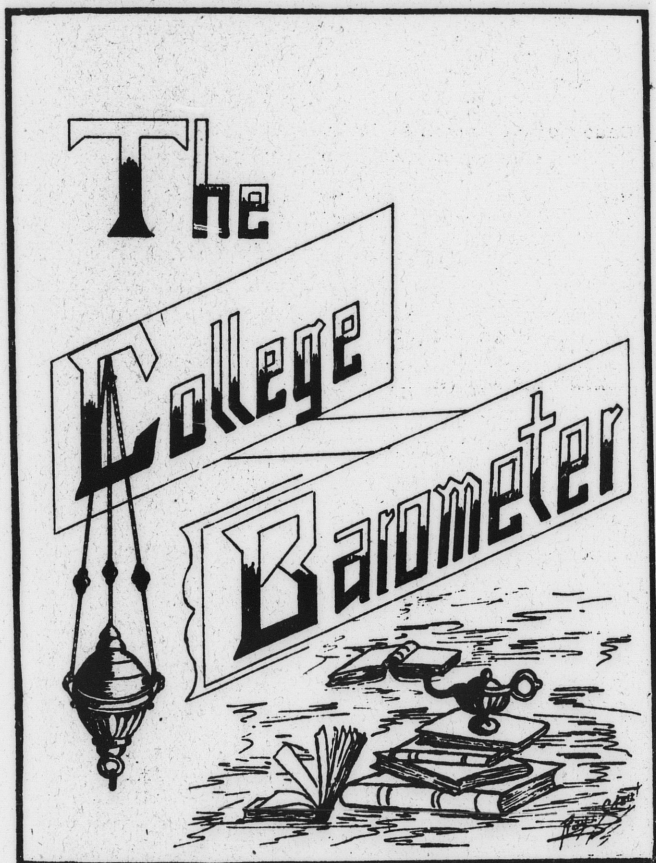


E. B. Bealy
Dec 11 1909

Vol. 10

FEBRUARY, 1905

No. 5



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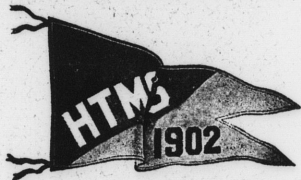
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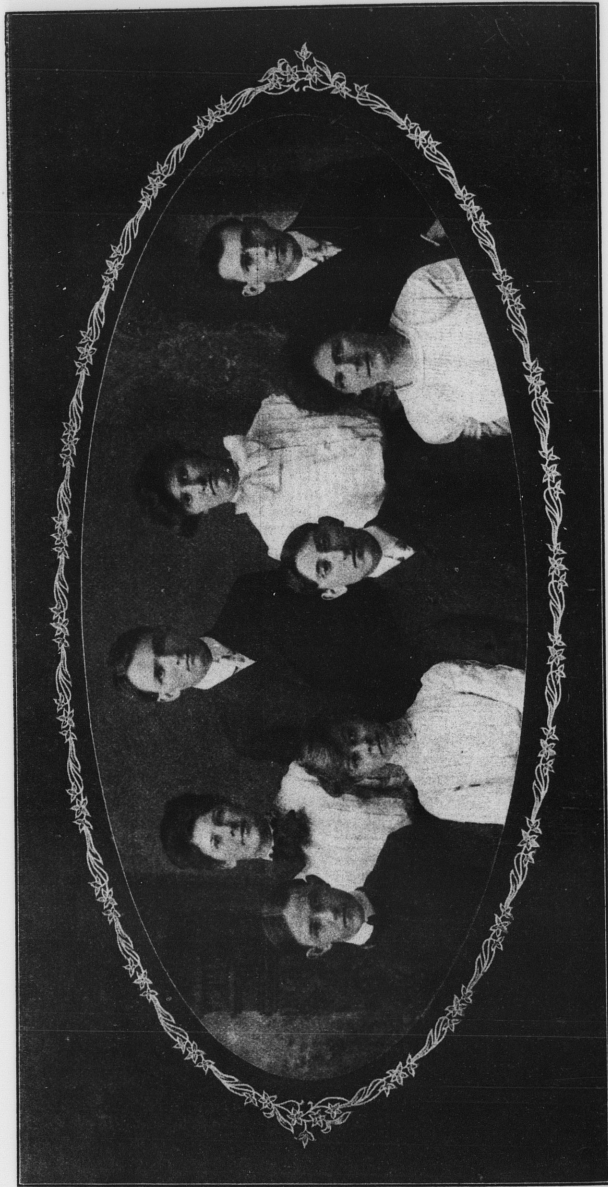
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The

COLLEGE ~ ~ BAROMETER



VOL. 10.

CORVALLIS, OREGON, FEBRUARY, 1905.

No. 5

An Ode to the Hood River Valley.

Eureka! Eureka! 'Tis Eden again,
A place where the angels might wish
to remain,
Where apple trees blossom and night-
ingales sing,
And humming birds flutter on golden
wing.
'Tis here where the sky's ever azure
and clear,
And the sun ever lives to give com-
fort and cheer,
For he ripens the grain and flavors
the cherry,
And crimsons the cheek of the lus-
cious strawberry.
The North has its blizzards, its hail-
storms and rain;
The South has its tropical sun to sus-
tain;
The East has its winter of frost-laden
breeze,
Whilst here we are free from such
evils as these.
Then come to this paradise, haven of
rest,
As tempest-tossed sparrows fly home
to their nest;
Come find sweet repose and midst vio-
lets recline,
In the shade of the peach tree and
wide-spreading pine.

The nights are so cool in this land of
the blest,
Inducing sweet sleep in the season of
rest;
The mornings so bright and the noon-
days so clear
That forget-me-nots blossom each
month in the year.
In springtime the valleys rich blos-
soms unfold,
The lilies of silver and popples of
gold,
True emblems of wealth that the
green earth contains
In creek and in canyon and deep-hid-
den vein.
Hibernians boast of their valleys and
lakes,
And Scotchmen may vaunt of their
land of oat cakes,
Let Irishmen talk of their "Emerald
Isle"—
I'll inhale the fresh air of Hood River
the while.
'Tis life, it is health, superlative bliss,
To live in a land of good cheer such
as this;
So here let me live, and, yes, here let
me die,
In the land of the apple and ever-blue
sky.

—J. W. DARLING, '07

A Marginal Note

MAUDE ROBERTS, '05, Pierian No. 1.

Rob and I had been chums at Harvard. Consequently, when he invited me to spend a couple of weeks hunting at his home, the fall after our graduation, I sent a note of acceptance by return mail. Two days later found me at the Stewart country home, listening to Rob's glowing account of a hunt on the day previous, when he had bagged ten partridges and half as many mallards. As he talked my thoughts raced away into happy anticipation of our proposed hunt on the morrow, for, though I am of a literary bent, there are times when even a book-worm likes to turn in his cell and get a glimpse of life as lived by his more athletic mates.

But on the following morning we were caged indoors by a persistent rain—one of those melancholy, drizzling effusions of Nature that are as hard to account for as the tears of an ill-natured woman, and almost as dispiriting. Even Rob's good humor almost gave way under the enforced confinement, but he did his best to blunt the edge of my disappointment by turning me loose in the family library, which was unusually fine for a country home. As my glance ran rapidly over the familiar titles of the volumes of the second shelf, he eyed me with a quizzical expression on his face, for, unlike his parents, Rob has a marked contempt for all reading matter, except a certain sort of scientific stuff, which he flavors with sporting news or athletics, and calls "sensible." I don't think he ever read a love story in his life.

Just as I was settling down com-

fortably to a review of "The Call of the Wild," he suddenly slapped me on the shoulder and said: "I have it. You'r just the chap that might care for old trash like that," and before I knew what was happening he had dragged me up two flights of stairs into a dim, old garret, so musty and still that at every turn I expected to find a ghost at my elbow. In a dark corner, where the dust lay thick we stopped before a pile of worn, nondescript volumes, among which I noticed a large, ledger-like book which, though somewhat discolored, seemed newer than the others. Carelessly lifting its cover, I was surprised to find the contents written in a distinct, feminine hand. Catching my questioning glance, Rob laughingly said: "Puzzled, are you, old man? Well, you haven't any the better of me. Did I never tell you about finding that book down on the river bank when I was hunting last fall? It was water-soaked, like it had been lying out a good many nights, but I brought it home, thinking, maybe, it was somebody's ledger, and that I'd advertise it. I was disgusted, though, to think I'd carried it here when I looked inside it and found it was only some girl's write-up, or—what d' you call it—diary? I've never looked inside it since, but put it up here with a lot of other rubbish. You'd better not waste your time on that nonsense. There are a lot of other things here you might like."

But I chose to "waste my time" on the journal. Some way, though, the strong but feminine chirography of the volume, coupled with the faint

odor of violets that clung about it, made me half ashamed of my undertaking. To vindicate my role of Paul Pry, I reflected that the gentler sex is an eternal problem to the masculine mind, and if a perusal of this diary would shed any light on the subject, why, I should read it—in the interest of science. So I began, very gingerly at first; then, with an utter abandon of discretion, which disgusted Rob, who withdrew, leaving me alone in the garret.

The reading of each succeeding page seemed the unfolding of a life plot, for the writer had made the journal a revelation of herself. And what a true and womanly self that was! As I read my masculine skepticism gave place to a humble reverence such as I had never before granted any woman.

Presently, my wandering interest changed to an intense longing to meet the writer and prove her claim to the high place which my judgment had assigned to her. Then I ransacked each page of the half-filled volume for a clue to her identity, but found nothing by which I might trace her—nothing but a very slender suggestion contained on page 37 in a marginal note, which ran as follows: "Mr. Anthony persists in calling me 'Claire Bruce,' and never addresses me by my last name. Shall rebel against his familiarity." "What in the world is her last name," I wondered, but the deepening shadows in the garret only suggested mystery.

Taking the book down stairs, I told Rob that I wished to keep it, and he shrugged his shoulders as he remarked: "Interested in unknown quantities, eh? Well, 'Barkis is willin'' for you to experiment as much as you please, only look out for explosives."

Two weeks later I left Rob's home, returning to my office, where I plunged into an array of duties that might have dismayed a Trojan. Hurried on by this avalanche of work, the winter passed quickly. My few idle moments were spent in searching for

my now firmly enthroned ideal—Claire Bruce.

The second week of June found me taking a short vacation at a friend's home on the seacoast. There were girls in the family of my host, so, quite frequently, beviés of the gentler sex collected on the lovely lawn overlooking the waves. I met them, of course, and vouchsafed all a passing interest. One day, however, I was fascinated to an unusual degree by the voice and manner of a Miss Loring, whom the girls had playfully introduced to me as the "young novelist." As I talked with her I was occasionally mystified by certain tricks of expression in her speech that seemed strangely familiar to me. In my effort to account for this I must have allowed our conversation to lag somewhat, for Miss Loring joined in the general discussion of a yachting trip planned for the next day. Some one suggested to the young novelist that she weave a romance about the yachting party and give a copy to each participant. "Oh, yes," said Miss Loring, "I think I shall write it up, and, as usual, leave my manuscript on some sun-baked rock, where it will be heard of 'nevermore.' Do you know, Isabel," addressing one of the girls, "I never found any trace of my poor journal—the one I lost during my short stay in the country last summer."

Conflicting emotions kept me from taking part in the bantering sallies of wit playfully hurled at Miss Loring as she dolefully recounted the incidents connected with the losing of her diary. My elation at the discovery of my long-cherished ideal was tempered to calmness by my appreciation of the humor involved in the affair. Here was my "Claire Bruce" in real flesh and blood, but how on earth was I to make my possession of the diary known without embarrassing her? I decided that my confession could wait, for I reflected, on looking into her wonderful brown eyes, that that would probably not be the only confession I would have to make to her sometime.

The summer passed; winter came again, but even then stress of work did not prevent me from visiting Claire occasionally, just to pave the way for my "confession," of course.

One day, late in June of the following summer, found Claire and myself spending an idle half day on the beach. Perhaps it was owing to the beauty and warmth of the sunlight—perhaps to the tricks of a certain little archer well known to youth—that my voice played me false by tripping fondly over the words "Claire Bruce," words that she had never yet granted me the privilege of using. Quite properly enough, the undue familiarity was resented, and I, knowing that a bold stroke was necessary for my redemption, hastened to say: "Forgive me. I believe you object to having your given name profaned by masculine usage. Think I can give you a quotation to that effect." And as she listened in a kind of surprised, hurt way, I repeated the marginal note:

"Mr. Anthony persists in calling me 'Claire Bruce,' and never addresses me by my last name. Shall rebel against his familiarity." After a moment of bewilderment, she remembered the quotation, and in an embarrassed manner asked me how I came to know it. Then I explained how I got possession of the journal, and the brave girl concealed her chagrin in a way that would have done credit to a stoic. When she said: "Of course, you will give it back to me," I replied with alacrity: "To be sure, it will be returned to you. Still, I think I shall keep it." The danger signals in her eyes accused me of trifling, and, to prove my innocence, I made another confession. "Claire," I cried, "Claire! Don't you understand? I want to keep you, too!"

* * * * *

Though that was more than a year ago, I still keep the discolored volume and—Claire.

The Substituted Letter

FLORENCE ADAMS, Feronian No. 2

Reliance Mayhew stood on the snowy door-stone, gazing after the retreating figure of her father, Deacon Mayhew, as he rode away in the chill of the early December morning. A sharp exclamation from within doors recalled Reliance to the fact that the cold wind was blowing directly upon her step-mother as she sat by the glowing fireplace with the baby upon her lap.

These were stirring times for the colonies, during the Revolutionary war, and the deacon's early ride was to a distant town with an important letter for Elder Standish. As Reliance

moved about the great old-fashioned kitchen, busy with her many household tasks, she pondered on the significance of names—her own, "Reliance," and her step-mother's, "Innocence." Then she recalled the parting words of her father: "I leave everything under thy charge, Reliance; be a dutiful daughter to thy mother."

"Since the boys are with the army, father looks more and more to me for help. Pray heaven his young wife and her Tory relatives involve us not in trouble," thought Reliance as she drew the great wheel forward and began her spinning, stepping briskly to

and fro to its cheerful humming. Her reverie was broken by the chime of sleigh bells, and the house door opened to admit a graceful little figure clad in a long, fur-lined cloak. This newcomer, who received the warmest welcome from Mistress Mayhew and Reliance, was none other than Persis Ware, the grand-daughter of Judge March, and a great friend of Reliance's, despite the difference in their social positions.

"I have the whole day for a visit," she cried gayly as she drew up a chair to the blazing hearth, and Reliance pushed the spinning wheel into a corner and drew forth her knitting. "Grandfather is to take a long drive on business."

"Connected with the war?" queried Reliance, anxiously.

Persis shrugged her shoulders and made an expressive little gesture with her hands. "It is nothing but war, war, nowadays," she said plaintively. "I am sure, with such wise, brave men as my grandfather and your father to direct affairs, that we women may dismiss the subject for a little while. I had much rather tell you of my new dimity gown and the last fashions."

"Ah, do, Persis; that will be a treat, indeed," cried Mistress Mayhew eagerly, for she had been quite a belle before her marriage to the deacon, and still enjoyed hearing of the gay doings at the city.

So she laid little Freedom in his cradle and gave her attention to her guest's lively recital. Having answered all her host's questions, Persis felt at liberty to retire with Reliance to the latter's little sleeping room adjoining the kitchen, there to indulge in girlish confidences.

"You have often heard me speak of my Cousin Anne, who lives in Maryland?" began Persis, laughing. "Well, I do not take it quite kindly that Cousin Anne writes to ask so many questions regarding a certain young captain of our acquaintance, so I have written a most puzzling letter in reply, giving an account of his welfare.

Oh, but it would be misleading, with its references to the French, did it fall into the hands of the British in passing through the lines, for, see, it begins: 'To whomso this may concern,' and no name is signed. But as Cousin Anne well knows my handwriting, I want you to copy it for me. Cousin Anne must be completely mystified," and Persis laughed with mischievous delight.

So, with quill pen tightly grasped between her fingers, Reliance copied what Persis had written.

"How like a man's writing is yours," exclaimed Persis when the task was finished, and Reliance, glancing from her bold, strong characters to the dainty copy set before her, sighed over the contrast.

"I suppose I write like Brother Amos, because it was he who taught me," she explained, apologetically.

"Of all your brothers, I like Amos best, because he is willing that a girl may learn something besides housework," observed Persis, busy with the complicated foldings a letter received in a day when envelopes were unknown.

"Father thinks 'tis but wasted time for women to learn to write," sighed Reliance.

"And I will venture that your being able to write will do our poor country some real service. But now this is ready for sealing and then you shall address it."

So, with sealing wax and lighted candle, the two girls bent over their task, which had just been completed when the jingle of spurs and the rap of a whip handle on the kitchen door warned them of company, and they entered the kitchen in time to see Mistress Mayhew welcoming two officers in scarlet uniforms.

"My cousin, Captain Jerome Bradley, and his friend, Lieutenant Robbins," she said in introducing them.

The two gentlemen bowed low. The captain's quick eye traveled from the tall, dark girl with her pale face and coarse homespun gown to the daintily-

clad little figure with golden hair. Persis flushed under his bold stare.

"In faith," cried the captain, "here's a loyal maid who wears our colors in her cheeks."

"'Tis but a fleeting color, and goes as quickly as it comes," retorted Persis, hotly. "I have my country's colors in my eyes."

The officers laughed heartily at this girlish outburst. "By my soul, the pretty maid hath a pretty wit," cried the captain, delightedly. "Fair lady, you must favor us with your company during our short stay."

So, bitterly regretting her impulsive words, Persis was obliged to follow Mistress Mayhew to the chilly best room, while Reliance, equally rebellious, set about providing these unwelcome guests with good cheer. She felt it was treason to her country to give food and shelter to its avowed enemies; but not to follow the behests of Mistress Mayhew would be to disobey the divine command, "Honor thy father and thy mother," which law, by the deacon's stern interpretation, was made to include step-mothers, even when they were young and foolish.

Mistress Mayhew came to personally direct the filling of the great silver tankard. As Reliance stepped to the dresser she gave a quick cry of dismay and caught up a letter lying there. It was addressed to Elder Standish.

"'Tis that very letter of grave import thy father was to carry to the elder with his own hand. How could he have forgotten to take it, and what shall we do about it?" cried Mistress Mayhew in consternation. Then, without warning, she hurried to the front room and appealed to "Cousin Jerome" for advice and assistance, and Reliance, who had followed to the end of the passage, heard with dismay the captain's prompt assurance:

"Have no fear, Cousin Innocence. I will myself take charge of the letter. It must, indeed, have been of impor-

tance to take the deacon so long a drive in this weather."

While Innocence Mayhew was expressing her thanks for this offer, Reliance, with tightly-clenched hands, was once more standing within the old kitchen, desperately trying to see some way out of the difficulty.

That the letter, were it trusted to Captain Bradley, would ever reach its proper destination she did not for one instant believe, nor did she doubt that the information it contained would be eagerly acted upon by the British. It might even lead to the arrest and imprisonment of her father. To remonstrate with her step-mother would be worse than useless. If she could only substitute some other letter! Like a flash, she remembered that undressed missive lying on the table in her room—the very letter Persis had laughingly declared would puzzle the British did it chance to fall into their hands. If there was but time to make the exchange! But already Mistress Mayhew's step was heard along the passage.

Reliance glanced desperately about the room for something that might cause a few moments' delay. From the smoke-darkened rafters hung the wealth of harvest time—crook-neck squashes, strings of dried apples and pumpkin, bunches of dried herbs, and one brilliant strand of glowing scarlet, a string of red peppers. It's loosened end hung directly above the head of baby Freedom as he sat upon the gayly-braided hearth rug.

"You poor little baby," murmured Reliance as she snatched a dangling pepper from the string and dropped it into his lap. This beautiful, new treasure was eagerly seized by the baby hands and promptly transferred to the baby mouth.

Such a scream! No wonder it brought Mistress Mayhew on a run. But Reliance had found time to catch up the precious letter and escape to her own room, where, behind its bolted door, she knelt at the little table and, with trembling fingers,

copied the name and address of Elder Standish onto the letter intended for Persis' Cousin Anne.

Mistress Mayhew was still trying to comfort little Freedom when Reliance slipped the substituted letter on the dresser unobserved. So it happened that when the red-coated officers departed Reliance saw them the bearers of the wrong letter, and when, a little later, Judge March called for his grand-daughter, he was able to give the promise to be personally responsible for the safe delivery of the true message.

At dusk a jaded and foam-flecked horse bore a frenzied man to the Mayhew door. It was the deacon, who had discovered his mistake and rushed home to rectify it. It was long before he could clearly understand all that had taken place in his brief absence. Perhaps the bitter consciousness of failing in the trust reposed in him

softened his usually stern judgments for the mistakes of others, for he did not reprove Reliance for waste of time in idle gossip with Persis, nor reproach his wife for her credulity in being willing to trust important messages with the open enemies of their country. He put but little faith in cautious British officers being misled by such girlish nonsense as the substituted letter contained, yet this was exactly what happened, and they were so busy following false clues that the removal of certain stores, which the real letter to Elder Standish directed, was safely accomplished without arousing suspicion.

When little Freedom Mayhew had grown to be an old man, it was his delight to tell how, though only a baby, he had suffered for his country's sake, and had played his little part in that great struggle for liberty.



EDITORIAL

The College Barometer.

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

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

The oratorical contest has ceased to be a local or a society affair. It is a college affair and Mr. Withycombe no longer represents one society, but he is our man, as much the representative of one society as another; and while he is putting in his time and energy in perfecting himself for the state contest, let us give him the support and good will that will make him want to win for our sakes. As many as can should arrange to go to Newberg and help cheer John on to victory.

The amount of money pledged by the students of the O. A. C. toward the erection of a building, to be the home of the student organizations of the college, has demonstrated that the students themselves feel the need of such a building, and want it badly enough to give for it to the point of sacrifice. It cannot be denied that the \$5,000 pledged by the students for this cause will necessitate sacrifices

and strict economy on the part of a great many, but no man who gives to a worthy enterprise of his own free will regrets it. Although there may be some fellows batch next year who may have boarded otherwise, although there may be some pleasures, or even some needed things, foregone, we believe those fellows who have done this will look back upon the time when they gave to this enterprise as a bright spot in their lives and the investment as a good one. The teaching of the Man of Gallilee is still true: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Each week there comes to our exchange table a number of college weeklies, and many of the students reading them have wondered why we could not also publish a weekly. Some have asked about the advisability of changing the "Barometer" to a weekly publication next year. To answer these and many others who might

have the same questions in mind, we might show what other institutions are doing and judge our possibilities accordingly. There are three schools publishing weeklies in Oregon, and as many in Washington. Of these, the "Pacific Wave" of the U. of W. and the "Willamette Collegian" are the most meritorious. At Eugene, however, besides the weekly, they publish a splendid monthly, which devotes itself to literary, scientific and departmental work, so the weekly confines itself more directly to publishing the news. At the U. of W. a revival of literary enthusiasm has arrived, and the "Wave" will also centralize on relating the happenings about the university and a monthly magazine will be published. The Utah Agricultural College publishes one of the best monthly magazines that comes to our paper. One of the foot ball boys, who was editor of their paper last year, in conversation with a member of the "Barometer" staff, said he was in favor of a monthly college paper; he said that his observation was that the weeklies were not as satisfactory as the monthlies, and advised us to stay by a monthly.

The "Barometer" has always endeavored to be a college journal of interest to the students, giving them an opportunity to show their literary talent, publishing the news as far as practical, and advancing student enterprises as much as possible. But as a newspaper it cannot possibly be what a weekly would.

We believe there is an opening for a weekly in the O. A. C. The students would certainly support one with enthusiasm. The facilities for publishing a weekly are not lacking. The increasing size of the institution will soon demand it, and there are those who could manage and edit a weekly well. It would take time and energy, but the experience would repay any who put their time into it.

If there are any students who are looking for a place where they can wield an influence, where they can get some good training, and who expect to have some time to devote to work outside of school duties, we would enjoy talking it over and giving what information we have gained from our brief experience.



A patriot's is a dangerous post,
When wanted by his country most;
Perversely comes in evil times,
When virtues are imputed crimes.

Yes, one—the first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make men bluish there was but one.



BASKET BALL.

O. A. C. vs. Portland Y. M. C. A.

While the students of the O. A. C. were shouting themselves hoarse at the oratorical contest, the basket ball boys were having their hands full in dealing with the Portland Y. M. C. A. team. Throughout the entire game the score was close, and it was plain that neither team had a victory cinched until the last whistle blew. At the end of the first half the Y. M. C. A. led by a single point. In the second half the college lads went in to win and were in the lead until the last few minutes, when the Portland official called a number of fouls on the collegians, and the game closed with the score 29 to 27 in favor of the Y. M. C. A. The Oregonian, in speaking of the game, said that Corvallis had the better all-around team, but the Portlanders won because of being more sure in throwing baskets. The game was another proof that basket ball will never be entirely satisfactory until the rules require that neutral men shall officiate.

O. A. C. vs. Oregon City.

The boys came on to Oregon City from Portland and played the Y. M. C. A. team there the following night. Here they ran up against a hard proposition also, not because of the skill

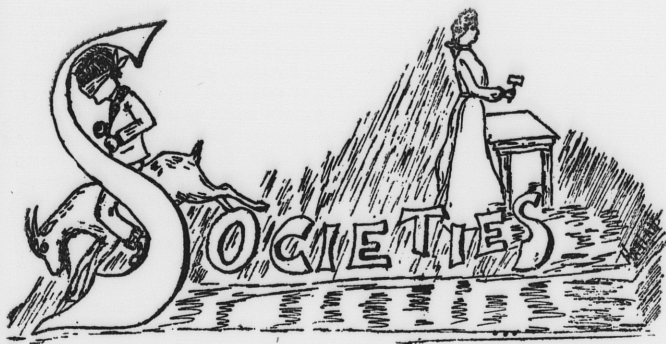
of their opponents, but on account of their ignorance of the rules and the roughness of their play. Some of the men on our team have played in nearly every game for four long years, but they testify that the game at Oregon City was the roughest they were ever in.

The Oregon City lads were getting pretty sore toward the last of the game, for Corvallis was advancing the score steadily and surely. A slight misunderstanding arose and the Oregon City team refused to play longer, so the game closed seven minutes before time should have been called. The score stood 20 to 14 in favor of O. A. C.

O. A. C. vs. Lebanon.

The first match game of basket ball the O. A. C. girls have played on the home floor for two years occurred January 20, when they defeated the Lebanon team by the decisive score of 25 to 5.

They went into the game with the same dash and speed that has won them so many games, the splendid team work displayed reflecting much credit on the efficient work of Coaches Swann and Stokes. There were few sensational plays, but the game was interesting and was witnessed by a large crowd. After the game the teams were entertained by the Feronian girls.



Pierian.

So swiftly have the busy college days slipped away that it is hard to realize that the first month of the winter term has passed and soon spring will have come.

The next question to claim our attention is the debating contests, and we are hopeful for the success of our team. We will be represented by the same team that has done such efficient work in the past. It has been said that "competition is the life of trade," and it is equally true that contests are one of the stimulating forces of college life.

Jeffersonian.

The month that has just passed into History's hands was a very eventful one. One of the most notable functions was an entertainment rendered us by our sisters, the Pierians.

Our society meetings were good as usual and the work carried on with much interest.

There was great joy in the camp of the Jeffersonians when our orator carried away the second best honors. The night was made hideous by our yells and each Jeffersonian feels that these honors are worth "heap much wampum."

Sorosis.

Much interest and enthusiasm has been manifested in our weekly meet-

ings and our debating team has already been chosen. On last Friday the following program was rendered: Instrumental music, Margaret Wevley; dialogue, Edna Osburn and Hazel Raber; original story, Mabel Kinnison; duet, Edna Osburn and Fay Hill; debate, Agnes Sweek vs. Edna Irvine.

Margaret Wevley has gone home and will not return until next term.

Philadelphian.

Although the Philadelphians were not heard from last time, we were not dead; neither were we sleeping. We were, however, too busy to think of articles for publication. Now that the oratorical contest is over, and although our representative did not secure a place, we are justly proud of the showing that he made. As a result of the contest the merchants of Corvallis are doing a rushing business in lemons, and from the sound of some of the Philadelphian voices I think that there will still be quite a demand. Next in line comes intersociety debates. Although we are handicapped in being pitted against the Pierians, and also in having but one of last year's men on the team, still we will go to our work with the old Philadelphian spirit and do our best.

A few weeks ago we and our sisters, the Feronians, held a joint meeting to dedicate our new room. Everything went off nicely and all enjoyed them-

selves except "Pat," who had the misfortune to bump his chin while giving an exhibition ride on the society goat.

All this term we have had a better attendance and more interest shown in the work than at any time this year. Let us hope that this will continue and that old Philadelphia shall prosper as in the good old days gone by.

Feronian.

The president has been unable to preside for several meetings, but the work has been taken up and successfully carried on by the vice president, who has shown her efficiency in every way.

The girls are planning to meet with the Amicitians February 11 and with the Zetagathians February 17. Both dates promise an enjoyable time, for the girls at least.

Interest is high and for the most part the literary programs have been good, characterized mainly by original work of the members.

Zetagathians.

Did you notice the Zets' new pin? Did you hear them yell at the oratorical contest? If you didn't, it was because you wasn't there. Plenty of enthusiasm is a good thing, and it is shown by our members, not only at oratorical contests, but in our regular meetings every Saturday evening. Interesting programs are a specialty. Good attendance at every meeting. The old goat is occasionally brought up from the back pasture to allow new members to ride.

Now, since the oratorical contest has passed, the Zetagathian lads have turned their thoughts in channels other than those of oratory. The question of debating is before them. But we have several good members from which to choose a team that can win honors for the society.

Utopian.

We are pleased to introduce to our friends our new Utopian sisters, Misses Inez Colvig, Ethel Higdon and

Lorene Parker. The most pleasant hours of our college lives are spent in our society hall, and the Utopians look forward with pleasure toward Friday afternoon.

Society spirit reaches high tide at the time of the oratorical contest. Once again we won first honors, and to say that we are proud of our orator does not begin to explain our appreciation of her work. We realize more plainly than ever before that determining means doing. Who can blame us for feeling glad?

We deeply regret that such a serious mistake was made, and we are sorry that our orator lost the chance for more honors. "Our losses are another's gain," and we are glad that the fate of O. A. C. is in the competent hands of Mr. Withycombe, and we wish him the greatest success.

Just how the mistake was made is unexplainable. It is not the fault of the society nor of the executive committee. We are proud of the work of the committee, and we are glad that O. A. C. has among her number so many faithful workers for student organizations.

Y. W. C. A.

The association has been encouraged and strengthened by a visit from Miss McCorkle, the state secretary for Oregon. The American committee has some new plans on foot for which she is gathering material.

A very interesting letter has lately been received from Miss Williams, our former instructor in freehand drawing. Although she is at present in California, she takes an active interest in all the happenings at O. A. C. We are always glad to hear from our old friends and receive their encouragement.

The nominating committee for officers for the ensuing year has been appointed, so we will know soon whom our officers are to be.

Please remember our Sunday afternoon meetings, girls. You will find that it pays to come.

Y. M. C. A.

The walls of the student building, even though as yet visionary, have overshadowed other work in the association.

Regular meetings have been somewhat interfered with by the special evangelistic meetings of the city churches. However, the Bible classes are having splendid success and interest is maintained in all lines. A daily prayer meeting was resumed on February 6 from last December and is serving a useful purpose in uniting interest and effort.

Before the "Barometer" is out we will again be visited by H. W. Stone

of Portland and H. O. Hill, our coast secretary. Thus, by various ways, the association is endeavoring to fulfill a work in O. A. C.

The committee on intersociety debates has organized with Joseph L. Ringo chairman and has arranged the schedule for the first series of debates. It is as follows: March 11, Philadelphian vs. Pierian; March 31, Sorosis vs. Zetagathian; April 7, Jeffersonian vs. Amicitian; April 14, Utopian vs. Feronian. These debates are always interesting and every student should encourage such work by attending each one.



O. A. C.'s ORATOR.

Who will, who will, who will win? was the cry that 600 students sent ringing through the Armory on the evening of the 27th of January at the local oratorical contest. Every one was excited, and why not? for the contest has become one of the leading features of the school year.

After everyone's voice had been reduced to a whisper, many anxious ears listened to the following program:

Oration—"Nature"
..... Lucille Jean Roberts	
Oration—"Chief Joseph, the Nez Percés".....	Ralph C. Shepard
Oration—"Augustus Adolphus, the Hero".....	Hamon Bilyeu
Oration—"Marcus Whitman"..... Louise Gilbert
Oration—"Alfred the Great, the Reformer and Author".....	Edna Smith
Oration—"The Great Puritan and Conservator of Liberties"..... John Withycombe
Oration—"A Message of Light From Darkness"
..... Laura Pratt	
Oration — "The Russo-Japanese War: Its Place in History"..... M. V. Weatherford

Every society was justly proud of their representative. Glen Goodman presided and awarded Miss Laura

Pratt first place, a large \$15 gold medal and \$15 in cash. Saturday morning it was discovered that she was a special student, not incapable of representing O. A. C., but ineligible. She still holds the honors.

As a result of this decision the awards were made over and John Withycombe, nephew of Dr. Withycombe, was selected as O. A. C.'s orator. All three judges on delivery gave him first place, which he justly deserved. His polished delivery will bring O. A. C. high in the markings at the state contest.

The second place, with a gold medal and \$9 in cash, went to Mark Weatherford, nephew of Hon. J. K. Weatherford; third place, with a silver medal and \$6 in cash, to Ralph Shepard.

The contest was well conducted and a new system of markings introduced, which proved to be a success and fair to all.

The judges were as follows: Composition, State Superintendent Ackerman, Ben L. Eddy and Hon. J. K. Weatherford; delivery, President Baldwin of Philomath, Professor Schmitt of Albany and Dr. Thompson of Independence.

Policy and Patriotism

The splendid sum of \$5,000 recently pledged by the students for a building to be their college home is now a matter of history, rarely, if ever, excelled by a similar body of students west of the Mississippi, and perhaps never to be repeated in the history of O. A. C. The pledges were not made in a moment of undue excitement, but were the result of clear thinking and determined purpose. Never were pledges given in better faith; never was sacrifice more heartily made; never did students show greater loyalty or truer patriotism.

It now remains for those of greater means to carry out the enterprise so well begun and provide this monument to the cause of right for the youth of Oregon. That any thinking person should turn this matter down as unworthy of consideration would be, to say the least, surprising. From the standpoint of policy alone it indicates short vision. O. A. C. is on the eve of an era of unprecedented prosperity. Her material equipment is being rapidly improved, increasing her efficiency in the work of educating the head and hand. But the moral and spiritual development of our students has received little notice. Yet it is just this thing that has kept scores of boys from attending the college. Until very recently, we have not enjoyed an enviable reputation for our moral standard. Although all grounds for this have disappeared, yet it requires

much time for public opinion to change. It can be readily seen how great a factor this building will be in completely dispelling every lurking doubt on the matter. The only building of its kind in the Northwest, and the only one west of Kansas, to which students have subscribed, it will advertise our college as nothing else can possibly advertise it as a safe place for boys away from home. Scores of students will come hither because of the building's existence. This will advance the college, promote the teachers, help the business men of Corvallis and revert in its benefits upon the state at large. Of all the enterprises undertaken by us in the name of the state of Oregon, which our college so truly represents, this building, destined as it is to be the home for those numberless young men who shall come each year from every county of the state, is certainly the most comprehensive in its claims upon our capital.

To remain indifferent after the initiative taken by the students would be at least unprogressive; but it would be more—it would be retrogressive. Now that the cause demands concerted effort on the part of every friend of right, to quibble or to stand aloof is to openly oppose the movement.

We trust that every one will cheerfully bear a part of the burden in erecting this monument to true manhood.



How many valentines did you receive?

Ethel Higdon has now recovered from her recent illness.

If you want a first-class pair of shears, call on Dilley & Arnold.

The jolliest class in school is the psychology class.

Lois Horton has quit college and is now living at Hays, Wash.

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

The Freshmen have chosen light blue and brown as their colors.

Freshman Girl—Oh, say, have you got that written about Noah of Ark?

Miss Myrtle Parker of Independence is visiting her sisters, Mabel and Lorene.

Professor Coote has been making a fence around the grass near Agricultural Hall.

Miss Eva Meyers was quite ill last week, but has recovered sufficiently to be in school again.

Call and inspect our new spring stock of wheels. We carry nothing but the best. Dilley & Arnold.

Miss L. Pratt of Blodgett is visiting Miss Bessie Bell and taking the teachers' examination.

Umbrella repair work of all kinds done with neatness and dispatch by Dilley & Arnold.

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

Professor—Give an example of natural selection.

Student—The Senior class.

We are all anxious to know whether John arrived safely home with his pillow in tow after the oratorical contest.

We are very sorry for having omitted to state in our last issue that Charles Huff spent the holidays with his Sally Anne.

The schedule has been subjected to another change, and drill comes just before noon. Plenty of variety in drill hours.

What makes Gerhard's big, full-page ad so attractive? It must be that he carries a line of goods the students are interested in. It will pay you to look it over every month.

The Utopians are to entertain the Jeffersonians on the 11th of February with a valentine party. All are to bring valentines that they themselves have made.

The cross-country runners are doing good work and the races on February 22 bid fair to be very interesting. From present indications we should have some speedy distance men this spring, as some of the new men are showing up well. The Freshmen and Sophomores have the largest number of men in training.

N. B.—Spring's coming.

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

K. L. Cooper has had the pleasure of a short visit from his father.

The vertebrate anatomy class have now begun the interesting study of the amphibians.

We will soon know who are to be the salutatorian and valedictorian of the class of naughty five.

Mr. M. E. Weatherford of Olex, Ore., spent a few days in Corvallis visiting his brother and friends in college.

Miss Margaret Wevley of the '08 class has returned to her home near Portland. Her friends hope that her stay will be short.

Floyd Roland had the misfortune to cut a severe gash in his foot. While he is obliged to appear on four legs, still, we are glad to see him around again.

Wanted—Some one to invent a rule by which any quantity can be added to one side of the equation only, without destroying the equality. Please submit to class in college algebra and get a patent.

L. O. Roberts came up from Portland to be in attendance at the oratorical contest. Mr. Roberts was for a year and a half a member of the '07s, but left college to enter an insurance office, where he has his usual success.

The various classes have chosen delegates to the state oratorical contest as follows: Freshmen, Mary Colvig, Mr. Harding; sophomores, Kate Adams, Mr. Brownell; juniors, Alice Edwards, Mr. Ewing; seniors, Lucile Roberts, Ralph Shepard.

The barb wire fences now ornamenting the campus have at least had the effect of making the bunch-grass students think of home. The persistence of the cadet "armies" in using the lawns as drill grounds has made it necessary to decorate the grounds with these unsightly barriers.

We pity Alpha's mail carrier on Valentine's day.

Miss Beulah Harden, an alumnus of '03, is in the city studying music.

The Senior class in elocution are practicing some very entertaining plays.

Any one who wishes to turn over a new leaf and become a model young man or woman, please apply to the art class.

Rev. Dr. Palmer addressed the cadets in the armory while in this city. Mr. Palmer is a very forcible speaker and gave an inspiring as well as an instructive talk.

Joseph L. Ringo has been carrying his right eye in a sling for the past few days. Joe says that he lost a piece of machinery in it while working in the shop. That sounds rather strange, but, of course, we cannot question the integrity of a Junior.

Everyone knows that the Chinese are a very industrious people, but probably only the members of the psychology class realize what an important part these Mongolians had in training one of our best sprinters. We hope Merrill's initiatory race will be duplicated in our coming track season.

The need for a larger assembly room was again forcibly demonstrated Friday, February 3, when Mrs. Green gave her recital. The chapel was full, many stood in both halls, and a number in the back of the room had to stand throughout the entire program. Features of the program were the pantomime, "Old Oaken Bucket" by Belle Bonney, and a German song by Agnes Von Der Hellen.

A class of eight students are studying French this term. They meet twice a week and are making fine progress and are much interested in the work. Professor Taillandier in this, as in the other branches of his work, is an excellent teacher. O. A. C. is indeed fortunate in having secured so accomplished a musician and linguist.

Albert Hall was seen looking wistfully about the halls of his *alma mater* last week.

The registration mark keeps steadily increasing, being nearly 100 ahead of last year's record.

Since the other item about drill time was written the time has again been changed, and drill now comes immediately after chapel.

Fifteen thousand dollars has been asked for from the state for a new armory for O. A. C. The present armory could then be used for a gymnasium.

The committee on intersociety debates are almost as important now as the Oratorical Association was a short time ago. The dates for the debates and various other matters have been arranged.

All physical culture students, just watch what you're about, And leave the seventh-hour class when it is half-way out, "For Miss Crawford's apt ter git yer, ef ye don't watch out."

The skeleton which inhabits the zoological laboratory is getting quite gay in his old age and now sports a white nightcap, and has taken up the pernicious habit of smoking. Verily, death itself cannot sober some people.

The funeral of Hon. J. M. Church was held at La Grande February 7. Mr. Church was 77 years of age and had been a regent of this college eight or ten years, and had eight years yet to serve when he died. His successor will probably be an Eastern Oregon man.

A complete set of George Eliot's works, numbering eighteen volumes, has been recently added to our library. With the 107 volumes added some time ago, this makes an increase of 125 volumes this college year.

To increase the number and variety of locals, as well as to further class spirit, next month the local department will be divided into Senior, Junior, Sophomore and Freshmen di-

visions, and the members of these classes are to get all the items they can from their class or elsewhere. The number of items handed in will be a "barometer," gauging the class spirit of each class. If we might venture a prophecy, it would be that the Freshmen class will be found ahead.

The official photographer of the Lewis and Clark fair visited O. A. C. not long ago and took pictures of most of the classes, laboratories and departments. Pictures were taken of the student assembly in chapel and outside, and of the regiment and physical culture classes. The pictures are not as good as were expected, and we think Corvallis has photographers who do better work than even this famous photographer.

Patience on a monument! Thy name is Editor-in-Chief! For breathes there a man with courage like unto that which faced an irate "central" innumerable times, yet went cheerfully on his way to summon together the eight illustrious orators of the season and persuade them that duty called them to the photographer's? What other man would dare to domineer seven beings, who might candidly be designated by the terms, The Hungry, The Grouchy, The Martyr, The Elusive, The Resigned, The Stubborn? But he it said to his credit that only one mistake he made in all that trying time. In his earnestness of appeal he addressed The Grouchy Orator in such ardent terms that she mistook his motives and speedily made known her willingness to be his, and his alone, and after the photographer had appeased his insatiable greed for more positions he was mollified, and consented to allow the solemn ceremony to be consummated and photographed.

The Contest at Newberg.

Those orators who will be in the state contest at Newberg are:

Willamette University will be represented by A. R. Marker. His subject is "Moses." This is certainly a sub-

ject out of the ordinary and will surely be interesting. Mr. Marker is from Puget Sound University and was a member of Willamette's foot ball team. There were four contestants in the local contest at Salem.

From the University of Oregon Joseph H. Templeton will be the man, he having won from four other aspirants for that honor. If Mr. Templeton is as good an orator as foot ball player, he should be reckoned with before picking a winner.

Walter R. Miles will represent Pacific College at Newberg. He goes into the contest with an enviable reputation, having won the national prohibition oratorical contest last year.

He has a taking subject in "Altruism and True Progress." Six orators were in the local contest at Newberg.

Only two tried for honors in oratory at Monmouth. First place was awarded Mr. John Hurley; his theme is "Universal Peace."

McMinnville College will be represented this year by Miss Bella Gowen. She takes for her subject "Gustavus Adolphus Vasa, Champion of Protestantism." Three orators vied for honors in that college.

Six orators contested for honors at Pacific University and first place was awarded Hugh Sparks, a Sophomore. His theme is "The Hero of the Reformation."



Miss Ada Finley, '03, spent Sunday in Corvallis.

Miss Myrtle Herbert, '01, is visiting in California.

Miss Beulah Harden, '03, is in Corvallis this winter.

A. S. Hall, '02, spent Sunday in the city visiting relatives (?).

Mrs. Edith Howard Zurcher, '02, is the proud mother of a baby girl.

Miss Minnie Buxton, '00, was visiting friends in Corvallis the past few days.

Miss Blanche Holden and Garlan Hill, both of the '01 class, are teaching in Pomeroy, Wash.

Miss Maud Mattley, '02, is in Corvallis for a few days' vacation from school duties at Yaquina.

Mr. Fred Steiner, '02, has been elected manager of the 1905 foot ball team at the University of Oregon.

Miss Ivy Burton, '01, visited with friends in Corvallis recently and attended the oratorical contest.

Delbert Harden, '04, is employed in the drafting rooms of the Lutke Manufacturing Company in Portland.

Mr. Leander N. Liggett, who graduated with the class of 1873, died at Prineville, Ore., February 2, 1905.

Mr. A. E. McGillivray, '02, after getting married did the next best thing—he subscribed for the "Barometer."

Mr. Otis Taylor, '97, who now resides near Halsey, spent several days in the vicinity of the college the past week.

Victor Spencer, '02, recently resigned his position in Graham & Wells' drug store in Corvallis to accept a position with Woodard & Clark in Portland.

Miss Verna Peters of Corvallis was



THE MAJOR
WANTED HIS
NURSE IN THE PICTURE

"IN THE
MEAN WHILE HIS
ASSISTANCE WAS BUSY TAKING ORDERS"

JUST THREE MINUTES TO
GET THOSE SOPHS OUT

I DON'T SEE HOW I
AM GOING TO GET
15 HOURS DRILL IN
THIS SCHEDULE



WHEN THE PHOTOGRAPHER
WAS AT THE O-A-C



SCHEDULE
O-A-C



THERE IS
AN OTHER
SOPH

married to W. L. Sharp January 31. Mr. Sharp was a member of the class graduating in 1901. His many college friends extend congratulations.

The engagement of Miss Gertrude Ewing, '02, to Mr. F. M. McElfresh, has been announced and the wedding will occur February 24. Miss Ewing was one of the most popular members of her class, graduating with high honors and representing her class as

salutatorian. She was a leader in student affairs and a member of the Sorosis society. Mr. McElfresh was instructor in zoology for two years, but is now extensively engaged in horticulture near Salem. After the wedding they will visit in California for a few weeks, after which they will be at home at "The Willows," the beautiful farm of which Mr. McElfresh is superintendent.

Our Exchanges.

A large number of exchanges have been received this month. They are all read and enjoyed as they come in one after another, but we regret that we cannot mention more of them each time.

"The Ilakawinn," Pendleton High School, is very good this month.

"Whitman College Pioneer" ranks among our best exchanges.

"The Oracle," Bakersfield, Cal., is a very commendable high school paper.

"The Crescent," Newberg, Ore., is well written throughout, but a few good jokes and witty sayings would greatly enliven it.

"The Clarion," from Appleton, Wis., is an excellent high school paper. The exchange column is especially good.

"The New Mexico Collegian" is a good paper, but the exchange department is disappointing. Good, thoughtful criticism of the papers you received is better than jokes in the exchange column.

"The Owl," Menlo Park, Cal., contains some interesting literary articles. A few good cuts would be very much in place.

"The Pacific Wave" (February 3) contains excellent cuts of the Glee Club and of the orchestra.

"It's a dridful bother to me that I have to be sewing the buttons on me own clothes. If I was only a married man I'd ask me woife niver to allow

our son to grow up an old batchelor like his fayther."

The exchange editor may scratch on his pen

Till the ends of his fingers are sore, Then some one is sure to remark with a jest:

"Rats! How stale! I've heard that before."—Ex.

Freshman—I thought you took algebra last year?

Wise Soph—I did, but the faculty encored me.—Ex.

"He claims to have invented a camera that makes people prettier than they are."

"How is that?"

"By simply making the lens flatter."—Ex.

Visitor—I suppose you have a great deal of poetry sent in to you for publication?

Editor—No, not very much poetry as a rule; some of it is verse and some of it is worse.

"So Ethel is to marry that young Bob Halstey? Why, he has been jilted by half a dozen girls."

"Case of being well shaken before taken, I suppose."

When the penniless lordling to get a rich wife

Of his own nationalty fails,
He crosses the ocean, with heart light and gay,

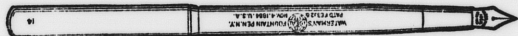
And robs the United States males.

When you need books, stationery, music,
or the latest and most popular magazines

Go to C. A. Gerhard's



Everybody goes there because he has just
what everybody needs. = = = He has the



**Celebrated Waterman's
Ideal Fountain Pens
\$2.50 to \$5.00**

See his O. A. C. pictures and a thousand
things you need for use, comfort and orna-
ment. His prices defy honest competition.
Give him a call and prove it true.....

E. B. HORNING

→→→→→THE LEADING GROCER←←←←←

Most complete line of groceries in the city.

Special attention given to orders for society

entertainments. Lamps, souvenir dishes

and chinaware are constantly kept in stock at

HORNING'S GROCERY

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

MOSES BROS.

Headquarters for Gents Furnishings

Our dry goods department is complete. Full line staple & fancy groceries

Moses Bros. Up-to-date Merchants

ALL
Basket Ball Players
Eat and Drink at
STARRS

REMEMBER!

That we make
a specialty of...

SHOE REPAIRING,

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.

BOOTS

—AND—

SHOES

Made and Repaired.

All work guaranteed to give satisfac-
tion when taken to

J. SENGER

Near City Restaurant.

The Occidental Hotel

MRS. C. W. NIXON, Prop.

Completely overhauled and
rearranged

Headquarters for commercial men.
Board by the day, week or month

**O. A. C. CLEANING
AND
PRESSING PARLORS**

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

Prices to suit. Work guaranteed.

W. O. WOLDT, Prop.

P. C. STEWART,

Tonsorial Parlors.

Shaving,
Haircutting,
Face Massage, etc.
Baths.

Everything First-class.

Buy an extra Barometer
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Ten cents the copy.

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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

Go to PRATT.....
The Jeweler
and Optician

For O. A. C. enameled and monogram pins. Society pins of any description made to order.
Eyes tested free. Glasses fitted at the right prices.

Announcement Extraordinary

This announcement, the most important ever made by any mercantile house in the Willamette Valley, must be of vast interest to every man woman and child in this city and vicinity.

Our 35th Clearance Sale closed January 31st, and in giving thanks for your generous patronage, I make the following extraordinary announcement. I will refund the money on all cash purchases made on a certain day of the month of February, said day to be selected by lot; the day selected will be announced in the "Barometer" of March 15. No matter what you purchase for cash at retail rates, be it a five cent or \$100 purchase, if your duplicate checks bear the date of the LUCKY DAY, your money will be cheerfully refunded.

Be sure and save your duplicate checks secured with cash purchases as no money will be refunded except on presentation of duplicate cash checks. Buy something every day and you are bound to be one of the lucky ones. My popular low prices will prevail during this month. All goods marked in plain figures. Mail orders accompanied by cash will participate in this offer.

S. L. KLINE, CORVALLIS, ORE.

J. R. SMITH

All kinds of job
work to order.

T. W. B. SMITH

Agents for the Plano
binders and mowers.

J. R. SMITH & CO.

Dealers in all kinds of hardware. stoves, pumps, farm machinery, wagons, carriages, road carts, etc. We make a specialty of roofing guttering and plumbing.

CORVALLIS, OREGON

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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Studio South Main Street. Phone 521.

O. A. C. Athletic and Souvenir Views always on hand.

Portraiture in Carbon, Collodio Carbon, Carbonette and Platino.



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HOUSE
FURNISHING
GOODS

O. J. BLACKLEDGE

Has just opened a new stock of

Furniture, Musical Instruments,

Wall Paper, Window Shades, Matting,
Picture Moulding, Go Carts, Etc.

South Main Street, Corvallis, Oregon.

Now located in new cement building.

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

Corvallis Steam Laundry

J. K. JOHNSON, Prop.

Patronize home industry.

Satisfaction guaranteed. We aim to please.

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Ind. Phone No. 204

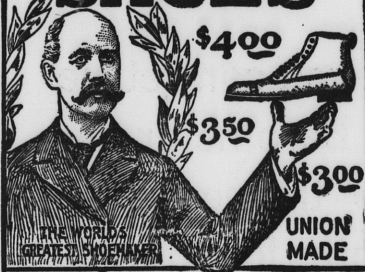
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GREATEST SHOE MAKER
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W.L. DOUGLAS MAKES MORE \$3.00 AND \$3.50 SHOES
THAN ANY OTHER TWO MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD.

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Our new
Spring stock
is now
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Nearly 40 Years

Is our record
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superiority in
furnishing

**Uniforms
and
Equipments**

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