

B

THE COLLEGE

BAROMETER

March 1903

Single copies of the
Barometer, 10cts.
Send an occasional
copy to your friend.

DR. BOWEN LESTER,
Dentist,
Burnett Block.

JAS. A. HARPER, D. D. S.
Painless Extraction.
Over Small's Fruit Store.

E. H. TAYLOR,
Dentist.
Office in Zierolf Building.
Established in 1876.

DR. H. S. PERNOT,
Physician and Surgeon.
Hours: 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 5 p. m.
Office phone 623, Residence phone 283
Office over Post Office, Corvallis.

B. A. CATHEY, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office hours, 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m.
Room 14 in Bank Building.
Telephone at office and residence.

W. T. ROWLEY, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Optician.
Office over First National Bank,
Office phone 481, Home phone 611.

DR. FARRA,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office at Graham and Wells, Home at T.
A. Jones Res., 7th and Madison.

OLD O. A. C.
Barber Shop

Next door to Post Office.
All work guaranteed first-class.
Three baths.
Everything sterilized. Agents for
City Laundry.

Dr. W. H. Holt,
...OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN...

Office on South Main St. Telephone 31
X Ray Examinations.

L. G. ALTMAN, M. D.
Homeopathist.

Office corner 3rd and Monroe streets.
Residence corner 3rd and Harrison Sts.
Hours 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8
p. m. Sundays 9 to 10 a. m. Phone
residence 315.

THE CITY BARBER SHOP.

CASE & KIRK,
Proprietors.

All modern sanitary conveniences. . .
Tools sterilized. Porcelain baths.

Door north Hall's Bakery. Corvallis, Or

Buy your
Fruits, Nuts, Candies, Confection-
ery, Cigars, and Tobacco of

..Miles Starr..

Three doors south of P. O.
Phone 213 free to public.

J. R. Smith & Co.

Pocket Knives
AGENTS FOR JOHN DEER RUBBER
TIRE BIKE WAGON.

Cattaragus Cutlery

Telephone Main 51 **Madison Street**



W. S. GARDNER

Photographer

Studio 908 Ninth St., near College walk

CORVALLIS, OREGON.

E. P. GREFFOZ

WATCHMAKER
AND JEWELER
CORVALLIS OREGON

Corvallis Steam Laundry

will launder your linens first
class at a reasonable price.
Your patronage solicited.

THOMPSON BROS.,
Props.

C. D. LITTLE, Agt.
Cauthorn Hall.

HALL'S BAKERY

Everything
in Our Line.



Give us your order for society supplies.
We can please you.



Complete Line of Confectionery, Fruits, Tobaccos and
Cigars. Ice Cream in Season.



Courteous Treatment is Our Motto.

PHONE 201

R. M. WADE & CO.



=Hardware, Stoves, and=
Farm Implements.



Warranted Pocket Cutlery, Guns to
Rent, All kinds of Ammunition.

New Goods

... Arriving Every Day ...

- BARGAINS -

that will pay to investigate.

Men's Shoes, Clothing and Furnishing Goods; Latest
in Dress Goods and Ladies' Shoes.

Prices the Lowest. Men's Clothing to order. Just added 750ft more floor.

J. H. HARRIS.

-Hodes' Grocery-

A good meal.....

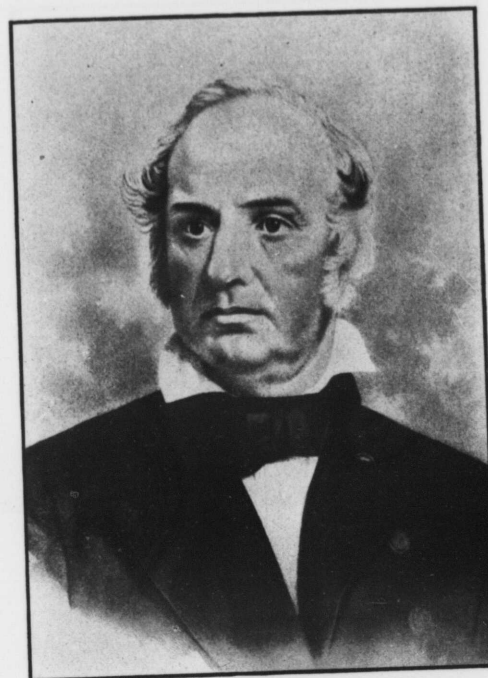
means much to the working man or woman; if they get it more work is done, if not the day is wasted. Good food well cooked is all there is to it.

Tempting groceries...

for a sluggish appetite at tempting prices for sluggish purses. A quantity of quality.

cccc

Corvallis, Oregon.



COLONEL E. D. BAKER.

Prof. Horner's new book, *Oregon Literature*, in speaking of the literary attainments of Colonel E. D. Baker, one of the first senators from Oregon, says: "As an orator, Colonel Baker, seeing clearly, beheld things correctly; hence, treated each subject in a style of its own. Therefore, he was enabled to give us a typical plea in the "Defense of Cora," the repartee in his "Reply to Benjamin," the ready fire of Patrick Henry in "Baker's Mass-meeting Address," fraternal sympathy in the "Broderick Oration," the ornate in the oration on the Atlantic Cable, and poetry and music in the ode "To a Wave." On all occa-

sions the flight of the Old Gray Eagle was lofty, uplifting the minds of men above sordid thoughts and groveling themes."

Every student should acquaint himself with one or more of Colonel Baker's orations; and it will be a pleasure to many to observe the simplicity of style, warmth of feeling, and metrical splendor of Colonel Baker's poems. The following poem, "To a Wave," which is said to have been written while the Colonel was at the mouth of the Columbia, was first published in November, 1861, about a month after he fell at Balls Bluff.



To a Wave.

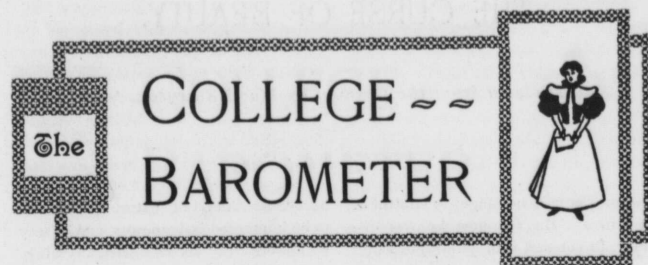
Dost thou seek a star with thy swelling crest,
 O wave, that leavest thy mother's breast?
 Dost thou leap from thy prisoned depths below,
 In scorn of their calm and constant flow?
 Or, art thou seeking some distant land
 To die in murmurs upon the strand?

Hast thou tales to tell of the pearl-lit deep,
 Where the wave-whelmed mariner rocks in sleep?
 Canst thou speak of navies sunk in pride
 Ere the roll of their thunder in echo died?
 What trophies, what banners are floating free
 In the shadowy depths of that silent sea!

It were vain to ask as thou rollest afar,
 Of banner, or mariner, ship or star;
 It were vain to seek in thy stormy face
 Some tale of the sorrowful past to trace.
 Thou art swelling high, thou art flashing free—
 How vain are the questions we ask of thee!

I, too, am a wave on a stormy sea;
 I, too, am a wanderer driven like thee;
 I, too, am seeking a distant land
 To be lost and gone ere I reach the strand.
 For the land I seek is a waveless shore,
 And they who once reach it shall wander no more.

The COLLEGE BAROMETER



VOL. 8.

CORVALLIS, OREGON, MARCH, 1903.

No. 6

A Rose Bud.

A rose bud grows by the garden wall—
 A rosebud sweet and chaste:
 With waxen petals drenched with dew,
 And a heart of gold encased.

The pearly light of the silver moon,
 Had lent its witching power,
 And a melting pink from the sunset's glow,
 Slept near the heart of the flower.

The misty light of the waning moon,
 The gems from the queen of the year,
 The petals snow, the golden heart:—
 There's a dream of beauty here.

O! beautiful, fragrant rose bud, white,
 Drooping your graceful head,
 How soon you'll fade, your petals fall,
 And you'll lie on the cold earth, dead.

The dream will be left, tho' the vision fade,
 Your perfume will linger round;
 The dust will be sacred where you lie
 Entombed in the dark, damp ground.

—Nelle Glassford.

THE CURSE OF BEAUTY.

Translated from the German by Maud Sturgeon, '02.

(Continued from last issue.)

Amos was now no longer in control of his senses. He felt how he was disarmed, threatened with jailor and hangman, if he should not at that moment take earnest-money; he felt how they flattered him again, drank to his health, and praised his beauty. His parents, Martha, Dorothea, the county judge, the soldiers, the bleeding peasant, jailor and hangman all whirled through his head in confusion. He continued to drink, as if by doing so, his reasoning power would become clearer; yet, only madder danced all the forms together, and from the waking stupor, he fell, finally, into a torpor of real sleep, and when he regained his senses, the morning sun stood high in the heavens.

The recruiting officer struck him a hard blow with his fist on his shoulder, shouting: "Awake, comrade! Do you not hear the beating of drums? Now we will march to Herborn to join our regiment. If you were not such a handsome fellow, we would not have given ourselves so much trouble and paid you double earnest-money in order to enlist you for the emperor's flag.

CHAPTER II.

Earlier than one would have thought, sober Amos, today, comforted himself regarding the fatal step which yesterday Amos drunk had taken. For not only had he received as a dowry with his beauty, reckless fickleness, but also an easy going disposition. He thought, he who among thousands had been favored so visibly by this magnificent gift of God, must also prove successful in greater things; and it would be an in-

ner contradiction of nature if he were to be immersed in ignominy and misery without having accomplished anything. He believed in the star of his beauty. That he followed this star in the midst of a crowd of roughs, disturbed him not at all in his belief. It pleased him to see only strange faces around him, and to be cast, against his will, in an unknown arena. He fully realized he had blundered in his old surroundings, and must begin a new life among new people. Yet, he thought of his parents, deeply disturbed. He begged a Herborn cloth-weaver, who was going to Weilburg, to tell his father he was well cared for in a regiment composed, for the most part of fellow-countrymen, and some day he would return home a colonel, and a man whose fortune was made; but to tell his mother that by this time her Amos had become a pikeman, with a spiked helmet on his head, an iron collar on his shoulders, and a half-sized iron shield on his breast, and an 18-foot pike in his hand. Moreover, that he daily received two pounds of bread, a measure of wine, a pound of meat, and monthly, three and a half imperial florins for his service.

The great distress which at that time harassed the broad land, absorbed the less important trouble of the parents concerning their son. Where a whole nation becomes worn out in distress, the individual carries his particular cross more lightly. The tailor's people, terrified and pursued by robbery, fire, pestilence, war and hunger, remembered many times the curse of the prophet, Amos, which had become literally true:

"The songs in the churches shall in that day be turned into howling, saith the Lord. There shall be many dead bodies lying in all places which shall secretly be carried away." But they thought scarcely any more of their son, on whose christening day these verses had impressed them; for he finally became to them, in the long years of distress, as one of these many dead bodies, which were secretly borne away.

In the meantime, Amos had in the field a hard position. Under the rough discipline of the sergeant's hazel stick he laid aside his Latin "Corylofantanus" and returned to the honest German "Haselborn." If he could only have laid aside his fine polish, he would perhaps have fared better among the rough soldiers. But, being so handsome, he had been raised so carefully that he was entirely too delicate and frail for a pikeman. He had dreamed of a knightly war, where he, by the courage of his ambition and the glory of his appearance would rise to be a knight, but instead he was forced to take part in the brawls, robberies, murders and treason, to the oppression of the people and devastation of the fields. In battle he would probably have been first, yet he was the last among his comrades in those heroic deeds; and, although, according to the custom of the time he often sold himself to another commander, he never saw a real battle.

Once Amos nearly had an opportunity to distinguish himself in a feat of arms. It was in the year 1632. The pikeman had been wandering about nearly four years and now stood among the Swedes under Major-general von Bandiss, and as yet was only a private. Bandiss wished to take possession of the highway along the Rhine from Koblenz to Cologne, and it was of importance to take the citadels which commanded the road. One of these had to be taken by storm, and it was a hard problem. The major-general promised to those who should

offer themselves as volunteers for the first assault advancement on the spot and a double amount of booty. Amos was the first of all to step to the front; but so many others were eager for the great danger and honor, that the general had his choice. And as his eye fell upon the young Haselborn, it was blinded by his manly beauty, and he thought, in a half hour the first twelve will lie crushed in the grave; it would be a pity if I sent the most handsome boy of the whole regiment to certain death. And he sent the young Haselborn back with the other superfluous men. But, as luck would have it, these first twelve came back with life, honor and gain. Amos, however, returned from the service emptyhanded, although he had fought sufficiently well and had received more than his share of blows. He was simply too handsome for a common pikeman, and yet could become nothing better, just because he was too handsome. If the tailor's son could have taken the field as a colonel, he would on account of his beauty, certainly have won great victories.

He was regarded as a stranger among his rougher comrades; was friendless, and envied, and yet, truly not enviable. If his beauty had become a curse to the soldier, it had in turn become at least somewhat of a blessing to the men. For since Amos felt himself so much more refined than the rest, and believed in the star of his beauty, he never wholly descended to the common level, nor had he any part in the wild deeds of his comrades. In this inborn beauty he saw a patent of nobility, a genuine nobility of birth which demanded of him a noble life, and his comrades who imagined they discerned his secret thoughts, liked to call him the noble tailor.

One day it happened that Amos Haselborn, after his marches and counter-marches, came to a village on the Rhine where the famished troops were to re-

fresh themselves and procure provisions for the following days. They accomplished this in a very simple manner. They did not ask where food and drink were for sale, but broke into houses, opened closets and wardrobes, and took what they found. What they could not eat they threw into the refuse pile or into wells, and when they had drunk their fill in the cellars, they let the contents run out from the casks. "We must clear the table," they said, "that we may have a beautiful day tomorrow." And since a soldier cannot burden himself with provisions for many days they searched diligently for silver and other valuables, which they could easily carry and which would afterwards help them again to bread and wine. And since the people liked to conceal their money in their beds in those days, the soldiers cut open the beds and scattered the feathers in the streets, so that in the midst of the dog days, it looked as if it had snowed. This and still worse things the soldiers called eating a second breakfast and gathering provisions for the next meal.

Since Amos could not live on air, he was compelled to imitate his comrades; for he who depends on begging and purchasing in such a disturbance, certainly receives nothing. Therefore, he climbed through the window of a parsonage, the door of which was locked, placed his pistol to the heart of the minister that he might more quickly find the cellar key, and showed the parson's wife the bare edge of the sword that she might recollect clearer where she had concealed the hams, and likewise her money. When he had satisfied his appetite sufficiently and provided himself with ready money for the next days, he sat on the bench to rest and muse a little. This bench was, indeed, the only piece of furniture not destroyed in the whole room, for the somewhat more violent companions who crowded in with him, had smashed the rest into kindling wood.

Now, when all had become quiet and Amos was still resting on the bench, the parson undoubtedly thought the troops had departed; and Amos heard how he with his wife in the next room lamentingly investigated what the plunderers had left of their fortune. But the conversation of the ruined couple suddenly took a turn which touched the soul of the tailor's son and he sprang from the bench as if he were stung by an adder.

The parson was just saying: "Those fellows are nothing but devils incarnate; but the most devilish of all was the very handsome young man who came in first and brandished the sword in your face."

The parson's wife, on the other hand, thought the handsome youth was, on the contrary, the best. For he had not tortured her further, but only threatened her; also, he had not broken or ruined anything, but only had taken what he really needed.

But the parson answered: "Wife, you do not understand! To be sure, the others injured and tormented us much worse, but God made it apparent, in the gallows faces of the rough wretches, that they were to pass a scourges of humanity through this world. This fellow, on the contrary, looks almost like Christ, and yet he practices the common horrors with those born robbers; and if he acts only half as bad, he sins three times more than his comrades. Not only his face, but also his conversation, and each gesture, betrays that he is the child of good parents. Refined and handsome rogues, however, are at all times the worst at heart, and almost always the most cruel; for they sin with malice aforethought, and not only against the law but also against their own nature. He who thinks the devil is an ugly beast is wholly wrong. He is not as black as he is painted, and just for that reason, the blackest fiend of them all. For if he were to appear so beastly ugly, his form would reveal the truth. But he is the father of lies, and

yet wanders about as handsome as a god, and is in this enormous lie, more than ever the devilish of devils!"

"No, that is too severe!" cried Amos, stepping through the door into the adjoining room, and the minister and his wife stood dumbfounded as if they were not looking at the most beautiful of all imps in human form. "For each calling and fortune I was too handsome, only for the devil have I been just handsome enough. Look here, parson, if I had not been so handsome, I should be a pious parson like you, and instead of robbing I should by this time be robbed, myself. You think beauty a passport for everything good. But I tell you those fellows with the gallows faces win their fortunes on earth and bliss in heaven ten times easier than I who am tripped up all day by this handsome face. Why do you tremble and complain? Surely I am not the devil, and will not swallow you. But I wish, as a punishment for your blasphemy, that you, for only a single year, might be compelled to carry the burden of beauty which I have now been carrying around for about twenty-five years. You would then judge more charitably concerning other Christians and more correctly concerning the devil. For if this one scorns the mask of a handsome form of humanity, he does it because he is too clever, and well knows that he with a handsome face would forever remain just as poor devil as your most devoted servant, Amos Haselborn."

With difficulty the parson recovered from his terror and convinced himself by degrees that he was in the presence of a highly cultured and kind-hearted young man, whom only want and the cruel custom of war drove to deeds of violence and whom he must try cleverly

to keep in his house for his protection. That was not hard for him, for he only had to bring to the mind of the pikeman the enigmas of his life, at which he had already playfully hinted, and Amos gave himself up to pleasant narration and chatting, glad, again to meet a more delicate, refined nature.

Thus they sat a long time together in the desolate room, and the minister's wife brought a tank of the best, fragrant old wine, whose place of concealment the threatening pistol had not been able to disclose, but the beauty and delicate manners of the young soldier finally revealed it.

As Amos ended his story and the parson had added many pertinent words, it seemed strange to both, that they should philosophize in the midst of all the horrors of devastation, about the curse of beauty, and in order to bring the conversation to a soothing close, the parson said with a sad, smiling side glance at his ruined furniture: "It is not only your personal evil star, but the curse of the whole time that has punished the most beautiful and the most precious in us; yes, it has ever been our worst enemy, and he who can envelop himself in the uniform of his roughness and ugliness, passes the safest in this day of horror."

"Now, I have had enough of this life!" Amos interrupted, half laughing, half angry. "I was too handsome for a tailor's son, for a parson, for a clerk, for a pikeman, too handsome for the fortunes of war, for successful love, too handsome for a man, and for an honest man at that; now I am too handsome for this whole time, and only for the devil have I been just handsome enough."

(To be continued.)

THOSE DAYS OF YORE.

By an '02.

MY DEAR ALEC:—As I gloat over the fond memories of the past, there steals over me an indescribable tenderness, such as you often find in stale meats, and there float before my raptured vision our good old college days, dear Alec, that will ever be fresh in my memory. And, as I behold a panoramic view of bygone hilarities, as I recall our blood-curdling deviltries, there comes to me a feeling of humiliating shame and remorse, and though I have repented and gone about with a sanctimonious mug and a prayer book, though I have shaved one side of my head (the lower side), and punish myself by overloading my stomach, yet do the memories of our dark deeds haunt me. And, I sincerely hope and believe that my old pal suffers as intensely as I do. I believe he makes the same sacrifices. Or, can it be, Alec, that you have so hardened that our murky past has no effect upon you? Can it be that the fact that you have strangled your pony when you saw the professor coming, does not cause a tear of remorse? Do you not regret the times you have fooled your professors and covered your "Heavens—I'll flunk—again" conscience with a "Please—let me—tell"—it face? Do you not remember the library, Alec, the sanctus sanctorum which you and your marauders so basely defiled with H₂S?

But enough of this, for I see great drops of cold sweat starting at the bare mention of our dark deeds; I see my co-worker in crime crouching in humiliating entreaty.

And now comes to my mind that part of our college career of which we are justly proud, and the memory of which

fills me with an inner longing, the experience of which used to fill my inner with chicken gravy. I refer to our nocturnal exercises, Alex. As I further meditate on our honorable existence at the old Alma Mater, I seem to be carried to the height of ecstasy. For what buoyant spirit and radiant countenance one assumes as he falls in line with the blue book brigade and gets a free ticket to the show down. How it warms the heart as I see in one sweeping glance our nine-month's blacksmithing before me. I see our steady advance from the Freshy ignoramus, who couldn't drop a hot iron, to the brainy Senior, who could. I see our creamery (which I hear has been replaced by a stone building, with a glass front), a little beyond the girls' dormitory. I hear the musical hum of the cream separator and blended with this into exquisite music is the dulcet screech of a novice butter maker as he bravely attempts, and succeeds, to put his hands between the butter and the roller.

And, now, I seem to be hugging my Latin between a high fence post and a certain part of my anatomy, while my heels are comfortably hooked over the third board. With my elbows on my knees and my fists under my chin, I sit and listen and look, little caring whether my Cæsar can draw breath or not, I gaze longingly, earnestly, and yet not without fear, at the girls' dormitory, and though I can see no individual of authority, yet discretion and the lamentable fate of other gallant youths, induce me to keep a glassy eye and a please-don't-kiss-me expression on my noble countenance, which, by the way, cost my face

THE COLLEGE BAROMETER

7

no little exertion.

Here I see again the old familiar sights, I hear the same sweet strains that of yore would quicken the pulse and make the breath to come in short excited gasps. It is the bugle call for double time. How I swell with martial pride as I recall my military career. How well I remember with what enthusiasm I pored over my tactics, and not without good results, for you yourself can testify, Alec, with what superior dignity I have faced my squad and thundered in sublime grandeur, "Squad REST!" and was invariably punctually obeyed, which shows that not only did I know my business, but, like Cæsar, was simply worshipped by my soldiers.

These, and many other sweet remembrances, thrill me with the phantom pleasures of the past. They fill me with a hopeless longing which will nevermore be realized. And, like some noted singers who received their fame only after a siege of misfortune, causing them to put true pathos in their song, so am I, saturated with the miseries I see on every hand, and imbued with regret for

the pleasures and close friends that are gone, inspired to a poetic outburst, which, if given its just dues, will suddenly place my name with Bryant, Jeffries and other noted poets.

Many times when seeking refuge,
From the turmoil of the fray,
Thoughts come surging to my bosom
Of a glad and joyous day.
I behold in raptured vision
Many scenes that would instill
Fond and tender recollections,
Of the college on the hill.
Once again I see my classmates,
Gathered in a merry throng;
They are happy, yet a sadness,
Mingles in their farewell song.
Their's no more to meet in union,
Share their trials, mirth and joys.
They have gone to battle fortune
In this world of din and noise.
Now, I see them, fame and honor
Is their bright, though distant, goal,
Toiling onward, striving ever,
True ambition, full of soul.
May their good endeavors prosper;
Be their watchword "Honesty;"
And their every deed a credit
To their Alma Mater be.

I now must close this wondrous tale,
And soon will write again:
The flies are waiting patiently
To roost upon my pen.

From your old Ponderosity,
V. G.



The Path of Gold.

One evening just at sunset,
As I stood by the sea alone,
While the shining orb descended
Into the deep unknown,
I noted the golden pathway
Across those waters so bright,
A link it seemed with eternity
That path of heavenly light.

—Mabelle Boorman, '06.

TO BOOK AGENTS.

By a Graduate.

Ye call me book agent; and ye do well to call him book agent who for four long weeks has met upon the door-step every form of excuse or objection that the desert waste of Eastern Oregon could suggest and who has never yet left without having his say. If there be one among you, who can say that ever, at the front door or the back door, my words showed that I didn't know my business, let him come privately and say it. If there be three in the whole county who dare shut the door in my face, let them try it. And yet, I was not not always thus,—a wild cow-boy, a cowardly farmer among still more cowardly women. My parents came from old Missouri and settled among the rocky hills and sage brush plains of Oregon. My early life ran as quiet as the squirrels which I could never catch, and when, sometimes, I did tree one and tried to persuade him to come down, there was a companion, a minister's son, to join with his influence. We cultivated our destructive natures to the same degree and planned together our future careers.

One evening after the cows were milked, and we were all seated round the fireplace fighting hungry mosquitoes, the hired man, a college graduate, was telling about book agents and fakirs in general; and how, when he was a student, a score of the most brilliant, calling themselves agents, had fooled the whole neighborhood. I did not then know what an agent was; but I determined to be one, I know not why, and I kept asking questions of that college man, until my mother, pulling my hair out in great handfuls, forced me to hush

up, telling me to go to bed and talk no more of those wicked students and swindling schemes.

That very week a book agent came to our house. I saw the breast that had nourished me, heave in dread before that master of persuasion—the powerful body of my father quivering under that magnetic eye as he signed the order.

Today, I persuaded a man to take a book; and when we had signed our names, behold! he was the minister's son. Then he knew me, smiled forcibly, bowed, and without paying for the book, departed;—the same defiant smile upon his lips that I had marked, when, in mischievous boyhood, we had climbed the wire fence to steal the first ripe melons and bear them away in fiendish glee. I summoned the city marshal and told him that this dishonest man was a minister's son, mean and haughty; and I begged that I might carry away the furniture, to sell to the second-hand man and secure what were my honest dues. Ay! upon my knees amidst the dust and trash of the door-step, I begged to be allowed my revenge, while all the assembled servants and housewives, and all the little fellows they call kids, and the citizens, shouted in glee, deeming it a rare sight, forsooth, to see this most dignified book agent turn pale and tremble before that man of authority. And the marshal drew back as if I were a murderer and fiercely said: "You fooled this man but you can't fool me! There are no honest men among book agents."

And so, fellow agents, must you and so must I, be classed with thieves! O justice! justice! thou has been a tyrant to me. Ay! thou has given to that poor

THE COLLEGE BAROMETER

9

harmless Freshman, who never knew a worse offense than whispering in the library, a tongue of deceit and an unlimited quantity of "brass;" taught him force a bargain through screen doors and closed shutters and glory in the terror that he creates in the peaceful home; to gaze into the glaring eyes of the fierce woman of the house on wash day, even as a hawk looks upon an innocent mouse! But he shall have revenge until the old jail is full of obstinate customers, and, in its damp cells, they repent and pay their honest debts.

Ye stand there now like intelligent beings as ye are! The love of gain is in your hardened hearts; but tomorrow, some city marshal, breathing plain Saxon from his limited vocabulary, shall with his show of justice, cheat you out of your honorable earnings, and bet his year's wages that you will never get it.

Hark! hear ye yon agent canvassing across the street? 'Tis three days since he has sold a book; but tomorrow he shall lose even all that he now has,—and a square meal for him will be no more.

If ye would starve, then stand there like women waiting for the marshal to repent! If ye are true agents, act for yourselves! Appeal to the public sentiment, gain the people's confidence, and then do fast work, as did the agents in the past. Is the business dead? Is the old deceiving spirit lost in your words, that you do blush and stammer like a school girl reciting her first poem? O comrades! agents! fakirs! if we must swindle, let us gain the reward! If we must prosecute, let us prosecute our oppressors! If we fail, let it be on the door-step, under the obstinate eye, in noble, courageous canvassing.



I Love the Ocean.

I love the dark, deep ocean
On which the sunlight plays,
And it always has reminded me
Of happy, happy days,
When, with my little playmates,
My little friends so dear,
I sought bright shells and pebbles
And mosses strange and queer.

Down by the grand old ocean,
By which I loved to roam,
I built, one day, on the barren sand
A neat little cottage home;
And then, when I wished for pleasure,
Or rest from the cares of life,
I'd go for a stroll on the sea shore
With a friend, or, perhaps, my wife.

Through life has the dear old ocean,
Ever been my friend;
And now that my locks are snowy,
And life is near its end,
I gaze on the foamy billows and hope
Some time to be
Borne by some white-winged vessel
To my rest beyond the sea.

—Edna Smith, '05.

SCIENTIFIC

A few years ago Miss Purdy made a few observations upon the local flora with reference to the correlation of temperature and vegetation.

The following abstract is offered as embodying the principal data of her observations. A careful consideration of even these few notes will afford the student of ecology and phenology some interesting matter for reflection. To the student of horticulture several points of minor interest will suggest themselves.

The first pair of numbers at the left indicate month and date of first blossoms observed; the next pair, maximum and minimum temperatures at dates of observation.

E. R. L.

Caryophyllaceæ—The Pinks.

- 1-15:55-41—*Stellaria media*, Chickweed.
4-15:66-39—*Silene hookeri*, Catchfly, Campion.

Cruciferae—The Mustards.

- 1-13:57-40—*Bursa pastoris*, Shepherd's Purse.
3-25:53-29—*Brassica campestris*, Field Mustard.

Liliaceæ—The Lilies.

- 3-4:51:30—*Trillium ovatum*, Wake Robin.
3-4:51-30—*Trillium sessile*.
4-15:66-39—*Fritillaria lanceolata*, Checker Lily.

- 4-15:66-39—*Camassia leichtlinii*, Camass, Quamash.

- 5-2:54-37—*Prosartes oregana*.

- 5-2:54-37—*Smilacina sessilifolia*, False Solomon Seal.

Violaceæ—The Violets.

- 3-8:48-38—*Viola nuttallii*.
3-8:48-44—*Viola glabella*.

Saxifragaceæ—The Saxifrages.

- 3-23:48-35—*Saxifraga mertensiana*, Saxifrage.

- 4-14:68-37—*Tellima parviflora*, Star Flower.

- 4-15:66-39—*Ribes sanguineum*, Red Flowering Currant.

- 5-2:54-37—*Tellima grandiflora*, Fringe Cups.

Ranunculaceæ—The Buttercups.

- 3-23:53-29—*Ranunculus occidentalis*, Woolly Buttercup.

- 4-30:48-38—*Delphinium*—sp? Larkspur.

- 5-5:59-44—*Delphinium trollifolium*, Poison Larkspur.

- 5-8:62-45—*Delphinium nuttallii*.
5-8:72-45—*Aquilegia formosa*, Columbine.

Scrophulariaceæ—The Figworts.

- 3-25:53-29—*Collinsia parviflora*, Innocence.

- 4-15:66-39—*Synthyris reniformis cordata*, Blue Bells.

- 4-15:66-39—*Mimulus luteus*, Monkey Flower.

- 5-8:62-45—*Mimulus douglasii*.
5-2:54-37—*Veronica serphyllifolia*, Speedwell.

- 5-5:59-44—*Veronica arvensis*.

Compositæ—The Sunflowers.

- 3-30:57-37—*Taraxacum officinale*, Dandelion.

Iridaceæ—The Irises.

- 4-4:58-32—*Iris tenax*, Wild Flag, Slender Leaved Iris.

THE COLLEGE BAROMETER

11

- Boraginaceæ—The Borageworts.
4-4:58-32—*Cynoglossum grande*, Hound's Tongue.
5-5:59-44—*Mertensia siberica*.
4-22:55-38—*Allocarya scouleri*, Scorpion Grass.

- Geraniaceæ—The Geraniums.
4-6:60-33—*Erodium cicutarium*, Filaree alfilaria.
5-5:59-44—*Geranium carolinianum*, Wild Geranium.

- Rosaceæ—The Roses.
4-14:68-37—*Amelanchier alnifolia*—June berry, Shadbush, Service berry.
5-8:62-45—*Rosa nutkana*, Rose (wild)
5-8:62-45—*Fragaria cuneifolia*, Strawberry.
5-6:64-39—*Pyrus rivularis*, Crab Apple (Oregon.)

- Portulacaceæ—The Purslanes.
4-14:68-37—*Montia perfoliata*, Miner's Lettuce.

- Berberidaceæ—The Barberries.
4-14:66-39—*Berberis aquifolium*, Oregon Grape.

- Aristolochiaceæ—The Birthworts.
4-15:66-39—*Asarum caudatum*, Wild Ginger.

- Aceraceæ—The Maples.
4-15:66-39—*Acer circinatum*, Vine Maple.

- Leguminosæ—The Peas and Beans.

- 4-15:66-39—*Lupinus micranthus*, Lupine.
4-22:55-58—*Trifolium repens*,
5-5:59-44—*Lotus micranthus*, White Clover.
5-5:55-44—*Trifolium pratense*, Red Clover.
5-8:62-45—*Cytisus scoparius*, Scotch Broom.
5-2:54-37—*Vicia americana linearis*, Wild Pea.

- Hydrophyllaceæ—The Phacelias.
4-30:48-38—*Hydrophyllum virginicum*, Water Leaf.

- Labiatae—The Mints.
5-2:54-37—*Brunella vulgaris*, Self Heal.
Umbelliferae—The Parsnips.
5-2:54-37—*Osmorrhiza nuda*, Sweet Cicely.

- Valerianaceæ—The Valerians.
5-5:59-44—*Plectritis macrocera*, Corn Salad.

- Orchidaceæ—The Orchids.
5-8:62-45—*Cypripedium montanum*, Lady's Slipper.

- Cornaceæ—The Dogwoods.
5-8:62-45—*Cornus nuttallii*, Dogwood.
Papaveraceæ—The Poppies.
5-8:62-45—*Eschscholtzia californica*, California Poppy.

- Polygonaceæ—The Dock's.
5-8:62-45—*Rumex acetosella*, Sour Dock.



Sunset Castles.

Of at sunset when the shadows.

Fall upon this world below,
I can fancy that I see them—
Wondrous castles in the glow
Of the sun that sinks to rest
On the broad Pacific's breast,
And their towers so tall and bright
Reflect back the day's last light.

Madeline Nichols, '07.

EDITORIAL

The College Barometer.

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

EDITORIAL STAFF.

| | |
|-----------------------|--------------------|
| J. Edwin Johnson, '03 | Editor-in-Chief |
| Sibyl Cummings, '03 | Associate Editor. |
| Ernest Hinrichs, '04 | Literary Editor. |
| Viola Johnson, '03 | Scientific Editor. |
| Horace Brodie, '04 | Athletic Editor. |
| Bessie Yates, '04 | Local Editor. |
| Eunice Garfield, '05 | Alumni Editor. |
| Chas. W. Morris, '05 | Exchange Editor. |

Byram Mayfield, '03

Business Manager.

TERMS. Per Year, 75 Cents. Single Copies, 10 Cents.

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

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

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

Printed at the Agricultural College Printing Office.

The life of a student is and should be an active one. Besides his many school duties, various other matters of interest are brought to his notice, demanding his attention and support. The benefit derived from this outside work is scarcely less than that gained by completing the studies in the college curriculum.

Perhaps no better opportunity has been offered the students of the O. A. C. to engage in a work that will redound to the benefit of themselves, the school at large, and humanity in general, than presents itself in the temperance move-

ment which this school, in common with other schools of the state, is now taking up. This movement consists in a series of oratorical contests terminating in an inter-state contest to be held at Corvallis a short time before commencement. The states represented will be California, Washington and Oregon.

The contests are a part of the student temperance movement, and are intended to advance this worthy cause as well as to give needed encouragement to efforts in oratory. To this end, all orations should treat on some phase of the

temperance question.

Our local contest will be held early in April, and the state contest will be held in Dallas a few weeks later. The best two speakers at this contest will meet a like number of representatives from the other two states in the inter-state contest at the O. A. C.

It is hard to overestimate the importance of this inter-state contest, and no effort should be spared to make it an entire success. It is not often that any school is favored by an event of this kind, and we should strive hard to show a just appreciation of the honor conferred upon us.

But we must not reserve all our energy for the final contest. When it takes place in our College Armory we will feel a bitter disappointment if we do not see at least one of our students among the speakers. We must win a place at Dallas, and to do this it is necessary to send our very best material. All who think they have any oratorical ability at all should enter the local contest, and all students should give their aid toward making the whole a grand success.

Many of the most energetic business men of Corvallis have always shown a spirit of loyalty to our school and have been ever ready to support college enterprises. From these men the BAROMETER has received courteous treatment and financial aid. There are so-called business men here, though, who lack both the generosity and business foresight which would cause them to treat justly those from whom the receive perhaps their largest revenue. Some of these men tell us that student trade does not amount to much, or that they will get it anyway, so cannot afford to advertise. One hundred and fifty dollars is a low estimate of the amount spent by each student. This multiplied by three hundred (a number less than our lowest enrollment) would equal forty-five thousand dollars. This is practically all left in Corvallis. It would seem that student trade amounts to something. There appears to be but one thing to do, and that is to discriminate in favor of those who are willing to further college interests. A glance through our advertising columns will not take long and will do you no harm.



My Western Castles.

When the evening sun sinks down to rest,
Behind clouds and hills in the golden west,
We see great castles towering high
Over the hills and into the sky.
We can see their turrets through the mist
Like snowy mounts by sunlight kissed;
Each graceful spire is burnished bright,
And the windows flash in the golden light.
—J. F. Winniford, '07.

ATHLETIC

The month just past has been rather a dull one in the athletic life of the college. The basket-ball season was gradually closing while the track work had not yet begun in earnest.

The basket-ball season just past has been a very successful one. In all ten games were played, five by the boys and five by the girls, each team winning four games. The boys have one more victory coming to them from Eugene and then the season will be closed. The girls scored 51 points in all against a total of 12, and the boys ran up a score of 115 to 42. Financially, though not brilliantly successful, was by no means a failure, as O. A. C. came out about \$20 ahead.

Only two games have been played the past month and yet, alas! that was one too many.

O. A. C. VS. U. OF O., CORVALLIS, FEB. 7.

The game was delayed nearly an hour, owing to the unavoidable detention of the Eugene boys while coming here. However, the crowd waited patiently and good-naturedly, and, indeed, many couples appeared quite unconscious of any unusual delay.

At last the players appeared and the game began. After a few moments of playing it soon became plainly apparent that Eugene was not standing much show. Although the tide of battle occasionally surged down towards the O. A. C. goal it would be speedily transferred to the enemies territory and a basket would soon be served.

The University boys played pluckily but appeared to take the game as a sort

of joke on themselves, but one which by their smiling faces they apparently appreciated.

Pilkington played center and proved a veritable tower of strength to us and a source of woe to our opponents. All the other boys played their usual splendid game, Moores and Steiwer especially distinguishing themselves. The score at the end of the first half was O. A. C., 20; U. of O., 2. Moores had made 2 baskets, Steiwer 4, Stokes 1, Rinehart 1 and Pilkington 2.

The second half was a little closer, O. A. C. scoring only 12 points to U. of O. o. Stokes scored 1 on a basket from a foul and Moores added one in the same way and also a basket from the field. Pilkington, Rinehart, Steiwer and Bilyeu each made one basket.

Toward the latter part of the game an accident occurred, which as a careful historian it is my duty to mention. In some way Marion Stokes' nose was set to bleeding and he retired from the scene of action. After some minutes the referee requested that if there were a surgeon in the audience, he step forth and repair a broken nose. At this announcement of the misfortune which had befallen their hero, a hush fell upon the assembled multitude, and in the awful stillness that reigned, a low sweet voice was heard to softly exclaim, "Oh, I do hope it won't spoil Mr. Stokes' looks!"

Bilyeu took Stokes' place and played a good game. The final score stood, O. A. C., 32; U. O., 2.

Another attractive feature was the excellent rooting of a group of professors

THE COLLEGE BAROMETER.

15

led by a lively "coed."

O. A. C. GIRLS VS. CHEMAWA GIRLS, CORVALLIS, FEBRUARY 18.

Alas! that it should fall to the lot of an O. A. C. scribe to portray this game, the Waterloo of our heretofore invincible maidens. But it must be done, and so I take up my pen sadly, to mention, not to describe, for that transcends human skill, briefly, this fierce contest for supremacy.

The teams were very evenly matched and played fiercely from start to finish. From the first it was apparent that O. A. C. had met an opponent worthy of their highest efforts. The team missed Ray Smith very much though Winnie Logan proved a steady player.

In the first half Chemawa had somewhat the best of the game, making 3 baskets to O. A. C.'s 1. The O. A. C. supporters felt rather discouraged, but in their second half their spirits began to rise. The girls were playing hard and fast and were more than a match for the lithe and dusky maidens. Slowly, but surely, the score crawled up from 6-2 to 6-4 and then at last 6-6.

Then, though both teams played desperately, neither could score and time was called with the score a tie. Since it was necessary to play off the tie the game was resumed with greater fury than ever. Time and again the ball surged from end to end of the field, and often soared toward the basket, but while the crowd held its breath the ball would fall short or overshoot the mark. At length after about six or eight minutes, the ball, impelled by one of Chemawa's skillful players (alas! that it should be) settled in the basket and the Indians had won score 8-6.

The game was rather rough, being characterized by frequent scrambles for the ball. In the mix-ups the honors were about evenly divided between the two teams.

All of the O. A. C. girls played splendidly but Una Stewart and Ethel Linville did the best playing. Miss Stew-

art made one basket and Miss Linville two. After the game several of the Chemawa players were heard to observe that it was the hardest and closest game they had ever played.

While we all were filled with regret that victory had not again come our way, we felt a satisfaction at having witnessed so exciting a contest.

TRACK ATHLETICS.

The track season will soon be upon us and as we look at the prospects our hearts are filled with hope, for truly it is the brightest outlook that has been presented here for years. Great enthusiasm prevails and let us hope that it will not tire soon and gradually die out.

At a meeting held March 5, a great deal of interest was manifested and over a hundred entered in the various events, as follows: 100 yd. dash, 22; 220 yd. dash, 13; 440 yd., 16; 880 yd., 34; mile, 33; 120 hurdle, 5; 220 hurdle, 5; high jump, 8; broad jump, 8; pole vault, 13; hammer throw, 5; discus, 8; shot put, 8.

Quite a few old hands are back at the game and there are many new and promising men entered. Among the most promising sprinters are Moores, Sewell, Williams, C. C. Cate, and J. Howard. Many new names are in the list and may astonish us all.

With the exception of Steiwer and Gardiner all in the mile and half mile are new men, and with so many entries and such promising candidates, O. A. C. ought to have several good men in each event.

In the hurdles C. C. Cate, Howard, Swan and Garrow are the principal entries.

Moores and L. Burnaugh are back at the high and broad jump. Both have made 5 ft. 6 in. in the high jump and are two of the best athletes here. Bowen, a new man, shows up well and has entered both of these.

In the pole vault, J. C. Rinehart, Swan and Gellatly are old hands while the other ten are new.

In the weights are many husky fellows. Burnough, Jackson, Root, Pilkington, will no doubt be able to give a good account of themselves.

Burnaugh is captain of the team. He is undoubtedly one of the best all-round athletes on the coast and can always be depended upon as a point winner.

Moores is another man who is a sure winner and Sewell is a fine man in the sprints. Altogether there is every reason to believe that we will put out a winning team.

The following are some of Burnough's records: High jump, 5 ft. 6 in., broad jump, 19 ft. 8 in., shot put, 35 ft. 9½ in., discus throw, 102 ft.

SOCIETIES

Jeffersonian.

Kind Friends: We are still alive, but if you want to be convinced of this statement call on us when you will, and we will prove to you the truth of this assertion. We will guarantee to you that no bones will be broken, and will try to make you feel at home.

We feel greatly encouraged in our work by the success of our orator Guy E. Moore in the local contest, and will strive the harder to make our society one among the best of the O. A. C.

The Philadelphians have thrown before us the gauntlet, which we did not hesitate to pick up, for our motto in a time like this is: "It is better to go forth in battle and lose, than never to enter at all." So you may look for a debate between the Philadelphians and Jeffersonians in the near future.

At the last regular meeting of February one of our charter members, Mr. Victor Moses, was with us. After a short address, which contained many needed suggestions, he presented to the society a facsimile of the original copy of the "Declaration of Independence." We doubly appreciate this gift, coming as it does, bearing the symbol of loyalty to the society and to the country, from an honored and esteemed charter member.

Y. M. C. A.

By all Y. M. C. A. men of the country, the winter term is declared to be the best for quiet, aggressive work in college association. We have tried to realize this during the past three months, and

we look back with a degree of pleasure at the remembrance of our work.

Perhaps the most important event of the month was the election of officers for the coming year. The following were chosen: President, C. L. Shepard; vice president, J. C. Clark; secretary, J. S. Tannock; treasurer, R. C. Shepard; corresponding secretary, Guy Moore.

The new officers desire the active cooperation of all members and students in the fulfillment of their duties.

Zetagatheans.

The closing of this term finds our society in the best shape it has ever been in. Although our programs have been cut somewhat short on account of the measles, causing several absences from each meeting, yet our attendance has been unusually good, especially Saturday evening, March 7, when we gave an entertainment in honor of the Feronians.

The Zetagatheans, represented by C. L. Shepard, T. W. Scott and J. C. Clark, met the Amicitians in public debate, March 6, on the following question: "Resolved, That the deportation of the negroes of this country to our island possessions is the best solution of the race problem." Our debaters supported the negative side and put forth such argument as to receive the decision of the judges.

The Amicitians have held the President's cup for the past year; but this debate convinced them that they will not hold it another year.

Amicitia.

The term is fast drawing to a close, and yet it seems but yesterday that we

met after our Christmas holidays, eager for the new year of work.

It is sad to say, we lost the cup last Friday night, but, fellow-society, keep it well; we will be on deck ready to hit you again next year.

We were sorry to see Messrs. Hanley and Malmstein go to their homes, as we will miss them very much on our programs.

We all felt proud to shake hands with our old orator and debater, Hermann V. Tartar once more. He passed through Corvallis a few days ago on his way to Portland, to fill a position as deputy of the Pure Food Commissioner. We all wish him success.

The evening of February 27, will always be remembered by the Amicitians as the most pleasantly spent at O. A. C., for it was on that evening that the Pierian society honored them with a delightful reception—"A Children's Party." On ascending the first flight of stairs in the Agricultural Hall, one could hear the sound of trumpets and the rattle of chariot wheels. One would think that Gabriel was coming. On reaching the top what would you expect to see? Why it was a host of little boys and girls playing with wagons and blowing horns.

After listening to a well prepared, interesting program of songs, recitations and instrumental solos, the little boys and girls began to play again, but right in the midst of the most enjoyable game, a box of well packed dolls were brought forward and with them partners were uniquely chosen for a supper, neat and dainty, served in an adjoining room, which was beautifully decorated.

After supper, games were again indulged in. But "time rolls on his ceaseless course," so, all too soon the warning flicker of the lights brought the little children nearly to tears. Nevertheless, the nurses pointed toward the door and the little children, of course, took a hint and wended their way homeward.

Some secured a wagon to go home in, but others preferred walking, as the roads are very bad, and wagons are liable to upset. The little Amicitia boys are unanimous in the decision that the little Pierian girls are the most delightful entertainers.

Pierians.

We can scarcely realize that another term of literary work is drawing to a close, but such is the case. It is, however with pride that we review the Friday afternoon sessions of the term. Not least to be mentioned have been our debates, and since the new arrangements have been made for inter-society debates we feel better prepared than if no work had been done along that line.

Our president and two other members, who for two weeks were afflicted with measles, are in the ranks again, but Miss Davenport is now at her home in Silverton on account of poor health and cannot be with us until next term.

Among the class representatives to Eugene were three from our society, viz: Misses Minnie Roberts, '03, Edna Smith, '05, and Maud Roberts, '06.

Feronian.

As this term draws to a close the Feronians pronounce it one of the best in literary progress that has ever passed within the history of our society.

Our last program was as follows: Vocal solo, Ray Smith; autobiography, Grace Nichols; My Experience as a School Teacher, Louise Gilbert; recitation, Mary Sutherland; Feronia, Ada Finley, Ethel Linville; instrumental solo, Winnie Logan.

Every Feronian will long remember the evening of March 7th. It was the first social event with the Zetagatheans we had ever enjoyed and pronounce them royal entertainers.

Our officers for the coming term are as follows:

President, Effie Michael; vice president, Maud Hays; secretary, Myra Yeager; treasurer, Grace Whiteman; registrar, Winnie Logan.

LOCALS

Fresh roasted peanuts at Small's.

Bicycle bells, lanterns and various bicycles sundries at Small's.

Small's is the place to get your confectionery, lemonade, soda pop, etc.

C. W. Laughlin, '02, left Corvallis Monday for his home in North Yamhill.

We are glad to welcome Mr. Little to our classes again, after a severe attack of rheumatism.

Archie Van Cleve is still absent from our ranks. We hope he soon may be permitted to return.

Mrs. C. Wheeler, eldest daughter of President Gatch, is a guest at the President's home this week.

Go to T. W. Dilley for wheels—Baker & Hamilton, Swell, Michell, Imperial; also full stock of sundries.

Miss Elsie Clausan, a member of this year's Freshman class was called home, owing to the illness of her father.

If you want fresh confectionery, go to Small's for it. He also keeps on a hand choice bananas, oranges, lemons, etc.

Miss Almeda Rodlun, who has been out of school the last two weeks on account of illness, is able to be out again.

Miss Kittie Butler, '06, of Mills City, was forced to return home after an attack of measles, as her eyes were seriously affected.

Strictly high-grade, 1903, scenic backgrounds will arrive about the 15th of this month for the studio of W. S. Gardner, 908 Ninth street, Corvallis, near College walk.

Prof. and Mrs. Horner chaperoned the crowd to Eugene Friday.

Misses Helen Steiwer and Mabel Jones were visitors at the college Friday morning. They were guests at the Ainslie-Smith wedding.

Mr. Houston, '02, accompanied the excursionists to Eugene, Friday, and from there went to his home. Naught(y) twos are getting scarce.

The local oratorical contest will be held April 3. The town association has kindly offered to give a silver medal as the second prize at the contest.

Miss Owen, '06, was called home last week, owing to the illness of her mother. We are sorry to lose so many students, but sickness cannot be prevented.

Mr. Aaron Jones, Master of the National Grange, lectured in College chapel Monday evening, after which a reception was given in his honor, in Miss Snell's room.

The eleventh state oratorical contest is a thing of the past, and while we did not win first place, yet our orator made a splendid showing and we are justly proud of him.

Professor Lake has been lecturing on Nature Study throughout the country the past month. We understand several of the Professors are to engage in the same work during the following months.

The sad news has reached our office of the death of Mr. John Stimpson, of Newport. It will be remembered that his son, Arthur, was librarian of the col-

lege last year. His daughters, May and Hettie were also students. The BAROMETER extends sympathy to the bereaved.

On the afternoon of March 13, just a few hours before the contest, our basketball boys met those of the lemon at Eugene. An exciting game was played, the result being in our favor. Score, U. of O., 22; O. A. C., 24.

Hon. B. G. Leedy, of the board of regents, visited the college with Mr. Aaron Jones, Master of the National Grange who lectured here Monday. Mr. Leedy inspected the grounds and buildings while here, and expressed himself as pleased with the work being done.

Mr. W. E. Rose, one of the most popular Freshmen of this year's Senior class, and at that time president of the same, was married at Elgin on March 4, to Miss Ada Lash, of that place. The wedding occurred at the Presbyterian church, and was one of the most pleasant events of the season. The young lady is well known in her vicinity and has the respect of the community. Mr. Rose is assistant agent of the O. R. & N. at Elgin. The BAROMETER extends congratulations.

The contest at Eugene was quite a pleasant affair. Villard Hall was filled to overflowing with an interesting and somewhat excited audience. Plenty of enthusiasm and college spirit was shown, but no ill feeling manifested. After the markings of the judges had been examined it was announced that Erastus A. Smith, of McMinnville, had won first place, and Miss Lucy May Gauze, of Newberg, had been awarded second. Our orator received fourth place, coming very close to Eugene's representative, who received third.

At the annual meeting of the State Oratorical Association held at Eugene, March 13, 1903, the most friendly feeling prevailed between the different colleges. The credentials of the delegates were

recorded and roll called, after which the action of the executive committee was ratified. The next on the order of business was the election of officers for the ensuing year. This resulted in the election of H. G. Thomas, of Forest Grove, for president, Charles Clark, of Newberg, as secretary, and Thomas Metzger, of Monmouth, treasurer. Willamette delegation proposed to amend the constitution by making it optional with the local committees of the different colleges as to the time of holding the local contests. This amendment was lost. A new amendment was proposed fixing the time for holding the local contests on the last Friday of January. This amendment was adopted. The association then adjourned to meet at Villard Hall at 7:45 p. m.

O. A. C. visitors to the contest at Eugene report a good time and varied and abundant experience. Owing to a wreck south of Eugene, on the Southern Pacific, the Corvallis car was held at the station twelve hours after the time scheduled for leaving. The crowd went to the station at regular train time, 3:00 o'clock a. m. and from that time till 3:15 p. m., were in constant suspense, owing to the stereotyped report, "We will be going in a short time." A hurried trip was made to the nearest restaurant for breakfast, and at noon the belief that the train would start soon became so strong that none dared take time to eat at the restaurant. Accordingly, some of the fleetest-footed boys made hurried trips to nearby grocery stores and purchased cheese, crackers and sundry articles for lunch which were devoured on the train. At last the welcome sound of a locomotive whistle was heard and our weary students were on their way towards Albany. Here, after some exciting negotiations, a special engine was secured and the travelers were soon at home in old Corvallis taking a much-needed rest.

EXCHANGE

(Three Seniors)—W. D. J.—“What is love?”

J. P.—“It is hard to explain.”

W. T. D.—“Love is an insane desire to have and to hold.”

It is reported that Yale has 250 men training for spring athletics. Yale has the right idea; get a large number out to work and when the time comes to pick the team the best athletics will not be overlooked.

H. C. Optimist, Kankakee, Illinois, has found its way to our table and we bid it a hearty welcome.

The Owl has a very clever eye and offers many criticisms, and we are certain the exchanges will profit by them.

If we are descended from the ape, some people are using round trip tickets.

Conductor (to woman watching a street fight) “Fare.”

Woman (excitedly) “No, it isn't fair at all; one's much bigger than the other.”—Ex.

Illinois legislature has made hazing a criminal offence. Offenders may be fined \$500 and sent to jail for six months.

So-to-Speak, edited by the Lincoln H. S. has a very fine cover for their interesting paper.

In the middle of a forty-acre lot; “Millions for de-fence” said Uncle Rastus between leaps, with a bull dog in his wake.—Ex.

It is said that Daniel Webster edited the first college paper. We are glad to know that so many of the colleges have followed his example, and each month

issue a paper that is interesting abroad as well as at home.

The Polytechnic is one of the many papers that deserve special mention in this column.

A college student in rendering an account of his winter's expenses inserted among the many items: “For charity, \$35.” His sire wrote back: “I fear charity covers a multitude of sins.”—Ex.

S. S. Teacher: What was Sampson's last act?

Willie: I don't know what it was, but it brought down the house.—Ex.

When you examine a dog's lungs under the X-ray what do you find?

Ans.—The seat of his pants.

But when you look in his mouth what do you find?

Ans.—The seat of somebody else's pants.—Ex.

Why is a young man inclined to call his sweetheart “dear?”

Because she is expensive.—Ex.

Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard, dean of American poets, and literary editor of the *New York Mail and Express*, published in that journal ten poems which, to his taste, are the best poems written by Americans. These poems are: “The Death of the Flowers,” Bryant; “On a Bust of Dante,” Parsons; “The Arrow and the Song,” Longfellow; “The Last Leaf,” Holmes; “To Helen,” Poe; “The Doorstep,” Stedman; “Bedouin Song,” Taylor; “The First Snowfall,” Lowell; “A Song,” Read; Emerson's Concord Hymn.—Ex.

Oregon Agricultural College

Located at Corvallis, Ore.

DELIGHTFUL SURROUNDINGS
HEALTHFUL LOCATION
THOROUGHLY EQUIPPED
EFFICIENT FACULTY

Thorough instruction in all of the following departments. Superior advantages to those who desire practical knowledge.....

| | |
|------------------------|------------------------|
| Mathematics | Physics |
| Chemistry | Botany |
| Zoology | Geology |
| Economic Science | Domestic Economy |
| Literature & Rhetoric | Psychology and Ethics |
| Elocution | Latin |
| Modern Languages | History |
| Military Science | Music and Library |
| Mech. Engineering | Civil Engineering |
| Mining Engineering | Electrical Engineering |
| Dairying | Practical Agriculture |
| Animal Husbandry | Horticulture |
| Agricultural Chemistry | |

For catalogue and any other information pertaining to the college, address

Chos. M. Gatch, President, Corvallis, Ore.

GRAHAM & WORTHAM,

Pharmacists.

Prescriptions carefully compounded.

Complete line of Toilet articles.

Patent Medicines.

Perfumes and Hair Tonics.

Next Door to Post Office, Corvallis, Ore.

U. S. DYEING WORKS

G. M. REAM, Prop.

Ladies' and Gent's Clothing Cleaned,
Dyed, Repaired and Pressed.

Perfect Satisfaction Guaranteed

Special Rates to Students.

Four Doors South of Post Office, Corvallis, Ore.

Fine Repairing and Engraving.

Now is the time for those who have had their watch and spectacle repairing delayed. I am prepared to repair on short notice anything in the line of watches, clocks, jewelry, spectacles, etc. Fine watch repairing is a specialty and promptly done.

PRATT, The Jeweler and Optician.

ALBERT J. METZGER,
Watchmaker.

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware.

Occidental Hotel Building, Corvallis, Oregon.

GOOD CLOTHES

are always worth what they cost; but paying the price doesn't always get them. The reasons for buying Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes are: First, they're good clothes; second, they cost enough to be good, and no more; third, if you don't think they're as good as they cost, you can have your money back.

Buy 'em of a good clothier 'most anywhere. Look for the label, H S & M, in order to be sure; a big thing to find.

Sold only by

...S. L. KLINE...

SOMETHING THAT WILL DECORATE HER TABLE,



either in full sets or in openstock in odd dishes, or in pretty glass-ware, the housewife can find at any time she chooses to drop in to our store. Visiting our store is a pleasure to those who like dainty china or porcelain or cut glass, as there is always something new to interest you, even you don't want to buy. You are always welcome.

P. M. Zierolf.

Stationers.

GRAHAM & WELLS

Pharmacists

A full line of Stenographers' Note Books, Tablets, Writing Paper and School supplies just received.

FOR the next 30 days we will sell all Story Books at 20 per cent off list price.

HAVE you a cough or bad cold? Drop in and ask us to fix up something for it.

All Physicians' Prescriptions Carefully filled 

J. D. Mann & Co.

FURNITURE, CARPETS, WALL PAPER, STOVES AND

General Home Furnishing Goods.

Second hand goods bought and sold.

SPRING 1903

*Our new Spring Stock is now arriving. It will
be the largest and most up-to-date we
have ever shown.*

Wolton & Callahan

Say, young fellow,

do you expect to make the team this season? You never will if you don't observe the two fundamental rules for training. 1st, keep the body clean by using Horning's pure soaps. 2nd, eat your meals at regular hours and make sure that the food is pure, fresh and wholesome by buying it of

E. B. HORNING'S

EVERY COLLEGE GIRL

will want a waist of our new wash silks



For spring and summer suits, our Mercerized Linens are very popular, as well as our Oxfords, Dimities, Lawns, Dotted Swiss, Batistes, A. F. C. Gingham, Madras, Percales and novelties in large assortments of styles and colors, which go to make up the collection. Come in and compare with what you have seen.

Our New Wool Dress Goods

Are now arriving, comprising all colors in Crepelines, Knickerbocker, Alpacas, Melrose, Granite Cloth, etc. See our new dress trimmings, fancy ornaments, drops and appliques, in white, black and cream. New lace collars, a large assortment. Summer corsets—New fashion hip—best values W. B., 50 cents to \$2.00. Elbow length lace gloves and mits. Fancy and plain neck ribbon at 15 cents per yard. Latest chiffon and liberty silk neck wear.



F. L. MILLER,

CORVALLIS, ORE.