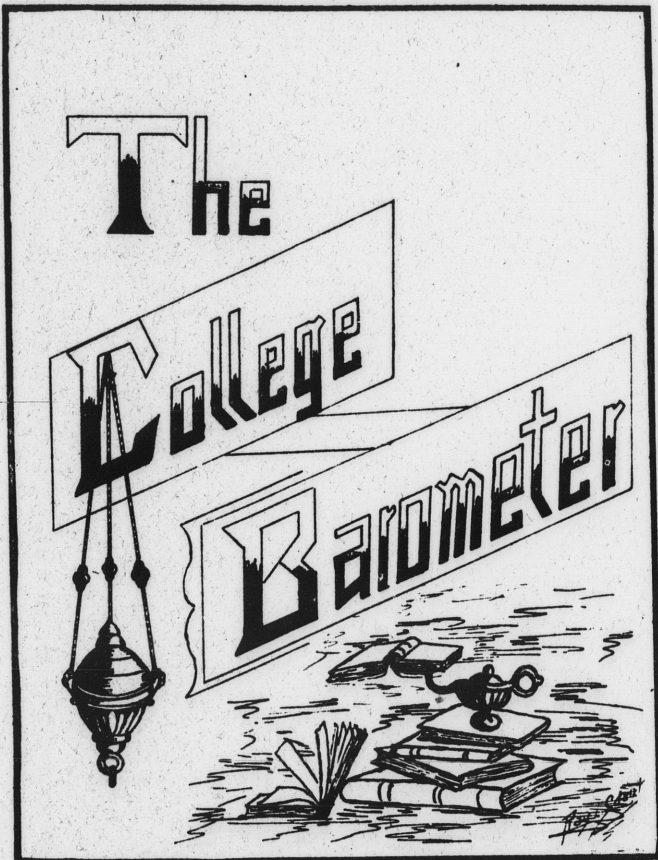


Prof. W. H. Lycombe

Vol. 10

JANUARY, 1905

No. 4





The Oregon Agricultural College

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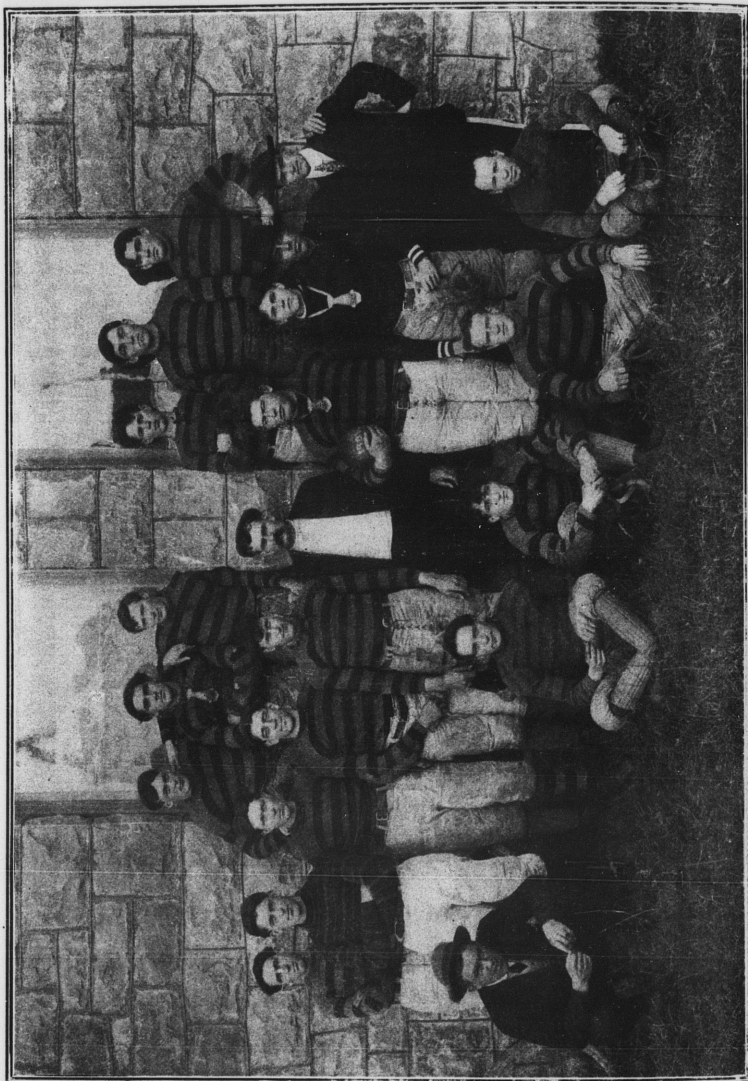
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The

COLLEGE ~ ~ BAROMETER



VOL. 10.

CORVALLIS, OREGON, JANUARY, 1905.

No. 4



THE LANGUAGE OF THE FLOWERS.

'Tis said that in the early world
Ere foot of man upon it trod,
When all was beautiful and new,
Still fresh and fair from the hand of God,

Sweet converse held the buds and flowers;
And oft as sang the nightingale
Ushering in the evening hours,
They answered her from hill and vale.

When man appeared upon the earth
And crushed the flowers with heavy tread,
Frightened, they stilled their murmurings
As if the power of speech had fled.

Long ages passed. Their voice was hushed
Except rare whispers, low and sweet,
So faint that man had never heard
The music stilled by careless feet.

Through shady nooks and sunny vales,
O'er hillsides and in fragrant bowers,
Roamed Love, who came from Hev'n to find
The long lost language of the flowers.

With bated breath and 'tentive ear
He knelt beside the blossoms, low,
Eager to catch the faintest sound
That on the gentle breeze might blow.

In vain he searched. Tho' oft he caught
Faint whisperings upon the air,
The meaning of their gentle words
Was not revealed by the blossoms fair.

With weary step and saddened heart
To a sylvan bower he strayed and wept;
When a perfumed rosebud spoke his name
As into his heart her sweetness crept.

He lingered there for many a day,
Conning the lessons o'er and o'er
Which the rose in her sweetness taught,
Speaking to him her simple lore.

At last his lessons well he'd learned.
Away he flew on the wings of the wind,
Bearing the message that he had heard
Of Beauty and Love, to all mankind.

He planted the Hawthorn where people wept,
And Hope sprang up in their hearts anew;
The Joy of the Celandine he told
Where flourished alone the mournful Yew.

Though time has passed on eager wing
Since Love on his great mission sped,
Yet many lessons we still learn
From blossoms which the fields o'erspread.

Their gentle breath, their mild caress,
Their holy influence, still are ours.
Blest messages we oft receive
From this sweet language of the Flowers.

HELEN GILKEY, '07; Utopian

A GLIMPSE OF CIRCUS LIFE

E. D. WETMORE, '08 JEFFERSONIAN No. 1.

Many different ideas prevail among people as to the hardships which are supposed to be a part of circus life, or the enjoyments which may be derived from it, such as seeing beautiful scenery in different parts of the country, visiting many places of interest, mingling as an observer with all classes of people, and satisfying the desire to travel. Of those who suppose that the life consists of hardships or those that suppose it to be a continual round of pleasure, neither is right.

As nearly everyone knows, the working force of a circus is composed of working men, musicians, performers, the owner or manager and his assistants.

The performers, while their work lasts only a short time, must work hard while their "act" is "on," and under no circumstances, except by order of the ringmaster, can they omit any part of it. The usual length of a circus act is from fifteen to twenty minutes. They must appear in this twice each day, and besides are required to appear in the "grand entry" and in the street parade. The daily work of a good performer averages about four hours, and this includes the time required for "making up" for each appearance. During the remainder of the day they may visit the places of interest in the city or indulge in any amusement they choose. The performers appearing in "feature acts" receive good pay; two horizontal bar performers who were with Ringlings' for several years re-

ceived \$350 a week and expenses. The majority of circus people spend their money as fast as they receive it, but some are frugal and in time retire to a quiet life.

The musicians earn their salaries by playing at both afternoon and night shows, and by appearing at half past 10 in the forenoon in readiness for parade. With the exception of those few who play for the after-show, the bandmen are through the day's work at 10 or 10:30. They can then retire for the night if they wish, as the sleeping cars have been put in order during the day by the porter who is left in charge, and who is held responsible for the cleanliness and neat appearance of his car. Each person on joining is assigned a certain berth, which he or she retains during the season. The sleeping cars used by a modern circus are the regular Pullman sleepers, but the sleeping accommodations are the most disagreeable part of the life, as sufficient room is not usually provided, it frequently happening that two persons are compelled to sleep in a berth intended for one. Being so overcrowded, the ventilation is apt to be poor and the atmosphere at night becomes rather impure.

Though the car may be crowded, it is always clean, and each grip, overcoat or any of the small articles which are allowed there must be in its place, and a fine is imposed on the person disobeying this rule, or any other rule or regulation. The rule requiring

everything put in its proper place is strictly enforced, and each stake, piece of canvas, wagon or any other of the innumerable articles has its place and must always be placed there. On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays the porter of each sleeping car gathers the articles which should be sent to the laundry and delivers the bundles to some laundry, with which one of the advance force has previously made arrangements.

After retiring for the night, one is not apt to be disturbed, as a strict silence is enforced from 10 o'clock at night to 8 in the morning, at which time the performers and musicians must arise, providing they wish any breakfast, as their breakfast lasts from 8 until 9. If lying in bed has more attractions for them than breakfast, they may wait until 10 o'clock before getting up, but they must then prepare for parade. A number of people suppose that circus people do not get enough sleep, but the two previously mentioned classes may sleep from ten to twelve hours every night in the week, and this should be sufficient for any one.

The "roustabouts," or canvas men, teamsters and laborers of various kinds connected with any large circus, can truly be said to lead a dog's life. They must start work soon after arriving at a town, which is usually about 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning. Besides starting work at this early hour, they must stay up until everything is loaded on the cars, which is some time between 12 and 3 o'clock. They must then sleep around the stock and canvas cars as best they can. The laborers eat in tents separated from the other eating tent, and their breakfast lasts from 6 until 8 o'clock. These are men without ambition and they

spend their pay soon after receiving it.

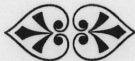
The meals for all connected with a first-class circus are very good. Except in rare cases when circumstances prevent, the food is fresh and very well cooked. The meal tents may look repulsive to some, but with Barnum & Bailey's circus, where the people have the choice of eating in fine dining cars or in the tent, they almost always choose the latter. As circus people spend most of their time in the open air, they are blessed with good appetites.

The every-day life of all connected with a circus organization is varied by new scenery which is continually brought to their view. On Sunday, those wishing may take walks or rides into the surrounding country. In a mountainous country these walks are especially enjoyable.

Among the large crowds that attend a performance a person is sure to see many queer people and witness many humorous incidents. In fact, the circus is a very good place for the student of human nature.

Although circus people, as a whole, cannot be considered as Christians, and some of them will not hesitate to cheat an outsider, they are strictly honest among themselves. In a first-class circus no intoxicating drinks are permitted to be brought aboard the sleeping cars.

Although some of the people have a few good qualities, and the life has some attractions, and men have made large fortunes in the show business, no young man should foster ambitions along this line unless he be the possessor of a strong will power, for every day will present many temptations, and these, if yielded to, will work his speedy downfall.





IN PASSING

MAUD ROBERTS, '05 PIERIAN No. 2.

The slanting beams of the evening sun lay across the worn doorstep where the old man sat. Tenderly, almost reverently, they rested on his white hair, as if they understood the loneliness and sorrow that he hid so carefully from human sight.

Far away, from out the summer fields, came the twilight sounds—sounds that brought peace to everyone, and added a still deeper charm to the old man's face, a face glorified with the rich fruits of love and tenderness which always spring up after the fallowing ploughshare of sorrow.

In the neighborhood where his humble dwelling was, the old man was known simply as "Vaelm." Intimate friends he had none. Yet, though his clothes were shabby and his purse lean, no king robed in all the vestments of state ever received truer homage from his fellow men than did Vaelm. For he met men, not face to face, but soul to soul. His gentle sympathy thrust aside the mask behind which the heart sought to hide its wounds, and he bound up its hurts with the soft mantle of tender, human love. To him, in compensation for deep suffering, had been given the power to understand the human soul, and with this understanding had come the broad sympathy which made him alone forgive where all others condemned.

Yet, strange though it may seem, he guarded his own griefs with a zeal that bordered on stoicism. He wept over the sorrows of others, but met his own

disappointments without a tear or murmur of complaint.

While bestowing his last crust upon some hungry unfortunate, he took infinite pains to conceal the emptiness of his own larder.

In the lonely hour of the gloaming, the hour when even the most independent nature seeks the solace of companionship, the heart of the old man alone on the doorstep longed for a friend whom he might love without reserve—someone who would understand.

Involuntarily, his thoughts, released like birds from the cage of daily duty, flew back to the past and clustered reverently about the fair form of one who should have been the light and joy of his lonely life, but whom blind misunderstanding had wrenched from his side. Oh! why had he doubted her? It was all so clear now—her loyalty to him, and the love that she had conquered only when death mercifully folded her tired hands and closed the sweet, brown eyes forever.

The face of the old man grew wan and careworn as memory opened the old heart wounds. Even the soft moonlight, falling so kindly upon his features, could not erase their drawn lines.

So deep and absorbing was the old man's reverie that he was unconscious of the sound of light footsteps on the path leading to the doorway where he sat. Suddenly, with a start, he looked up to behold a slight, girlish figure standing motionless before him. The

moonlight fell full upon the soft, brown hair and outlined the clear-cut face, lighting the sweet, dark eyes with a radiance that showed all too plainly the depth of their sadness. The thin lips were pale and drawn—the whole manner eloquent of wretchedness.

For a moment the old man saw in the features before him the face of one long dead—the face of his early love—and his soul whispered in the silence: "Are you come back to me?" Then the voice of the child, a voice sweet, but sad as the lonely chirp of the thrush at sunset, said: "Father Vaelm, I'm come to say good-bye. My home isn't anywhere now, and I'm going away—I don't know where." Instantly Vaelm recognized the speaker as the child he had so often watched with interest as she passed by his door to and from school. Many a time his heart had ached for her, because he perceived her delicate, sensitive temperament, and knew that her life in the home of the uncle who unwillingly supported her was little less than slavery. The little note of hopeless sadness in the voice that tried so hard to say its farewell bravely told him all—the unfeeling uncle had really executed his rumored intention of casting this orphan out upon the doubtful mercies of the world.

Upon the realization of this truth, there flashed into the old man's mind a thought which illumined the horizon of his life like the first ray at day-dawn. In this homeless child Providence had sent him the longed-for friend—the soul who would understand.

Taking the slender hands in his, the old man led the child from out the shadow, where she had stepped to hide her tears, into the white moonlight; and the nightbird hushed its note to listen as Vaelm said: "My little one has found her home at last. I will be, in truth, your 'Father Vaelm.'"

And so he was. In the days that followed, mellow, autumn days, when Nature bares her great, warm heart

to those that love her, Vaelm taught the child the wonders of the field and wood. Hand in hand they wandered, or sat watching while the universal "mother" tucked her children away for their winter's sleep. All the fruits of his ripe experience Vaelm imparted to the child—all the beauty and truth of life, which he felt more keenly now than ever before. Under his careful guidance the child's soul grew in strength and brightness, until it became a winged thing that carried the old man with it into undiscovered realms. And the most precious jewel of that soul was its love for Father Vaelm. Like many another strong nature that has been stunted in its affections, the child, having found some one to love, poured out her whole heart in devotion. Vaelm found it hard to hide from her quick perception the growing poverty which he tried so bravely to combat. It was pitiful to see the thousand ways in which her loving heart added to his comfort without seeming to see his need. But their mutual affection overbalanced their hardships and happiness reigned in the shabby, brown house on the hill. From his full heart Vaelm continued to give sympathy and love to brighten the paths of others.

Some time during the late winter Vaelm secured work in a neighboring mill. Because he feared to pain the child by allowing her to see that he was laboring far beyond his strength, he carefully concealed his change of occupation from her.

One day, during a time of high water on the river where the mill was situated, Vaelm and another workman were sent to repair a part of the machinery over the millrace. When the work was almost completed, a part of the structure on which they were supported gave way. Instantly, Vaelm saw that, in a moment, the structure would support one, and only one. The other man saw, too, and glanced up into Vaelm's face in mute despair. Then, as the old light of loving sym-

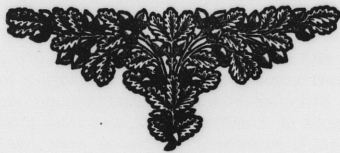
pathy flooded his face, the old man, without warning, relaxed his hold on the wavering beam and sank into the deep, seething pool.

Thus Vaelm passed, and, in passing, he exemplified the words of Him who sits at the fountainhead of all love: "Greater love than this hath no man, that he giveth his life for a friend."

In the spring woods, where the early flowers were lifting their sweet faces to greet the south wind, stood the child, alone with her grief. Only the violets crushed in her clasped hands gave token of her terrible sorrow. Her eyes were tearless, but in

their depths there was that which spoke of woe too deep for outward sign. She was struggling to be brave as Father Vaelm had been—to live as he had died, for, in passing, he had taught her the lesson which many learned scholars have never known—the lesson of unselfish, loving sacrifice. Yet, the way was hard and the little heart was lonely. Surely, though, somewhere Father Vaelm saw and understood.

So, tenderly and reverently, the child laid the violets on the old man's grave.



A False Proverb.

"All the world a lover loves."
 Proverbs often lead astray;
 Long I've wooed Belinda, she
 Scorns and flouts me, says me nay,

Can the proverb then be true?
 How it is I scarcely see,
 That all the world a lover loves
 When 'Linda's all the world to me.
 —Ex.

EDITORIAL

The College Barometer.

Published Monthly during the College year by the Literary Societies of the Oregon Agricultural College.

EDITORIAL STAFF.

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Alice Jones, '05	Associate Editor
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TERMS. Per Year, 75 Cents. Single Copies, 10 Cents.

Students, Professors, Alumni, and other friends of the college are invited to contribute interesting, well written matter, relating to any of the departments.

Entered at the post-office at Corvallis as second-class mail matter.

Address all communications to THE COLLEGE BAROMETER, Corvallis, Oregon.

A gentleman of our acquaintance who manages a large business has above his desk in large letters these words: "Do it now." He knows the necessity of doing his work while it is fresh in his mind; he appreciates the advantage of never having to rack his brain to call to mind things which he might have attended to earlier.

Procrastination is one of the most serious of student faults. To delay a duty as long as possible is the policy of a great many. Work is handed in at the very close of the term, when both students and professors are rushed for time, when it might as well have been done earlier.

Outside of class work there is an opportunity for development. The student who is systematic in his accounts, careful and painstaking when given a position of trust or honor by

his fellows, is getting an education worth while, but he who is unbusiness-like in these matters, slovenly and tardy in committee work, or unfaithful as an executive, is missing the opportunity of securing the training which will be useful after college days. The habits acquired in college follow one throughout life, hence it is important that prompt, systematic habits be formed. A college education is poor capital unless supplemented by business-like habits.

It is a characteristic of all college publications to be partial to their college, their athletic teams, and all their organizations; in a word, college men are gifted with the bump of self-esteem. But the claims made by some of our neighbors are so colossal as to be merely amusing. In a recent issue

of the Willamette Collegian was a cut of their foot ball team; over this group was the inscription: "Champion college team of the Northwest." After suffering a defeat of 16 to 0 from Eugene, such a statement is certainly an exhibition of gall. In the same issue the statement was made in regard to basket ball, that Willamette were undisputed champions of the Northwest for the last two years. After being defeated on their own floor by Washington, after suffering a defeat from Dallas greater than the previous victory they had gained over them, that claim is equally ridiculous.

This is the first time we have taken the liberty to criticise any of our neighboring publications, but there is no advantage in making claims that everyone knows are untrue. Praise for one's team, loyalty and enthusiastic support are helpful, but to claim honors for them that were never won hurts the team, and holds the paper

up to ridicule by those who know better.

We have been much pleased with the interest taken in the literary department of the Barometer. Each month a goodly number of interesting articles are handed in, and we regret that limited space forbids our publishing more of them. The winning articles have come from a number of the societies, and it appears that the contest will be close from start to finish.

With the coming and going of Christmas, that word has been subjected again to abuse from hundreds of pens. To abbreviate that beautiful word to Xmas is a senseless custom, which, when we come to think about it, is actually irreverent. We might as well speak of Xtianity. When abbreviated the word loses all of the significance of what Christmas really means, and a crusade against its use would certainly be proper.




My Country's Flag.

Flag of beauty, flag of might,
 Floating on the breezes light,
 Crimson bars and bars of white,
 Studded with the stars of night,
 Float on ever, night and day,
 O'er our land, so free for aye.
 This is my country's flag,
 And I am my country's boy,
 To love and serve her well,
 Will ever be my joy.

—Selected.



DENNIS P. QUINLAN
First Lieutenant Ninth Cavalry



The Military Department.

The rapid advancement of the Military Department of the O. A. C. has been due largely to the work of our new commandant, Lieutenant Quinlan. Being a young, enthusiastic officer with modern ideas and a vision of the possibilities for this department, he has introduced a system which is bound to put the organization in splendid shape by the time it visits the Lewis and Clark fair.

Lieutenant Quinlan is a graduate of a law school, but at the commencement of hostilities with Spain he enlisted as a volunteer and served throughout the war. He was appointed to the regular army after conspicuous service in the Filipino war. He was so severely wounded that his retirement seemed necessary, but by special act of the president he was appointed as commandant of cadets in the Oregon Agricultural College. Speaking of the work here, Lieutenant Quinlan says:

"The Military Department of the O. A. C. has a regimental formation, 402 cadets having registered. In its instruction it is one of the most thorough in the United States. Realizing that the efficiency of the regiment will be measured by regular army standards, I have adhered closely to the methods in vogue in the regular service, adapting to a certain degree the text works and manuals authorized for the Infantry and Cavalry School at Fort Leavenworth, Kan. The greater part of my efforts since reporting here has been directed towards having the cadets adopt a systematic rule of conduct, inculcating accurate methods

into everything they undertake. This not only places the cadet in a condition to receive favorably all instruction in the Military Department, but facilitates study in the other departments, and becomes a valuable asset to any young man going out in the world in any profession. The study of things military is a study of a lifetime, the only thing attempted in schools of this kind being to establish a general knowledge of the manner of enlisting, organizing, disciplining clothing, feeding, caring for, paying and discharging an army. I know of no school in the United States today, outside of West Point, that is paying more attention to detail than that of the military body of this college. Having come from the ranks of the regular army, I realize the difficulties that ordinarily confront a soldier who can devote his entire time to the study of things military, but in the instruction of the cadet consideration must be given to the fact that this study is merely a component part of his training at this college. This fact I have constantly kept in mind when reorganizing the military body, and with the hearty co-operation which I have received from the regents, president, members of the faculty, and the enthusiasm which has characterized the student in performing his duties, justifies me in the belief that the appearance of the regiment at the Lewis and Clark Fair will be the greatest advertisement the O. A. C. has ever received. We anticipate in the near future the erection of an enclosed building of sufficient dimensions to accom-

modate the entire regiment at drill."

The regiment consists of four companies of infantry, detachments of cavalry, artillery and a hospital, signal and an engineers' corps.

To officer this regiment there is a staff consisting of the colonel, lieutenant colonel, major, captain and adjutant; quartermaster and commissary first lieutenant and adjutant, and second lieutenant and quartermaster, four captains of companies, four cap-

tains of detachments, with first and second lieutenants. Thus there are thirty-one commissioned officers, while under the old system barely half that number were given commissions.

Thoroughly organized and equipped, all that is necessary is the hearty cooperation of each cadet and we will show to the spectators in Portland next spring an organization that the state will be proud of.



We Get What We Give.

Molly gives frown, and Molly gives shrugs;
Never gives smiles, and never gives hugs;
Yet Molly complains the world is so cold,
So selfish and hard, so ready to scold,
She never has learned in this life we live,
That all the world over we get what we give.

Bessie gives love, and ever a smile;
Never gives taunts, and never shows guile;
And Bessie declares the world is all light,
That goodness in time will right up the right.
She long since has learned in this life we live
That all the world over we get what we give.

"The world is so dreary," says Molly to pa;
"The world is all gladness," says Bessie to ma;
"I would," says sad Molly, "I'd n'er been born;"
"How sweet 'tis to live," says Bessie each morn.
The maxim is certain in this life we live,
That all the world over we get what we give.

—Addie Lloyd Wright.



Multnomah-O. A. C. Game.

To say "The greatest game ever seen on the Multnomah gridiron" sounds tame; we have heard that so often. "Spectacular and sensational from beginning to end" is a time-worn phrase applied to so many games that it carries little significance. "The most magnificent exhibition of team work ever displayed in the Northwest" is a threadbare expression which has been applied to games every year since foot ball was introduced.

But to the game our boys played with the giant clubmen on the chilly December afternoon, these terms might be applied again, and not a single one of the 3,000 spectators, who hung breathlessly on every play, would dispute it for an instant.

We have all read and heard again and again how that bunch of farmer lads received the kick-off from Chester Murphy's veteran warriors, and smashed their line and circled their ends in a succession of beautifully executed and brilliant plays, that required just five minutes to cover the ninety yards for the first touchdown. It is still fresh in our minds how, in the next moment, four O. A. C. players raced down under the kick-off and tackled that wizard Murphy, as he started to run in, with a fierceness

that caused him to drop the ball into the eager arms of the "Terrible Swede," who darted across the line for a second score. It is not forgotten yet how those same lads received the next kick-off and repeated their performance of end running, line plunging and hurdling for sixty-five yards, when a penalty of fifteen yards could not be made up and the clubmen had the ball.

Nor did the great playing of Corvallis stop because they did not score again. In that second half Multnomah taxed her great resources to the limit to put in a team that simply could not be stopped. Players famous in California, and one old warrior from Notre Dame, fresh and strong, were put in against the tired Agrics, and playing with a fierceness equaled only by the desperation with which the Corvallis boys defended the Orange, they hammered down the field. Twice they crossed the farmers' goal line, and once Murphy booted the ball above the bar between the posts and Corvallis was defeated.

Following is the line-up:

Multnomah.	O. A. C.
Jordan	L. E. Emily
Stow	L. T. Bower
Ross	L. G. Dunlap
Grieve	C. Walker
Kellar	Burrows

Seely R. G. Bundy
 Kirkley R. T. Steckle
 Pratt Walker
 Dowling R. E. Cooper
 Stott Ray Walker-Steiwer
 Murphy Q. Rinehart
 Corbett L. H. Williams
 Lonergan
 Horan R. H. Root
 McMillan
 Dolph F. Abraham

The following clippings from disinterested pens bespeak the merits of the O. A. C. team:

In summing up the Multnomah foot ball games during the season, the Portland Telegram says: "The Oregon contest was a hard fought struggle, but the match with O. A. C. was by far the best from the standpoint of the spectator. All in all, it is undoubtedly a fact that Oregon Agricultural College brought to Portland the best foot ball team that has been here this year. Those men had a better understanding of the game and showed more team work."

Albany Democrat: The O. A. C. team that went up against Multnomah Monday would make the heads of the U. of O. boys swim.

Albany Democrat: The foot ball game in Portland Monday between Multnomah and O. A. C. was one of the most sensational and most spectacular of the year. Multnomah, as usual on her own ground, won by the skin of her teeth, 11 to 10, each club making two touchdowns. In beginning Multnomah kicked off to the farmers, who carried the ball down in as fine playing as was ever seen on the field. Then O. A. C. kicked to Multnomah, the ball was fumbled, rolled into the hands of a farmer, who placed it behind the goal. It looked like a farmers' victory for certain. But Multnomah put in her reserve force of crack, fresh men like Pratt and Stott and fought like fiends for two goals, of which one was kicked by Murphy. Root of O. A. C. was the star player on the field.

Salem Journal: Multnomah and O.

A. C. foot ball teams played each other to a standstill at Portland Monday afternoon in what is said to have been the greatest foot ball game ever witnessed in Portland. Corvallis scored twice as the result of lightning plays in the first half, but failed to kick goal either time. Multnomah braced up in the second half, and after a series of straight line bucks forced the collegians back over their goal for two touchdowns in the second half, and Chester Murphy kicked one goal.

In Retrospect.

A brief summary of the results of the season just closed so brilliantly might be appropriate at this time. The work of our team, our coach and our management merits the highest praise of all, and deserves the gratitude of every one interested in the O. A. C.

The results of the games played this season are as follows:

O. A. C.	11	Alumni	0
O. A. C.	22	Portland Medics	0
O. A. C.	26	U. of W.	5
O. A. C.	45	Utah	0
O. A. C.	5	U. of O.	6
O. A. C.	10	M. A. A. C.	11

O. A. C. 119 Opponents 22

Notwithstanding the defeat that cost us the Northwest championship, the season has been a success. The interest the students have taken, the loyalty and support of faculty and townspeople, the efficiency and energy of the management, the splendid work of our coach, and, above all, the unselfish devotion of every player, the genuine grit exhibited throughout the long, tiring season, these have all contributed to make the foot ball season of 1904 one long to be remembered by those of us who were so fortunate as to witness the playing of those heroes whose work compelled the plaudits of both friends and enemies.

Basket Ball.

The girls' basket ball team went

forth in the latter part of December for the first time this season to do battle with their sister teams. Their first stop was at Cottage Grove, where they played the High School team. The hall in which they played had many unique features aside from being small, for the side lines were the spectators and the baskets were fastened to poles instead of frames. Yet, in spite of these disadvantages, our girls gave an exhibition of basket ball that was a surprise to the fair ball tossers of that city. They had a peculiar habit of changing positions unexpectedly, which usually resulted in the collision of their fair opponents, much to their astonishment and chagrin. The final score stood 15 to 7 in favor of O. A. C.

The second game was with the Roseburg High School. Here they played under better conditions, the hall being larger and the floor better. The girls forgot all about being away from home and played star ball from the toss-up to the finish. They dropped the ball in the basket so often that the scorer had to call for assistance and their opponents for help. One goal was thrown in just fifteen sec-

onds, and five were thrown in the first three minutes.

The girls' team work was excellent and it is evident from the score, 44 to 5, that the playing was fast. The lineup for both teams was as follows: Center, Una Stewart; forwards Myrtle Harrington and Luella Van Cleve; guards, Frances Gellately and Agnes Sweek.

The Games in Portland.

Some of the youngsters, in order to see the big Multnomah-O. A. C. game, made arrangements to play basket ball with the Y. M. C. A. Tigers and Multnomah's second team. They tamed the Tigers to the tune of 33 to 25, and "skinned" Multnomah, 33 to 12.

O. A. C. vs. O. S. N. S.

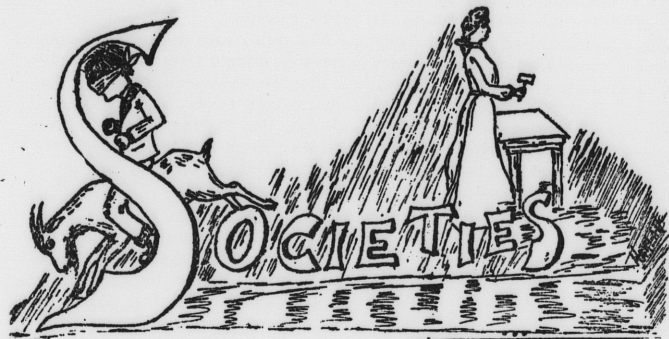
Still another scalp was hung to O. A. C.'s belt on January 7, when the farmers took the pedagogues from Monmouth into camp at the rate of 39 to 9. The game was very fast and before it ended the Normal lads were going south under full sail.

Zophar Thart, formerly of O. A. C., but now physical director and coach at Monmouth, accompanied his team on its trip.

A Big Club.

The guide was showing him the big trees. "This one," he said, "is supposed to be about two thousand years old." "What a twentieth-century club it would make!" commented the professor.—Ex.





Zetagathean.

The interest the members are taking in our society indicates that the year 1905 will be a prosperous one for the Zetagathean youths. All of our old members are back, with the exception of Mr. Culver and L. O. Roberts, while two new men have taken their places. The following officers were elected for the coming term: President, P. L. Adams; vice president, Proebstel; secretary, Forrest; treasurer, Ed Thayer; registrar, Stout; sergeant-at-arms, Belden.

Sorosis.

The literary work for the new year has begun with much interest on the part of the members, and now that our classes have become settled more earnest attention can be given to the helpful selections which will compose our Friday programs.

The girls welcomed to themselves last Friday Miss Grace Mays, whom we know will make an excellent Sorosis.

The tea given at Miss Withycombe's was greatly enjoyed and started the new year with a happy outlook.

Utopian.

After spending the holidays at their several homes, the Utopians, the strivers for the ideal, are once more at work. Several visitors were pres-

ent at our program last Friday, and Miss Winifred Gates, who is capable of expressing her feelings on the violin, was initiated into the mysteries of the land of Utopia. Our newly elected officers have taken up their respective duties with earnestness. They are as follows: President, Miss Isabel Wright; vice president, Miss Ethel Berman; secretary, Miss Alicia Hill; treasurer, Miss Myrtle De Haven; registrar, Miss Grace Cramer; janitor, Miss Alice Wicklund. We are looking forward with interest toward coming contests and debates, and we intend to win our share of honors.

Feronian.

The beginning of the year 1905 finds the Feronians in their new quarters under the management of the following corps of officers: President, Maud Hays; vice president, Mabelle Keady; secretary, Clayton Barnell; treasurer, Florence Adams; registrar, Mary Colvig; janitor, Laura Flett.

Last term ended with a pleasant meeting with the Zetagathean Society. The new term opens with general interest in the coming oratorical contest.

Jeffersonian.

The Christmas holidays being over, we again find the Jeffs in their old places with renewed determination

and new resolutions. Each one is striving for the welfare of the society and ready to work when the trumpet is blown. On account of the holidays the society has had fewer meetings than usual, but with two terms ahead we expect to be amply repaid.

Mr. M. V. Weatherford will be our representative in the oratorical contest.

Amicitia.

In looking back over the pages of 1904, we congratulate ourselves on our year's record. Although not ranking first in oratorical contest or debate, we are not in the least discouraged but are confident that we are still leaders in all-around literary development.

Looking backward, we behold the victorious Amicitians of other years, and, inspired by the records left by Mayfield, Tartar and others, we press forward to the contests of 1905 with a determination to break all records of the past.

On Saturday evening, January 7, the society met and during a short, snappy business meeting; unanimously elected John Withycombe to represent them in the coming oratorical contest.

Perhaps an explanation is due in regard to a little disturbance that occurred within our halls last term. During the initiation of a new member, our old Initiator broke away from those who held him and proceeded to demolish the furniture. After some excitement he was captured and the Ams cheerfully "dug up" for the damage. Billy is now more carefully guarded.

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. wishes all a happy and prosperous New Year, with the hope that it may mean more than did the previous year, and that your realizations may materialize.

Our first meeting of the year was held January 8, with Alice Edwards as leader. The topic discussed was, "What the New Year Message Means to Me." Very interesting and helpful suggestions were brought out and we

all felt that it is good to enter upon the new year with higher ideals and resolves.

Now that we are organized and on a firm basis, we hope to accomplish more in the line that the association stands for. We are always glad to welcome the women of the college to our meetings on Sunday at 3 p. m.

Y. M. C. A.

Before the Barometer appears the students' banquet will be past. Preparations are being made to provide an evening of unusual enjoyment, and the high reputation accompanying the four speakers promises well for the after-dinner program. The most important feature of the occasion is more a matter of conjecture. It is the response of the students to the appeal to have a part in erecting the student building. Eastern schools of scarcely larger size have pledged as high as \$6,000 on similar occasions, but it must not be forgotten that many of considerable wealth attend those schools, while the students here are all of limited resources. But we have confidence in the student body of O. A. C., and we venture to prophesy that many will be surprised by the liberal response of the students.

The canvass will be immediately taken up again. A banquet will be tendered the faculty and business men of Corvallis in the near future, at which time plans will be made for soliciting these bodies. A more extended canvass of the students will then be undertaken to raise the remainder of the \$10,000.

May we ask your co-operation and good will as this enterprise proceeds, for it is undertaken with no selfish purpose, but for the common good of the students of Oregon's greatest school?





ALUMNI

Alva Horton, '04, is visiting friends in Corvallis.

T. W. Espy, '04, was at the college at the opening of the school term.

T. W. Scott, '04, spent a few days in Corvallis recently. He is still selling pink pills to pale people in Portland.

Carle Abrams, '00, has been dangerously ill at his home in Lincoln, Polk county, with typhoid fever. Mr. Abrams is city editor of the Salem Statesman and a lieutenant in the National Guard of that city.


Harvey L. McCallister, '97, alias "Pap Hayseed," was an excited spectator at the Multnomah-O. A. C. game. He informs us that he intends to play in the alumni game next year. This would certainly be a good advertisement for the game in itself, for his fame as a foot ball player is still bright.

A very pretty wedding took place at the home of E. R. Dilley of Corvallis, the contracting parties being J. E. Johnson of the class of '03 and Miss Lucy Dilley of the class of '04. The bride was a resident of Corvallis and very popular and well known in city and college circles. The groom was well known in college, being editor of the Barometer, and held the rank of captain in the O. A. C. cadet

battalion during his senior year. He graduated as valedictorian of his class.

Guy E. Moore, '04, writes entertainingly of his experiences in Chicago. His work is pleasant and he is learning much, but he is anxious to be in Corvallis again and will lose no time in starting for home when his year's work is completed. Guy reported that Roy Howard, '02, had called on him as he was passing through Chicago on his way east. He has suspended his studies in Drake University and is again in the employ of the Personal Help Publishing Co., where he made such an excellent record the past two years.

On Wednesday evening, December 28, in Woodlawn, Mr. Floyd Millhollen and Miss Eliza McGillivray, and Mr. A. E. McGillivray and Miss Ora Melton were married in the presence of immediate relatives and a few intimate friends. Mr. McGillivray graduated with the class of '02 with high honors, showing rare literary talent. At present he is proprietor of a drug store in East Portland. Mr. Millhollen is a member of the '03 class, and is also of the pharmacy department. He is now located at Ione, Ore. Miss Eliza McGillivray was a student of the college for a time.





Schedules-

Small's hot drinks are the best.

Happy New Year!

All kinds of repairing done by Dilley & Arnold.

Gertrude McBee spent Christmas at her home near Oak Ridge.

When you want real up-to-date box paper, call for Lowney's at Small's.

Mr. Bert Pilkington spent his vacation at Oakland, Ore.

Mabel Huddelson went to Jefferson, Ore., for the holidays.

Adah McDonald spent Christmas at her home in Southern Oregon.

Umbrellas fixed on short notice at Dilley & Arnold's shop.

Alice Barr and Stella Madden are back in school again.

The appropriate greeting now is: "How many conflicts have you?"

I make a specialty of watch repairing, Albert J. Metzger.

The important topic among seniors just now is "class pins."

The Oratorical Association is full of business these days.

Mr. Oral Crawford of Linn county is a guest at the home of his sister, Miss Helen Crawford.

When you want a good pocket knife, call on Dilley & Arnold.

Alva Horton has returned to Corvallis.

Mamie Scoggin spent Christmas with relatives near Albany.

If you want jewelry, see Albert J. Metzger, Occidental building.

Louella Van Cleve and Myrtle Burnap spent Christmas at the Bay.

When you want watch or jewelry repairing, see Albert J. Metzger.

An exceedingly merry party accompanied Miss Snipes on her homeward journey.

Maud Graves, Alice Wicklund, Edna Allen and Maud Roberts spent the holidays in Portland.

Professor Taillandier will give a musical lecture in the College Chapel on Friday evening, Jan. 20th.

Professor Tartar made a flying trip to Portland last Saturday, returning on the noon train Sunday.

Miss Lorene Parker, a sister of Mabel Parker, and Miss Azora Gregg are new students this term.

Last year Miss Snell taught cooking to a class of boys. This year a number of girls are taking woodwork. "Turn about is fair play."

Miss Maude Roberts spent the vacation with friends in Portland.

O. E. Davidson and Fred Beach are in school again after a year's absence.

Miss Una Stewart visited with friends in Eugene during the holidays.

Miss Mary Southerland returned December 29 from a visit in Portland and Salem.

At the end of last term the class of German I was referred to as "the slaughter of the ignorants."

If you have some money that you don't wish to spend foolishly, get a box of Lowney's Bon Bons at Small.

Inez Williams and Golda Howard intend taking the teachers' examination in February.

Irene Sproat and Lucile Roberts spent the holidays at their homes in Hood River.

Vacation is over and teachers and students are back in their old places again ready for work.

Miss Helen Sprague returned January 3 from a pleasant vacation at her home near Oregon City.

The family of Professor J. B. Horner returned December 30 from a pleasant vacation at the coast.

In selecting a pocket knife, see that the word Damascus is on the blade. Dilley & Arnold have them in stock.

Calvin Ingle, who has been employed in a drug store in Wasco, is in school again in the pharmacy department.

Fred Groshrong, a former student, was greeting old friends and relatives in Corvallis recently. At present he is in a business college in Portland.

Fish was the first course served to the vertebrae anatomy class on Thursday by Professor Cordley. Nearly all of the class took theirs "a la note book."

We are glad to see John Withycombe in school again after an absence of a year and a half. John spent

last year in the U. of W., but some temptation brought him back to O. A. C.

On Sunday, January 8, Joe Wright and May Harris, both O. A. C. students, were married. They will make their home in Silver Lake. Their many friends here wish them a bright and prosperous future.

A quiet wedding was celebrated in Corvallis December 20 at the home of the bride's parents, when J. E. Johnson and Miss Lucy Dilley were married. Both are graduates of O. A. C. and have many friends here. They will live at Vale, Ore.

Professor Johnson spent his vacation very profitably in making a good board walk from his home, southwest of the college, to the athletic field. This will be greatly appreciated by those who go to and from college in that direction.

On Christmas day was celebrated the marriage of Lillian Johnson and Charles Le Moine at Vale. The wedding was very beautiful and elaborate, and a grand reception was given afterwards to both Mr. and Mrs. Le Moine and Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Johnson, Jr.

The work of the Glee Club is progressing favorably; perhaps not as fast as it might, but the practice meetings are generally well attended and the members are gradually getting used to their parts. Ward Webber, a member of the excellent male quartet last year, is with us again and is a decided acquisition.

The chapel was well filled on Wednesday morning, January 4, the first day of the new term. Captain Apperson, whom President Gatch introduced as "the wheelhorse of the institution," made a pleasant address, winning decided approval from the girls by his promise to do his utmost to further their interests in the regents' meeting. Hon. B. G. Leedy, master of the Oregon State Grange, also gave a short talk, expressing his interest in the O. A. C. and the progress it is making.

The loyalty and enthusiasm felt by O. A. C. girls for our foot ball team was well shown in an instance that happened about the time the Multnomah men were being surprised. A dignified senior girl bravely climbed to the top of a windmill to cheer the team to victory with the college yell.

The Christmas holidays brought relief to anxious minds by deciding the apportionment of C's, F's and P's and made a great scatterment in the ranks of students. Advantage was taken of their absence to put in a new floor in the south hall of the Administration building, oil the floors of the various rooms and make other improvements.

The monster cactus on the first floor of the Agricultural Hall is an extremely useful plant. It serves the purposes of ornament, curiosity and directory of students. If the registrar should ever be in doubt as to whether any certain person ever went to this

college, we recommend him to go and look at that cactus, and if the student ever has attended his name will surely be found thereon.

The editor of one of the society papers was accosted by a fellow member, who told a common-place fact, and added: "You know you can write up a great long spiel over nothing and make people think you actually have something to write." This is about the case of the local editor. She is supposed to write several pages of interesting news about a month old! Everyone is interested in locals, but, strange to say, no one ever tells the local editor any news, and very few even know any when asked. But the editor is supposed to. If necessary, she must make something out of nothing. If you really are interested in locals, help out the department a little. Tell us about any bit of news or good joke that will interest others.



Our Exchanges.

The Tahoma, of Tacoma High School, is an interesting paper and has many good points.

The Student Life, A. C. U., has a very unique cover. It is also well supplied with good cuts.

In the Christmas number of The Academia is a well written story called "The Exile's Christmas Eve."

We are pleased to note the constant improvement of The Orange and Black, Spokane, Wash. It is very neatly arranged.

The Columbiad is at hand. It is neatly gotten up and contains some

interesting articles; also an excellent cut of the Columbia University foot ball team.

His Papa—Bobby, I merely punished you to show my love for you.

Bobby—If I was only bigger, pa, I would return your love.—Ex.

The number of our exchanges is continually increasing, and the quality is also growing better. We were pleased to receive so many attractive holiday numbers.

The Evergreen, published by W. A. C., is one of the best exchanges which has come to us this month. It has a

very artistic cover design, and the literary matter is especially good, which perhaps makes up for the absence of an exchange page.

"You must mark down your age in this blank space," said the insurance agent to the beautiful woman.

And she did. She marked it down from twenty-eight to twenty-two.

"I wish," he said, "you could make pies like mother used to make."

"And I," said she, "wish you could make dough like pa used to make."—
Ex.

"Bridget, you must be more careful

with your dusting. I declare, I could write my name upon the piano.

"Deed, ma'am, it's yersilf has the gran' eddycayshun."

We always laugh at teacher's jokes,

No matter how bad they may be;

Not because they're funny, folks,

But because it's policy.

—Ex.

"What do you think now, Bobbie?" asked his mother, as she boxed his ears.

"I don't think," replied the boy. "My train of thought has been delayed by a hot box."—Ex.



.....The Student Building Assured.....

The Young Men's Christian Association building which has been in prospect for some time, became an assured fact Friday night when a hundred and fifty men of the College gathered in the Armory and pledged the splendid sum of \$3,200 for the purpose.

After a unique and tasty banquet, talks followed on different phases of the work. H. C. Darby and R. C. Shepard spoke on student loyalty and student enterprises. International secretary, H. O. Hill, spoke on "Value Received" in subscribing money for such a purpose. Mr. McLean, of New York, and Mr. McCoy, of San Francisco, followed with splendid speeches on "Association Buildings" and the "Privilege of being allowed to assist." Mr. H. W. Stone, state secretary, in his earnest way, laid before the men the proposition in a practical manner and subscriptions were called for.

Then followed what many might think

the remarkable part. Pledges ranging from \$2 to \$150 were made until the amount passed the three thousand dollar mark, and the meeting adjourned amid tremendous enthusiasm.

It was proven that the students want the building badly enough to give for it to the point of sacrifice. Every man who subscribed felt glad that he was there to be one of the first to start the fund for this noble work.

With the \$2,000 already promised by an individual outside of Oregon, this makes the success of the enterprise certain; and the students of O. A. C. are to be congratulated that they are to be the first to have an institution of this character in the Pacific Northwest.

General Secretary C. L. Shepard was given three rousing cheers for having superintended this work in such a masterly manner.

~St. Valentine's Day~

FEBRUARY 14, 1905

For a week **VALENTINES** are the.....
PROPER THING

GERHARD HAS THEM..

Comic and Sentimental.

Card, Postal-card, Drop and Novelties, ranging in price from

One Cent to Five Dollars

GERHARD

IS CLOSING OUT

Leather Goods and Pictures at Half Price!

AND GIVING

Big Reductions on Books!

Say, Do You Know!

THAT FOR

Groceries, Lamps, Souvenir Dishes,

Also all kinds of supplies for

Society Entertainments

you can do no better than deal with

E. B. HORNING

Are you in need
of a nice dress suit?

If so go and have a talk with BAUER & WILKINS about it; they will make you one from \$15 up and guarantee a fit. Cleaning, pressing and repairing promptly done.

BAUER & WILKINS, Tailors

THE OLD RELIABLE Occidental Hotel

Completely overhauled and rearranged

Will again be opened to the public January 19. First-class in every particular.

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as well as all kinds of
Harness and Saddlery Work.
Viscol waterproofs shoes

Ingle & Tozier's Harness Shop,

AT THE

City Restaurant...

We give you what you wish to eat,
Use you nice and treat you right;
Invited to call by E. E. White.
Special rates by week.

South Main Street.

THE O. K. BARBER SHOP,

GEO. PLASTER, PROP.

The only place in the city to
get first-class work.

TWO CHAIRS RUNNING STEADY

BOOTS

—AND—

SHOES

Made and Repaired.

All work guaranteed to give satisfac-
tion when taken to

J. SENGER

Near City Restaurant.

For new and up-to-date
goods call on

Moses Bros.

In connection with their com-
plete line of

...GENERAL MERCHANDISE...

they carry almost anything
the student may desire.

O. A. C. CLEANING AND PRESSING PARLORS

◆◆◆◆◆

We make a specialty of cleaning and
pressing student's clothing.

Prices to suit. Work guaranteed.

CATE BROS., Props.

P. C. STEWART,

Tonsorial Parlors.

Shaving,
Haircutting,
Face Massage, etc.
Baths.

Everything First-class.

...SOMETHING NICE...



There is nothing that adorns the home more than a nice easy rocker, beautiful pictures, or fine carpets and rugs. We have them in any style and many other things too. Our stock was never more complete or up-to-date than at the present time.

Remember we handle stoves, ranges, granite and tinware. Second hand goods bought and sold.

Your patronage solicited.

HOLLENBERG & CADY,
The Housefurnishers. **CORVALLIS, ORE.**

HOTEL CORVALLIS Leading house in the Willamette Valley

NEWLY FURNISHED WITH MODERN CONVENIENCES

RATES, \$1.00 TO \$2.00 PER DAY

DIAMONDS

Watches, Clocks, Cut Glass, Jewelry of all kinds, Optical Goods; new goods and up-to-date. Eyes examined, glasses fitted.

Repairing of all kinds and guaranteed.

E. W. S. PRATT, Jeweler and Optician.

S. L. KLINE'S

35th Great January Clearance Sale 35th

Every article in my large stock of good new merchandise is going at greatly reduced prices. These are not goods bought up for this sale but our regular merchandise.

S. L. KLINE, CORVALLIS, ORE.

Allen & Woodward

Drugs and Books

A full line of all books used in the
Military Department now on hand.

E. P. GREFFOZ

Watchmaker and Jeweler

Satisfaction Guaranteed

O. A. C. souvenir spoons.





Prompt Delivery

is ordered—swift service you'll get if you favor us with your orders—but you will get more than quick service if you deal. You will get good goods, whether you order teas, coffees, spices, canned goods, or the latest advertised breakfast foods. We have them all as a call will prove.

..P. M. ZIEROLF..

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Furniture, Musical Instruments,

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South Main Street, Corvallis, Oregon.

Now located in new cement building.

YES, you can get the
Barometer for
the next six
months for 50 cents

Corvallis Steam Laundry

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Patronize home industry.

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Bargains all along the line.

Nolan & Callahan
We sell GILBERT'S
CELEBRATED Dress Linings.

Nearly 40 Years

In our record of acknowledged superiority in furnishing

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and
Equipments**

to the majority of Colleges in America. Write for catalogue and low prices. Address:

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