



THE FIRST KICK.

Recalling "Pap Hayseed," the Greatest of the Great.

The football season is again on. At times we conclude that we will not take interest again in the game. That is the resolve that has come to many a Corvallis man especially after the last time we got skinned. It is human nature on such circumstances to swear off and that is what we have all done.

But we don't stay quit. The fascination little by little comes back and we let it steal over us. There is the hope of licking the fellow that may have licked us. There is the suspense, the preparation and the climax. It spreads to young and old alike and draws them all into the charmed circle. They all say the game is rough, and so it is. They say there is an element of chance in it, and so there is. They say it takes a good man and a gritty man to play the game, and so it does. And in these things is the explanation of why the game has such a hold on the American people. We all admire grit. We applaud a good, strong man. We extol the dash and plunge of the sweated and nail-shod man who tears up and dashes through the organized mass of men disputing his progress to that goal for which eleven good men are dashing, and to defend which eleven other good men are giving sturdy battle. It is a game of nerve, and what American does not admire nerve?

It is a game, that experience shows has a fierce hold on this public, and it has come to stay. So, with the season again on, we shall all watch the intricate process of developing a great football team.

The story is that things look good on OAC field now. Dr. Steckle is the master spirit there, and as a coach he is probably without a peer in the West. With him football is not a system of set rules, a schedule of tactics always to be followed, and men each a unit with all the plays to be touched off exactly alike, no matter who the units are or what their capabilities be. He is a student of the game, a thinker, a planner, a strategist who measures first the man, and then builds the play to fit him.

Speed, power and alertness, these are the forces he calls into play, and when he has them all combined to suit, the product is a lightning offense that it takes mighty men to stop. That is what the great Multnomah game opened with last Christmas, and that was what enabled the collegians to execute 24 formations and drive the great Multnomah men back for a touch-down in but five minutes and fourteen seconds, a spectacle in gridiron battle acknowledged by Multnomah experts never to have been seen before on Portland's field.

Even with a rawer, thinner, lighter bunch of men than are now on OAC's field each night, with Steckle at the head would, as said above, look good out there. With a few old vets, warriors like Root, Williams, Bundy, Dunlap, Dolan and Lawrence in the lineup, and with big, new men glorie, the prospects of the season are as fair as an Italian sky.

The most interesting thing on the campus now is the alumni game next Saturday. Nobody has forgotten the pleasure of a similar game last year. It was the first of the kind that had occurred. It eclipsed anything of the kind that ever transpired in the state. The old championship team of 1897 was, with one or two exceptions, in the lineup against the new candidates for championship honors. "Pap Hayseed," the famous old center, was not there, but Bodine, Thurston, McBride, Walters, Edwards,

Holgate, Gault, Hall, Elgin, Nash and other old familiar names were on the roll of battle and to see the old men play again brought many a Corvallisite into the grand stand. The same thing will take place again next Saturday and to the usual interest will be added that unusual feature, "Pap Hayseed," playing center.

The other name of "Pap Hayseed" is Harvey McAllister. He traveled 200 miles last winter to see the OAC team play Multnomah on Christmas. When the first half was over "Pap" declared that he had got the worth of his money. At the same time he declared his purpose to take part in the Alumni game this year.

In his time McAllister was the greatest football center in the Northwest. That honor was conceded him without a dissenting voice. It took him a long seven years to learn the game, but in the last of those games he was a wonder on the field. He was tall and gaunt, but big boned and with muscle of steel to match. He never saw anything on a football field that he was afraid of. No one ever saw him running towards his own goal. If he went down it was always with his face to the foe. Strange to say, though playing center, "Pap" often went with the ball when playing offense. How he got away, nobody knew, but he did. On defense he not only played his own position, but he generally met the ball at other positions and backed up the line much after the fashion of Dow Walker.

He was a player rarely matched and if, as expected, he appears in the lineup next Saturday there will not be a single old-time Corvallisite that won't want to be on hand to see "Pap Hayseed" play.

A Matter of Roads.

One of the greatest drawbacks to this country in the winter season is the condition of the roads. Perhaps it is the greatest single thing against which we have to contend. The building of highways has been of greatest importance to all classes of people from the period of the ancients to the present.

In the past all sorts of experiments have been made in the way of road building with more or less success. Of late there has been great quantities of petroleum used in making roads in California and we hear much in favor of such procedure. It appears that down at Carlton an experiment with oil has been started, as will be made plain by the Observer, as follows:

Last Friday night the hose company was called out to give the street a thorough soaking preparatory to fitting the ground for a fresh coat of oil. The car load of oil put on in the spring has been highly satisfactory. The dirt of the street was dug up loose to the depth of four inches and the oil carefully worked into it. It is believed that by putting on another coat of oil before the rainy season sets in it will turn water and leave a smooth, hard surface for winter wear. If the experiment proves as successful for winter as it has for summer petroleum is the key that will unlock the door of the "good roads" problem, and the dust of summer and the mud of winter will no longer be looked upon as the things to be most dreaded in the Willamette valley. As crude oil costs eighty or ninety cents a barrel the expense is so light that it will pay to oil country roads.

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AS WE ARE.

The Irrigator on Country Weeklies.

The country weekly as we have it today came into existence about 40 years ago, when the "patents" were first placed at the disposal of the publishers, and during these four decades the rural newspapers, as a rule have deteriorated rather than progressed. In other words the country press has not kept step with the march of learning and intelligence.

On the second day of the present month out of about thirty country weeklies which came to the Irrigator office, 27 had articles besides or outside, and the articles in these patents bore late lines principally of August 23, 24 and 25, with now and then a so-called "special" dated August 26.

We find then that the so-called news was from seven to ten days old, which would have been a fair record for the days of the Civil War, or for an earlier date when it took a letter two days to go from New York to Philadelphia, five days to Boston and six months to San Francisco.

In the meantime our postal and telegraph facilities have been so expedited that these days between New York and Boston and Philadelphia have been cut down to hours, and the months between New York and San Francisco have been reduced to less than days.

And during these forty years the rural population has grown to be an eager army of readers—of intelligent readers who want the news, and they have learned to rely upon their home town papers for local news only, and to go to the city dailies, semi-weeklies and weeklies for the general news of the world.

The country publishers have tried to see how large a paper they could give their readers, regardless of the quality of the matter it contained; and the publishers or furnishers of the patents have met this demand at low figures by filling a large portion of their space with noxious and pernicious advertisements, notably of the patent medicine and get-rich-quick ads.

So today we find the intelligence of the average country publisher, below the intelligence of his readers, for they send forth each week a great mass of stuff which has been read days before by their subscribers, and the result is that only that portion of their columns devoted to home or local news is of any interest to them.

There is a place for the little country weekly, just as there is a niche for the big city daily; there is a work—a useful work—for the village publisher as well as the city publisher. The work of each is to give the news of his field, and the field of one is his little local, or at most county community, and the field of the other, who is in touch with the cable and overland telegraph, is the world.

So we say that for a country publisher to send out this "patent" stuff week after week is an insult to the intelligence of his subscribers, and the sooner that this is learned and acknowledged the better it will be for the rural newspaper fraternity of the country.

In this state we have a few notable exceptions. Three of them we noticed on our exchange table, and there are probably others. There fearless publishers are content to fill the place allotted them and leave the broader field to be covered by the press at Portland, Seattle and Spokane.

We feel that the Irrigator has a work to do, and that this work is to educate our people along the lines of intensive farming on small tracts of irrigated land, and, incidentally to build up our

town and community. To that end we fill our two outside pages with choice excerpts along the lines of actual irrigation and high class fruit and garden culture, to do which we take nearly every good farm paper in the United States, and the glean from these thousands of columns the matter which we think is the best to show our readers what has and can be done along lines they are treading.

And then we have what many—we will say most—country weeklies do not have—an editorial page, upon which we print from week to week articles written in our own office. And, by the way, in one of our exchanges, published in this state, we noticed in the last issue an article of nearly two columns about the Russo-Jap war, under the editorial head—and not a line of original matter on that page, not a line of editorial in the whole sheet.

Then comes our local page, which enumerates such news as those who are absent would like to learn of our home doings—and a little "stuff" to fill up and make people talk about us and our town.

In First Rank.

Many of our citizens will recall the time when Dave Rosebrook was a resident of this city, and was director and leader of the old Marine Band, which made music well calculated to tickle the ears of our music lovers. Dave is a Lincoln county boy; he grew up over there and it might be said that he never had any opportunities afforded him for the study of music. We have heard it said that he sat out on a stump in a patch of slashing and tooted away on his cornet morning, noon and night. He played because he could not help it.

Finally his reputation began to reach away from home. He could do wonderful things on his chosen instrument. He drifted to Portland—a large field for a backward, country raised boy. In a year or two he out-grew this city and was lured into San Francisco musical circles. As a cornetist in the bay city and at the world-famous resort at Santa Catalina Island he has won favor steadily and as an artist is both loved and envied. During the time that Innes had his band at Portland to open the Fair, Dave occupied a chair under the great conductor's baton.

He is the peer of any other cornetist on the coast and the equal of any other performers on his instrument regardless of where they hail from. Regarding Dave the Los Angeles Times has the following:

Island visitors are having a rare treat nightly in the concerts by the Catalina Island Marine band. For the number of performers it is difficult to believe better music is produced in the West, and programs are arranged to please all, from the most cultivated, who enjoy the best composers, to those who care only for the bright, catchy work of modern writers.

The solo work by real artists is a feature in the band this season. D. C. Rosebrook is making a great hit with his audiences and his popularity is well deserved. In only one direction is his popularity questioned. When Mr. Rosebrook strikes pedal F, away down in the sub-cellar, the men behind the big horns who think they should have a monopoly on such notes, can be seen to turn green with envy.

Another phenomenal note is high G, which rings clear as a bell. When not with the island band Mr. Rosebrook occupies the position of assistant director of the celebrated Park Band of San Francisco.

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