shops, many of them only recently built, bulge and crack and have frequently to be "shored up," and a great engineer has lately said that in order to build safely in this crowded teeming part of London the foundations of every house would cost more than the place itself. In a short walk of half a mile or so the writer counted, more than fifty houses that either were or had been cracked from basement to roof and in every case this was because a sufficient sum had not been spent on the foundations of the buildings.

In some towns the hidden foundations bear such a startling proportion in the way of cost to the general structure of the buildings that within the area of a few principal streets millions sterling are sunk beneath the street level never to be seen by man. In a certain populous Yorkshire town an old quarry, covering a huge space and tremendously deep, happened to be in a part of the town that became fashionable. The work of filling in this vast opening took some years and before a single stone of the splendid houses that were afterward to stand there was to be seen a sum of over \$100,000 had been spent in filling up the great gap and in securing the deep cement foundations upon which mansions were to arise.

GIRL WHO IS MEMBER OF A VOLUNTEER LIFE SAVING CLUB.

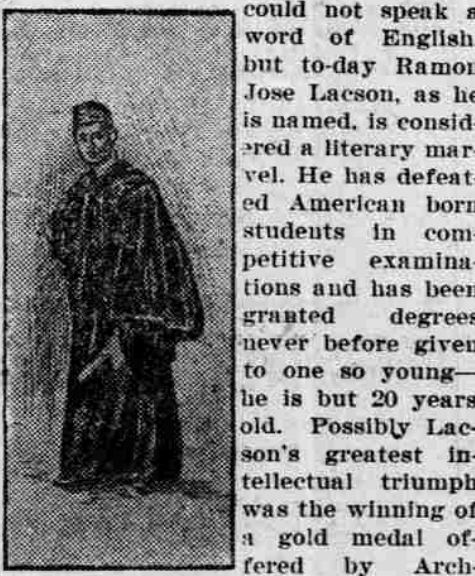
Up near the 91st street pier, in New York City, where the water is deep and the current swift, children are plenty and quite venturesome. They are always falling into the water. As there is no special police supervision over them, and appeals for a govern-



ment life-saving station have been ignored, the neighbors have organized a volunteer life-saving club, a member of which is always on watch. Miss Annie Donahue, 19, is a tall and willowy beauty. She has saved a boy and a girl from drowning at the pier, and effected another rescue by leaping from an excursion boat as it was passing through Hell Gate. On this occasion she saved a woman.

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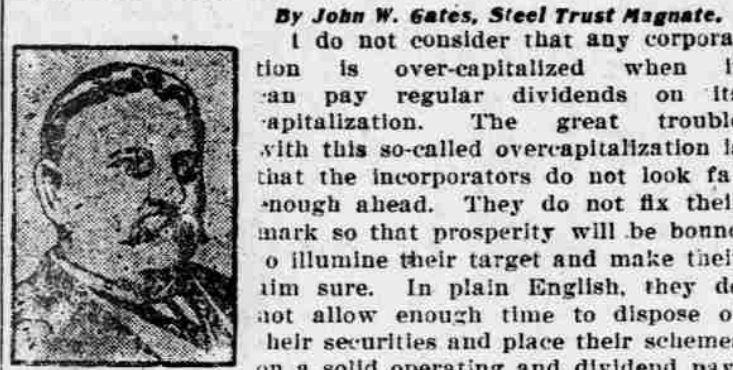
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OVERCAPITALIZATION.



By John W. Gates, Steel Trust Magnate. I do not consider that any corporation is over-capitalized when it can pay regular dividends on its capitalization. The great trouble with this so-called overcapitalization is that the incorporators do not look far enough ahead. They do not fix their mark so that prosperity will be bound to illumine their target and make their aim sure. In plain English, they do not allow enough time to dispose of their securities and place their schemes on a solid operating and dividend paying basis. Many of the failures of the present are due to this fact. For instance, a company that was expected to float successfully and operate remuneratively at about this time would run up against an absolutely dead security market. Of course the good ones will come out all right—they can afford to wait the time when all securities will be sought for eagerly for investment purposes.

Of course there are some corporations that have difficulty in floating in the most prosperous times. They are organized largely to make money through sales of stock. The dividend proposition is a remote consideration. But these corporations would never see the light of day if the bankers were more conservative. In nine out of ten cases the bankers are responsible for putting this class of securities on the market. It is to the banks that incorporators first go to lay the foundation for the flotation of their stock. If, therefore, there was more conservatism among banks, less inclination to participate in apparent good things without fully sounding their actual means and ultimate ends, there would be fewer failures, fewer shortcomings, attributed to overcapitalization.

HOW TO FIGHT TYPHUS AND TYPHOID FEVER.

By Prof. Dr. Robert Koch. While possessing only unprofessional reports—those of the daily press—respecting the recent typhoid epidemics in the United States I do not hesitate to say that in numerous cases cited the word typhus should have been substituted for the term typhoid. Every newspaper reader, if he has access to medical statistics, will find that the mortality from typh fever and the frequency of their occurrence in cities have decreased steadily during the last ten or fifteen years. Why are city people less subjected to these deadly diseases? Because sewage, plenty of hot and cold water, and facilities for bathing make them cleaner than the average country folks.

I warn everybody that typhus, as well as typhoid, is communicated from man to man, that it is highly contagious—as contagious as cholera, and can be restricted and fought by the public health authorities and henceforth must be subjected to the rules and regulations that apply to cases of cholera and malaria. I spent three months in the typhus and typhoid districts about Treves, Germany, where unimproved towns and villages were alike affected with deadly results. I learned that one case was propagated by another, despite ordinary sanitary precautions. The disease was communicated by inhaling the patient's breath, by a handshake, by wiping his brow, by washing his linen in the same tub with the rest of the people's, etc. In the Treves district I likewise observed that small children often suffer from typh fever in mild form so as not to be obliged to take to their bed. I found over 100 such cases where parents had neglected to call in a physician. As a consequence, no precautions whatever were observed and whole households and schools were infected, sometimes long after the little sufferers had gotten over their indisposition.

I found thirty-two persons ill to the death and removed them at once to a barrack lazaretto, set up on the hill outside the infected district. The sick people left in the houses

MERRY MEAL TIMES.

The Table No Place for Fault Finding, Nagging and Strife.

Has it ever been your lot to sit at a table with a group of young folks who eat the meal in silence, or with a few constrained remarks, looking askance at the head of the family, before venturing on any remark? I have seen such a sight on more than one occasion. Doctors have told us over and over again of the beneficial results arising from a meal eaten with a contented frame of mind and with cheerful surroundings, but, sad to say, there are many households where each meal is a constant scene of bickering, nagging and fault finding.

This is not the only case where there are young children, who require a reprimand occasionally for carelessness, but I am speaking of those homes where the girls and boys are well into their teens. Sad is that house and wrong is that parent, either father or mother, who chooses the hour when all are assembled round the table to mention some half-forgotten grievance or to find some fault.

If any trivial thing has been done wrong, or any duty omitted, wait until after dinner or tea is over before you scold, blame or reprimand. Let the food which God gives us for the purpose of nourishing and sustaining our bodies have the opportunity of accomplishing that end, which cannot be the case if every mouthful is swallowed with either a sarcastic word or an uncomplimentary remark. More indignation, nervousness and other derangements are caused by the too common fault of uncomfortable meal times than many people would suppose, and it is our positive duty, which we should all try to remember, to make those hours of the day cheerful and agreeable to the children, and to set them an example which you would be the first to notice and approve in others.—The Scotsman.

A COLONEL'S SWAGGER.

Was Among the Causes of the Bloody Tragedy in Servia's Capital.

One of the contributing causes, and perhaps the greatest, to the revolution in Servia, in which King Alexander and Queen Draga perished, was Lieutenant Colonel Nicodem Lunjevics, one of the Queen's younger brothers. When Draga, who had been a lady in waiting to Alexander's mother, ex-Queen Natalie, became Queen, one of

her first actions was to send Nicodem to Paris to round out his education and obtain a knowledge of French military methods. She had formed a great design for the young man, her ambition being, in the event that there would be no issue to her marriage to Alexander, to set him upon the Serbian throne. Possessing an unbounded influence over King Alexander, Draga had no difficulty in making him look upon her scheme favorably, and in the designs of the royal couple, Nicodem, who had not a drop of royal blood in his veins, was selected as heir to the throne.

When Nicodem returned to Belgrade

Cold April Every 100 Years. French meteorologists have worked out the theory that exceptionally tragic Aprils occur at intervals of exactly 100 years. In April, 1803, the gutters were frozen and snow fell in Paris. In April, 1703, the price of wood rose and people died of cold in the streets, while a chronicle of the period writes: "There is snow at Versailles and we are perishing of cold at Paris at a season when the sun ought to be warming us. The north winds afflict us, bringing us cold from the mountains." Documentary evidence is not needed to prove that April, 1903, was also distinguished by low temperatures.



LIEUT. COL. LUNJEVICS.

from Paris he swaggered about the streets as though his succession to the throne was already settled, and refused to salute his superior officers, on the ground that he, as the Queen's brother, had the right to expect their salute first. He was a reckless gambler and made debts of honor which Queen Draga was obliged to pay to keep them quiet. On several occasions he became involved in brawls in the streets of Belgrade and in restaurants and cafes there, and his name was frequently mixed in scandals of various kinds.

This conduct gave offense to the people and to the military. A few weeks before the tragedy Nicodem had left Belgrade and it was his return to the

were completely isolated by trained nurses, Sisters of Charity, and a disinfectant was appointed for every two afflicted houses. The treatment was the usual one, but the additional precaution taken saved the lives of every one of our typhoid and typhus patients; not a single man, woman, or child died, while before that every third patient had succumbed to the disease. Isolation did more; within three months the epidemic was completely stamped out. Sewerage, cleanliness, isolation, then, will stamp out typhus and typhoid. Let the health authorities treat these diseases and fight them as they would cholera and all is well.

KINGS SERVE WHERE ONCE THEY RULED.

By Marcel Prevost. Before the Franco-Prussian war, when the men of my generation were children, the prophets of the salons and smoking parlors predicted the near end of the monarchies of Europe. No war occurred on the continent but that they pointed out the decadence of royalty and the resurrection of the dream of republican empire. Thirty years have passed. The thrones of Europe are more stable to-day than ever before, and perhaps that of England is the most stable of all. The revolutionary events since then have, in fact, increased the strength of monarchy. The sovereigns, threatened by the tempest, realized the dangers which menaced their authority and acted with caution. When an institution is manifestly in contradiction with the existing customs and opinions, it is evident it must pass away or undergo a change. The latter is what happened. Monarchy, instead of passing away, adapted itself to existing circumstances—a wise move on the part of the monarchs.

Thus a new opinion of royalty is formed in the mind of the public. That air of "terrible majesty" of which Saint-Simon speaks no longer surrounds the monarchy. He is simply a grand bourgeois, coming from a military family which formerly fought for their country, and which is now principally occupied with its administration. To be sure, this royal person gives great and expensive fetes, but it is for the honor and glory of the country—to reflect credit upon the nation—that he does so. The expense he may incur in this way is looked upon in the same light as that incurred by any high functionary who represents his government. But should he incur expense for the serving of his own personal ends the press will soon re-echo with the discontent of the taxpayers.

The fear of revolution which prompts modern kings to live a life of domestic virtue also inspires them to combat their own natural egotism and live, or at least appear to live, as their subjects. Even though it may be a forced habit, in course of time it will become an acquired habit. There are few sovereigns now who do not have the prosperity and grandeur of their country as the highest object of their ambition. Kings no longer proclaim war to gain possession of a throne which may be theirs apparently by right of succession. Recent events have demonstrated that family interests weigh nothing now, but yield to political interests. When a young princess marries a king she does as the psalmist enjoins, she forgets the home of her father. Feminine intrigue, which used to be so potent in the affairs of state, is now almost disarmed. The queen, like her subjects, simply plays the role of mistress of the home. In this home, it is true, there is much receiving, grave questions of industry and commerce are discussed there, and therefore it requires the good graces of a pleasing and intelligent hostess. The princes and archbishops, when they reach the age of 20, are free to marry into a family not of royal blood, and may enter private life altogether or remain in the service of the government in some capacity. At the same time their coat of arms showing their royal descent will admit them into the society of royalty. They may serve as ambassadors of their government, or, as often happens, they may enter commercial lines, or again may be found in the studios of the busy cities of the mother country.

capital, coupled with the fear that Alexander would proclaim him heir to the throne, that hastened the conspiracy to its bloody sequel. Had Queen Draga not toyed with the succession to the throne she might still be Queen.

Among those to perish were Nicodem and his brother, the conspirators handing them a glass of water and bidding them embrace each other before shooting them.

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The Slavic Name. "I lay my name and fame at your feet!" exclaimed the count, his voice thrilling with the great love that filled his warm, Slavic heart.

The American smiled kindly down at him.

"The two of 'em ought to make right smart of a heap," she said, with the naivete that charmed all who had any accurate knowledge of her financial status.—Detroit Free Press.

No Pleasing Him. Mother—Tommy, what's the matter with your little brother?

Tommy—He's crying because I'm eating my cake and won't give him any.

Mother—Is his own cake finished?

Tommy—Yes'm, and he cried while I was eatin' that, too.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Plain.

Naturally when the Young Person found herself making Somebody Such a Good Wife her womanly instinct was startled.

"Am I so dreadfully plain as that?" she exclaimed, and from that hour lost interest in life.—Detroit Free Press.

When a girl goes away for a two weeks' visit she always comes home with her hair arranged in a new way.