

WHAT BERRY TOLD.

In Mitchell Trial-Brother of Murder Also on Stand.

Women throng the court room to hear the testimony in the Mitchell trial at Seattle. Elderly ladies send and bring bouquets of sweet peas and roses to the accused, Geo. Mitchell, and sympathy in Seattle seems very decidedly in favor of the young man now standing trial.

Friday was given over to the testimony of Perry Mitchell, a brother of the murderer, and to the story of J. K. Berry of Corvallis. Of the day's proceedings the Oregonian has this to say:

Perry said he learned of Creffield's power over Esther three years ago. At that time he and George had her sent to the home of the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society to be treated for what they believed to be mental weakness. Later, fearing Creffield might abduct her, they sent her to her father's home in Illinois. Perry went along to see that she reached her destination.

"Before she went," said the witness, "George and I called on her at the Aid Society's place. She refused to recognize us as her brothers, saying we were such in name only. George broke down and cried when she told him this.

After I got her to Illinois, her sister, Mrs. Starr, kept writing to her, at Creffield's command, telling her to keep up her faith and hurry back to Creffield.

"Mrs. Starr assured her over and over in these letters that the flock would soon again be reunited. My father intercepted these letters and destroyed them. Esther suspected this. She refused to call her own father by that name, saying her only father was God and that she had no father on earth.

"After a few months, though she got more sensible, and we thought she was cured. We let her go back to Oregon after Creffield had been put in jail. But as soon as he got out she got back into his power again. George was very angry that we had let her come away from home, and said he would never speak to either father or me if Creffield succeeded in getting control of Esther."

Witness then testified that his brother Fred had committed suicide in Portland three years ago as the culmination of an unfortunate love affair. This testimony, introduced for the purpose of showing the family taint of insanity, was ruled out by Judge Frater.

In conclusion Perry told of the day his brother started out to kill Creffield.

"It was in April last," he said, "and George had just been released from the Good Samaritan Hospital at Portland, after getting over an attack of measles. He was very weak, and had little money, but said he was going to find Creffield, even if he had to walk from place to place in order to get him. He also told me he had been talking with the spirits and that God had commanded him to deliver up the spirit of Creffield."

On cross-examination Perry admitted that he made no effort to talk his brother out of the idea of killing the Holy Roller.

Mr. Berry, the principal witness of the forenoon session, admitted having given some heed to Creffield's teachings at one time, at Corvallis.

"He told me," the witness testified, "that he needed money to build a tabernacle. He told me that I must sell all my valuables, including my automobile, and give the money to him. He said God had told him I must do these things, and that he had also been told by God to tell me to quit work and devote myself to the church. Then Creffield and I

had a falling out, as I would not do the things he said."

Louis Sandall, of Seattle, brother of Miss Ollie Sandall, who followed Creffield to the beach, early this year, told of Creffield's control over the girl. He also told unprintable things of what he had learned concerning Creffield's Holy Roller orgies.

The defense hopes to conclude by the middle or latter part of next week.

Shoots His Sister.

At the farm home of J. F. Chastian, five miles east of Lebanon, late Thursday night, an unfortunate shooting affair occurred, when Luther Chastian shot and seriously wounded his sister, Carrie, a young lady, whom he mistook for a burglar. It seems the young lady and an older brother had been to Brownsville for a couple of days' visit. They returned home after 10 o'clock Thursday night and were unable to arouse any one in the house. Thinking the family was away, they made their way into the house through a window, the young man raising the window and assisting his sister through.

The noise aroused Luther, aged 16, who slept in the house, and thinking that burglars were in the act of raiding the home he seized a shotgun and fired. The load, 27 No. 4 shot, took effect in Miss Carrie's limbs just above the knees. A physician was hastily summoned from Lebanon, and with care it is believed the young lady will recover, though she is now in a serious condition. The youth who fired the shot is inconsolable over the unfortunate affair.

Has Them All Sold.

Gene M. Simpson, for several years a clerk in F. L. Miller's dry goods store, has retired from the business and is now devoting his entire time to the care of his china pheasants. Of these, on his little place in the northern part of town, he has several hundred young ones, but not nearly enough to supply the demand, for before the first egg was "pipped" this spring Mr. Simpson had received an order, at a good figure, for all the birds he could raise up to roost.

The order came from an eastern firm, and as Mr. Simpson does not insist upon pairing off his fowls but sells them in any number wanted, he is able to command a better price than do some other pheasant fanciers.

His bird "farm" is quite an interesting place to visit, and many townspeople take a stroll that way on Sunday to see the little pheasants in their wire pens, of which there are many.

Buried Friday.

There was a home in Philomath where no spirit of gladness reigned on the Fourth this year, for death came that night and took away the little son in the home.

The deceased was Frank Berryman, 12-year old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Berryman, who have resided on a farm near Philomath for about three years. Frank was born in Idaho. He was a bright lad and his untimely passing is a deep grief to the family. He had suffered from typhoid fever but had apparently recovered from the attack when a sudden relapse came and death claimed him Wednesday evening.

The funeral occurred from the church in Philomath at 10 a. m., Friday, and the remains were placed in Newton cemetery. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. J. R. Parker.

For Sale—Vetch, oat and cheat hay. Inquire W. C. Metcalf, Ind., Phone 723. 57 ft.

Born, Sunday, to Mr. and Mrs. A. Leder, a daughter.

VETCH AND WHEAT.

A Combination Making Trouble for the Farmer.

G. A. Waggoner on his return from a visit in Linn county a week ago reported that in the section he visited vetch is becoming a source of worry to the farmers. It seems that vetch once planted is a hard thing to get rid of so long as a man keeps raising wheat. And wheat and vetch together do not market well.

The trouble is that no threshing machine will separate wheat and vetch as they are so nearly of a size. Even at the flouring mill the screens will not separate the two grains and flour made from them mixed is far from a satisfactory product. It is said that one man in Brownsville has several thousand bushels of vetch and wheat mixed for which he can find no market.

Vetch for forage purposes is one of the most valuable of all kinds of stock food raised in the Willamette Valley. If allowed to ripen in a field of wheat it will continue to perpetuate itself from year to year, as enough will be scattered over the ground in the task of harvesting to seed the field for the coming season. However, on account of the value of vetch there is a possibility that our farmers would all be better off if they stuck to vetch and let go of wheat—in fact, quit raising the latter. Go into the dairy business and let wheat-raising be monopolized by the people of some other section.

The conditions said to exist in certain sections of Linn as regards the mixing of wheat and vetch are not alarming. True, it is stated that crops of the two were harvested last year that proved of little value and that the same experience will result this season to a degree, but this is not so dire a calamity as it might be. To get rid of vetch it is necessary to keep it cut close during the season so that it cannot seed and it soon dies out, as is does not perpetuate itself from the root, at least so we are informed.

Each year sees a smaller area of ground seeded to wheat in Benton county and we believe this mode of procedure is to continue indefinitely. Gradually we will work into diversified farming, and dairying, together with stock-raising. The sooner this is done the better for us all. This is an ideal country for dairying and for stock. There is little stock raised in Benton county in the entire Willamette Valley—compared with what might be and will be in time to come.

In summing up, considering the matter from every standpoint, allowing for the value of vetch for stock and the average price of wheat, it seems the part of wisdom to stick to vetch and let wheat go. Vetch is good for the soil and wheat impoverishes it. We can get our wheat from other sections and vetch will prove of more value when we are fully launched in stockraising and the dairy business.

The Great Crack.

David Starr Jordan, in the Pacific Monthly for July, says:

The crack has been followed one hundred and ninety-two miles. It is widest where it enters the sea at Alder Creek near Point Arena, and its violence was greatest at that point. It was also noted about fifty miles further out in the ocean, where it unshipped the rudder of a steamer passing Cape Mendocino. From Point Arena it goes in a straight line, passing in the sea near Fort Bragg, and reaching to the bridge over the Pajaro River at Chittenden. From that point it passes about twelve miles, ending two miles, southeast of San Juan Bautista Mission. At its northern end, and for about a

hundred miles, there was a violent movement of the earth to the southward on the east side of the crack, the move being sixteen feet and seven inches in various places measured. On the peninsula of San Francisco the movement is about eight feet. It falls to two feet at the bridge over the Pajaro River, and then passes to nothing. It is not quite certain whether the east side moved southward on the west side northward, but the evidence known to me all favors the latter view. The east side is about three feet higher than the west side in this region, while north of the Bay of San Francisco the west side seems to override about the same distance. There are some very picturesque phenomena along the line of the fault, as in passing in front of a man's house a row of shade trees are all shifted in front of the dairy behind. The rose garden in front of the house is shifted back of it, and a patch of raspberries takes its place.

Here's To Dad.

We happened in a home the other day and over the parlor door we saw the motto "What is home without a mother?" Across the room was another brief "God bless our home."

Now what's the matter with "God bless our dad?" He gets up early, lights the fire, boils an egg, grabs his dinner pail and wipes the dew off the dawn with his boots while many a mother is sleeping. He makes the weekly handout for the butcher, the grocer, the milkman and the baker, and his little pile has been badly worn before he has been home an hour. He stands off the bailiff and keeps the rent paid up. If there is a noise during the night dad is kicked in the back and made to go down stairs to find the burglar and kill him.

Mother durns the socks, but dad bought them in the first place and the needles and yarn afterwards. Mother does the fruit; well, dad bought it all; and jars and sugar cost like the mischief. Dad buys chickens for the Sunday dinner, carves them himself and draws the neck from the ruins after everyone else is served. "What is home without a mother?" Yes, that is right; but what is home without a father? Ten chances to one it is a boarding house, father is under a slab and the landlady is a widow. Dad, here's to you; you've got your faults—you may have lots of 'em but you're all right and we will miss you when you're gone.

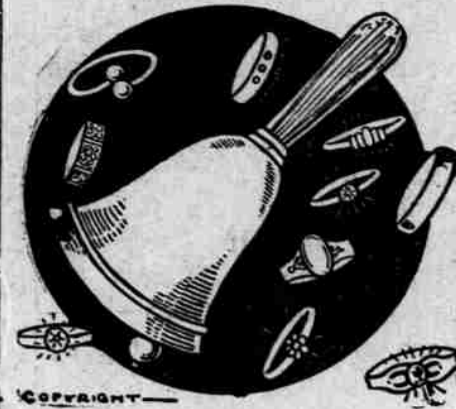
Attended Encampment.

We are in receipt of the following letter from S. H. Horton, of this city, who at the time of writing was in Milton, Or.:

As I was one of the defeated candidates I started on the voyage that all defeated candidates take. I left Corvallis, June 24, at 1:20 p. m.; arrived in Walla Walla, Wash., June 25 at 6 a. m.; cast anchor. Was there for first roll call of Grand Army Department of Washington. I found Walla Walla one of the nicest cities on the coast.

As I was taking in the city I came up to the headquarters of the Women's Relief Corps and introduced myself to some of the ladies of the corps. One of the women was president of the Relief corps from Ellenberg. Then went to Grand Army headquarters, met a man from my own regiment, 9th Minnesota, that I hadn't seen since the battle of Nashville, Tenn., where I was wounded.

The encampment was a success in every way. The best respect and hospitality was shown to all visitors. At the close of the encampment we heaved anchor, sailed up to Milton, Oregon, at which place I am at present. Send more later on.



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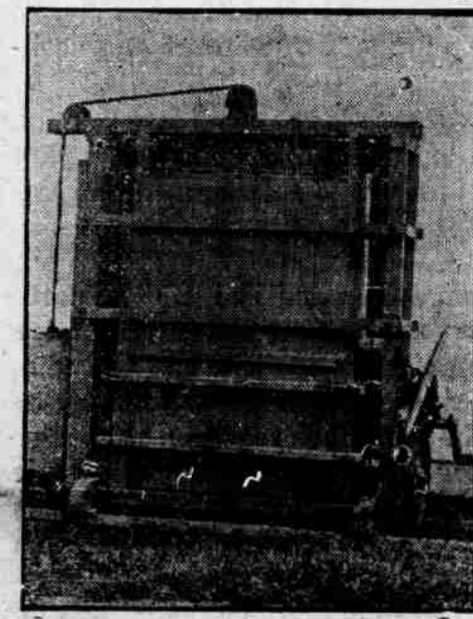
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