



A FEW SUGGESTIONS.

Are You Guilty as Charged? Things that Count.

As has been said a thousand times, the world is made up of little things and it is the little things that count, yet there are dozens of people who ignore the fact in ways that are decidedly annoying to their fellows.

For instance, the person who helps himself to a peach, a plum, an apple, a handful of dried fruit or other edible every time he happens in a grocery store, forgets that stealing a little thing is just as bad principle as stealing a man's purse, and that it counts up in expense to the grocer when the habit is practiced by dozens of people in the course of a week. Some individuals even carry their nerve so far as to step behind the counter and take candy or nuts from the show case or even open the peanut roaster in a confectionery store and proceed to grab a handful of nuts, all of which, in common reason, must be aggravating in the extreme to proprietors of the establishments, who are in no position to object to the practice for fear of offending customers.

These same people would not think of going into a dry-goods store and walking off with a necktie, a pair of shoes or a shirt waist, yet where is the difference in principle? Both acts are petty thievery, one fully as detestable as the other.

Another of the "little things" is the trespassing on the rights of others and making oneself a bore to a whole neighborhood. When a hair-brained youth, with a surplus of enthusiasm but total lack of ability sits up late at night blowing ear splitting blasts on a cheap horn, keeping nervous people in a state bordering on frenzy and starting a community howl among restless babies and noisome dogs, it is time that the law took a hand to abate the nuisance.

Fortunately, Corvallis is free from the latter during the summer months, but with the return of the college students such disturbances are frequent in all parts of town.

These, and many other apparently trifling matters might be profitably pondered by many a careless, thoughtless person.

It may be added that these suggestions originated in the mind of the writer, and are not set forth at the solicitation of any one else.

Wedded at Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Cooper were in Corvallis Wednesday, the guests of Dr. and Mrs. G. R. Farra. It was not known among Corvallis friends that there was a Mrs. Cooper until the happy couple arrived.

The wedding occurred at Oakland, Saturday afternoon, August 4th, at 4 p. m., at St. John's Episcopal church, the bride being Miss Louise Cooper, a niece of Mrs. Farra, who has made her home in this city for some time, at the Farra home. The groom, Kenneth Cooper, is the popular OAC football man, well known throughout the state.

Mr. and Mrs. Cooper were enroute to The Dalles, where they will remain for a short time with relatives. They will then return to San Francisco, where Mr. Cooper will enter the employ of his father-in-law.

Both young people are held in high esteem in Corvallis, and congratulations and good wishes are extended by their many friends.

Not a Bumper Crop.

That there will be a good crop of hops, barring the possibility of damage from rain at picking time, is evident. But a bumper crop can no longer be predicted. A rain within the past week would have added several thousand

and bales to the Oregon output, but the unbroken dry spell is showing on the laterals, which are not as rank as at this time last year. Where you could scarcely see between two rows last year, a view may be had beneath the foliage on horseback this year.

Growers are now ordering their tickets and almost without exception they pick by the box this year. The price talked is 50 cents. Pickers are now listing for the different yards.

A few have already arrived and pitched their tents and will enjoy an outing until picking begins. A family of eight arrived from Sacramento and are camping at the D. R. Cooper yard.—Independence Westside.

The Errors in Type.

Strange "mix-ups" occur in the printing office sometimes, the following list being not exaggerated in the least, as such errors are frequently made:

Some of these tricks of type have immortalized themselves, as for instance, that of the item stating that a locomotive had "cut a cow into calves," and another informing the public that the army was "in want of consecrated beef and desecrated vegetables;" and still another gigantic headline which should have read, "The British Lion Shaking His Mane," dazzled readers with the alluring spectacle of "The British Lion Skating in Maine."

A book entitled "Humor of Bulls and Blunders," gives a luscious list of these flashes of genius, one of which was a New York society journal's strange story of a ball at the White House. The unfortunate reporter, all unconscious that he was to be led like a lamb to the slaughter, had written: "Mrs. Nestor wore nothing in the nature of a dress that was remarkable," but the demon of the printing-house was loose that night, and next morning New York was horrified to see that, "Mrs. Nestor wore nothing in the nature of a dress. That was remarkable."

Again, in the New York World's report of a political meeting the word shouts was so ludicrously misprinted as to make the blunder famous. It read: "The snouts of ten thousand democrats rent the air."

A Kansas paper reported a speech in which St. John, the prohibition candidate for President, said: "To get drunk is folly." But the printer got it, "To get drunk is jolly."

There are others just as good that have never been printed—that is but once—and one of these was the substitution of "coffee" and "beer" for the words "coffin" and "bier" which appeared in the New York World in an elaborate account of a great Masonic funeral.

A writer for a religious paper in Springfield, Mass., once printed "fiery rum" for "fiery ruin."

In the "make-up" of papers, too, there is any amount of opportunity for the demon of the composing-room to queer things after his own evil devices. For instance, a New Haven paper announced that "the large cast-iron wheel, revolving 900 times a minute, exploded in that city yesterday, after a long and painful illness. Deceased was a prominent 23rd degree Mason," and again, that "John Fadden, a well known florist, and real estate broker of Newport, Rhode Island, died in Wardner Russell's sugar mill at Crystal Lake, Illinois, on Saturday, doing \$3000 damage to the building and injuring several workmen severely."

At least there is this to be said for type blunders: They add to the none too large fund of the world's merriment.

HAVING THEIR TROUBLES.

The Whithorne-Broders-Gerhard Party, on the March.

A letter to the Gazette from Tommy Whitehorn, dated at Marshfield on the 5th, is of general interest in Corvallis, where the writer is a "hale fellow well met" with the boys. The party, composed of Thomas Whitehorn, Billy Broders and Henry Gerhard, left Corvallis a couple of weeks ago on their vacation trip, and as the letter shows, they have had trials as well as pleasures on the way. Mr. Whitehorn says:

"I suppose you and the boys think we are lost, but we managed to get this far without damage to man or beast. As you told us, it is a hard trip, crossing the river being the worst, on account of poor accommodations.

"We made Monroe the first night, Horton's mill the next day and the day after reached Triangular Lake where we stopped for a while and fished, getting about fifty small trout.

"The next day we drove down the creek and at noon caught 30 good sized trout. Driving a few miles farther we came to Bear Creek, where we camped, and next morning Broders and I went up the creek about two miles and I caught about 30 fine trout, but broke my pole twice in wrestling with the finny beauties. I wish some of the boys could go fishing on that creek.

"Our next drive brought us to Mapleton, where we camped, taking a scow next morning for Florence, paying \$2. for the trip. There was opposition there, which made it cheaper. In getting aboard the scow we forgot our neck yoke and could not buy one in Florence as the blacksmith's baby had died and he would not make us one, so we got the boat to bring ours from Mapleton.

"At Barrett's landing we camped with one of the Barrett boys, a half-breed, drove 20 miles along the coast, spending two nights. Here we dug and ate clams to our heart's content.

We bought bread from a squaw, but having good appetites it tasted first rate. We got a scow to take us two miles down the beach on the Umpqua, paying \$5. Cheap, wasn't it?

"We drove from there to Ten Mile creek and camped, but finding no fish, we went on to Jarvis' Landing next day. Caught perch for breakfast, and next day got a scow to take us across to Empire City, one mile, for which we paid \$5—cheaper still, and independent as—

"I am afraid if we have to cross many more rivers or bays at these prices, Gerhard will have heart failure.

"Have you ever been out with the Dutch? They eat all the time. I have tried to founder them on fish but all I can do is to fill them up, and in an hour or two they are ready for more. We have to have potatoes four times a day for Henry, so it is fish and spuds all the time.

"Marshfield is the best town over this way. Empire is almost deserted. North Bend is run by one man and if the saw mill shuts down there is nothing left. Property is very high. They think the railroad will make all these towns large.

"We will start tomorrow—Monday—for Coquille and Bandon, then on to Grants Pass. We expect to be in the latter place in ten or twelve days. Henry has gone up Coos River. Broders and I thought we might want to go to church, as this is Sunday, so we did not go.

"Tell Spencer and all the boys that we are still alive."

N. E. Feakin and family arrived in Corvallis, Monday, from Minong Wisconsin, to make their home in this city. They came on the re-

commendation of John F. Allen, secretary of the Benton county Citizens League, and Mr. Feakin states that so far he has found conditions exactly as represented by Mr. Allen and is well pleased with the country. He secured employment the same evening that he arrived, and like a public spirited citizen, handed in a subscription at once to his local paper. This is the sort of people that are wanted in our town and county, and they are certain to meet with a warm welcome.

An Experiment in Driving.

A fair-haired youth who resides in Southern Benton, was seen riding one of his carriage-horses home Sunday evening and leading the other, with no buggy in sight, and when accosted by a friend he smiled feebly but offered no explanation. The young man drives a swell rig, with a pair of prancing bays, and his forlorn appearance Sunday evening created much speculation for a time among his friends.

The matter, however, became clear as Corvallis mountain water when early Monday morning an elderly gentleman was in this city, telling how, on the previous evening, his daughter's fair haired admirer had let his team run away and smash up said elderly gentleman's barnyard gate.

The gentleman declared his intention of buying a keg of nails at a local hardware and charging them up to the reckless youth with the pink-and-white complexion; but when it was brought to the old gentleman's mind that the lad had smashed up his own buggy as well as the gate, the irate father decided to drop the matter.

Just how the runaway occurred has not been explained, but it is suspected that the young man was trying the experiment of driving with his teeth.

He Resides in Corvallis.

"He wanted a city beautiful,
A city that should be fair;
A city where smoke should never roll
In billows upon the air.
He wanted a city where art should be,
A city of splendid halls,
Where culture's touch should appear
Upon
The battlements and walls.
"He called for a city beautiful,
He shouted it day by day:
He wanted a city where noise was not,
Where the spirit of art should sway,
He wanted a city that should be fair,
Where filth might never be seen.
He forgot, in spite of the zeal he had,
To keep his backyard clean."
—Denver Post.

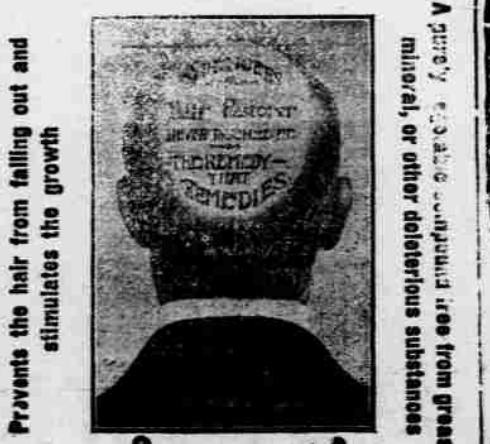
Painting the old school building is in progress, and the indications are that the building will present a very handsome appearance when the task is completed.

A party of Corvallisites picked up at Sulphur Springs, Wednesday, and had a jolly time. Wading, and disposing of a delicious lunch were features of enjoyment. The personnel of the party was: Misses Olive Mallow, Ethel Watters, Lillian Ernest, Inez Johnson, and Lulu and Lela Wells.

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A PIONEER'S PASSING.

Burial of Mrs. Drury Hodges—Crossed the Plains.

After a lingering illness, Mrs. Drury Hodges died at the family home at Wells, in northern Benton, August 4th, aged 77 years and one day.

The funeral occurred from the residence at 1 p. m., Monday, and was one of the largest held in that vicinity in many years. The services were conducted by Rev. T. T. Vincent, and interment was in the Palestine cemetery. About forty vehicles were in the procession that followed the remains to their last resting place.

Mahala Fickle was born August 3rd, 1829, in Missouri, and married Drury Hodges April 27, 1847.

They started to Oregon May 3, 1847, and after crossing the plains with an ox team they arrived in the Willamette valley, September 27, 1847. They owned the old donation claim where the North Palestine church now stands, and for many years have resided near Wells.

Eleven children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Hodges, of whom nine are living, four boys and five girls.

Deceased lived a devoted christian life, having been a member of the Baptist church for 40 years, and she died rejoicing in her faith.

Prof. E. R. Lake and son, Verne, reached home yesterday from California, where they have spent the summer. They recently visited the Yosemite Valley, one of the most beautiful spots on the coast.

Dr. B. A. Cathey expects to leave the first of the week with his family for an outing at Cascade.

W. A. Wells has added another block to his real estate holdings by a recent purchase in the western part of Jobs addition.

There will be Bible school and preaching service at the Presbyterian church next Sunday. The sermon will be by T. T. Vincent.

Mrs. L. M. McReynolds and children expect to leave the first of the week for Portland, to join Mr. McReynolds and take up their residence.

Mrs. Mand Johnson and Miss Linnie Rundlett, of Kings Valley, are guests at the A. J. Johnson home. The former is a sister-in-law of Mr. Johnson.



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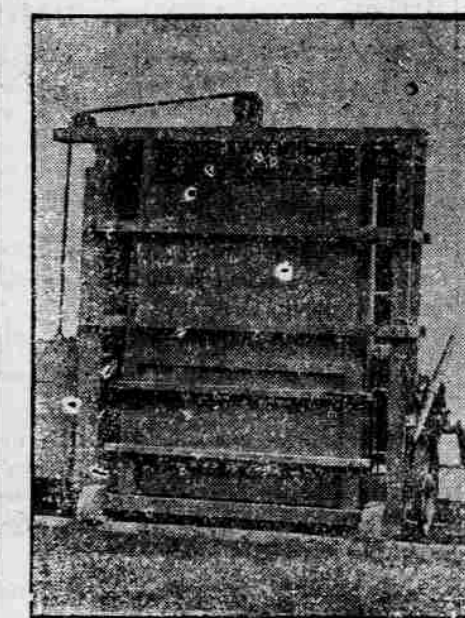
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