

OREGON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

CLOSING EXERCISES OF THE TWENTY FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

The last week has been a busy one at the college. The closing exercises began on Friday and continued until Wednesday. The commencement exercises properly embraced only the programs of Sunday, Tuesday and Wednesday. Although the weather all this time was not promising, yet there was not enough rain to mar the pleasure of any day. A large number of the alumni, patrons and friends of the school from abroad were in attendance. The entire week was much enjoyed by all present. Although there has never been a more prosperous year of the agricultural college than this, now closed by its 21st annual commencement.

Friday evening the Hesperian and Dialectic societies held a union meeting. The programme consisted of essays, recitations, tableaux and pantomimes alternated with well-selected music. A cornet solo, by Miss Fannie Meserve, was very nicely rendered. George Paul recited, with credit, "Spartacus to the Gladiators." The belle and beau of the college were represented by a bow and bell. A tableau, the sleeping beauty and the guardian angel, was simply divine, but the encore produced only a ridiculous burlesque with "post no bills" in the foreground. The difficulty of making love to two suitors was well acted in dumb show. The old witches journeyed to the black forest and a scene in a dentist's office were the subjects of shadow pantomimes. Miss Dorothy Nash's essay on music showed a acquaintance with the subject, which she presented in an interesting manner. After the literary exercises were over the students, faculty and graduates adjourned to Job's Theatre where the remainder of the evening was passed in dancing. This party being confined as it was to the school was the most enjoyable of the entire year.

Saturday evening Miss Snell gave an afternoon tea to the members of the junior class, senior class and post graduates. In all about twenty were present. The intention was to have given a lawn party but on account of the rain in the morning it was confined to indoors. After an hour of pleasant conversation the classes were invited up stairs to Miss Snell's room and served with strawberries and cream and chocolate and cake, prepared by the young ladies of the cooking class. This, the last of a number of suppers given this winter, will live long in the memory of those present.

On Sunday the Baccalaureate sermon was preached by Rev. C. C. Stratton, D. D., of Portland University, to a congregation which crowded the assembly hall. Dr. Stratton took as a text the eighth verse of the third chapter of Philippians which he handled in his usual masterly style, making the sermon intensely interesting. In his introduction he showed first that we are all in the pursuit of knowledge, either in one way or another, and then how this knowledge is obtained. That we are never absolutely certain of our knowledge through sensations, but that it must be made more certain by reason. Whether or not we should accept the advice of a man who lived eighteen hundred years ago and who gave the advice of the text, would be a very proper question. The discussion of this question occupied the remainder of the sermon. It would be impossible, all but, to give a synopsis of the sermon, since each sentence, from beginning to end was a precept full of thought, well formed and the whole so nicely connected in logical sequence, that the hearer was carried along the train of thought unawares. Well-selected and appropriate similes, examples, etc., were freely used, yet not superfluously, each bearing directly on the points to be illustrated.

In his remarks to the graduating class after closing, he congratulated them on the knowledge they had already obtained. They had a knowledge, he said, of the flower before them, of the sciences and of the world in general but there was still another to be gained, the knowledge excellent. While congratulating them on what they had done and obtained he wished to impress on them the importance of obtaining that higher knowledge leading out to the realm of God, with which they had an assurance of eternal life.

Monday evening was occupied with the exercises of the junior class. The programme exhibited preparation and was of marked literary merit. The first was instrumental music by Miss Leon Louis. Her selection was well made and the piece perfectly executed. Miss Minnie Waggoner's address of welcome was short, appropriate and to the point. Miss Anna Denman in an essay on solitude dwelt on the benefits to be derived from passing hours in solitude and studying the works of massive minds. In thus doing we forget ourselves and rise far above in a literary world of thoughts. The effects of work in solitude are the literary gems of our masters. The words of the class song were written by Miss Rose Horton and adapted to that song, familiar in eastern colleges "Uplidee." Miss Lois Stewart, as class oracle, pictured the junior and senior classes as they will appear fifty years hence. Each paragraph was brim full of humor. Her prophecies combined the sublime and the ridiculous. Miss Mattie Avery, on behalf of the junior class, presented T. E. Wilson, of the second year class, with the treasures of the juniors, consisting of the class flower, the Oregon forget-me-not, books, jews' harp, etc., all of which he promised to faithfully guard and protect. In the mantle oration John Fulton transferred the scarlet robe of the seniors to Miss Anna Denman as junior representative, who responded with a few neat remarks. The dramatic recitation in which Miss Leon Louis represented a nun taking leave of her sister (Miss Ida Ray) before en-

tering a convent was admirably presented. Miss Ray's song with zither accompaniment was very pretty indeed. A cornet solo by Miss Fannie Meserve and a piano instrumental by Miss Lulu Chandler were well appreciated. The class poem by Miss Rose Horton was not only appropriate but showed a poetic genius. It was as follows:

Oh, sweet and tall the lily grows,
The daffodil is fair to see,
But one I know of rarer growth
Than orchid or anemone.
In modest loveliness it grows
Upon a humbler, lowlier spot,
Beneath our feet it blossoms sweet
The Oregon "forget-me-not."

A little blossom, pure and white,
Nursed in sunshine, bathed in dew,
Its petals tremble in the light,
And seem to shrink from mortal view.
In meadows green it dwells unseen,
Contented with its humble lot,
But by its perfume seems to say,
"Forget-me-not, forget-me-not."

Oh, tiny flower to poets dear!
In loving kindness art thou given,
A token of remembrance here,
Too sweet for earth, too frail for heaven.
Thou hast a message from above
Which saith, "Whatever be thy lot,
Thy mission's done, the victory won,
"Forget-me-not, forget-me-not."

And when our work on earth is done,
And we are numbered with the dead,
When the monarch oak which now is young,
Above us rears his hoary head,
The memory of our earthly deeds
Shall linger round that lowly spot,
And, like the perfume of this flower,
Shall murmur low, "Forget-me-not."

The following programme was rendered Tuesday morning in the assembly hall: Instrumental music, Lulu Chandler; address of welcome, Joe F. Alexander; quartette, Messrs. Berchtold, Lampkin, Fulton and Clark; address of hail, Leon Louis; duet, Messrs. Fulton and Clark; farewell address, Mattie Avery.

Joe Alexander in his address of welcome assured visitors that they were heartily welcome to their class day exercises and that the class would be pleased to act as guides for any who were visiting the school. He closed by saying that he hoped they would not think that the class tree, the American chestnut, was selected on account of its appropriateness to the class.

On the campus Miss Annie Allen read a history of the class tree and enjoined the juniors, to whose care it was submitted, to guard and protect it. Miss Ida Ray responded on the part of that class, with an appropriate speech.

In the afternoon the boys of the dormitory played a game of base ball with the students who live in town, the result of which was that the dormitory boys had the most tallies to their credit. No great degree of excellence was displayed, but the game was enjoyed just as much by those playing and looking on as if there had been.

The military drill and ivy planting were the principal events of the evening. The two companies of cadets were first drawn up in line by Captains Johnson and Fulton, who, in order to have the requisite number of companies for battalion drill, divided each into two and turned one over to First Lieutenants Alexander and Miller. They were then taken charge of by Col. Letcher who took them through the movements of the battalion drill. Drill was concluded by dress parade, conducted by Adjutant Starr, after which they were marched to the armory. Before putting their guns in the racks for the last time they gave three rousing cheers for the commissioned officers of the companies. It takes but a moment for one, whether versed in military tactics or not, to see that the cadets are well drilled. The whole was characterized by the obedience and promptness with which each movement was executed. Each cadet lost his individuality and the whole battalion moved only as one man. In comparing the appearance of students when entering the school and now at the close, after their military training, a marked change in the bearing of each can be seen. They walk as if proud of the cadet gray and the institution which it represents.

Immediately after the drill the crowd were invited to the mechanical hall to witness the planting of the class ivy. The ivy, said John Starr in his essay, is an emblem of truth and fidelity, and it is our desire that we may be like it, in climbing on that which never crumbles and clinging to the good. The ivy poem, written by Miss Allen is as follows:

IVY POEM.

Ivy, thou voice of ages long departed,
Thou haunting music of the bygone years,
What memories of the brave and noble hearted,
What Bacchianals! what thoughts too deep for tears.

Not where cathedral chimers or ares holy
Float out at evening on the twilight dim,
Nor yet where funeral trains with cortege slowly
Move up the grassy aisles with dirge like hymn.

Not there, but here will be thy mission lowly
To mantle o'er these barren walls of toil,
And with the creeping years to clamber slowly
Thy sunward path, upspringing from the soil.

On some fair day, when eve again is falling
The blue inverted chalice of the sky
And others then their ivy song are trilling
Like swallows flight, in memory shall pass by.

These tuneful hours and this enchanted eve,
Where hope, undimmed years of study passed,
Those happy days, that lingeringly we leave
Ere forth to battle, calls the bright blast.

This true, earnest thought, dear heart, I leave with you
By toil and striving, only shall we climb
To those far heights, and that celestial view
Which is attained by this ivy vine.

After the ivy song all returned to the college campus for the cremation. John Fulton, in his remarks, consigned to the flames on behalf of the class all trials and tribulations which had beset them during school. For Miss Allen he delivered chemistry with all its compounds and difficult problems to the element. John Starr he relieved of the one bane of his life, compulsory labor, and placed it where it would afflict him no more. Joe Alexander's entire collection of lepidoptera, coleoptera, etc. net, cyanide bottle and all were surrendered to combustion. For himself, sines, cones, tangents, cotangents, and all that goes to make up trigonometry were gladly burned. The balloon ascension however did not materialize on account of imperfect construction of the balloon. The entertainment for the evening closed with a song, "The Shady Greenwood Tree" sung on the balcony.

To say that the assembly hall was crowded on Wednesday afternoon does not express it. It was more than crowded. The

graduating exercises opened with prayer by Dr. Plummer and closed with the benediction by Dr. Thompson. That either of the graduates exceeded the others in delivery or composition would be doing an injustice. All were good. The subjects were well selected and each essay exhibited thorough preparation, combined with instruction in the several topics. Composure characterized the delivery of each one. Two of the class, Fulton and Alexander, received the degree of Bachelor of Scientific Agriculture, the first technical degrees ever conferred by this college, and the other two Bachelor of Science. As the essays are to be printed in the GAZETTE no synopsis will be given here. John Fulton took the building of a ship as a model, in his valedictory. The class were now launching their vessel on the sea of life, and whether they had built well or in vain time alone would tell. In their journey through life they hoped for aid from their friends, the well wishes of the faculty and comfort and cheer from their schoolmates. He advised the classes they were leaving behind not to become discouraged but to be strengthened by what others had done and what they had endeavored to do. But they had now reached the point where their paths diverge. They recognized that they had by no means finished but should ever climb onward. The whole was ended with a poem, full of pathos, on the class of '91.

The degrees were conferred by President Arnold, together with a few words of good advice. They were not to rest on what they had learned in school, for that was small, but on character, yet if the knowledge they already had was cultivated, it would be like the famous sword of King Arthur.

Prof. Thos. Condon, of the University of Oregon, delivered the address to the graduates. The central thought was the importance of cultivating the human mind. Going back in history he compared Athens and Sparta. In Sparta everything was for the state, the people were trained for the state and not the state for the people. The sole object was to produce soldiers, and the result was great military strength, but there was no surplusage as in Athens. This surplusage allowed of the mind being cultivated and Athens became a center of learning. Rome followed the example of Sparta, soon fell and was overrun by the Teutons, a strong, healthy race whose brain had not been spoiled by the luxuries the Romans indulged in. After this that great system, chivalry, arose which is continued even to the present day. That these forces did not decay is proved when we go into a parlor and look at the pictures on the wall and examine who they are. We find they are men who have performed great services for the public than others. There are many things that make the class of 1891 lineal descendants of the knights of the 12th century. They have obligations like them and of the same nature. They are to go out as representatives of what is loyal and right; to be loyal to the truth and of service to the needy. Happy are they if they have embraced Him in their loyalty.

Money must not be used for mere display. Before the world shall enjoy their culture in ease, schools and churches must bring in the idea of service to society, even though it breaks every creed, destroys every building and satters boasts to the winds.

Another packed house was present at the alumni reunion in the evening. The class of 1891 were presented to the alumni by Prof. J. D. Letcher with some timely remarks as to the college, the work of the class in school, and what he could assure the alumni of them as members, and were received by the vice-president, Mrs. B. L. Arnold. For the class John Starr expressed their pleasure on becoming members of the association. Alonzo Allen, of the class of 1885, read an address entitled "Our School."

The male quartette by Messrs Berchtold, Clarke, Fulton and Lampkin, was well rendered.

Miss Nettie Spencer, of the class of 1882, discussed the subject of "Dreams" according to two systems of mental philosophy. It would be hard to infer from her essay whether or not she believes in their reality. A solo by Mrs. P. H. Irish, class of 1889, was executed in a manner evidencing practice and skill.

The annals by E. E. Wilson, class of 1889, was one of the features of the evening. Each member of the alumni, of which there are 108, was given a paragraph citing some incident of their school days, or of their success in after life, which was listened to with much interest by those present.

Mrs. Arnold's vocal solo, "Midnight," pleased by the beautiful voice of the singer, made the more charming by the melodious Italian words. As an encore she sang a pretty little ballad, entitled "Last Night."

J. R. Bryson, of the class of '74, in his oration on "The Present and its Problems," considered the great problems which threaten the society of the present and future. While he did not wish to argue against the irresistible logic of Dr. Stratton, yet he did not believe that religion was the sole remedy, but that education is the specific for the diseases of the body politic and that the education must be more thorough. The old doctrine that people ought not to know what it costs to run the government might do in a monarchy but it would not in a republic. Practical thought is the crucible through which true education must come. Thinking people must not turn a deaf ear to the great labor troubles, strikes, etc. The object of his speech was not so much to suggest a remedy as to set people thinking. He urged that all should think of these matters and talk of them on all occasions. We cannot commence too soon to meet an impending crisis.

After the literary part of the evening the alumni, faculty, members of the board of regents and invited guests were invited upstairs where they were served with ice cream, strawberries, cake and lemonade. After the refreshments Joe Alexander gave a toast on the class of '91. George P. Lent,

of the class of '76, made some remarks in which he begged to differ from J. R. Bryson on "The Present and its Problems." Prof. Lee, of the Albany institute, was called upon and responded by expressing his sympathy with the work of the O. A. C. and hopes of there being a stronger bond of sympathy between the colleges of our two sister cities.

At a meeting of the alumni held in the afternoon the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, J. R. Bryson; vice president, Diana Newton, secretary, Mrs. Ida Callahan and treasurer, E. E. Wilson.

Of the graduates living at a distance the following were some of those present: Prof. Herbert Kittridge and wife, of Baker City, Mrs. O. W. Robbins, of Woodburn, David H. Glass, of Crawfordville, Clara Irvine, of McMinnville, Mrs. Jessie Lesh, George P. Lent and A. S. Addison, of Portland, Boyd Hamilton, of Linn county and May Warren of Grant's Pass.

MEETING OF THE BOARD.

The board of regents of the agricultural college met Wednesday afternoon in the parlors of Hamilton, Job & Co.'s bank. On account of the sickness of Messrs. McBride, Cauthorn and McElroy and the temporary sickness of Messrs. Ladd, Emmett and Davesport, the meeting was small. The report of the executive committee submitted and adopted. Report of the committee on new buildings submitted and adopted and the contracts approved.

The existing faculty was re-elected, except Dr. P. H. Irish, whose place will be filled by Prof. G. C. Shaw, late of Forest Grove University, and formerly of Dartmouth college, N. H.

It was ordered that an assistant chemist be chosen and that a military officer be placed in charge of the discipline. E. M. Belknap, of this city, was chosen as a practical instructor in wood and iron work.

A photographic department for practice and instruction in photography was ordered organized, also a printing office for the college. The college will hereafter do its own printing and give instruction in photography.

LOCAL NOTES.

Cedar shingles and posts at Clarks.

Buggies and spring wagons at Clarks.

Plano binders, mowers and hay rakes at Clarks.

See those embroidered shawls at the Ladies' Bazar.

The Pacific will wash anything without soaking or chemicals.

Don't buy a washer until you have seen the Pacific thoroughly tested.

New invoice of those black and colored corsets at the Ladies' Bazar.

Call in opposite the brick livery stable and see the Pacific Washing Machine operate.

A family's weekly washing done perfectly white as snow in twenty minutes by the Pacific.

Read the endorsements of the Pacific and see what the prominent ladies of Corvallis say about it.

Buy a Pacific for your wife and she will greet you with a smile when you go home wash day.

Auction every afternoon on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays at Osborn's clothing store.

J. W. Will is prepared to furnish bicycles of all kinds at the lowest prices. Also bicycle extras.

If you wish to test the merits of the Pacific, take your dirty clothes to the office (in the building formerly occupied by Asael's restaurant) and be convinced that it is an improvement over any other machine ever offered to the public.

WHY ARE WE SICK?—Because we allow the liver, the bowels, and the kidneys, these great organs, to become clogged or torpid, and poisonous humors are forced into the blood. Expel them by using Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier.

Excitement

Runs high at the Pharmacy over System Builder as every body is using it for Catarrh of the Stomach, Dyspepsia, Constipation and impure blood and to build up the system. It certainly possesses wonderful merit when all speak so well of it. Sold by all druggists.

For a troublesome cough there is nothing better than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It strengthens the pulmonary organs, allays any irritation and effectually cures the cough. It is especially valuable for the cough which so often follows an attack of the grip. For sale by T. Graham, druggist.

Mr. John Caragher, a merchant at Caragher, Fulton Co., Ohio, says that St. Patrick's Pills are the best selling pills he handles. The reason is that they produce a pleasant cathartic effect and are certain and thorough in their action. Try them when you want a reliable cathartic. For sale by T. Graham, druggist.

Worse Than Leprosy

Is Catarrh and there is but one preparation that does cure that disease, and that is the California Positive and Negative Electric Lintment, sold by The Pharmacy. It also cures neuralgia, rheumatism, headache, sprains, burns and all pains. Try it and tell your friends where to get it. Sold by all druggists.

Only One in the United States. Out of 1357 cough syrups manufactured in the United States, but one has been found to be entirely free from opiates and that is the California Positive and Negative Electric Cough Cure, which is the best on earth for coughs, colds, croup, etc. Sold by all druggists.

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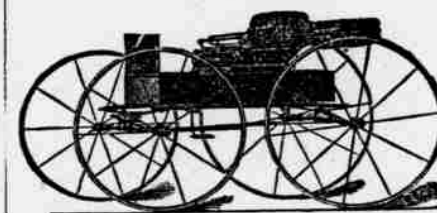
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"Come off the Perch!"

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