

Willamette Collegian



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WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY, SALEM, OREGON, DECEMBER 19, 1917.

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CLASSES OPEN ON JANUARY 3

Important Details of the Calendar Are Fixed by the Faculty

Acting Upon a Student Petition One Day Is Added to Christmas Vacation; No Spring Recess.

One day has been added to the Christmas vacation. Acting upon a petition from the students the faculty deemed it but just that January 3 be opening day.

Those students in Willamette who come from distant points in Oregon and Washington could see that in order to be back in time for classes Wednesday morning they would be compelled to leave home on New Year's morning. This was the grounds upon which the petition was circulated.

Because of the late opening of school with a consequent impairing of the educational standard that calls for a certain number of days the faculty were unable to grant Thursday and Friday as part of the vacation. Classes will be resumed at 8 o'clock Thursday morning. Anyone who needs to work the two school days of that week can by a proper arrangement with the faculty be excused from classes.

In order to make up for the extreme shortness of this semester the mid-year examinations have been put off one week and there will be four weeks of school before they occur. There will be no spring vacation this year.

Food Conservation Now Assuming Definite Form And All Must Co-operate

"Wheatless and meatless days in the home, restaurant, hotel and boarding house in Oregon should no longer be a theory, but a fact," says the acting Federal Food Administrator, Mr. W. K. Newell.

"There are many different dishes which can be substituted, for instance fish, poultry, cheese and vegetables for meat."

Sugar is another article which must not be hoarded. Only \$1.00 lots ought to be bought now except when the person lives at a distance. The boys in the trenches need sugar. Sugar is quickly absorbed by the body, creating an almost immediate energy upon its consumption. Therefore, soldiers on the forced march, carrying their food, are supplied with cakes of chocolate and other forms of sugar because of the concentrated energy. The people in this country can use fruit, fruit juices, fruit breads and fruit cakes instead of candies and rich cakes.

Sugar ships more easily than syrup since it is lighter and can be placed in bags. We must supply to our allies some of the sugar in large quantities for it is an invigorating food and has been found to lessen the craving for intoxicants.

The great men who know are saying that food will win the war and Americans are going to see that food is saved. In the next few weeks the government food administration is going to become a real force.

Minister: "My mission on earth is to save men."
Senior Co-ed: "Save me one."

RED CROSS SEALS

Can Be Bought At Varsity Book Store Or of Miss St. Pierre.

"We are glad to announce that we have a commodity for sale which has not advanced in price since the war." Red Cross Christmas seals for sale at the Varsity Book Store or from Lucile St. Pierre.

Freshmen Decorate For Big Sophomore Formal Social Eruption

Under the impression that they were decorating for a Chresto joint that was to take place about a week later, two unsuspecting frosh acted as members of the decorating committee for the sophomore party. Friday afternoon Paul Doney enticed Robe to go with him to get some mistletoe which later played a large part in the decorations. All Saturday afternoon Robe and Sammons aided in the arrangement of the Chresto halls for the sophomore party. A large part of the attractiveness of the party was due to the hard work of these two freshmen, and the class of '20 are correspondingly grateful.

CO-EDS SOME FIGHTERS

Class Scrap of Ferocity Like Unto the Jungles Is Staged.

(By a Lausanne Freshman)
It takes the freshman girls to "put it over" at old Lausanne. Or so it would appear from the scene that was staged in the early hours of Sunday morning before anyone had waked up—even before anyone had been asleep.

On returning from the festivities of the evening, they found their rooms slightly disheveled and surmising the guilty ones, they rushed to attack the expectant sophomores who were guarding, with bated breath and shaking knees their barricaded doors, but no locks proved effective against the onslaught of this aroused freshmen. After gaining entrance the freshmen brought about a chaos out of order before the very eyes of the sophomores who struggled valiantly but vainly. On the top floor the fight waxed hot and culminated in a bathroom scene. The sophomores were finally vanquished and slunk noisily to their rooms, drenched to the skin, and the next morning not a sophomore was to be seen.

STANDARDS DEFINED

Dr. Sherman Gives a Chapel Talk Full of Thought Material.
Calling the allegory of the shadows from Plato's Republic his text Dr. Sherman spoke in chapel last week on "Standards."

Starting with the question, is this world the best or worst possible, he stated that the macrocosm as well as the microcosm is at liberty to make itself the best possible. A planet may become the best possible planet, a nation the best possible nation. Likewise a university is at liberty to be the best university when each teacher is better than all other teachers of that subject and each student is attempting to be the best student.

In conclusion, Dr. Sherman stated the principle that one should attempt greater things than seem possible or he will never do as much as he might.

Degenerate speech indicates the depraved character.

PECK STAYS IN SALEM

Prof. and Mrs. Peck Will Not Go to the Coast As Is Their Custom.

Prof. Morton E. Peck, instructor in Biology, is to lecture before the Audubon Society of Portland, December 29, on the subject "Bird Migration." He is widely recognized as an authority on birds.

Contrary to their usual custom, Prof. and Mrs. Peck are to spend the Christmas season in Salem. They have been in the habit of doing winter research work for a week at Sual Rocks, near Newport, Oregon. But this year notebooks to be corrected, and worms and bugs to be collected will tax the energies of both Professor and Mrs. Peck to the utmost.

Paul Irvine '15 is principal of the Lincoln Junior high school, Salem.

When in Rome order spaghetti.

'19-'20-'21 ALL FIGHTERS

Sophomore Sweaters Arouse Freshmen and Juniors to Action

Rarey '21 and Nichols '19 and Sparks '19 Are Ducked; Chapel Closes With Walloping of Sophomores

Blood was spilled on the campus Monday morning as the freshman class retaliated upon the sophomores for the latter's actions of Saturday night.

After the freshman party Saturday night, a bunch of sophomores seized Russell Rarey and placed him in the mill race, ostensibly as a punishment for wearing a cardinal and gold sweater, like those worn by the sophomores. The sophomores also seized Lestle Sparks and Harold Nichols, juniors, and ducked them, for the same reason.

The word got around to the freshman boys to come to school Monday with old clothes. They appeared. In chapel, coats came off during the singing of the closing song. As the "amen" was sung, out they poured, waiting for the sophomores, who had taken the alarm and were ridding themselves of their sweaters and coats.

At this juncture the freshmen girls played a part in taking charge of the sophomore's sweaters, while the sophomore girls in turn captured the freshman coats.

The sophomores emerged from the hall in a body, and were immediately seized, and the fight was on. Calls for rope and more rope echoed about as the freshmen stretched their opponents on the cold, wet ground. All the sophomores in sight were bound, and the procession to the race was about to begin, when:

"This must stop right here. It is time for classes," came from Dean Alden, and the plans of the freshmen were spoiled.

Millard Doughton, one of the strongest and at the same time the smallest sophomores, received the worst treatment as far as appearances go, for with collar gone, shirt torn and blood spattered over his clothing, he was a typical "rough and ready."

Mistletoe Is Moist But It Serves to Add Zest to a Day's Hike

Not only was the spirit willing, but even the flesh did its bit last Saturday when a group of Willamette students started out in quest of fun and mistletoe.

They had not counted on the opposition of Jupe, but in spite of the showers of blessings which streamed down in plenty, both fun and mistletoe were found. There were five young women, and (wonder upon wonders) seven young men in the party. They left town about 10 a. m., hiked out on the Oregon Electric track about five miles, and in the wettest dry place that they could find, built a real fire, and proceeded to dry themselves. Waffles, sandwiches, pickles, fruit, and all-day suckers constituted the bill of fare. After eating, the boys climbed trees and laboriously procured the much-coveted mistletoe.

Medler didn't work so hard, but came home 15 cents poorer (two small boys worked harder, but went home 15 cents richer.) It was a real nice bunch of mistletoe he bought just the same.

The crowd returned before it was very dark, and declared that they would go again, on the very next rainy Saturday. Those who shared the fun were the Misses Fay Perlinger, Ruth Ferringer, Marjorie Steever, Laura Arenz, and Grace Sherwood and Messrs. Loren Basler, Paul Fiegel, John Medler, Floyd McIntyre, Fred Aldich, Paul Sherwood, and Lester Day.

RED CROSS IS SEEKING HELP

Campaign Is On to Make Every American Citizen a Member By January

Willamette Auxiliary Is Active and With Added Numbers Its Effectiveness Will Grow Ten Fold

There are about 200 people in Willamette who must join the Red Cross by Christmas vacation. The movement to make every American citizen a Red Cross member is nation wide, and is similar to the drive of last spring.

After Company M left last spring an auxiliary was organized at the university. This is the way the membership stands at present: 41 women, 4 men, 3 faculty wives and 5 members of the faculty; 53 in all.

At Mrs. Ebsen's every other week material for supplies is converted into towels and wash rags. From 10 to 15 girls can do considerable sewing in one afternoon, but 50 or 75 could do a great deal more. But money is a scarcity. Without money there will be no material with which to work.

By joining you can help buy the supplies, for 50 cents of your dollar will remain in the Willamette chapter. The other half dollar will go to national headquarters to help defray expenses.

The auxiliary at Willamette is a part of the Willamette Chapter, which covers Polk and Marion counties. This chapter has 7800 members. The Salem auxiliary has 2709 members.

The officers at the university, who serve for one year are: Ruth Perlinger, president; Edith Bird, vice-president; Beatrice Walton, secretary, and Louis Stewart, treasurer.

SPIESS NEARLY FAMOUS

But He Is Not Able to Catch Up With the Elusive One.

Great excitement was manifest in the college halls last week when it was reported that Jenks, the photographer had so highly honored Willamette university as to display a photograph of one of the biggest men in school in his show window.

When the eager nose of the editor came upon the scent, he called together a few of his ablest reporters and dispatched them, post haste, to interview Adolph's portrait. What was their surprise when, arriving at their destination they saw a face, almost as seraphic as that of Adolph. It is true, but garnished by a most un-Adolph-like cloud of filmy lace; collar there was none, but easily room for a dozen; the curls, instead of being shorn, were pulled down so as to most bewitchingly half conceal, half disclose the daintiest of ears. It seems that Mr. Jenks, fearing that the proportions of Adolph's head, consequent upon his increased popularity, would be such as to endanger the show case, removed the picture from the high position which it had graced.

COMMONS ENTERTAINS

Two Young Ladies Taste Good On Tables of Popular Men's Club.

That the Commons Club is no longer composed of conservative members as of yore was fully demonstrated Friday noon when freshman Fiegel and Thomas had as their guests for lunch the Misses Anna Packingham and Ruth Lawson. This is the first time in the history of the club that members of the opposite sex have been brave enough to venture into the halls of the Commons.

During the meal free entertainment was furnished by "Rookie" McGrew who is fast becoming well known for his stale jokes.

Cleverest Graft Is Played Upon Learned Students and Faculty

"The ideal teacher of Economics is the ideal grafter." So said Prof. Hall to his class in Economics last year. If that is true M. Schwarzkopensky ought to be on a university faculty. He may not be an ideal grafter, but he was at least clever enough to deceive the students of Willamette.

It will be remembered that in the spring of 1916 a Russian, who had been a member of the Czar's body guard, who had been sent to Siberia as a political prisoner, and suffered the tortures there inflicted on exiles, and who had escaped with his chains and vivid memories, lectured in Salem on conditions in Russia and Siberia and related his experiences. He appeared before the student body at the chapel hour and addressed the class in History of Western Europe.

That Russian, M. Schwarzkopensky, probably never saw Siberia. He is wanted by federal authorities in Chicago, who wish to question his claim. Anthony Voltoff, Russian consul in Chicago says there are no records to show that he ever was in Siberia.

Some of the history students of two years ago will have to forget a few of the things they learned.

CRACKY WHITTLES CAME

Jolly Little Capsule Stands Ready for Duty in Eaton Hall.

Behold! Another implement of warfare has appeared in Eaton hall. Not considering the "senior gift" in the university library adequate for the campaign against Monsieur l'Auteur and his cohorts, some kind soul has established a second base of operations at the right of the stairway on the first floor. It is rumored that Dean Clark is responsible.

The wee, whittling whirrigigs are really very cute. When their ornamental value is fully recognized they will doubtless be placed in many conspicuous places about the campus. When you grind your weapon, get away from the sordid, worldly fact of the grinding and its purpose; and sense the aesthetic beauty of the little crank and the glass capsule. Just try it some day.

ELVIN ENTERS ARMY AS CHAPLAIN

Dr. James Elvin, honored pastor of the First Congregational church in Salem, leaves tomorrow to take up work as an army chaplain. His successor has not as yet been named.

HANCOCK LEADS CHAPEL

Monday Professor Hancock delivered a chapel talk unusually full of good things to think about.

The weather man must be weeping.

PICTURESQUE IN GAUL AMUSES MAXWELL BALL

Ex-Editor Sends Cheering Letter From Romantic Land of France

BARNYARD IS ELEVATED

Finds Time to Observe Some Facts and Customs and Tells of Them in An Interesting Manner; Wars Effect Is Emphasized

Shut your eyes and prepare to leap some eight thousands of miles. Now open them. We are in the land popularly known as "Somewhere." As the word France is broad possibly we can use it without the censor forbidding. Anyway we are in a country unusually attractive for November. Except for the total absence of birds and bird life about the place this might be an Oregon spring day. But I haven't seen even a crow here and therein hangs the difference.

Sheep Live In Splendor

War ravages creep over things unthought of before. But let us ramble down the main drag together. A sheep looking out of a window with lace curtains seems rather queer, yet to these folks accustomed to keeping the pig in the parlor it is of no comment. Why the reserved seats are given to the creatures of the barnyard and the gallery for human habitation is a mystery. A spanking sound attracts us. To our left is a little shack-like structure which we enter to find a concrete pool of water. French women and a stray American soldier too, are down on their knees beating washing with paddles to get it clean. The method suggests China rather than France.

Language Is Muscular

We go out. Clinkety clank sound the shoes of the peasants and we find that they are wooden. Yonder we see a boy slipping out of a pair of them and notice that he has on an inner pair of shoes. Up-to-date, I had thought double decked shoes out of order. Next—the olive drab soldier trying to get by with a merchant via the French-English conversation method. Like unto W. U. gymnast-callisthenics are the gestures both employ. It is both pathetic and laughable. Honk! Honk! Get out of the way. Don't you know the ducks are in command of this town? A hiss from the drake brings his importance to your notice. If you happen to see those soldiers eating yonder you will realize how friendly they are with the chickens. Turn about each of them tries to take a peck at the piece of hard tack in the mess kits. Strange pals, eh?

(Continued on page 2)

COMMITTEE PASSES RESOLUTIONS OF JUSTICE FOLLOWING THE RASH CLASH OF CUSTOMS ON MONDAY

Monday afternoon a committee, largely self appointed, met and appointed another committee to meet Tuesday afternoon. They met yesterday and came to the following conclusions:

"It is the decision of the committee that the sophomore class be granted the exclusive right of wearing in Salem this particular sweater in question, of the particular color and combination of colors described until the end of the present semester. There being no intent on the part of the committee to grant the exclusive right to any class to wear the Willamette colors.

"It is the decision of the committee that we censure and reprimand the sophomore class for milking upper classmen; that we censure and reprimand the juniors for their undignified action in partnership in the sophomore-froshman scrap; that we censure and reprimand the freshmen for their rude and barbarous conduct in the chapel room, and further insist that all hostilities cease from now on.

"It is also the decision of the committee that we recommend that a standing committee from the student body be appointed to draw regulations for class customs and relationships.

The committee was composed of three faculty members, Prof. J. T. Matthews, chairman, Coach R. L. Matthews and Florin Von Eschen, and three seniors, Harold Eakin, secretary, Wallace Adams, and Harry Bowers.

Willamette Collegian



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OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ASSOCIATED STUDENT BODY OF WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY

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A MATTER OF COLOR.

A peculiar mixture of stars, a whim of the fates and the plan of an irresponsible date committee all combined to make last Saturday night a great night in the history of Willamette. The fact that three class parties were held on one evening was enough to throw the easy running machinery of a college out its smooth path and especially when the freshmen and sophomores were among the classes celebrating.

Aside from personal considerations some points of college law and precedent have come up for settlement that once settled should prevent a similar spilling of blood and ruffling of feeling.

Question one, can any class adopt the school colors and prevent the other classes (especially the upper classes) from wearing the school colors as they wear them? Question two, is it right or any ways customary to college law for an underclass to throw a member of the one of the two upperclasses in the mill race? Question three, have the classes a right to combine against each other? Question four, does having settle anything?

SUNDAY STUDYING.

The student that makes a practice of studying on Sunday is cheating himself. If Sunday, one of the greatest institutions of all Christianity, can mean no more to you than any other day there must be something wrong. And the fault rests with the student. It is a sacred day. Many people there are who do not know what sacred means.

To the modern nothing is sacred to

the individual except success. If Sunday or mother or father or ideals or humanity or God stands in the path of a man's success they must be trodden in the dust and forgotten. Success is the only virtue and this principal has developed such fools as Germany.

On the heights of success is one any nearer heaven? How many who after reaching the upper regions of endeavor would give all they possess in the way of fame and goods and power to again live in the simple world of childhood, in that sublime atmosphere of belief and wonder and reverence and worship. Must we sell the soul for an empty pot? For in striving all too many people spill the gold. Study on Sunday if you please but it will never make you a truly great person with a glad spirit.

Students say that they must because of a lack of time study on Sunday. Let it be stated as an axiom that when the student is doing so much real work that he must do part of it on Sunday he has too much to do. It is seldom that a student could not by concentrating his study periods and by cutting out the surplus of social duties find time to fit into six days of the week all his school work.

Perhaps it would never hurt you to study on Sunday but Willamette is a Christian university and you can by your action make the total ideal of the school higher. This question like most questions of morals has no absolute solution but each one must by a careful consideration be decided in a way that will best serve the social order.

It's the spirit that counts and it is the soul that reaps the benefit. Remember that you have to live with your soul for many years yet.

No true man or woman of a Christian character will study on Sunday.

"GOD BLESS US EVERY ONE."

The value of Christmas is not in the material but in the spirit. The spirit of Christmas is heart and heart is the song of the angels. Heart finds the beauty in pain and rescues from meanness the sordid things of life. Lands and goods and great fame may all be stolen from a man but heart can still remain. Heart makes love and love makes the birds sing and the sun to shine and all the world seem beautiful. Take away love and the world is cold and hard and bleak, take away heart and hope is gone for the spirit of joy is dead. Heart is the essence of living and it knows no form of words. Heart dreams and plans things that would be noble were it not for clumsiness of execution. The work of the gods is perfect because they are all heart, man blunders because he build not for heart but for gain. Heart knows no gain except that of heart upon heart.

Get you shine at Gus's. 5c per foot. The best shine in the city. Let your shoes reflect Gus's shining ability. Salem Shoe Shining Parlors, 115 State street. Gus Demas, Prop.

GALLERY GOSSIP

Dear Editor: Had the funniest dream last night. Dreamed that you left school to work at digging a ditch to run from Salem to California, and that I was elected editor and Lyle didn't like it, and he and I had a scrap. I kicked him and then begged his pardon and we became dandy friends, and we made the Collegian a big daily. The office was moved to the Chreto rooms in Science hall, and we had a PAPER. Gen, it was awful to wake up!

—Two Step Waltz.

* *

"The better part of valor is discretion." So says Billy Shakespeare. When Ivan Corner, in a burst of pity and generosity, inserted an ad in the Collegian a few weeks ago, concerning the temporarily unattached condition of Basler and Rary, he reckoned without his host. Himself happily provided for, so far as the Lyceum number in which Henri Scott appeared was concerned, he was so indiscrete as to neglect to look ahead to the three remaining numbers on the course. Owing to the extreme popularity of Bass and Russ, all the fair ones deserted the lowly corner and, in answer to the aforementioned ad, offered themselves for the number appearing last Friday night to two gentlemen in the middle of the stage. Poor Ivan!

It appears that through the generosity of a certain young lady, he was taken care of for Mrs. Miller's program, but there are two more numbers coming! Will some one kindly take pity on him before January —th?

A CHRISTMAS MEDITATION.

Vera Schaupp Frickey

The mind of Christ; that pearl of priceless worth,
Beside which, all the wealth of heaven and earth
Is empty dross. To be desired more
Than gold of merchant princes' boundless store,
Than brilliants found on Africa's sunny shore,
To crown the brows of monarchs, and bestow
Upon their courts unequalled splendor's glow,
Than fame, or fortune; rank, or worldly power
More precious; still its beauty, in that hour
When all things else shall fade and pass away
Remains undimmed, untarnished 'midst decay.

Whose fruits are love, and joy, and boundless peace,
And faith, and hope, long-suffering gentleness
And patience; qualities which cannot cease,
However world's and men their power may wield,
To be the Christian's never falling shield.
That mind which prompts the dying martyr's prayer
Of love for those who slay him; which may dare
Displease an earthly ruler's tyrant will,
And choose to serve his God, come good or ill.
That mind which finds its highest happiness
In service, be it small, or be it great,
Which counts no task too menial to bless
Both served, and him who serves, in home and state.

That mind which braves the sternest frown of fate
Serene and confident; 'midst malice, hate,
Conducts itself with love which conquers ill,
And prays the pardoning power of God distill
Sufficient grace to change the sinner's heart.
And grant with him a ransomed mortal's part,
Which views the present, sorrow, loss and pain,
With faith which works in him eternal gain,
Develops qualities of mind and heart,
Which perfect him as master of that art.
Of which all other arts are shadows dim;
The art of being true and whole, within
The deep recesses of the human soul
Where Godlike character is life's supreme goal.

Yes, character like that of Him who left
The glory that was His o'er world's were framed
To visit earth in mortal guise, bereft
Of joys which human tongue hath never named,
And like a meteor, flashing in the sky
Of human history, an image traced
Indelibly in mortal consciousness
Of Truth unerring, beauty undefaced.
God grant that we who seek the throne of grace
May find reflected there the Savior's face,
Expressive of those qualities of mind

Which human souls should seek, and seeking find,
And finding, treasure as the priceless gem
Which, purchased at the cost of all things else
Is cheaply bought, Life's Crowning Diadem.

Ninth Lecture.

Squeak! squeak! squeak!
From the front to the back of the door;
And I would that my tongue could utter
How utterly I abhor

The squealing pigs that come
From the pigsty under the hill,
With their low-bred snouts and sty eyes,
And a voice that is never still.

'Twer well for the small-sized boy
To hound off the piggies at play,
But better still for mine host
To keep them securely at bay.

Squeak! squeak! squeak!
From my window's height, oh, me!
The silence sweet of a day that has fled
Will never returned be.

—F. D. Aldrich.
(After Tennyson—at some distance.)

PICTURESQUE GAUL AMUSES.

(Continued from page 1)

Church Is Magnificent.

We have to dodge a wagon drawn by two or three horses. Here as elsewhere the horses are harnessed one in front of the other, never side by side. The chimes of the passing hour sounded by the church over there suggest a loitering thereabouts for a moment. We enter a walled space and find ourselves in a cemetery. All the graves have beaded wreaths on them of sentimental motto, an elaborateness reminding us of the Oregon Indians' artistic beaded stuffs. Entering the church proper we are surprised at the rich colorings of the windows as contrasted with the huge plastered pillars, the Arctic frigidity and the rutted stone pavements worn by the faithful of seven centuries. It is enough to lift one into the sublime to stand for a moment in silent contemplation of the place. Closing the door softly we leave feeling inspired with the sights and the spirit of the hour.

Let us broaden the scope of our imaginative tour. All France looks as if raked with a fine-tooth comb. Try as we will there isn't a stick or bit of brush straw or stone to be found unused. The precision of the small farmed plots, too, is remarkable. Everywhere France is laid out with the unerring magnificence of a Greek temple. Not a house except in groups in a village and such villages! What with their multitude of chimneys, distorted streets with their rude cobblestones, spick and span perspectives, they are a feast for one's sense of the artistic.

Nearly all of the French cattle are white, a breed I know not the name of. Whenever I see one I think of Europa of mythical immortality whose adventure delighted boyhood days. The railroads we might tolerate in the backwoods, but as they do business in the manner of the Europeans I suppose that they will suffice. The profusion of brass on the little engine is remarkable; the four-wheeled cars are pushed everywhere by hand; the passenger coaches are shorter than a Chemeketa street car and are divided into compartments. French roads are superb. Up hill and down dale everywhere the highways could not be excelled. And to think that they might have been and probably were made by Caesar and are as solid today as ever.

Respectfully,
—Maxwell E. Ball.

IN-SHOOTS.

There is no wisdom in conserving perishable food.

The fool and his money can always start something.

Unexpressed opinions never gather in converts.

Tomorrow is the date of the achievements of the failure.

'Tis more blessed to give than to receive—slams.

Students--

I advertise in your paper, give me a try. Hair cut 25 cents and shave 15 cents.
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We have the neat styles in Shirts, Caps, Hats that the young men like.

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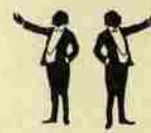
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Year End Holiday Fares

Round trip tickets sold December 21 from Salem to all points on

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Oregon Electric Agents sell through tickets to all points in Washington and Idaho.

"Stops in the Heart of the Towns"

J. W. RITCHIE, Agent Salem



Misses Elizabeth and Charlotte Tebben

The Adelantes sketched for their amusement last Friday the closing exercises and Christmas tree that was such an event in the country school in years past.

School opened an all day session with many visitors present. A Christmas program and tree made the forenoon pass quickly. The board of education composed of Mr. Jenkins, Miss Huldia Snodgrass Jones and Mr. Joshua Pike occupied seats of honor.

Many of the children's parents came and brought their lunches. So when school was dismissed at noon the widower, Mr. Jenkins, invited Miss Jones to eat with his family. This, everyone thought, was a splendid match. Those Jenkins children needed someone to care for them.

The Brag family, the Stuckups, the Lowdowns, and the Tuffs each brought their lunches and enjoyed them while they talked about every family except their own.

The Christmas tree was the center of interest to the children but when the time came to go home they were tired and ready to leave.

Last Wednesday Miss Mildred Wells entertained a few of her friends at a pretty dinner party held in honor of her seventeenth birthday.

After dinner the guests had a merry time playing games in the hall parlors.

Those present were the Misses Anna Packenham, Mildred Lawson, Myrtle Mason, and Mildred Wells, and the Messrs. Russel Rarey, Paul Flegel, Lester Day, and Ralph Thomas.

As a delightful surprise, a group of the university students gathered at the home of Miss Muriel Steeves, on N. Church street, Tuesday night. The surprise party was in celebra-

tion of Miss Steeves birthday. Games of a varied nature amused the guests for a couple of hours, but when hot pins and marshmallows appeared, all previous occupations were neglected and the open hearth fire was the happy gathering place for all lovers of toasted marshmallows. Delicious refreshments were served at a later hour.

Those who helped Miss Steeves celebrate her birthday were the Misses Ruth Perringer, Charlotte Croisan, Marjorie Minton, Faye Perringer, Florence Scheurle, Margaret Legg, Hortense Harrild, Mildred Garrett, Muriel Steeves, and Messrs. Russel Rarey, Edwin Socolofsky, Leslie Day, Paul Flegel, Wallace Adams, Gustav Anderson, Leslie Sperks, Ivan Corner, and James Ailshie.

Miss Averill Harris and William Chittick were the Sunday dinner guests of Miss Edith Bird at Lausanne hall.

Others who had guests were, Miss Fannie McKennon, whose guest was Mr. Leland Sackett '15, and the Misses Beth Briggs and Bernice Knutha entertained the Misses Charlotte and Elizabeth Tebbens.

Lausanne hall dinner guests for Saturday evening were the Misses Ruth Ferguson, Esther Cox and Lucille McCully. Miss McCully, who is a student at Monmouth, was the week-end guest of Allene Dunbar.

Scotland was the theme of the Chrestomathean program Friday afternoon. Marie Largent opened the program with a charming piano solo. Allene Dunbar followed with her first literary number, a discussion of Scotch ballads in which she proved her ability to write interestingly as well as to sing well. Esther Yeend gave a short talk describing the Scottish highlands and lowlands and the quaint customs of their people. Her picture was made more clear and vivid by the Highland Fling, danced by little Miss Myrtelle Schmitt. She was dressed in the characteristic plaid of the Scot and rendered the dance gracefully. She was at once the joy and despair of hopeful "gym" students who endeavor to do likewise.

Beatrice Dunnette gave a brief sketch of Scotland's three greatest men, Wallace, Scott and Burns. Myrtle Mason ended the program with a selection from Scott's "Lady of the Lake." Not only is her delivery realistic but it is also animated and lively. The program was well planned and very attractive in every detail. Those who took part evidenced much study and thorough preparation.

The regular business meeting was held at the close of the program.

Miss Helen Satchwell, ex '20, was a campus visitor during the week-end.

Last Saturday night, by way of the subterranean-aerial route, the freshman class assembled in the Masonic halls for their first formal party. Announced by Ralph Thomas, the following program was given:

Opening Address—Loren Basler.

Comedy Act—Messrs. Medler and R. Moore.

"The Shooting of Dan McGrew"—Messrs. McGraw, Reary, Fisher, McIntyre, Aldrich, Davies, Day and Flegel.

Freshman Quartet, (a) "Gypsy Song" (b) "A Spring Idyll"—Messrs. McGrew, Basler, Corner and Flegel.

The guests were then presented with slips of paper bearing gentle little hints as to their conduct in the immediate future. The suggestions were duly carried out, with the result that partners were brought together for the games to come. Stunts and refreshments were followed by more and livelier games. After chanting Willamette's glory, the students formed a last grand march. This procession was headed by Prof. and Mrs. Peck, after whom came the class president, Loren Basler, and the vice-president, Miss Packenham. Then followed a merry throng of freshman lads and lassies, whose happiness was diminished only by the fact that it must end so soon.

Miss Anna Packenham was chairman of the committee which planned this successful party, and deserves much credit for the cleverness with which it was carried out. She was assisted by the Messrs. Corner, Socolofsky, and Flegel.

* * *

The Christmas program given by the Philodisians Friday afternoon was an unusually interesting one. The girls responded to roll call with cheery bits of Christmas poetry. Miss Benson gave a unique talk on Christmas music, illustrating it with bits of old carols and cantatas. Miss Ruth Perringer read an original paper on the origin of Christmas customs. Miss DeLong's interpretation of Garatnall was one of the best musical numbers on the programs this year. Miss DeLong's touch is unusual. Quite in keeping with the spirit of the Christmas season was the story of Pedro and Little Brother which Miss Garrison read. The program ended with a timely discussion by Miss Perkins and Miss Beaver as applied to Hooverizing.

Although slightly disappointed because the freshmen did not attempt to disturb them, the sophomores had a very enjoyable time at their party chaperoned by Professor and Mrs. Ebsen in the Chresto halls Saturday evening. The social committee planned an original program which was carried out in full without additional entertainment from the frosh.

The class proved its mental as well as athletic prowess in the games played. After the refreshments were served and songs were sung the party adjourned until time for the freshman party to be over when more entertainment was provided.

Of all the rollicking, jolly roof-raising good times ever enjoyed by any aggregation, all Phils have agreed that the hobo party last Friday night was the best. The peace-loving citizens of Salem were more or less amazed at the number of suspicious looking vagrants who thronged the streets in groups of threes or sixes. The first part of the evening was spent in renewing acquaintances and identifying the guests with friends of a happier day.

At about 8:30 a serpentine was formed, and, to the inspiring tune of "Phils, O Phils, the Tramps Are Marching," the hobos seated themselves around the bonfire. Here the L. W. W.'s who had once been Philodisians, gave an account of the hard life they had led since they hit the trail. The spirit moved Pat (formerly Paderewski) to contribute his bit in the form of a "heart-rendering" piano solo. This was followed by a male quartet that successfully ushered John Brown's soul into eternal war. Mrs. Della Crowder-Miller, formerly a platform speaker of some note, treated the crowd to a medley of verse interspersed with selections upon a mouth organ.

Following the above mentioned program, the crowd joined hands, and played tucker, Virginia reel.

THE memory of service lingers when the thought of price is forgotten—Our "Keith Konqueror Shoes."

If you are a Collegian man, bring ad with you and we will give you 50 per cent discount on a new pair of shoes.

A. J. PARIS SHOE SHOP
The Place of Honest Dealing

Santa Claus on display in Lobby of Hubbard Bldg.
Earl LeRoy Jenks
PHOTOGRAPHER

BUY Practical Presents for Christmas

Something your friends can use every day in the year

Shoes, Clothing, Shirts, Hats, Neckwear

Barnes' Cash Store
Saves You Money on Every Purchase

drop the handkerchief, and other games reminiscent of the days before misfortune had befallen them.

A few of the hobos who were feeling a little "flush" stood treat for cider, hamburger sandwiches, and cookies.

At last Mrs. Miller expressed a desire to be taken home, which effectively broke up the party, and once more groups of threes and sixes flooded the streets and hurried frantically to catch the last car.

One of the pleasant features incident to Mrs. Della Crowder-Miller's Ben Hur recital at the armory last week was a reception and greeting tendered Professor Miller by Professor and Mrs. Ebsen.

The following guests sat down at a long table especially prepared at the Gray-Belle: Dr. and Mrs. Hall, Miss Twidwell, Mr. Corner, Mrs. Chace, Miss Evangeline Hall, Mrs. Doney, Professor Crowder-Miller, and Professor and Mrs. Ebsen.

The senior class had their formal party last Saturday evening. They gathered at the Methodist church and went to the Oregon theatre after which they gathered at the Spa where some of the delinquent members were awaiting them. Refreshments were served, songs sung and a general good time was in order. Prof. and Mrs. Matthews chaperoned the party. The committee to which the success of the evening is attributed consists of the Misses Margaret Garrison, and Lucille Jaskoski and Gustav Anderson.

Of vital interest to every girl was the subject of the Y. W. meeting on Thursday. The leader, Miss Blanche Baker, introduced the topic of "Extravagance" with a few pertinent questions that brought forth many and varied opinions from the girls. Extravagance of time, of physical energy, of money, of speech, was considered.

Miss Eva Cherrington gave a beautiful solo and the Christmas songs added charm to a worth-while hour.

RED CROSS NOTES.

There will be sewing and knitting materials on hand at Mrs. Ebsen's this afternoon. All girls invited.

Our four solicitors for the Red Cross Christmas Membership Drive, Misses St. Pierre, Yeend, Putnam, and Fowle, are working hard this week to make Willamette a 100 per cent member. The freshman girls have been asked to take charge of the house to house canvass in the district assigned to the University Auxiliary.

Join the Red Cross now.

If a freshman is fresh, is a sophomore or less so?

An unwise son maketh a mad father.

A stitch in time saves embarrassment.

EXTRA
Just follow the crowds to our store. It's the mecca for all conserving Christmas buyers

BIG SALE
Which started Saturday will keep running all week. If you are to

SAVE MONEY
Attend the Big Sale of

Clothing, Shoes, Hats and Furnishings
Buy that Mackinaw, Overcoat or New Suit here. It will mean a big saving

Benjamin Brick
The Corner Store State and Liberty Sts.

FANCY FELT SLIPPERS
LADIES, MISSES and CHILDREN
Made of fine quality felt, padded soles and spring heel, ribbon trimmed; also in hard sole and heel, fur trimmed. Come in all leading colors.
Prices—Ladies', 85c to \$1.98; Misses' and Children's, 50c to \$1.25

Join the Red Cross today. Remember the boys fighting for you.

KAFOURY BROS.
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We have in stock a good assortment of College Sweaters, Toques Jerseys and Specialities. Be very glad to show you.

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Utah university claims that 8000 of her citizens are now in the war.

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Our line of Fancy Boxes and Candies are complete. Not factory made. HAND MADE.

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Appropriate Flowers to Express your Christmas Spirit
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Vice Pres., Lola Cooley
Sec., Helen Goltra
Treas., Harold Nicholls

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Ruth Peringer
Wallace Adams
Lelia Johnson
R. L. Mathews

Y. M. C. A.:

Pres., Harold Eakin
Sec., Robert Story

Y. W. C. A.:

Pres., Fannie McKennon
Sec., Mary Parounagian

Glee Club:

Pres., Harry Bowers
Mgr., Earl Cotton

Ladies' Club:

Pres., Lola Cooley

Girls' Willamette Club:

Pres., Mabel Garrett

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Pres., Theresa Fowle
Sec., Marie Luthy

Juniors:

Pres., Harold Nicholls
Sec., Mary Parounagian

Sophomores:

Pres., Lyle Bartholomew
Sec., Gertrude Dillard

Freshmen:

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Sec., Marjorie Minton

Philodorian:

Pres., Warren Slabaugh
Sec., Homer Tasker

Philodosian:

Pres., Lilia Packenham
Sec., Nellie Beaver

Websterian:

Pres., Arlie Walker
Cor. Sec., Wesley Hammond

Adelante:

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Cor. Sec., Elizabeth Briggs

Christophilian:

Pres., William Chittick
Cor. Sec., Millard Doughton

Christomathean:

Pres., Edith Bird
Cor. Sec., Helen Rose

Prohi League:

Pres., Earl Cotton
Sec., Margaret Garrison

Student Volunteers:

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Washingtonians:

Sec.-Treas., Ruth Peringer

Lausanne Hall Club:

Pres., Fannie McKennon
Sec., Gertrude Dillard

Dewdrop Inn:

Pres., Blanche Baker
Sec., Rita Hobbs

Commons Club:

Pres., Warren Slabaugh
Mgr., Herald Emmel

Wallulah:

Editor, Ruth Green
Mgr., Homer Tasker

Pug's Letters Home

Dear Mother and Folks:

The weather is not very good today so I thought that I would write you a letter. I have just eighty cents (80c) left out of what Dad gave me but perhaps I can make it do till next month by letting my board and room bill go over. It is raining very hard today.

—Pug.

P. S. I nearly got for that perhaps you would like to hear how I joined Literary Society. There are three societies here—the Wopwearyans, the Killotimeyans, and the Mugobeeryans.

The first night that I was on the campus, a Mugobeeryan got hold of me and invited me down to a show. It was a mushy show and just at the end where the heroine had the hero in her arms and was walking with him over the top of a mountain toward the setting sun, and the pipe organ was playing "The Long, Long Trail" in a soft, dreamy way, the Mugobeeryan began to whisper in my ear about how brotherly and wonderful was his society; how the other bunches were all eminent "has-beens," who had lost their pop long ago; how the society for whom I was made, yearned to have me join them; and how if I didn't make my application quick the roll would be filled up from the new men who knew the ropes and so were just waiting a chance to be invited to be Mugobeeryans, so that then I would lose my chance. As the music sobbed on, I was already to hand in my application; but then the show stopped and when we got out into the open air, an inspiring, forceful chap with a Killotimeyan pin, stepped up and slapped my partner on the back enthusiastically as if he hadn't seen him for years.

"Pray introduce me," he said at last, looking at me. Then invited us both out to his swell room which was in the basement of an undertaking parlor where he worked. My Mugobeeryan didn't have a chance to get in a word after that. This new chap showed us an album all full of pictures of Senators, Army Generals, Judges of the Supreme Court, and other men who were all willing to die for the Killotimeyan Literary Society which had made them what they were. Then I saw that it was the Killotimeyans who were the big bunch with the glorious history. I was just hoping that he would offer to take my application for membership, when the door came open with a bang and a couple of big, enthusiastic, jovial chaps with football sweaters on to which Wopwearyan pins had been fastened, breezed in with a shout. They shook hands with the Mugobeeryan and the Killotimeyans for five minutes by the watch and wouldn't let a word out of them except in answer to their questions.

Then I was introduced and these two made me promise to come out for football and promised to pick out a good suit for me. They said that Aleric Glub, the principal of our high school, you know, was an old Wopwearyan and had written to them to look me up. The Killotimeyan and the Mug tried to get in a word in favor of their societies but they were obviously way outclassed by these school leaders. They told me how Bug Bartell, the captain of our eleven last year, was a Wop and they said I must be sure to come up next Wednesday evening to the Halls and meet him and the rest of the fellows whom I would want to know because they were all big men around school—Heck Simpson, president of the student body, and a dandy chap; Clam Calkes, manager of the Glee club; Tink Hinkle, editor of the College Weekly, who would give me a chance to try out as a reporter, of course, if he met me right—in fact, all men who were doing something for the school. They said that the

Wops didn't rush unknown new men as did the others, but merely asked the most promising ones to wait a week or two until they would have a chance to find their real place in school and then the Wops would hold their election and take the men who had made good and had had ambition enough to wait until their election by a real live society. My mind was made up then; the Wops were the bunch for me; I had compared them all and discovered the best.

Friday evening there was a big Young Peoples' Social at the Fifth Methodist Church and I went with a mob of other students. We had gobs of fun everyone was nice as pie and I met lots of girls whom I had seen around the campus and upper-class fellows. Then I had lunch with a dandy sophomore girl. We had the finest kind of a talk about how it seemed to leave High School, and what courses we were taking, and what we planned to do when we left school, etc. She showed me how to stick a Nabisco on the edge of a punch glass so that it looked for all the world like the periscope of a submarine. Then I told her how I planned to join the Wops if they would have me. She was awfully sorry at this. She said she was a Mugolujan, which was a sister society of teh Mugobeeryans; then she told me about what good times the two societies had at their informals, and their joints, and how their societies always worked together in such a nice way. Then we talked about friendship and how a student ought not to make the mistake of spending all his or her time studying because that would interfere with their many real, life-long friends. Then we agreed to be good friends, just friends without any kiddish sentimentality the rest of our college courses, and not to let studying interfere.

Her father is one of the trustees and belongs to Dad's lodge. She is a tip-top girl and I have a date with her for tonight.

P. S.—
Oh! I forgot to say that I have handed in my application for membership to the Mugobeeryans.

—Pug.

The Editor and Manager

Wish You a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

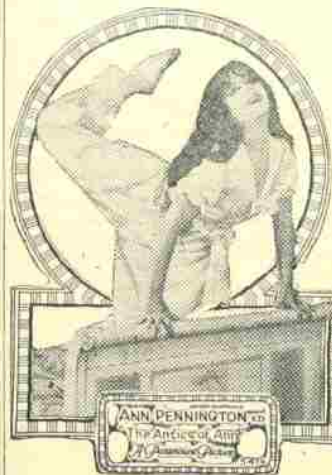
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ANN PENNINGTON

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Ann scores a touch-down in more ways than one in this rollicking story of seminary capers.

Coming Friday—Pauline Frederick in "The Hungry Heart"

THE OREGON

"THE HOUSE OF HITS"

GIRLS HARD TO PLEASE

Must See All Frightful Things and Then to Become Hysterical.

Upon a certain dark and rainy evening it so chanced that two freshman boys, young and tender, having previously been enticed by certain of Willamette co-eds, entered upon a journey in an automobile. Having circled the fountain in the domain of the State Hospital for the Insane a number of times, they became weary of their task, but, alas, their fair companions were not. They traversed the bridge spanning the waters of the Willamette; they plodded through the mud on the other side; they consumed gasoline to the amount of almost a gallon; but those whom they were striving to please only cried for more. They claimed to be in search of adventure.

At last there was only one spot in the city which they had not visited. Accordingly, they turned into the City View burying grounds and began slowly to ascend the hill. One of the seductive ones, glancing ahead, beheld a tall figure in white holding aloft a shaky fore finger; she shrieked and requested to be returned forthwith to her maternal parent. But the wily freshmen would not heed her, but proceeded to make a complete tour of the wierd home of departed ones. At last, inasmuch as the two damsels seemed nigh spent, they returned to the slippery pavements and shortly after both fair ones were set down in all safety before their respective abodes.

If you would know the names of the heroes of this tale, you must first take the middle out of a certain football star, and remove the ire from Mac.

WILLIAM S. HART IN THE SILENT MAN XMAS

William S. Hart, the foremost portrayer of western characters, will be seen in "The Silent Man," his latest photoplay made by Thomas H. Ince for Artcraft, at the Oregon, starting Christmas day.

Hart's appearances as a westerner have been many and varied since he deserted the speaking stage for motion pictures, and he has attained a niche in the Hall of Fame that is peculiarly his own. The actor's following is tremendous in all sections of the country, and his admirers flock to any theatre showing a new "Bill" Hart photodrama.

In "The Silent Man" Hart will have the role of a miner who has

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Buy your 16-inch mill wood now. Special rates on quantity orders. Prompt delivery.

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WOMEN, MISSES AND CHILDREN

Where shopping is a pleasure. Liberty bet. Court and State Sts.

Fellow Students--Faculty

Have you this year's Christmas spirit?

Economized by selecting your gifts from our new line of jewelry, pillow tops, pennants and candy.

The giver without the gift is flat.

To all a Merry Christmas and Happy New year.

Varsity Book Store

IVAN H. CORNER, Prop.

made a rich "strike" on the desert and has come into a small border town to record his claim. His rich ore attracts the attention of the proprietor of a gambling resort, who



Immediately seeks to rob the miner. This is accomplished through the connivance of a government clerk in the land office. Then follows a spirited, vigorous and uncommonly sensational fight on the part of the miner to recover possession of his claim, during which he is called upon to take the law pretty much into his own hands. There is a very delightful love story running throughout the action of the play.

"The Silent Man" is a picture that has thrills aplenty, a wealth of picturesque and novel settings, much comedy of the laughter-compelling sort, and action, action, action!

WRIGHT SWINGS AX

Spits Wood for Misses Peringer As Part of Initiation.

Malcolm Wright '29 wrestled with some unusually knotty problems last Saturday afternoon. He claims to have a fuller sympathy than ever be-

The Royale Cafeteria

The PLACE for GOOD EATS

460 State St., - Salem

fore for the so-called Weary Willies who come by their living by splitting wood in back yards.

Having almost annihilated the Philodorian angora, and having himself been almost annihilated by certain Phil bearcats, he promised in a rash moment to spend two hours reducing to the smallest possible proportions the blocks of wood destined to warm the hearts of the Misses Peringer.

He expected easy work, lots of light conversation, and afterward, perhaps, sandwiches and coffee, or pie a la mode, or "something like that." But that would not be inflation, so the two young ladies, themselves true Philodorianians, accordingly singled out certain squirmy chunks which seemed to have plenty of length, breadth, thickness, and a fourth dimension depending upon knots.

Having so done they made it a point to entertain company until time for their would-be Phil guest to be good and hungry, and then departed, leaving him nothing substantial other than a sweetly malicious smile.

They sure know how to cut hair at Lee Canfield's. Under Oregon Theatre.

Some self-made men look the part.



Goldwyn presents

MADGE KENNEDY

-and her eyes
-and her smile

in Edgard Selwyn's Stage Success Nearly Married

THE STORY OF AN ALMOST BRIDE AND A NOT-QUITE BRIDEGROOM IN A ROADHOUSE WHERE THEY SERVE NOTHING BUT CHICKEN

LIBERTY THEATRE

3 DAYS--COM. FRIDAY