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THE OUTING FAD.

Comfort Versus Misery—And all for Style.

The outing fad has never been so widely prevalent as at present, and the person who fails to secure the privilege of a few weeks' rest from his labors, during the summer usually considers himself a badly treated individual. It is right and proper that this privilege should be extended and that the rest is almost a necessity, if one would do one's best at work the remaining eleven months of the year, is acknowledged by all.

It is, however, more of a fad with many, than a necessity or a pleasure. People who do not do enough work at any time to keep their blood in circulation, pack up at the right season and rush to a seaside hotel for an "outing," simply to be in fashion, and nothing else.

Be it said to the credit of Corvallis people, few take to the "summer hotel" for their vacation rest, but instead they seek the mountain shade, the mineral springs or the seaside, where they pitch their tents and live the "life simple," securing the change and rest so much needed.

The following clipped from an exchange, gives one man's experience: "One of the most prevalent of the many forms of insanity that afflict this fitful American people is the habit of going every summer to a place called a summer hotel. This term rhymes nicely with its right title.

"The ostensible object of this common midsummer madness is pleasure. This would be a joke if it were not so sad. The pleasure in the game is deferred. It comes next winter when, before our cheery fireside or within our snug flat, we chuckle and breathe deep sighs of content to know that, even though the janitor treats us like dogs, we are not at a summer hotel anyway.

"I was once a patient in a summer hotel for what the calendar said was two weeks. It seemed longer than a four year's term I once served in the city council. My wife was with me. The only thing I have against her, is that she is associated in my mind with those two weeks.

"We paid our board for three weeks in advance, as our baggage didn't look good to the clerk. But at the end of two weeks, in spite of the fact that I felt bound in honor to fulfill my contract and stay, the temptation to fly was too great. I had lost enough weight to make flying easy, only I feared I was not dirigible. So, one night when all was as near still as it gets in one of these madhouses, when somebody was apparently using the untuned piano-forte in the parlor as a spring-board and a blonde girl with a hand-turned voice was giving an unintentional imitation of an automobile born in the crowded street, and a game of bridge whist among the drugstore albinos was making itself heard above all the rest, we let our trunks down from the windows with ropes, tobogganed the fire escapes, and ran two blocks to a railway station. While we waited at the country whistling post for the train that was to take us back to home and freedom we clung to each other and listened for the baying of the porters and bellboys and chambermaids that had been sicked upon our warm trail when our escape had been noted. It was almost as unpleasant, for half an hour or so, as if we had stayed the other week.

"I would not go through the experience again for the summer's receipts of the highest priced insane asylum advertised in any of the railway companies' folders." The meals served at these

summer "mad houses" are described thus:

BREAKFAST.
Damp Napkins. Ice Water
Cantaloupe on the half shell, an Kind
Oatmeal Hollis diluted with Lavendar
Milk

2—Pancakes—2
Charred Bacon with Upright Eggs,
Coffee, or There's a Reason.
Petrified Salt, Empty Pepper Shakers.

LUNCHEON
Salmon Salad with Come Back Celery
Water near with Mint Grew.
Same Coffee, or Bone-set Tea.
Same Salt, Same Pepper Shakers
Same Napkins—Still Damp.

DINNER
Jungle Roast with near gravy
Granulated Potatoes.
Egg Plant (fried)
3—Cross Sections of Boiled Beets—3
2—Lima Beans—2
Same Coffee, Chocolate Eclair
Finger Bowls if you tip the waiter.

No "Rollers" Wanted.

Perhaps Corvallis is better known throughout the United States today through its Holy Roller notoriety than from any other sort of "advertising" that it has ever received. So widespread has been the discussion of this peculiar religion, so-called, and so disgusted have the people become over what has been published in regard to the orgies carried on by the sect in the past, in Corvallis, that there is no village, town or city but that is familiar with the facts. In this connection the following item in Friday's Oregonian from Lander, Wyoming, is of interest in Benton county where Holy Rollerism first appeared:

"Citizens of this town are up in arms against a colony of "Holy Rollers" who are to arrive here tomorrow morning with the idea of registering claims on the Shoshone reservation and founding a town near this city. It is understood that another colony is on the way from California and Oregon.

"When news of their coming was received, an indignation meeting was held, at which conservative citizens voted that members of the peculiar sect should not be given a foothold. The hotheaded ones advocated driving them from the district with rifles."

A Peculiar Accident.

John Harris, a well-known rancher of northern Benton, was considerably injured in an accident Friday afternoon, in Corvallis. Mr. Harris had purchased a keg of nails at a local hardware store and had started to the Strong sawmill for a load of lumber. He had the bed of his wagon and the keg of nails was placed on the gear and Mr. Harris sat on the keg. In the vicinity of the Waldon home the keg overturned and Mr. Harris was thrown under the wagon, the wheels passing over his chest. The ribs were severely sprung, but fortunately none were broken, and while the injury proved very painful, it is a miracle that it was not much more serious.

A telephone message to Ben Harris, a brother residing near Wells, and another to Mrs. Harris, brought both to the bedside of the injured man, but Mr. Harris was able to be taken home Friday evening, and no further serious results are anticipated. After the accident Mr. Harris was taken to the Bryant home, where he was made as comfortable as possible, a local physician being summoned to attend him.

Born, Friday, to Mr. and Mrs. Bert Thompson, a son.

A party from Portland states that the building boom on in that city is something amazing, and carpenters are getting \$4 per day for eight hours' work. From Portland to Lenta, a distance of seven miles it is said buildings are going up on nearly every block. Harvey Albright, a former Corvallis contractor, is among those who are reaping a harvest from the big boom.

NOT JUST YET.

So Says Hammond, the Railroad King, Regarding Extensions.

Reports of alleged sales of the C. and E. railroad have been so numerous in Corvallis in times past that people have come to regard such stories in the light of stale jokes. The latest of these was circulated in this city recently, when it was darkly insinuated by some who professed to be "next" that the C. and E. had changed hands, the purchaser, it was claimed, being the Chicago and Northwestern. This line, the report went, owned enough timber along either side of the route to more than pay for the road, and it was further stated that bonds had already been floated to pay for the line complete. Inquiry at the local C. and E. office failed to elicit any facts to substantiate the report, and in further contradiction comes a statement from A. B. Hammond, the railroad man whose word is law. The statement appeared in Friday's Oregon Journal and is as follows:

"There will be no extensions of any of our roads in Oregon this year. What I said to the Journal on this subject was correct. We are not planning any construction work. Labor is too scarce, materials are too high," said A. B. Hammond, who with H. E. Huntington controls the Corvallis & Eastern and the Astoria & Columbia River railroads.

"How about the report that you will extend the A. & C. R. to Tillamook and the C. & E. across central Oregon?"

"Well, I didn't say anything, did I?"

"Will you extend these lines at all?"

"Some day."

And another reported extension of the Corvallis & Eastern from Idanha to Ontario goes glimmering. For a long time this survey has been partly made, and in view of the company's ownership of a land grant extending across the state, furnishing practically a ready right of way, it has been expected that such an extension would be made some day. Mr. Hammond admits that "some day" it will, but that is as far as he is willing to go in any official statement. He says that these roads have been extended or sold by rumor many times but that there is nothing doing.

Terrible Mountain Fire.

The Albany Herald on Friday had the following relative to the big fire in the mountains towards the front:

A timber fire in the Cascade mountains along the line of the Corvallis & Eastern railroad is threatening to develop into a most destructive agent, and herculean efforts are being made to quench the flames or to confine them to the territory in which they are now raging. A fire started on the Marion county bank of the Santiam near the water tank six miles this side of Detroit on Wednesday. At first the fire was not thought to be dangerous. But a high wind came up and in a short time the fire had extended into a fine body of timber, and Wednesday night it covered what is known as the bald hill on the Marion county side of the C. & E. railroad.

A fire train carrying a party of woodsmen went to the scene, and all night and all day Thursday the flames were fought. The train came to the city late last night, and after midnight was again sent out with a large party of firefighters, 75 men joining the train at Mill City from the forces of the Curtiss Lumber company, and vigorous efforts will be made to confine the fire to the 250 acres of timber that were burning last night.

The land on which the timber was burning—belonging to the C. Sullivan estate and to John Daly

of Detroit, and the timber is among the best on the Santiam river. The burning of the big fir trees at night on the high hills is described as one of the most awful and grand spectacles seen in the mountains in many years.

The fire is not far from the tracks of the Corvallis & Eastern railroad, but the property of the railroad company is in no danger. The fire will, however, do great damage to the property of the Curtiss Lumber company unless it is speedily checked.

In connection with the above, Saturday's report was as follows: The fire in the Cascade mountains this side of Detroit is spreading, and in spite of the large force at work is sweeping farther into the timber. It was last night traveling in the direction of Breitenbush into the finest body of timber on the reserve, and while the large force of men at work were doing everything possible to check the flames, little progress was made by them. The fire started over a mile this side of the line of the reserve, but yesterday noon the line was reached, and since that time the flames have been raging in the government reserve and some 1,500 acres were last night a mass of flames, the pillars of fire shooting far up in the air.

The government forest service has ordered that all the men available be put into service fighting the flame, the expense to be borne by the government.

The Curtiss Lumber Company is apprehensive as to their holdings, as the flames rush onward towards the heart of the finest belt of timber in the mountains.

Bellefontaine News.

Sam Reader will begin work with his new threshing outfit the 6th.

Hirschel Mack leaves in a few days for Stayton, where he will be employed in his father's flouring mills.

J. H. Edwards has purchased a pair of handsome, 6-year-old driving mares from a party in Alsea. The price paid was \$300.

A hayrack party of twentyfive with Miss Allie Reader and Miss Josie Bennett as chaperones, attended the social at McFarland's chapel and all report a jolly time.

Mrs. Eva Nichols and Mrs. Ethel Mack have established old maid quarters at the home of the latter, during the absence of Mr. Mack and Mr. Nichols in the harvest field.

Prof. F. L. Kent returns Saturday from a brief visit at Hillboro.

The latest real estate transfers filed for record are: R. L. and A. D. Price to Frank Tharp, 10 acres in northern Benton, \$400; Mrs. Francis A. Helm to Punderson Avery, 7 lots in block 4, H. M.'s addition to the original town of Marysville, now Corvallis, \$700.

THE ASYLUM FIRE.

Inmates Calm While Building Burns.

An Oregonian dispatch of Friday says:

Fire which probably originated from an electric light wire, burned the woodwork out of the attic of one of the central wards of the State Insane Asylum this forenoon. The fire was confined to the one ward, and was at no time in danger of getting beyond the control of the firefighters. The two fire companies, composed of asylum employes, aided by the Salem fire department and by convicts and guards from the penitentiary, saved the building. The loss is due chiefly to damage from water seeping through the floors and ceilings. Superintendent Calbreath thinks the damage can be repaired for \$2,500, though it may cost \$5,000.

Owing to the fact that the patients at the asylum are given a weekly fire drill, they were quickly marched out of the building and were at no time in any danger. One attendant, G. V. Boggs, fainted from exhaustion after an hour's hard work in the smoke and heat. The night of the fire the patients were sleeping in their beds in all three of the wards over which the fire burned.

The fire originated in the attic over the first tier of wards north of the central section of the building. These wards are occupied by new patients and patients who are convalescing.

The patients were entirely calm and showed no excitement whatever. Those patients who were in wards distant from the

part of the building in which the fire originated were not taken out of the building, but were kept in readiness to go out any time.

The will of the late Zelia Dodge was filed for probate at the clerk's office Saturday. The value of the estate is estimated at \$250,000. The real estate, consisting of about 525 acres of land having been deeded to the three sons over a year ago, the daughters each receiving \$1,200 in cash at the same time. Paul Dodge, a son, is named as administrator, to serve without bonds.

Newson R. Adams left yesterday for Carlton, having come up to visit his family over Sunday. The church that he is building at Carlton will be completed in about two weeks.



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Over any set of Shirt Waists Sets like those now on sale at this store.

Shirt Waist Sets

for July are just as good for August or September, or any other month. If bought here, if you want what's exquisite, at a modest price, buy a set. We guarantee they're the greatest value for the sum invested that can be had. See them and buy a set.

Albert J. Metzger

WATCHMAKER

Occidental Building, Corvallis

Sargent's Animal Trap

This Trap is guaranteed to kill Gophers, Mole, Prairie Dogs, Rats or Skunks, under ground or on top. Either a push or a pull will touch it off. It will take them going or coming. It isn't any sin for the animals to kill themselves.

Pat. Nov. 11, 1902. Agents wanted.

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All first-class cigars and tobacco; whist and pool rooms. Every customer treated like a prince.

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50 Nickel Alarm Clocks

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A Clock model in design, price and time-keeping qualities for home, camp and harvest crew, at

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Guns, Fishing Tackle, Baseball Goods

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A pure vegetable compound free from grease, mineral or other deleterious substances.

Prevents the hair from falling out and stimulates the growth.

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