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January 1903

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Corvallis, Oregon.

The

**COLLEGE
BAROMETER**



VOL. 8.

CORVALLIS, OREGON, JANUARY, 1903.

No. 4

Those Old College Days.

While watching tonight
The stars clear and bright
Shine out from the far-away sky,
My thoughts take the wings
That memory brings
And back to my school days they fly.

The school on the hill,
The river so still,
The landscape of fields fresh and green;
The quiet old town,
The autumn woods brown
Are now in sweet reverie seen.

And then there are, too,
The friends that I knew—
The teachers and gay student throng—
Tonight o'er the land,
Like wind-scattered sand,
They in other places belong.

Though scenes new and strange
May come with time's change,
And far may I drift on life's sea,
That old college time
In vision sublime
Will ever bring pleasure to me.

—Lionel A. Johnson, '98.

THE CURSE OF BEAUTY.

Translated from the German by Maud Sturgeon, '02.

No one would have supposed tailor Haselborn, of Weilburg, would have the most beautiful boy in the whole town, a child as beautiful as a picture, such as had never been seen within the memory of man. And yet it was so.

Now the beauty of new born children does not amount to much, for what beautiful bud cannot quickly develop into a sorry blossom, and who cares much for the good looks of a boy, and especially of a tailor's son?

But the little Haselborn was so well and delicately formed in all his limbs and came into the world with such a perfect little angel's head that already the midwife, as she laid the newborn in its first bath admiringly cried out: "The Christ child in the manger could not have been more beautiful!" But this praise was certainly impartial, for the midwife was such an envious woman and was certainly hostile to the tailor's wife. To be sure she cried immediately afterwards: "Oh, what ill luck, that the child is so beautiful." The astonished parents asked, "What does all this mean?" And the midwife for a while found no answer and, rather embarrassed, excused herself saying it just occurred to her, she knew not how, as if the child were too beautiful for this world. There is a well known prophecy concerning a child which lies like a finished angel in its first swaddling clothes, that it cannot remain long with us. The parents secretly cursed the envious toad, to whom they were under obligation for help but recently offered, and looked upon their child as being doubly beautiful. For many years, with great anxiety they watched the little one,

so that it might not be stolen on account of its beauty, especially because it was not only the first child but also remained the only one.

This most beautiful boy must also have an appropriate name. The parents meditated for a whole day, who among their relatives had the most beautiful name and called to mind a distant cousin, Amos Hazelborn.

Since at that time—it was the year 1610—Old Testament names sounded to the Protestants especially pious and strong, and among these "Amos" was the most conspicuous as being strikingly unfamiliar, the Haselborn chose it; for whatever is far fetched that, at all times has pleased the tailors.

On the third day, the child was christened in the village church, giving it the name of the third of the lesser prophets. The minister delivered the christening sermon from the text found in two passages of his Biblical namesake. To begin with he read from Amos, the eighth chapter, verses one to three: "The Lord God showed me a vision, and behold, there stood a basket of fruit, and he said: 'What seest thou, Amos?' But I answered: 'A basket with fruit.' Then said the Lord to me: 'The end of my people Israel has come; I will not indulge them any more. And the songs in the churches shall be turned into a howl in that day,' saith the Lord God. 'There shall many dead bodies lie everywhere, which shall be carried forth secretly.'"

Applying the word of the prophet to the present, the minister spoke of the sorrowful time which all were visibly experiencing and the newborn children

perhaps more than the older persons. One must know that the Protestant Union and the Catholic League were formed in 1609 and 1610 respectively. Preparations were being made; Spinola with his Spaniards lay prepared in Wesel, and the news of the assassination of the French king, Henry IV, rang out all over Germany. No one knew what was to come and a presentiment of dark days burdened the minds of all. The minister used this news as a warning word, and then turned to the other part of his text, the two concluding verses of the prophet Amos: "'But I will turn again the captivity of my people Israel, that they shall build waste cities and inhabit them, plant vineyards and drink the wine therefrom, make gardens and eat the fruit thereof. For I shall place them in their land from which they shall not be driven out any more, that I shall give them,' saith the Lord thy God." "May at least the christened child with his own eyes see this happy time in Germany," thus the minister spoke, "and if the parents shall be taken away in this calamity may God prepare much greater glory for them in the heavenly Jerusalem."

The tailor and his wife found the sermon something too melancholy for a christening talk, and the husband thought that the inhabitants of Nassau Weilburg could await quite calmly the threatening war, for did not Count Ludwig declare himself neutral? And the tailor's wife secretly thought that the word of the envious midwife, who compared her very beautiful boy with the Christ child in the manger, would have been a much better text than Amos 8:1-3. Yet they dared not express these thoughts to one another; for they feared the sin even of criticising secretly the christening sermon of their child, and when they entered the birthday and christening day of the young Amos on the last leaf of the family Bible, they placed these verses of old Amos oppo-

site his name as an everlasting remembrance.

Now when both the parents of the little one, who steadily grew more beautiful, would see it lying in the cradle, the old Haselborn would often say, "The youth is much too handsome, that I should permit him to become a tailor. He must study for the ministry, or civil service, or he can become an officer, or, as far as I care, a colonel, a general or something like that," and the wife nodded assent with a friendly smile.

It is true the husband was only a common tailor in a little town, but he was rich through the money which his wife, a miller's daughter, had brought him and had therefore, at all times, as one is accustomed to say, great motives in his head. Since the rich miller's daughter had married him almost entirely on account of his good looks, he thought the little Amos, who was ten times better looking must also have a fortune ten times as great. And when the boy by degrees came to years of understanding, it was said in his presence so often that he must become a city minister, a county judge, or a colonel, that he thought he would shine in the future in all three ranks at once. Thus today, he would play with his comrades as if he were a colonel and were arresting traitors and disturbers of the peace; tomorrow, as a magistrate, he would condemn them, and the day after, would accompany the whole party, all the while offering spiritual consolation, to the gallows.

When Amos was eight years old, the painter of the court received the commission to decorate *al fresco* the four corners of the inner church dome with two soaring angels. He knew no better model than the wonderfully beautiful tailor's boy and painted him accordingly naked, soaring through the air. With laughing eyes, ever after, the little one beheld himself during service every Sunday on the ceiling, where he fluttered so merrily, and told each stranger, with

a smile, that he already had posed as an angel. By the school boys he was called from then on only the church angel; but he liked to hear this nickname and no one was more convinced than himself that he was really the most handsome person in the whole world.

But the old Haselborn thought that this handsome child, which bore a very beautiful name, and which was chosen for one of the three most desirable callings, and in addition had been painted as a church angel, must also wear very beautiful clothes. And since he was rich and a tailor at that, it was easy for him, partly on account of his purse, and partly since he needed but put his hand in the remnant box, to rig out his son with a red cap, green coat, and yellow trousers in the most splendid fashion. But that cost the youth many bitter tears, for his school mates who envied and teased him on account of his wonderful beauty, would not let a day pass without plucking the many colored bird, and he many times would have liked to go in the rags of a beggar child, whom no one derided. The boy could not comprehend that our most enviable advantages so easily become our oppressive curses, and shed bitter tears on that account. But he received not only derision and tears, but also sharp blows on every hand, for Amos was no weakly pinning milkface but strong and vigorous, and towered above the heads of his comrades. Unfortunately, he almost always stood alone in these contests; his enemies, on the other hand, advanced against him in a thick crowd, and in spite of his strength and courage, he usually lost the battle. At a time like this it pleased him doubly, that a maiden of his age, named Martha the daughter of the school master, helped him. She had quite a strong arm and was wild as any youth and at all times in word and deed the defender of the beautiful church angel. If she could not win the victory for him, they at

least could share equally in the blows, those given as well as those received. Amos received the effectual sympathy as a matter of course, and when Martha secretly presented him with her piece of bread and butter as a consolation for derisions and injuries, he would accept it as a matter of course. From his early teaching, he was accustomed to receive each present, each flattery without a word of thanks as a due tribute, and only when he received nothing did he evince considerable petulance.

But the parents, who watched over their dear Amos like critics, looked disapprovingly on the one-sided friendship. They had already chosen the future calling for the little child in swaddling clothes, and naturally in the course of events had thought of the future marriage of the ten-year-old boy. The parents remembered instances where daughters of counts had condescended to marry peasants' sons, and why should they not find a noble young lady for the very handsome tailor's boy? Amos had listened to this conversation through the door, and he knew it, even if he had not listened, for his mother told him he must not become too familiar with Martha, the daughter of the school master, because some day they might want him to marry a princess. Consequently, when Martha again offered him her piece of bread and butter as a balm for received injuries, Amos said condescendingly: "Martha, you are too good, and when some day I shall marry a princess, I shall employ you as nursemaid in my service." It was the first word of thanks Martha had received for so much bread and butter, and yet afterwards the poor child concealed herself for half a day and wept bitterly.

In the meantime Amos grew from a very lovely child into a strong and vigorous youth. He was active, wideawake, happy, even though somewhat conceited, and his sparkling eyes bespoke a keen mind. The flower had developed

into what the bud promised. But the time of war prophesied on his christening day, and the distresses of the unhappy strife, weighed harder from year to year upon the land of Nassau. The tailor and his wife recalled many times the verse in the eighth chapter of Amos, which they had recorded on the christening day of their son, and wondered if the terrible word would ever become true in its entire bitterness. Impelled by earnest devotion, they dedicated the young Amos to the service of the church, and sent him in the first place to a Latin school. Since the handsome tailor's son now became so devoted a student, his early German name, Haselborn,

sounded to him too plebian, prosy and common; he latinized it according to the custom of the times and signed himself henceforth as Amos Corylofantanus.

But with each school year, the troubles of the times increased. The old Haselborn was reduced perceptibly in circumstances, but he felt less humiliated since all the other citizens had experienced the same misfortune, and consoled himself with the hope to see his son in the near future as a parson, and if Amos did not exactly marry a countess he certainly would lead home as a parson's wife a very noble young lady.

(To be continued.)



The Oregon Skylark.

Descendant of a thousand springs,
The skylark lifts his gladsome wings,
The skylark lifts and sings and sings
The song of all created things.

The skylark sings and summer lifts
Her head among the snowy drifts
Of petal bloom that softly sifts
Thro' breeze and sun and leafy rifts.

The skylark sings and floats and floats,
Upon his melody he gloats,
Outflinging showers of silver notes
As from a thousand silver throats.

The skylark sings and multiplies
His little being as he flies,
A heart athrob far in the skies
Till in the blue his paean dies.

Sing on, sing on, O bird apart,
Check thou my tears before they start,
Thine aerial grace, thine untaught art
Lift sorrow from the human heart.

Sing on, sing on, O, skylark, sing,
Mine eye attendant on thy wing
Hath caught its tender quivering,
The far vibration of a string

By angels swept, a winged lyre
That kindles all the heart affire,
That kindles all a saint's desire,
Like thee, to rise, to hope, aspire.

Oregon City. —Eva Emery Dye.

A DAY IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Maud E. Roberts, '06.

During the stifling days of August, one feels a need of quitting the ordinary pursuits of life and seeking relief from the intense heat by making an excursion into the cool woods.

Last summer, while in Southern Oregon, it was my good fortune to accompany a friend on a ride to the summit of a neighboring butte. For making the ascent we chose a couple of sure-footed ponies.

The route we followed led, for some distance, along the banks of a noisy little stream which rushed down from its cold springs, hidden far back in the mountains, only to have its sparkling waters desecrated by being forced to meander through very ordinary irrigating ditches when it reached the valley.

Leaving the brookside, the trail branched northward towards the slope of the mountain. While traversing this course, we came upon an old bear trap made of huge logs and strewn with dry bones. Who knows what tragedies had taken place there in the shadow of the great pines!

The path ended at the foot of a steep ledge of rock which seemed to defy any attempt to proceed further in that direction.

We, not to be checked by this phase of mountain climbing, dismounted and led our horses up the almost perpendicular ascent. The faithful beasts did not seem to partake of our adventurous spirit,—indeed! I was forced to drag good "Peanut" by the reins for some distance before he decided to climb. Even then, he preserved a deliberateness of action which was none the less provoking because of being occasion-

ally replaced by a spasmodic attempt to run over me.

After what seemed to me an interminable length of time, we reached the top of the ledge and gazed in breathless wonder on the landscape below.

In the distance was to be seen a high range of mountains, vaguely outlined against the horizon. The intervening hills presented myriad varieties of form and coloring, making a decided contrast to their more lofty, but less showy, neighbors.

The small river flowing through the valley, sent its subdued music to the uplands where the murmur mingled with the calls of happy birds. The green meadow formed a fit setting for the light-reflecting waters of the stream, while giving to the whole scene a sense of repose and quietness. All was peace.

About us lay the solitude and indescribable beauty of the forest with all its still life and decaying remnants of former growth. A large boulder, becoming detached from the projecting strata on which we stood, fell to the foot of the ledge and rolled down the steep incline. As it struck the trunks of the tall trees in its course, it gave rise to booming rounds not unlike the reports of a cannon.

While we looked on all that grandeur, we seemed to lose ourselves in the vastness of the scene and to become a part—a very small part—of its greatness.

After some time spent in the contemplation of the landscape, we continued our course up the mountainside.

Presently we perceived, through the trees on our right, the rugged outline of Mt. Pitt. The peak was devoid of snow,

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and had the appearance of a venerable monk robbed of his cowl. However, its steel-gray sides were not less beautiful or majestic than when shrouded in whitest snow.

At this point, the path, which was only a suggestion of a trail, disappeared in the maze of tangled under-brush. Nothing daunted by this turn of affairs, we guided our horses into the very midst of the thicket, thus beginning a series of lessons in horsemanship among which was the delightful practice of leaping over fallen trees. Often we were forced to push our way through the seemingly interlaced bushes where, in all probability, no horseman had ridden before.

This sport so engrossed our attention that we took no note of the passing of time, and were greatly surprised when we chanced to remark the lengthening shadows which herald the presence of

late afternoon. We, then, hastily reversed our course, hoping to reach home before evening. But it seemed that this hope was not to be realized; for, despite our declarations to the contrary, we secretly acknowledged ourselves lost. However, this "painful" acknowledgment did not prevent our noting, with keen pleasure, the majestic mountains robing themselves in evening shades. Who can adequately describe this sombre advance of the shadows!

Having allowed the horses to make a choice of directions, we, at last, came upon the lost trail. It need not be said that we wasted no time on our homeward ride.

When we reached home and were resting after our long jaunt, we reflected that mountain-climbing has its disadvantages, not the least of which is the propensity for creating fatigue.



Why Do We Wait?

Why do we wait till ears are deaf
Before we speak our kindly word,
And only utter the loving praise
When not a whisper can be heard?

Why do we wait till hands are laid
Close-folded, pulseless, ere we place
Within them roses sweet and rare,
And lilies in their flawless grace?

Why do we wait till eyes are sealed
To light and love in death's deep trance—
Dear, wistful eyes—before we bend
Above them with impassioned glance?

Why do we wait till hearts are still
To tell them all the love is ours,
And give them such late meed of praise,
And lay above them fragrant flowers?

How oft we, careless, wait till life's
Sweet opportunities are past,
And break our "alabaster box
Of ointment" at the very last!

O let us heed the living friend
Who walks with us life's common ways
Watching our eyes for look of love,
And hungering for a word of praise!

—New York Tribune.

EVENTS LEADING TO THE MODOC WAR.

W. R. D., '00.

The casual visitor to the Klamath country is somewhat surprised to find a "little world" by itself, abounding in green meadows over which countless herds are roaming; and shining streams threading their ways to many lakes teeming with fishes peculiar to this region.

He little dreams, however, how great a price in blood and treasure was paid for Klamath land with its abundant resources. Jealously was it guarded by its native possessors against intrusion from the pioneers seeking homes in the golden West, and many "pale-face" scalps adorning the bullet-pouches of the blood-thirsty Modocs were the grim reminders of the culminating life-scenes of many adventurous home-seekers.

The principal dwelling-place of the Modocs was on Lost river, a deep but narrow stream emptying into Tule Lake, quite near the state line on the south. Emigrants crossed this river by means of a natural stone bridge, not far above its mouth. The last Modoc chieftain, Captain Jack (Ki-en-te-poo), of Lava bed fame, was born near this historic bridge.

In 1869, this roving tribe was removed to Yainax, a sub-agency on the Klamath Reservation; but they could not long endure the slights of their cousins, the Klamaths, descendants of the ancient La-lac-as, who had a long cherished grudge against the late arrivals.

The La-lac-as were once the most powerful branch of the Modocs, but at last their prestige was lost in a war with a sub-tribe, of which one of Jack's ancestors was chief. Thus the latter became the Royal branch. Life on the reservation became very unpleasant to

Jack and his followers, who had never known the hand of restraint, and unable to cope with a superior force, they deserted their old chief Schonchin, placed Jack at the head of the tribe, and returned to their favorite haunts on Lost river. After repeated attempts by the authorities to induce them to return to Yainax, all of which were disregarded by the Indians, the matter, accompanied by numerous petitions was referred to the Indian Department at Washington. Hon. Thos. B. Odeneal, superintendent Indian affairs in Oregon, in due time, received implicit instructions to return the renegade band to the reservation—peaceably, if possible; forcibly, if necessary. Repeated attempts at a peaceable removal proving unavailing, military force was resorted to. Major Jackson, a discreet and courageous officer, with thirty-five cavalrymen of Co. B, Fort Klamath, was entrusted with this rather uncertain undertaking. At Linkville (now Klamath Falls), he received orders to proceed quietly to the Modoc camp, and through his interpreter, Mr. I. D. Applegate, a pioneer experienced in Indian affairs, to insist gently, but firmly, that the Indians return to Yainax, where the government would provide amply for them. Daylight, on that memorable November 30, 1872, found the entire force accompanied by some twenty-five armed citizens, at the famous stone bridge on Lost river, near which could be seen the two camps of the renegades—one on each side of the river. Captain Jack, Schonchin John, brother to the old chief Schonchin, Scar-face Charley, Watchman, Jack's most trusty lieutenant, One-eyed Mose, Black Jim, Bogus Charley, Big

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Ike, Old Tails, Old Tails' Boy, Humpty Joe, and several others were on the west bank; while on the east side were Hooker Jim, noted afterwards for his fiendish cruelty, Curly-haired, chief medicine man, Boston Charley, a very rebellious spirit, and many more. The ones named above were very conspicuous characters in the brief but hotly contested war, which followed in the Lava Beds and vicinity.

A shot from Scar-face Charley's rifle awakened the sleeping Indians, who were completely surprised at seeing the soldiers, in platoon formation, halting on the bank of the river, facing the encampment. The citizens had already crossed the river, and were quickly taking a position on a high bluff, commanding the east camp. The Indians began hasty preparations for a fight. Major Jackson immediately commanded them to lay down their arms. Jack at once complied, and ordered his followers to do so. All obeyed, except Bogus and Scar-face Charley.

The interpreter then explained the reason of the soldier's presence, saying their intentions were friendly. Jack then promised to do as requested but insisted that first the soldiers be removed. During the parley, however, Scar-face, very much excited, was haranguing his people to kill the soldiers, adding that they could easily "kill them," etc. Bogus now appeared from a tent, with a rifle, and shouted to the squaws to lie flat on the ground. Lieut. Boutelle was ordered to arrest them. Assisted by four troopers, he started to perform his duty, when Scar-face drew a pistol, declaring he should "kill one Boston man anyway." The lieutenant had also drawn a revolver. Each fired simultaneously. The Indians bullet struck the lieutenant's revolver, glanced, cutting his coat sleeve, passed through his blouse on the right shoulder. Scar-face was knocked down but not seriously injured by the bullet, which unceremon-

iously passed through the handkerchief he was wearing about his head. These were the first shots of the bloody campaign, inaugurated on that eventful day. The rest of the Indians instantly seized their arms and made a daring rush on the troopers, pouring in a deadly fire as they came. The terrible Modoc war-whoop echoed throughout the camp. All was din and confusion. Men were falling on every side smitten by Modoc bullets. Riderless horses dashed about trembling with fear. So terrible an onslaught threatened to demoralize the line, but the coolness of the gallant Boutelle saved the day. Under his daring leadership, the men rallied to the attacks and drove the Indians into the sage-brush beyond the camp. Although armed only with muzzle-loading rifles, the Modocs offered a stubborn resistance for over three hours; and finally escaped to the mountains near by taking with them their women, children and their dead Watchman and We-sing-ka-poo, who fell in the beginning of the fray, and wounded Black Jim, Miller's Charley and Long Jim. At the commencement of hostilities, the Modocs on the east bank attempted to reinforce their sorely pressed brethren on the west side. The citizens interfered to prevent a junction of the forces, and consequently a short but fierce battle ensued in the second camp. These Indians also escaped, while the citizens rallied at a cabin near by, to care for the wounded of both commands, whose losses were as follows:

Troopers, ten killed and five wounded; citizens, two, John Thurber, and William Nus, killed; one, Joseph Pennington severely wounded.

The Modocs reappeared to renew the fight, but owing to so heavy a loss Major Jackson was forced to retreat from the field.

The savages, now thoroughly infuriated, vented their wrath on the helpless settlers of Tule Lake and Lost river.

Before the falling shadows of darkness had mercifully fallen over the ghastly scenes of that tragic day, eighteen innocent victims fell under inhuman tortures, which unrelenting, blood-thirsty savages only could devise. This number would have been materially increased, had not Scar-face Charley personally warned those who had especially befriended him; and told them to flee for their lives.

A searching party next morning found the naked and mutilated forms of Mr. Boddy, his two sons and son-in-law. All of these had been friendly to the very ones who had thus untimely destroyed their lives. Farther on, lay the body of Mr. Miller, killed by one whom he had clothed and fed during the days of his boyhood. Below this was seen the dismembered form of Mr. Brotherton, whose stiffened fingers still retained an axe-handle, bathed in the blood of its owner.

News of the initial battle spread like wildfire, and the citizens incensed by the conduct of the Modocs at the stone bridge, became enraged at the sight of the mutilated forms of cherished friends brought to Linkville for burial, and speedily prepared to punish the perpetrators of deeds so inhuman. But what of the widows, who had witnessed from places of concealment, the frightful deaths of their dear ones? What tongue can tell, what pen depict their anguish and despair?

It is said that Captain Jack did not

not want to kill the whites, but abided by a majority decision, which every true Modoc was obliged to respect under any circumstance. Having once entered the conflict, he resolved to fight to the bitter end; although aware that such a movement would seal the fate of his tribe.

The above are the opening incidents of the brief war which centered around the Modoc strongholds—the Lava Beds, within the shadows of the glistening summit of Mt. Shasta. The closing incidents occurred at Fort Flamath, October 3, 1873, when Captain Jack, Schonchin John, Boston Charley and Black Jim, expatiated their crimes on the galls, for the part each had taken in the Peace Commission Massacre, in which Gen. Canby and Dr. Thomas lost their lives, and Hon. A. B. Meacham was mortally wounded.

The remainder of the renegade tribe was deported to Indian Territory, where now only forty-six, mostly descendants, survive to discuss reminiscences of the bloody drama, that ended the career of their tribe so far as Oregon was concerned.

Thirty years have passed away since the initial shots were fired on the west bank of Lost river; but the pioneers can easily recall vivid images of the ghastly scenes of numerous nerve-trying ordeals, and today is truly glad that the angel of peace reigns supreme over the silvery lakes, crystal streams and fertile fields of his own beloved Klamath land.



"Life's a mirror; if we smile
Smiles come back to greet us;
If we're frowning all the while
Frowns forever meet us."

SCIENTIFIC

Nitrogen-Fixing Bacteria.

Extracts from an article by J. G. Lipman, in *Popular Science Monthly* for December, 1902:

The soil may truly be regarded as a vast laboratory. The many processes normally taking place in cultivated soil lead to gradual formation of plant-food, to the solution of the mineral constituents, to the breaking down of the organic molecules into simpler forms so that they may be assimilated and form plant-tissue. The elements necessary for plant growth are not many, about one dozen, and of these the most expensive, most evasive and the most difficult to replace is nitrogen. Every person who at all concerns himself with the questions as to the origin and the development of the various forms of life, cannot be indifferent as to the source of nitrogen in the soil and the factors that in one way or another affect the store of nitrogen at the disposal of the living world.

Whence is this soil nitrogen derived? The aerial ocean, containing 78 per cent by volume of gaseous nitrogen does not directly offer this element to plants as food. Like the "Ancient Mariner" floating on the sea and perishing for lack of water, so plants growing on the bottom of an aerial ocean consisting of four-fifths of its bulk of nitrogen, would starve for a lack of nitrogen if there were not means in nature's workshop to make this very inert gas available to plants.

Practical experience had taught the ancients that crops of the legume family,

crops like clover, beans, lupines, vetch, etc., do not exhaust the soil to such an extent as do crops not belonging to this family. They had learned that after crops of clover they could raise larger crops of wheat, but they did not know why. It remained for scientists of our generation to solve the mystery.

Not more than fifteen years ago Wilfarth and Hellriegel, two German investigators, showed conclusively that in the root nodules of leguminous plants there are found certain bacteria that in a way still unknown to us, enable the host plant to make use of the gaseous nitrogen of the atmosphere. These organisms in the nodules of the roots of leguminous plants are known as *Bacillus radicicola*. The bacteria furnish the host plant nitrogen whilst the host plant furnishes the bacteria a home. This mutual benefit is known as symbiosis.

Recent research shows that there are bacteria in the soil that can avail themselves of atmospheric nitrogen without the aid of leguminous plants. Berthelot was among the first to observe that soils free from vegetation can increase their store of nitrogen. Winogradsky, after much painstaking search, isolated from the soil an organism, which in company with two others, can grow in nitrogen-free media and fix considerable quantities of nitrogen in a short time. This fixation of nitrogen in the soil takes place only when the supply in the soil is very meager. This is analogous to the behavior of legumes. It has been found that these plants when growing in a soil rich in soluble nitrogen do not to any

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considerable extent draw upon the atmosphere for that element. It is only when the soil offers little or no nitrogen to the plant that the legumes by means of the bacteria in the root nodules avail themselves of the atmospheric supply.

"There are probably a half dozen bacteria capable of fixing atmospheric nitrogen known today, and there is little doubt that others will be found before long. As it is, we are fully justified in the claim that soil bacteria are a potent, nay, indispensable factor in the creation of the world's food. Though they are to most of us an invisible world, though many of us never suspect their existence, they are yet our staunch friends, living their brief life, contributing to a broader life, making it possible for the finite to dream of the infinite."

To Recognize Erased Writing.

In examining handwriting, Compius, army apothecary at Malang, Dutch East India, succeeded in making erased letters reappear by means of silver nitrate solution, says the *Pharmaceutische Centralhalle*. Where an erasure was suspected, a one-tenth normal silver nitrate solution was applied and exposed to direct sunlight for a short time. The letters appeared in the resulting black background. The cause is probably ingredients contained in the ink, which retard the reduction. In the reducing of the silver nitrate solution, impressions of the hands, etc., were plainly visible.

**To My Country.**

When I have born in memory what has tamed
Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts depart,
When men change swords for ledgers and desert
The student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed
I had, my country! Am I to blame?
But when I think of thee and what thou art,
Verily, in the bottom of my heart,
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.
Most dearly must we prize thee; we who find
In thee a bulwark for the cause of men;
And I by my affection was beguiled;
What wonder if a poet, now and then,
Among the many movements of his mind,
Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

—Wordsworth.

**The College Barometer.**

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

EDITORIAL STAFF.

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Sibyl Cummings, '03	Associate Editor.
Ernest Hinrichs, '04	Literary Editor.
Viola Johnson, '03	Scientific Editor.
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In these days of political corruption, when money rules, and the saying, "Every man has his price," seems borne out by evidence on all sides, it is refreshing to read an account of one who, clothed with official power, defies the money kings and pursues his course with courage and determination, treating the beggar and the multi-millionaire with impartial fairness.

One such fearless character is Joseph W. Folk, circuit attorney of St. Louis. Coming into office a short time ago, he found that city suffering with the political leprosy

too common in nearly all our large cities. Crime stalked abroad and bribery, intimidation, and every form of political corruption flourished and, backed by wealth, laughed at all attempts to enforce the law.

When the young attorney assumed his official duties, though, he created a panic among those who thought themselves immune from the effects of law. Men of rank and fortune were indicted for bribery and similar crimes, and, moreover, were prosecuted with energy regardless of station. War-

rants for the arrest of eighteen aldermen were issued one morning. Leaders in finance, politics and social circles have been arrested and sent to the penitentiary.

Mr. Folk's policy has caused quite a stir in St. Louis, and attracted the attention of the whole country, winning the respect of all friends of justice. Many attempts have been made to intimidate him, even threats of assassination having been made; but he has continued steadfastly in his purpose.

Hoping to injure his character, his enemies have been trying hard to find something in his past career which would be detrimental to his reputation, but, so far, they have not been successful.

Through the dark cloud of political corruption it is inspiring indeed, to see an occasional star shine through, its brilliancy being only heightened by the blackness of its surroundings.

Mr. Folk is a splendid example for young Americans to follow. His achievements show what can be accomplished when the hosts of dishonesty and greed are attacked by the might of truth and justice.

Genius has had, at all times, to struggle for recognition. Probably no where else is this truer than in the world of literature. Nearly all the great literary lights have had their struggles more or less severe, years of toil in obscurity, and many bitter disappointments before the final success. And in the

battle for recognition, in the hours of darkness, how welcome has been the hand of aid.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

So many a literary production of merit is doomed to remain in obscurity for want of someone to bring it before the public, and many writings now well known would have remained hidden had not some man of prominence taken an interest in them and their authors and brought them into the light of popularity.

Many people do not know that Oregon has had several writers of note, and has a literary foundation of which no state of her age need be ashamed. Yet, this is a fact, and is plainly and nicely shown in a new book which has just come to our notice.

This book is the second edition of "Oregon Literature," by Prof. J. B. Horner, a nicely bound book of two hundred and fifty-three pages; printed with good clear type on an excellent quality of paper, and containing many splendid illustrations.

The book contains biographical sketches of all the Oregon writers whose works entitle them to notice, together with selections from the writings of each. Prof. Horner has also embellished the book with many observations and prophecies from his own pen, all of which show his thorough conversance with the subject and his mastery of English.

That poetic gem, by Sam L. Simpson, "Beautiful Willamette," is given a prominent place. A series of superb illustrations, from photographs taken along the Willamette, are given, each accompanied by some appropriate lines from that beautiful poem.

The book is one which should be appreciated by all Oregonians, and Prof. Horner certainly deserves congratulations for his very able effort in bringing to our minds the fact that Oregon can produce literature as well as material wealth.

On the morning of January 12, students coming to school, were surprised to find the flag floating at half mast. The cause of this was found to be the death of Congressman Thomas H. Tongue, who died suddenly in Washington, January 11. Mr. Tongue has for years figured prominently in both state and national politics, and has always been known as a man of energy and one who has worked for the interest of the country at large and especially for his own state. He has always been known as a sincere friend of the Oregon Agricultural College. Me-

morial exercises will probably be held in various parts of the state. "Like haunting strains of some high requiem sad,
The music hushed, the tapers burning dim;
Thy life's full day the time old closing had,
The cup of death, eternal entrance in."

Having received quite a number of complaints from subscribers saying that they had failed to receive copies of one or both of the first two issues of the BAROMETER, we feel called upon to lay the blame where it is due and try to make amends to those who have thus been deprived of their papers. Our former business manager, who left last term, was publisher as well as business manager, and was given entire charge of the mailing department, subscriptions received by all members of the staff being handed to him. Receiving the mailing list just before the December number was issued, we found it somewhat incomplete and have since been trying to remedy all errors. We would ask that all subscribers, who have failed to receive their full number of papers, let us know as soon as convenient, and we will endeavor to supply the missing copies.

ATHLETIC

The football season is over in Oregon now, Reliance and Chemawa playing the last game, January 3.

The All-Oregon eleven, as chosen by the *Daily Oregonian* would undoubtedly be a strong team. It is as follows:

Ends—Francis, Albany, and Jordon, U. of O.

Tackles—Thayer, U. of O., and Watts, U. of O.

Guards—Kerron, U. of O., and Jarvis, Albany.

Center—Burnaugh, O. A. C.
Quarter—Sneider, Albany.

Halves—Root, O. A. C., and Templeton, U. of O.

Fullback—Pilkington, O. A. C.

Four of these men were also placed on the All-Northwest eleven. They are, Wats, U. of O., end; Kerron, U. of O., guard; Templeton, U. of O., and Pilkington, O. A. C., halfbacks.

Financially, as otherwise, the season was a brilliant success. About \$400 was cleared this year, which is very encouraging.

Now that football has made its exit, basket-ball has taken the stage and calls for the attention and faithful support of all good and faithful O. A. C. students. A fine schedule has been arranged and there will be many opportunities for you boys to profitably invest fifty cents. While it is still too early for the entire schedule to be determined it will be nearly as given here:

Jan. 9, O. A. C. girls vs. Willamette girls, at Corvallis.

Jan. 16, O. A. C. boys vs. Pacific College, at Corvallis.

Jan. 23, O. A. C. boys vs. Willamette, at Corvallis.

Jan. 30, O. A. C. boys vs. Dallas College, at Corvallis.

Feb. 6, O. A. C. girls vs. Chemawa girls, at Corvallis.

Feb. 14, O. A. C. boys vs. Portland Y. M. C. A., at Corvallis.

Feb. 20, O. A. C. boys vs. Willamette, at Salem.

Feb. 27, O. A. C. boys vs. Portland Y. M. C. A., at Portland.

Moreover, the boys may play with McMinnville and U. of O. and it is possible that the U. of Wash. will come here and play a series of three games on successive nights. The girls also have some other games in sight. Willamette desires to play four games, two here and two in Salem. Two of the games to be played according to men's rules and the other two in accordance with ladies' rules.

Now boys, when you let that schedule, and the opportunities it promises, sink deep into your mind, and then read this reminder of the track season coming, go immediately and secure a charming partner, and may blessings be upon your head and success attend your efforts.

Remember that in about three more month's work will begin on the track. O. A. C. wants a coach, the best in the northwest; for, of course, we must turn out a championship track team, just as we had a championship football eleven, and will no doubt have a couple of unconquerable basket-ball teams.

Every student is hereby appointed a

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committee of one to arouse enthusiasm and see that the gate receipts are large. By doing this you can have the satisfaction of knowing that you are helping the college, aiding the track team, and greatly encouraging the players themselves. Tell your friends in town about it. And as regards "taking library" here is a little advice of the "minor major's" which you can take for what it is worth: "It is better to go down in the grave of defeat, than never to have gone forth to battle."

O. A. C. GIRLS VS. M'MINNVILLE GIRLS.

Flushed with hopes of success five fair maids came up from McMinnville town, on December 12, confident of dragging the Orange in the dust. But the protection of the Orange was in the hands of an equal number of fairer O. A. C. maidens, and right well did they uphold their trust. Would that I had the fiery genius of a Homer, or even the brilliant, poetic mind of my friend, Davy Love, that I might sing of the splendid work, wonderful skill and daring which so easily won a victory for our beloved O. A. C.

It is, I think, almost beyond the power of man to give a good description of this game. To portray the sudden rushes, slides, and sylph-like movements. But of two things all were well aware, namely, that the ball, quite naturally, stayed in McMinnville's territory, and impelled by the steady hand of Miss Edna Smith, had a habit of frequently stopping to rest in the basket defended by McMinnville's unavailing efforts.

The final result was O. A. C., 20; McMinnville, 2.

The O. A. C. line up is Edna Smith, Ray Smith, Myra Yager, Ethel Linville, Una Stewart.

Edna Smith made four goals, Ray Smith three, Myra Yager one and two baskets after fouls by McMinnville, and Una Stewart one; total, 20. McMinnville made two baskets on fouls; total, 2.

O. A. C. VS. WILLAMETTE GIRLS.

Our matchless basket-ball girls began the new year with a glorious victory for O. A. C. at Corvallis, January 9, 1903. The game was a very fine exhibition of basket-ball, and the large crowd present were glad that they had come, neither, we may be sure, did the lovely moonlight night detract from their pleasure after the game.

In the first half our girls completely outclassed their opponents, scoring 9 points to their 1. But the second half was more closely contested, only 2 points being made by O. A. C. Willamette struggled violently, but the home team was too nimble and skillful for them.

For O. A. C. Ray Smith made three goals, Edna Smith two goals, and Myra Yeager threw one basket after a foul. Miss Koschnieder made the only point for the visitors.

From the showing made we may feel assured that this year O. A. C. has the champion girl's basket-ball team for Oregon.

Miss Una Stewart plays guard with wonderful skill. She appears to be right there whenever needed, and the opponent who can handle her has yet to appear. She and Miss Linville are quite capable of defending our goal against all invaders.

At forwards Miss Ray Smith and Miss Myra Yeager are unequaled, and carry the war at once into the heart of the enemies territory.

Miss Ray Smith and Miss Edna Smith are simply superb at throwing goals and keep the spectators continually excited.



SOCIETIES

Utopian.

"All's well that ends well."

Every Utopian has the satisfaction of feeling that last's year's work was in every way successful. Few of us remained in town during the holidays and those who dined at their country homes on Christmas Day have returned with renewed energy. Consequently, we intend to carry out our "New Year" resolutions.

Our program committee has been hard at work and visitors will find our programs more interesting than heretofore. We had a lengthy impromptu program at our first meeting.

Those who attended the reception at Cauthorn Hall report a very pleasant time. We are now looking forward to some pleasant social evenings during this term.

Amicitia.

The holidays marked the completion of a most successful term of society work and we view with satisfaction what has been accomplished.

The evenings spent this term have been exceedingly pleasant and instructive. The members have been punctual and energetic, taking much interest in the work, and as a result good society meetings have followed.

We are pleased to learn that Messrs. Hanley and Withycombe will be with us this term.

Some interest is being taken along oratorical lines and the society will be represented in the local contest. Also an interest in debating has been aroused,

in order to defend the silver cup now in our possession.

At the last meeting of the term, the following officers were installed: Joseph Paulson, president; Dave Hirstel, vice president; Percy Cupper, secretary; Thomas Espy, treasurer; Elmar Wills, registrar; Byram Mayfield, janitor.

Jeffersonian.

"There is pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

Byron, unlike many other poets, has embodied himself in his poems; so we, the Jeffersonians, have embodied ourselves in our pet animal. It was through the instrumentality of this creature that we have added to our society many new members who find that the nature of our present, and the outlook for the future literary programs is such that they as well as the older stockholders of our corporation are realizing large dividends. Stock selling above par. No panic in sight.

Pierians.

Not all roseate dreams are fulfilled, yet those connected with Christmas days are the most fortunate, so says the Pierian girl. Yet even in all the glory of the realization of extravagant dreams, she does not forget her society duties and her Pierian sisters and with a renewed zeal after much revelry, she once more puts her shoulder to the wheel.

With equal enthusiasm does she invite her many friends to come each Friday night to hear the words of wisdom

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which may or may not fall from her learned lips and perchance if the wise sage wishes to relieve his troubled brain of its weight of knowledge, no more attentive group of listeners can he find than the Pierian sisters when gathered about their worthy president, Dora Lingren.

One chain in the circle is vacant this term by the absence of Miss Rose Ingram, but two are filled by the Apple-gate twins. Mingled sorrows and joys are best even for college girls.

Zetagatheans.

After spending a well earned vacation, most all of our members have returned with a determination to make more of the succeeding term's work than the one just past.

Our officers for the ensuing term are: I. P. Whitner, president; F. C. Pate, vice pres; C. W. Morris, secretary; D. C. Little, treasurer; F. W. Groshong, registrar; C. C. Cate, sergeant-at-arms. Under such management we hope the ensuing term's work will be a winning

and prosperous one for our society.

Sorosis.

Sorosis, with new resolution and new members, held the first meeting at Alpha Hall last Friday. After a very interesting program, new officers were installed. Several honorary members were present who gave words of encouragement to the active members of the society. During the rest of the term twenty minutes of each meeting is to be devoted to the study of Shakespeare.

Feronian.

On the evening of Friday, January 9, the Feronians held the first meeting of the term. The girls evince a desire to make the term's work a success, and we hope, under the able supervision of our president, Miss Ada Finley, to make the term the best which we have ever known.

Our new officers are: President, Ada Finley; vice president, Myra Yeager; secretary, Louise Gilbert; treas., Ethel Linville; registrar, Ray Smith; janitor, Grace Whiteman.



A great many interesting exchanges have already been received this year and the number is being increased daily.

"Always expect to succeed, but never think you have done so."

"It is not birth, nor rank, nor state, but 'get-up-and-get' that makes great men."

"Scatter flowers as you go; you will never go over the road again."

"The king is the man who can."

"Character is the poor man's capital."

He—"It was hard work to keep from kissing you last night. She—"Well, you must not over exert yourself, Bert."

There's a crowd; there were three— he, the parlor lamp and she; two's company—that, no doubt, is why the parlor lamp went out.—Ex.

The Difference.—She—How much better it is to have a chap alone than a chaperone; don't you think so?—Oracle.



Fresh candies, nuts and fruits at Small's.

Bicycle mud guards put on for \$1.00 at Dilley's.

W. E. Hanley, has returned to resume his studies.

Fred and James Harrison have returned home.

Miss Annie Ewing has not yet returned to school.

Miss Rose Ingram did not return to school this term.

Umbrellas neatly repaired at the Corvallis Bicycle Works.

George Brigham, of the class of '05, has returned home.

Miss White, from Iowa, is one of the new students this term.

Fred Day is to attend a school of dairying in Idaho this term.

E. T. Wann, a member of the class of '04, is not in school this term.

The coach of the basket-ball teams did not return, after Christmas.

Worth Henry, who has been seriously ill at his home is now convalescent.

Rev. Dr. Eliot, of Seattle, Wash., has been a visitor of O. A. C. for the past few days.

"Josh" Billings and Harris Thompson were shaking hands with old friends last week.

If your umbrella is broken, or if the cover is worn out, take it to Dilley, he can fix it for you.

Miss Mabel Boorman, a former student, has again taken up her studies.

Professors Shaw, Kent and McLouth are settled in their new quarters in the old creamery building.

Miss Maud Marsh, who had returned to school, was again called home by the sudden death of her brother.

Mrs. Canfield, of Lafayette, is spending a few days in Corvallis visiting her two daughters, Elsie and Kathleen.

A number of the '02 class were visiting in Corvallis during the holidays, and at the opening of this term of school.

C. L. Shepherd has returned to school, bringing with him his brother Ralph, who was formerly a student of the college.

The cadet officers are making arrangements for another military ball, to be given Friday, February 20, at the Armory.

Prof. Patterson has resigned his position as physical director, and gone to assume a similar position in a school in Pennsylvania.

A. E. Tulley, a member of last year's graduating class, spoke to the young men of the Y. M. C. A., Monday evening, January 5.

During the first part of this week, the prediction that the Senior class would soon "pass away," seemed about to be fulfilled as so many of them were on the sick list. At the present, though all are back at school, and apparently in as good spirits as ever.

Allen Bates has secured a position in a drugstore in The Dalles, and is now working there. There are now but four in the senior pharmacy class.

Arthur Weaver, one of the new students who was here during the first term is now working in his father's sawmill near Elgin and will not return to school this year.

On the evening of January 9, the young people of the Baptist church were entertained at the home of Miss Winnie Logan. A very pleasant time was enjoyed by all present.

Robert Withycombe, of the class of 1901, who has been at Union for the past year holding a position in the Experiment Station of that place, is in school taking a post-graduate course.

W. E. Rose, who held the gavel of authority in the present Senior class when they were classed as Freshmen, is now working in the O. R. & N. depot at Elgin. Mr. Rose has held his present position most of the time since he left school here.

Miss Ethel Hunsaker came up on Monday's train for a few days visit with her sister, Cressie, and her many friends at school. She intended to return home Tuesday, but was taken ill, and forced to prolong her visit. Her illness is not thought to be serious.

S. L. Burnaugh, Walter Wade and Byram Mayfield, who spent the holiday vacation at their homes in Eastern Oregon all report a snowy Christmas and a very enjoyable time. However, the cold climate of that region was such a sudden change from Webfoot's rain and mud that it took about half of their time to become acclimated.

S. E. Harris, who was a member of the first class of pharmacists to graduate from the O. A. C. is now mixing things that kill or cure for the people of Elgin. Or. Mr. Harris has disposed of his

drug business in Seattle and at present is planning to try his fortune in the gold regions of Cape Nome, where his uncle S. E. King, has several claims. He intends to start north the latter part of May and return to Elgin, as soon as the winter puts a stop to work in the mines.

While working in the laboratory a few days ago, Miss Eva Staats had an accident that came nearly proving very serious. She was performing an experiment when an explosion occurred, bursting the test tube and filling Miss Staats' face with sulphuric acid. Her face was pretty badly blistered and one eye injured, though not seriously. The young lady can consider herself very fortunate that the result was not far worse.

The hosts of friends of Professor H. T. French will be pleased to learn that at a recent meeting of the board of regents of the University of Idaho, he was appointed director of the Experiment Station. The *University Argonaut* contains a very deserving tribute to his work in lines of agricultural education, which in part is as follows:

"Professor French's extended experience in the line of experiment and agricultural work fits him for this position. His work in the organization and prosecution of the Farmers' Institutes since his appointment to that work has made for him and the University a large circle of friends who will be glad to hear of the added confidence the regents have shown him.

"Professor French's ability and interest in the educational phase of agriculture in the United States has been recognized by the department at Washington, D. C., in many instances, among which was his appointment as one of the executive committee of five on Courses of Study of Land-Grant Colleges, the chairman of which committee was Dr. A. C. True, general director."

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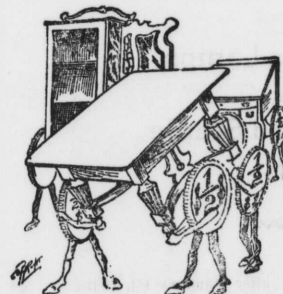
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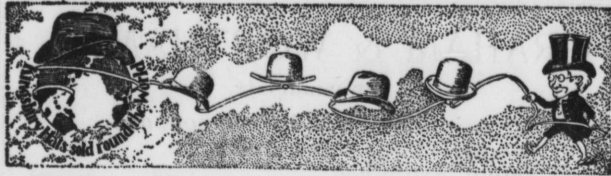
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