

REED'S FIRST CLASS RECEIVES DIPLOMAS

Degrees Conferred on 44 at Simple Ceremonies on College Campus.

DR. JORDAN MAKES SPEECH

Girls Appear in White Dresses, Parents and Barefoot Lads Mingle as Guests.

Reed College yesterday morning graduated the first class of its youthful career as an institution of learning, and the occasion was given due observance by the student body, the faculty and a great body of interested friends of the school.

The degree of bachelor of arts was conferred upon 24 young women and 20 young men; the degree of master of arts was conferred upon Miss Gladys Lowden, one of this number, and the honorary degree of doctor of literature was conferred upon Dr. Thomas Lamb Elliot, president of the board of trustees, and one of the sincere friends of the college.

Simplicity and conservative enthusiasm—two of the attributes that have characterized the college from its inception—marked the events of the day. The commencement address by Dr. David Starr Jordan, chancellor of Leland Stanford College Junior University, was a simple, direct, man-to-man appeal, as if aimed to conform to the plain and unostentatious atmosphere surrounding him.

Exercises held in open air, immediately north of the main building, with the faculty and officers of the school grouped on the steps, the senior class, attired in conventional caps and gowns, occupying chairs immediately in front, while the student body and a large company of friends formed an irregular semicircle, either seated or lying comfortably on the grassy carpet of the campus, beyond.

There was no profusion of decorations. None was needed. Nature herself furnished the setting for the historic incident. The wide sweep of lawn stretched far out beyond the crowd to the wooded ravine which bisects the college property. Here and there a stately fir tree breaks the grassy covering and lifts its uppermost branches toward the sky. Far in the distance Mount St. Helens raised its snow-covered summit through the mist.

As if providing an evidence of the democratic spirit of the school, barefooted boys of the neighborhood lolled contentedly on the grass at the feet of the proud parents of the students who had come appropriately attired for the occasion.

Class marches from dormitory. Unmanned by any attempt at artificial coloring, this was the scene when the class, led by the faculty, marched solemnly from the dormitory at the western side of the quadrangle formed by the grouping of the college buildings, toward the place selected for them to receive the final testimonials of their completed college work. The audience arose and stood in hushed stillness. As the slowly moving procession approached, the pianist struck up the strains of "Fair Reed," one of the favorites of the college songs. To this tune the faculty and the seniors took their seats.

Without any organized previous arrangement the girl graduates all appeared in dresses of plain white—beautiful in their simplicity. There wasn't a silk dress or a crepe, de chine dress in the lot. This sensible idea of dressing simply was an outgrowth of the spirit of social democracy taught by the school.

Seated on the main platform were Dr. Elliot, president of the board of trustees; Dr. William Trufant Foster, president of the college; Dr. Jordan; Dr. Earl M. Wilbur, president of the Pacific Theological School at Berkeley, Cal.; James L. Duff, president of C. E. Wolverton and W. P. Olds, members of the board of trustees, and other members of the faculty.

Services begin with prayer. Dr. Elliot began the services with a prayer. The formal opening was proclaimed by Dr. Foster, who delivered the address of welcome.

Dr. Foster expressed his pride in the completion of the work by this first class of the college and recalled that most of the years ago, and present on that rainy day four years ago when the work of the school was inaugurated.

In introducing Dr. Jordan, he recalled that Dr. Jordan officiated when the cornerstone of the main college building was laid the year ago, and reiterated his utterances of that occasion, that Reed College, like Stanford University six years ago, is unhampered and unshackled by tradition. "We have begun, though," he continued, "to lay a new foundation of traditions," and in speaking more directly to the class, expressed the hope that they will continue a close relationship with the college, inasmuch as they are the first graduates.

School associations reviewed. Dr. Jordan's address was brief. It dealt largely with his well-known views on war and peace. But he was humorous at times, as when he remarked, dryly: "Reed College has no alumni that she need be ashamed of."

The whole audience burst into laughter, but he promptly continued: "And I hope that 50 years from now the same can be said of her." He reviewed his pleasant associations with the school and expressed extreme pleasure at being able to participate in both the cornerstone laying and the first commencement exercises. He did not indulge in any of the time-worn platitudes so familiar at commencement times, but launched into a discussion of the war and its numerous attending evils. He dealt rather with the subject of war in the abstract than with the present European war in particular, and summed up his opinion on the subject by recalling Benjamin Franklin's utterance, that "war is not paid for in war times, but in the periods long thereafter."

Led by Howard Barlow, the chorus director, the students joined in singing the college hymn—the English interpretation of "Ein Feste Berg Ist Unser Gott."

Diplomas presented to 44. Then followed the momentous proceedings of presenting the candidates for degrees. The students were conducted to the president's rostrum by Professor Harold Merriman, the faculty marshal. Dr. Foster passed out the diplomas, calling each student by name.

He had a smile and a personal expression of recognition for each. The audience joined in the cheerful spirit of the occasion by applauding liberally each presentation until the entire 44



1, Members of Graduating Class (in Caps and Gowns in Foreground) and Part of Crowd Grouped on Campus; 2, Dr. David Starr Jordan, Delivering Commencement Address; 3, Dr. William Trufant Foster, President of Reed College, Presenting Diploma to One of the Graduates; 4, Members of Faculty Grouped on Steps Before Exercises Begun.

diplomas had been bestowed. The presentations followed formal recommendations by the major professors for those students who had completed courses in their respective departments, as follows:

Biology—Linus Herman Bittner, Vida Ludanilla Fatland, Grace Pinkerton Hays, Donald Edwood Lancefield and Agnes Isabel Winchell; history—Lizzie Margaret Ross; mathematics—Newton Francis McCoy and Katharine Pizzotti; philosophy—Eliott Evelyn Fatland; economics—Delbert Ransom French and Robert Lincoln Sabin, Jr.; education—Edna Lucile Acheson, Arthur Andrew Hauk, Bessie Catherine Owens and Jean Carmeta Wolverton; English—William Henry Boddy, Nell Brown, Arthur Raymond Caylor, Elsa Francesca Gill, Claude Milton Newlin, Stella Milton Newlin, Stella Bushong Roper and Helen Louise Walton; German—Alma Violeta Bufton and Clara Louise Wuest; Greek and Latin—Florian Margaret Lintzler and Samuel Stephenson Smith; physics—Joyce Raymond Kelly, Lindsley West Ross and Everett Albertson; French; physical education—Edna Metcalf; psychology—Annie Jordan Harrison, Gladys Lillian Lowden, Ada Cheroweth McCown and

equivalent to a year's work before entering Reed.

Three members of the class—Mr. Smith, Mr. Ross and L. C. Bradford—completed the four-year term in three years. Mr. Bradford recently won the \$1000 contest conducted by the Meier & Frank Company. Mr. Smith is the youngest member—only 18 years of age.

A pleasant surprise to the entire gathering was the presentation of a diploma conferring the honorary degree of doctor of literature upon Dr. Elliot. Dr. Foster, in making the presentation, said:

"In pursuance of the authority vested in me by the trustees and agreeable to the earnest wishes of the entire faculty of Reed College, I now have the duty and high privilege of conferring the honorary degree of doctor of literature upon Thomas Lamb Elliot.

"Thomas Lamb Elliot, bachelor of arts of Washington University, bachelor of divinity of Harvard University, doctor of sacred theology of Harvard University, doctor of laws of Washington University, and now an honorary graduate of the college which is peculiarly his own; inspiring pastor of the founders of Reed College; modest and distinguished man of letters; shrewd and genial counsellor and friend of teachers and of students, whose faith has made strong our hearts and whose

wisdom has made light the dark places in the journey to this first commencement; whose very presence is our benediction; beloved leader of us all—Thomas Lamb Elliot."

Dr. Elliot was too much affected to speak, but he smiled his acknowledgment amid the thunderous applause of the entire assemblage.

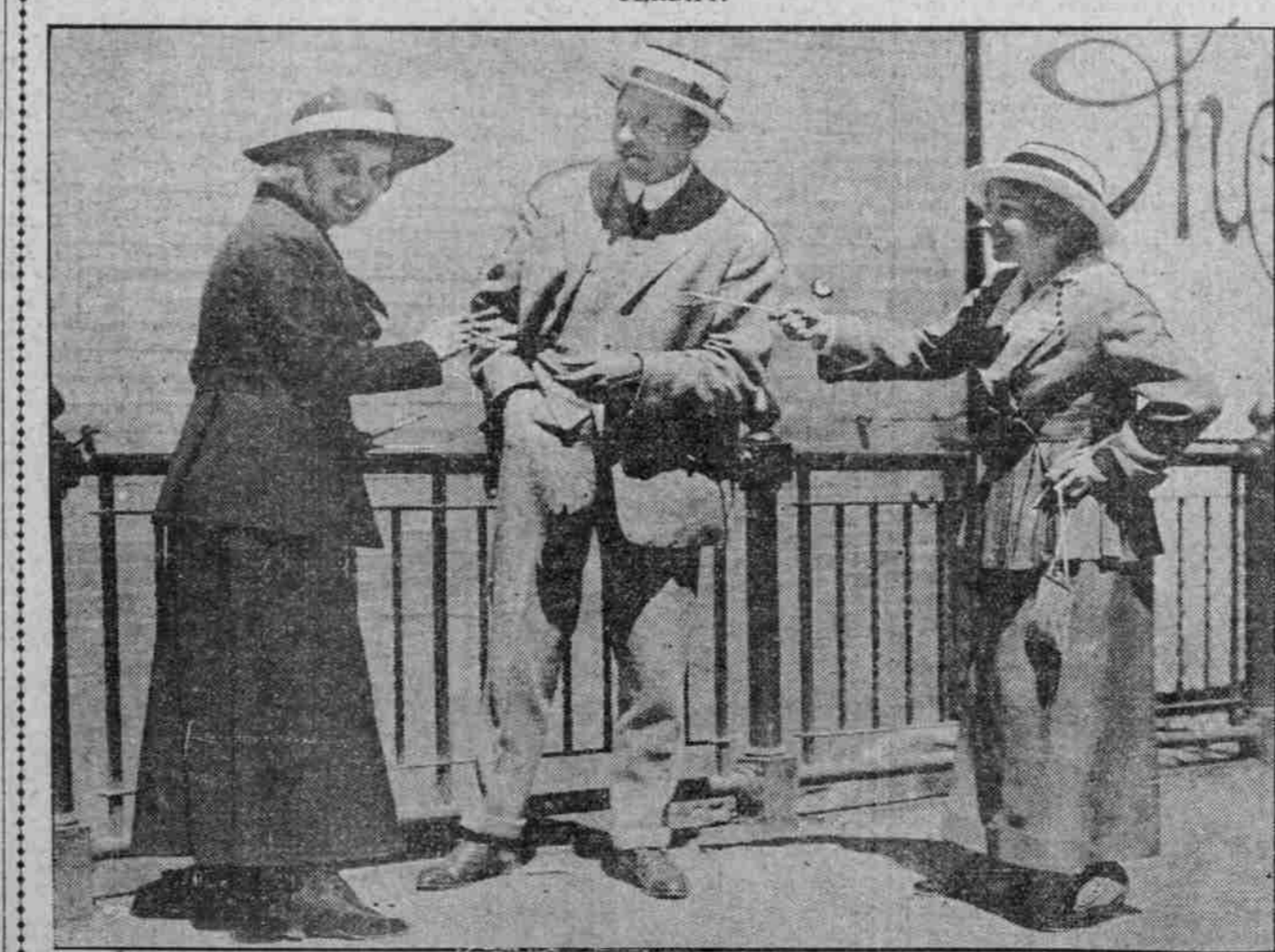
These graduating exercises offered the students an opportunity of singing, under appropriate auspices, "The Song of the First Born," the words and music of which were written four years ago by Dr. Charles T. Barnett, of Bowdoin College, and dedicated to the first class of Reed College. The students, and especially the graduates, en-

tered with much zest into the rendition of the chorus, which is:

"Fair Reed, we bless thee,
Our deeds confess thee,
We songs address thee,
That true hearts feel,
Dear college mother,
From these none other,
Or friend or brother,
Our love shall steal."

Dr. Elliot pronounced the benediction and the newly treated alumni were permitted to mingle among their friends and families and receive the congratulations that they had earned. Graduates of Reed College lost no time in forming an alumni association. Immediately after the commencement exercises the members of the 1915 class assembled and proceeded to organize the alumni. The following officers were elected: Arthur Houck, president; Agnes Winchell, first vice-president; Evelyn Fatland, second vice-president; Annie Harrison, secretary; Lowell Bradford, treasurer; Milton Runyan, Elsa Gill and William Boddy, directors.

PRELIMINARY STEPS IN BUILDING LARCH MOUNTAIN TRAIL AS STAGED IN PORTLAND YESTERDAY.



MRS. EMMA ZUMMER, LEFT, AND MISS NELL WERTZ CATCHING A WAYFARER TO WHOM THEY SOLD A PENCIL OR TWO.

PENCIL SALE IS BIG

Larch Mountain Trail Fund Yet \$500 Short.

MORE WORK THIS WEEK

All Selling Records Broken by Little Group of Fair Sex, Including the Misses Corinne Key, Madeline Murphy and Nodyn Baker.

Did you buy a pencil yesterday? If so, you have the assurance you did your part toward raising \$1200 that will go on building the Larch Mountain Trail.

Late committees, which failed to report yesterday, probably will increase this sum to \$1500, reported Orton E. Goodwin, who handled the campaign for the Progressive Business Men's Club.

\$500 Worth Yet Unsold.

Approximately \$500 worth of pencils will remain to be sold this week, after all deliveries are made. The Larch Mountain Trail committee plans a further business campaign this week to close up the trail matter.

All selling records were broken by a little group of young women composed of Miss Corinne Key, Miss Madeline Murphy and Miss Nodyn Baker, who were escorted by Owen Summers and T. H. Sherrard.

Well over \$125 worth of blue pencils were left in the hands of Portland business men as the result of the clean-up campaign the trio inaugurated. One even sold a dozen pencils for \$1 worth of pencils as soon as he concluded his Chamber of Commerce appeal for the Belgians. This trio visited all the grocers, as well as the chamber, at the lunch and dinner hours, and their greatest sales were in those places.

Belhops, Too, Buy Pencils. Miss Key excited everyone's admiration when she succeeded in selling one blue pencil to every Jap bellhop in the city. Miss Madeline Murphy bought a dozen pencils for \$1 and sold them back for a dime.

A novel feature was the co-operation of the Forest Service, which provided a loaded pack mule. From this mule in three hours, C. K. Flory, of the service, and two young women office assistants sold \$55 worth of the blue pencils.

Pencils were sold by the dozen and half-gross far easier than singly. Although they have through open columns to blue pencil day each of the three daily newspapers signed up for a gross of blue pencils.

Scores of Portland business men devoted the best part of the day to the work, while the Mazamas and other organizations were well represented. Miss Sarah Stark, a Mazama, sold \$25 worth of the utility.

Kansler Hustles Again. An influential committee headed by Jacob Kansler visited the large railroad offices. Something like ten gross of the value of \$100 were ordered.

One of the records of the day was reported by Miss Ledia Dammeyer, who covered the East Side wholesale district. Miss Dammeyer is well known as an East Side booster. She reported she made a sale in quantity at every business house she approached and was not refused a sale by a single individual.

Reports of all those who sold were that greater willingness was displayed by purchasers than has been noticeable for many "tag days." It was unusual for any person selling to return with less than \$10 of the blue pencils sold. The pencils were of an excellent quality and cost 3 cents wholesale each; the profit to the Trail was, therefore, 7 cents a pencil.

4 TAXES LEVIED ON HEIRS

Largest Is for \$1716 on Estate Left by John McCracken.

Four inheritance taxes of unusual size were assessed against estates after the amounts had been figured by Seth Smith, Deputy Tax Collector, yesterday. The largest was a tax of \$1716.75, on the estate of John McCracken, who died February 15, 1915. The bulk of the \$216,787 went to his widow, two sons and one daughter.

The estate of William D. Scott, who died January 21, 1915, was valued at \$255,521, on a total appraised valuation of \$579,553.60. The bulk of this estate went to the widow.

The heirs of Patrick J. McGowan must pay 8 per cent penalty on their inheritance. Each of four heirs must pay a tax of \$31.75, on a total of \$324.60, on the property in Oregon.

Charles C. McGowan, a son of Patrick McGowan, who died just a month later than his father, left an estate worth \$62,000. On this his daughter, the principal heir, must pay a tax of \$541.84.

'WAR IDEA FALLACIES TOLD

Conflict "Was Like Game of Whist," Says David Starr Jordan.

David Starr Jordan spoke at noon yesterday at a luncheon under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce, the Civic League and the Oregon Peace Society, after having delivered the commencement address at Reed College. The luncheon was held in the dining-room of the Members Council at the Chamber of Commerce.

Dr. Jordan spoke generally upon the causes of the present war in Europe and outlined what he held to be the fallacies of the "war idea."

"It was like a game of whist in Europe," he said, "where the Peace party had to take every trick to win. They allowed the militarists to make one trick and the result is all Europe plunged in war."

After his address tickets for the relief of the Belgian war sufferers were offered and sold to those who attended the luncheon.

ENTRY JUDGING TO BEGIN

Registration in City Beautiful Contest Is Closed Officially.

Registration in the city-beautiful contest closed officially last night, with several hundred entries, and the judging will begin shortly after the Rose Festival and will continue until the close of the contest, September 30. Arrangements may be made this week to receive some late entries.

The judges will make periodical trips through the city, viewing the properties entered in the contest. On their judging will depend the scoring on the general appearance of the property as seen from the street or sidewalk. The purpose of the contest is to arouse interest among the citizens, so that Portland may develop a reputation for having the most attractive residence sections in the world.

STORYBOOK WRITER HERE

Mrs. Elizabeth Gordon, Author for Children, Misses Gordon Festival.

Mrs. Elizabeth Gordon, author of many illustrated storybooks for children, is at the Imperial. Mrs. Gordon, whose home is in Chicago, passed last Winter in California looking for local color for her new books. She came to this city hoping to be present at the Portland Rose Festival, but she received a telegram yesterday asking that she return to Chicago to make a business engagement. Mrs. Gordon has two new books finished for children—"The Butterfly Babies' Book" and "A Sheaf of Roses," both finely illustrated. "A Sheaf of Roses" is specially designed for the Rose Festival time. The pictures in both books are in color and are exquisitely done. The plan of the books calls for stories in verse, one story to each page, and a picture illustrating the verse on the opposite page. Mrs. Gordon plans to leave for Chicago today.

DOGS TO RESCUE VESSEL

Steamer Gripp'd in Bering Ice and Sleds to Land 106.

NOME, June 2.—The Corwin, the first steamer from Seattle to enter Bering Sea this year, has been stuck in the ice eight miles from Nome.

There is a stretch of open water three miles toward shore from the steamer and a dog team with sled and rowboat has been sent from Nome to attempt to reach the Corwin and bring the 106 passengers ashore.

Cars on some small railways in Chile, where the wind is dependable are fitted with sails for propulsion.