



Willamette is Standardized-- Ranks High Among Colleges

Report of V. C. Babcock, Educational Specialist Favorable to Oregon Schools--U. of O. and Pacific also Included

On November 11, 1911, Kendrick C. Babcock, specialist in higher education, visited Willamette. Mr. Babcock is acting under the auspices of P. P. Claxton, United States commissioner of education. The purpose of this visit was to examine into the standing of Willamette University.

According to the report submitted by Mr. Babcock, Willamette is a standard institution. A graduate of Willamette is recognized in the colleges and universities throughout the United States.

The entrance records were examined as were the examination records, faculty standings, requirements for admission, the teachers' standing, endowment investigation, etc. The standard of the College of Liberal Arts was exceedingly high.

The Oregon school laws are based partly on the findings of the chief state school officers of the North Central and West Central states, held at Salt Lake City. The final standing is taken, however, with reference to the United States standards.

One thing that has greatly raised the standing of Willamette is the definite arrangement of the amount of studies each instructor is required to teach. Oregon and Pacific universities were also standardized.

Bag of Gold Awarded Him

Student Body Pays Off an Old Debt--Watt Shipp Smiles. Paul Homan Out Again.

President Harrison, Football Manager Mills, Track Manager Schrieber, and Treasurer Gilkey went down to Watt Shipp's Wednesday evening and made the last payment on the old debt. Watt Shipp was greatly pleased on receiving the \$250, and said with a broad smile, "That's fine, fellows. That's fine."

So pleased was he that as the fellows were leaving he threw out a great stack of pearl handled knives and told each man to take his choice. Watt Shipp is interested in the success of Willamette's athletics, and has promised to give us forty baseballs for this season.

Paul Homan, who has been out of school for some time, is doing nicely now. He is able to be up and expects to be back at his work in a few days. He was out to watch his teammates practice basketball the other day.

The faculty of the Oregon Agricultural College will hereafter aid the board of student editors of "The Orange," the college annual, to reduce expenses and make it a self-supporting publication.

Collegian Staff Is Increased

Student Body Elects Assistant Editors--Barton and McDaniel Will Scribble.

Because of the great amount of extra work which the editor of the Collegian has had to attend to, he was forced to call for more assistance. Two able men, Barton and McDaniel, were elected by the Student Body February 19. They will be newsgatherers for our paper, and have entered into the work with all their energies aglow.

Prof. Cramer Well Again.

Prof. Cramer is back to work, after a brief illness. Altho in the professor's absence his work was ably conducted by a number of the other professors, the students are glad to see their old professor in his accustomed place again.

McCain Will Represent W. U. at McMinnville

Local Intercollegiate Orators Have Contest for Honors Tuesday Night.

Delivering the oration, "Liquor vs. Liberty," in a masterly manner, Harry McCain won the local intercollegiate oratorical association contest Tuesday night in the chapel of Willamette University. Ralph W. Hoffman, with the oration, "Public Opinion and the Liquor Problem," won second place; F. S. Francis, with the oration, "The Poor Man's Culb," took third; while George H. Curry, with the oration, "Prohibition, a National Issue," took fourth.

The orations were well written and delivered with earnest purpose. On account of the inclemency of the weather, and other attractions, the crowd was not up to usual contest crowds. As it was there was plenty of enthusiasm.

Music for the evening was furnished by Miss Ava McMahon, the Freshman Quartet, Mrs. Clark and the Varsity Band. The whistling solo of Mrs. Clark was very much appreciated. The band played while the decision of the judges was being made out and furnished no small amount of amusement.

Mr. McCain will represent the university in the state prohibition oratorical contest which takes place in McMinnville in about three weeks. Efforts are being made by the local prohibition organization to have the interstate contest held in this city. This can be accomplished if enough tickets are pledged to cover expenses, which will be in the neighborhood of \$150. In the interstate contest there will be contestants from Washington, Idaho, Oregon and two from California.

Judges on composition were Rev. R. N. Avison, Roy Shields, Walter Winslow. Judges on delivery were Judge Moreland, Miss Davis, Prof. Wm. F. Fargo.

Lively Game Is Expected

University of Idaho Basketball Team Will Play Here on March 1.

On Friday evening, March 1, Willamette and Idaho will meet on the local basketball floor. The game will be a lively one. Idaho is playing strong ball and is gradually improving. At the beginning of the season the University of Idaho thought of having no team this year. When the material was tried out it was found to be better than expected. Consequently Idaho will play ball during the entire season.

In a way their team is an unknown quantity. We have heard nothing definite but according to the showing they have made they will put up a stiff fight.

In the game between U. of O. and Idaho the latter took lead during the first half and made a splendid showing.

Our line-up will probably be similar to that used during the game with O. A. C. Several of the subs which have been playing in good form may be given a chance to prove their worth. In all probability neither Homan nor McRae will be in this game. It is quite doubtful whether either of these men will be able to engage in the game again this season.

The team is gradually improving. The game will be lively. The boys are hard at work and determined to make things lively. They need your support. Come out.

Dr. Chas. A. Bowen, who Talked Here Last Week



The Rev. Chas. A. Bowen, who held special evening services in Chapel last week, once thought of following the law as a profession, according to well founded rumor. That he would have been a successful barrister there is no reason to doubt, but had he settled upon the law as a life work, the pulpit would have missed the services of a man eminently fitted to carry religious convictions into the hearts of men. Dr. Bowen's home is in Olympia Wash.

Dr. Bowen, Evangelist, Makes Hit With Students

Effective Methods and Sunny Personality More Potent Than Pomp and Ceremony--Roots For Cardinal and Gold and Tramps over Athletic Field

Varsity's Goat Wont Stand For Music

O. A. C. Braves Trim Willamette in Scrappy Game While Band Plays Ragtime.

Last Friday evening the Farmers took the Varsity into camp to the tune of twenty-five to one. Tho the score was one-sided, the game was one of the most interesting and exciting ever played on the local floor and the visitors had to fight their best for every point. The O. A. C. team is acknowledged to be the strongest team in the Northwest with the exception of Washington U., and the showing made by the weakened Willamette team in holding the Farmers to twelve baskets was very creditable.

The work of St. Pierre and Winslow was especially good and they mixed in with a zip that made hard sledding for the visitors. Of the regulars, Gibson was the particular light, breaking up plays time and again and stopping long passes in a spectacular manner. Captain Schramm and McIntire both put up a hard game, tho neither were up to their old-time form.

To Winslow belongs the credit of Willamette's only score, he making one free throw in the second half.

The game was rough and spectacular and the crowd was constantly on its feet.

The Willamette Band made its debut at the game, and considering everything, behaved remarkably well. It is even said that some of the spectators were able to tell when one piece was repeated, but this is only a rumor and should not be given credence.

The line-up:
O. A. C. Willamette
Cooper (Capt.).....F..... McIntire
Burdick.....F..... Winslow
Cate.....C..... St. Pierre
May.....G..... Schamm (Capt.)
Jordan.....G..... Gibson
Substitutes--Walker for Burdick, Mattson for May.
Score--Baskets, Cooper 3, Murdick 1, Cate 3, May 1, Mattson 2; free throws, Winslow 1, Cooper 1.
Referee--Fawcett.
Timekeepers--Stuart, Pierce.

Dainty Co-eds Go A Courting

Tennis Club Sets Political Machinery in Motion--Officers Nominated.

The Tennis Association has roused itself from its all winters hibernation and is beginning to take on new energy and vigor. Soon the dainty co-eds and their jolly masculine admirers will be battling the inoffensive balls back and forth and adding life and color to the campus. The political machinery of the Association has been set in motion and the following members have been nominated for election at the next meeting:

President--Mr. Gilkey, Miss Penn.
Vice president--P. Stoute, Mr. Curry.
Secretary--Miss Sherwood, O. Matthews.
Treasurer--Mr. Harter, Miss Eakin.
Manager--Mt. Jory.

Washington One of Nineteen.

The University of Washington is one of the nineteen colleges in the United States publishing a daily newspaper. According to the Yale News, out of 461 student publications issued by colleges and universities in the United States, only nineteen of these are dailies. Forty of these are bi-weeklies, eighty-five are weeklies, and 286 are published monthly.

Snowy Lids for Collegians

W. U. Adopts Official Head Gear--Preps Don Grey--Upper Classmen White.

At the Student Body meeting held February 20, the official hats for the University and Academy were chosen. White felt hats will adorn the heads of the regular University students, while the younger generation will wear gray hats. A band of cardinal and gold will be worn on the hats.

There was quite a discussion about the nature of the Preps' hats. Some upper classmen thought that all Preps should be compelled to wear caps, to distinguish them from the regular college students. The Preps objected seriously and the cap proposition was turned down.

The question is: What did the few upper classmen insist on this for? Was it just because some of them had to wear some dinky little green caps and wished to get revenge on the poor Preps?

These hats will be in town soon. These are to be the official head gear of the students at all student occasions, and especially on football trips, etc., where spirit is to be manifested. This is the first official garment adopted by Willamette. It marks a forward step in the spirit of the school and an advancement in student body standing.

O. A. C. Gets Books on Peace.

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Or., Feb. 19.--In the interest of international peace, "a friend of peace" at Springbrook, has made an annual gift of \$5 which will be used to buy books on the peace movement for the library. The donor suggested the possible advisability of directing the combined influence of the department of athletics and economics toward a change in public opinion to forward the peace movement.

It is significant that the commencement address this year by Pres. David Starr Jordan of Stanford is to be on "Peace," and a \$10 gold prize for the best student oration on peace is offered by the Cosmopolitan Club.

2481 in Washington U.

The University of Washington statistician has just published figures for the enrollment for the second semester. There are 2481 students enrolled, 978 of whom are of the feminine gender. There are only 202 special students registered, and this includes a class of 189 in the night law school.

Washington Students Try Out Regents Regulation

The following item appeared in a recent number of the University of Washington Daily:
Upon the invitation of fifty students a Seattle councilman candidate will address a meeting held tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock, held in the football grandstands on Denny field. The name of the speaker is withheld at his own request.

Border War Threat Looms

Uncle Sam May Order Willamette Students to Front--Danger Grows.

Should international complications become so strained that military force is necessary to keep the dove of peace securely resting on her perch, Willamette University will have the honor of sending at least an entire squad to fight the battles of the country and keep the Stars and Stripes waving in glory at the top of the flag pole.

Recent rumors of intervention in the affairs of troubled Mexico by the god-father of the American Republics, Uncle Sam, has occasioned no little excitement among the National guardsmen here in the University. Orders from the war department have been promulgated to the effect that all national guardsmen are to hold themselves in readiness for instant field service. Major General Leonard Wood, chief of staff of the U. S. A., has all details for calling out the guards worked out so that a telegram of ten words sent from Washington, D. C., to Adjutant General Finzer of the O. N. G., would send at least nine Willamette students with M company to the mobilization camp at Clackamas, Oregon, where the entire Third regiment would be concentrated before leaving for the border.

With arms and equipment in first-class condition, with mess-kits, haversacks, coffee-cups, "house-wives" and "first-aid" packed in readiness, the local boys could leave on twenty-four hours notice. An increasing number of University men are being found in the local guard company each year, as the training afforded is much appreciated while the results are more than satisfactory for the time expended. The company is now conducting a campaign for recruits and any who wish to avail themselves of joining the ranking company in the Third regiment can do so at once. See the following for any military information: Sergeant Reigelman, Corporal Geo. Schreiber, Privates Wm. Schreiber, Cordier, Forbes, Soider, Hatz, Hopkins, Raines or Day.

Found: One Club That's Not Yet on the Campus

Chicago, Feb. 23.--A society composed of outdoor sleepers will be formed Monday night. The society, according to its originator, Charles H. Gard, is "for the mutual exchange of experiences."

"We want to get the outdoor sleepers to get together for mutual benefit," he said last night. "I've been sleeping outdoors since last June and haven't caught a cough or a cold so far. I've picked up in health wonderfully."

The address will be on some general subject, such as civic righteousness, or some question of national politics. Signers of the petition say that they intend the invitation as a test of the regents' recent ruling against allowing speakers, uninvited by the faculty, on the campus.

One of the best things that have come to the Willamette students for a long time was the presence last week of Rev. Chas. A. Bowen of Olympia, Wash. Unlike many modern evangelists, he came unheralded by advance press comment, no tabernacle was built to house multitudes, no great choir was organized for the purpose of aiding by song--he came in his quiet way, he conducted his meeting in an unobtrusive manner, he has quietly gone, and Willamette University is the better for his being here.

There is something decidedly unique about his method of work. Those who expected the chapel rostrum to tremble with theological thunder were disappointed. He did speak, but his voice was as of one giving directions to the enquiring wayfarer. Those who expected to see a vast amount of machinery set in motion for the purpose of winning great numbers were also disappointed. He had his method--but it was the method of personal touch, man with man.

Herein lay the secret of much of Bowen's power. He came here as an old student to begin with. He made it a point to become personally acquainted with everyone whom chance brought in his way. Certain ones wielding greater influence, he sought out. He met the captains and man-

Continued on Page 4

Pres. Penrose Denies Report

Rumors That Whitman College Will Be Removed to Spokane May Be Unfounded.

The removal of Whitman College from Walla Walla to Spokane some time in the near future has been a favorite prophecy with a number of papers for several months, stories affirming or denying the report having been printed from time to time during the fall by different papers of the Northwest. The cause for the recent reports in Spokane papers seems to have been the rumored abandonment in the near future of Fort Geo. Wright, a United States army post situated near Spokane.

However, according to President Penrose, the removal of Whitman from its present location seems extremely doubtful, for the present at least, as the College is already firmly established in this city.

"Our present location is, I believe, satisfactory," said the president, "and I think there is little likelihood of the College being moved. Of the Fort Wright proposition or the latest moves reported to have been made by the people of Spokane, I know nothing whatever."

Endowment is Moving Along

President Homan Here for the Founders Day Exercises--Fund Grows Apace.

Dr. Homan returned home from Portland Thursday in order to attend the Founders Day exercises. He and Vice-President Todd have been several weeks in Portland carrying on a systematic campaign in behalf of the endowment fund. They expect to raise \$100,000 in Portland, a large share of which amount is already secured.

Second Years Will Amend Constitution

The Second Year Academy class held a special meeting Monday. An amendment to the constitution was brought up and laid on the table until the next meeting.

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CAN YOU BEAT THE BAND?

Reader, ere continuing thy care free way adown the rose strewn path of time, pause for a moment and consider what a dull place this old world would be, sans melody, sans song. Orpheus with his tongue plucked out, a siren stricken dumb, Pan minus his magic reed—how infinitely sad to contemplate.

It is said that one of the divine instincts implanted in the soul of man is a love for music. And this must be true, for even the savage who passes his lifetime in the eternal twilight of the jungle, a little brother to the monkey and cousin of the mungoose, is constrained, now and again, to flood the dismal swamps with wild strains of untutored melody.

These few brief remarks must serve to introduce Willamette's Band, the logical successor to Alexander's Rag-time Aggregation of nation-wide fame; the compeer of all others. Last Friday evening, while the O. A. C. basketball team ran up a heavy score against the Cardinal and Gold quintet, the W. U. Band dispensed a brand of music that added greatly to the spirit of the occasion.

And here let us commend in unstinted terms the wholesouled enthusiasm which prompted our students to attend and cheer their champions through a game that everyone knew beforehand must end disastrously for the home team. Fellow students, the Willamette spirit showed true at a critical hour, and is the pure, unadulterated goods. It takes a good sportsman to smile while the other fellow drubs him. It takes a better one to sing rag-time under the same conditions, and that is what Willamette did.

If Willamette students ever doubt that the W. U. Band deserves unequalled support, even to digging up cash for its maintenance, if necessary, let them hark back to its initial advent upon the scene of action. Nero, who fiddled while Rome burned, is now a back number, and Apollo stands vindicated.

A MAN AFTER OUR OWN HEART.

The other day a nice-looking young fellow from another town walked into our office. His appearance was most pleasing to the eye, and we rose to greet him with a hand-shake. Where we had expected to encounter a firm, hearty grip, full of manly vigor, we found instead a lifeless, clammy touch that instantly chilled and repulsed.

If there is much in a name, there is more, a great deal more, in a hand clasp. Here, as in everything else where the personal element is concerned, psychology enters.

In pleasant contrast to the greeting above mentioned, was that accorded us by the Rev. Chas. A. Bowen, whose hand clasp might well be considered the criterion of the man himself. A wholesome grip is the Doctor's—one that thrills you with a pleasant sense of companionship. And a four-square man is the Doctor—a Christian gentleman.

During his short stay at Willamette Mr. Bowen won a host of friends and admirers. In his quiet, yet effective way, he talked to us. And the fact that his audience grew in proportions from night to night, and the rapt attention with which young men and women listened to him, speaks his worth more eloquently than we can tell it.

Should he return to Willamette at some future day, Dr. Bowen may be assured of a hearty welcome, for he is a man after our own heart.

JOKE SHARK

Too Late.

She looked at him sadly after she had promised to be his wife.

"Why do you gaze at me like that?" he asked. "You look as if you were unhappy."

"I'm sorry this couldn't have happened before," she replied. "Now everybody will think I took advantage of my leap year privilege.—Ex.

Latin Teacher: "Give me the principal parts of 'possum.'"
Pupil: "Head, legs and tail."

Getting Back at Him.

Theatrical Agent: "I've told yer once. I 'aven't got nothing for yer!"
Tragedian: "You might refuse me grammatically, anyhow."—London Opinion.

A Rattling Good Joke.

Doubleyew: "I think I got a rattling good car for a second-hand one."
Ecks: "Yes. The rattling is especially fine."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Stranger: "Say, be there a man around here with one leg; named Smith?"
Farmer: "Don't know; what be the name of the other leg?"

Bob: "Say, pop, if a Chinaman speaks broken English, would an Englishman speak broken China?"

Bill Had To.

Bill had a billboard. Bill also had a board bill. The board bill bored Bill, so Bill sold the billboard to pay his board bill. So after Bill sold his billboard to pay his board bill, the board bill no longer bored Bill.—Canadian Fruit Magazine.

A Senior's Plea.

"Dear father, once you said, 'My son, To manhood you have grown; Make others trust you, trust yourself, And learn to stand alone!'"

"Now, father, soon I graduate, And those who long have shown How well they trust me want their pay, And I can stand a loan."

Father (calling from head of stairs at 11:30 p. m.): "Jennie, don't you think it's about time to go to bed?"
Jennie: "Yes, papa, dear; what on earth keeps you up so late?"

Getting It Straight.

"So the bank teller has disappeared Was he short in his cash?"
"No, he was ahead. It was the bank that was short."—Boston Transcript.

Much Out of Little.

The Lady: "How much milk does the old cow give a day, Tom?"
Tom: "About eight quarts, ma'am."
The Lady: "And how much of that do you sell?"
Tom: "About twelve quarts, ma'am."
—The Sketch.

First Aid.

Professor (to graduating class in college)—"Young men, there is one more question I would like to ask, and that is what books helped you most in your struggles in education?"
Senior (promptly speaking)—"Dad's check book has helped me about as much as any of them so far."—Hastings Collegian.

Little Willie, full of glee, Poison put in mama's tea. Mama died in agony. Papa said between the licks, "Ain't he cute; he's only six."

My Trip as It Wasn't.

The conductor on the Oregon Electric promised to bring me back to Salem, so, thinking it safe to leave, I got two little green tickets—"coming" and the other "going." Inside the warm car I was happy, because across the aisle from me sat an unusually beautiful girl—without plaster on her face—and because no one knew me.

The lowing herd lowed lowly o'er the lea. All nature was at rest, because it was raining a cold, wet rain.

A large lean fellow rode a few miles with me. He had three grips—none the lagrippe. The one he held in his lap was peculiarly shaped and was quite worn.

"This grip," he said, "rode in the cab of an engine on the Northwestern for fifteen years, and on the N. P. for five years. What do you guess is in it now?"

"A saw-log."

He made sure the conductor was out of the car and then slyly opened the grip. There lay a wide-eyed bull pup.

I blinked at the pup, the pup blinked at me. "You see," he added, "they won't allow them to ride in a coach."

"Hello, Brick! Going to Forest Grove?"

"Why, hello there, man Hadley! How's your moss? Sit down and warm your hands. How is Pacific College? Yes, going over to P. U. to help select judges for the O. S. O. A. contest."

Hadley and I went to school together when we were boys—real good boys. We talked. I reminded him how one day long ago everybody denied knowledge as to who painted the principal's desk green, and how, at noon when a crowd of boys were hanging around the stairway, someone remarked, "I wonder what color of soap Hadley used this morning."

"Take your eyes off that girl and listen," he rejoined. "One time four boys stole a bee-hive. One of the number used his coat to stop up the opening so the bees could not get out and eat them. They solemnly deposited the box of emigrants upon the steps of the school building, removed the coat and turned to leave. Harrison, I have seen the swellest dangers in Boston and San Francisco, but they are but sticks when compared to the grace and agility you exhibited when those bees that remained in your coat got warmed up."

The girl across the aisle looked at me and smiled merrily. I pulled my hat down over my eyes, gritted my teeth, shot a fist toward Hadley, and said, "Have some candy, old man."

The brakeman from the extreme rear of the car called out "Garden Home." Trying to act cute I answered, "The same at this end of the car." "That's true," added a traveling man behind us, "judging from the number of cabbage heads present."

Garden Home is a railroad junction. The train for Forest Grove hated so badly to take on us two that it delayed in coming forty-five minutes longer than usual.

In the rear of that car were five happy college men: J. Earl Jones of U. of O., another former schoolmate of mine; Escheicht of O. A. C., Hodge of Albany College, and we two. Each of us got knocked down and Hodge moved that we postpone the remainder of the fight till we got to the dinner table.

We tore up a seat, built a bonfire, and told yarns of the time when we were in college, how we would brag on the professors' wives in order to get good grades; how a placard of the faculty came down from the ceiling during chapel instead of waiting till the Sophomore blow-up, or head-burst, that evening.

At the hotel dining table, at Forest Grove, the battle was renewed, Miss Mickelson of O. S. N. S., and Mr. Burkitt of Mc.M. C. being the new entries (not entrees). If the "survival of the fittest" is a necessary truth, Jones of U. of O. will live nine hundred and sixty-nine years, for he ate up everything served, and only the sharp eye of Miss Mickelson saved the life of his napkin.

We walked under The Oaks up to Marsh Hall, made a dextral vert and entered the president's office. At the side of a large table sat Mr. Hope, president of the O. S. O. A. In a large semi-circle was arranged the executive committee.

The first thing we did was to get our names printed three hundred times on some letterheads. Next we ordered the photographer to stand in the rain half an hour longer and then we would

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let him squint at us. Next we named all the prominent and unbiased men that we could think of in the U. S. At one breath I named Wm. H. Taft and A. F. Flegel, Jr. Within two hours we had chosen twenty-five judges. Of course not quite all of them will judge. Sincerely, many times representatives objected to names because the nominees were connected with their own school. The meeting was remarkably harmonious.

The photographer was nearly soaked. During the performance it was hard TWELVE—Collegian—Feb 8 to keep Jones still, as he was craning his neck to look at every girl in sight. The photographer got mad and cursed and then Jones was good. The next morning our unlikeliness were printed several thousand times in the Oregonian.

We satisfied our great desire to see the splendid new gym and the attractive girls' dormitory. In a thotless moment of reminiscence, I muttered something about a girl, a bonfire, a clock and a stroll. The others overflowed with details.

We took in the town. It was fairly easily digested. State President Hope gallantly showed Miss Mickelson the charms of the Girls' Hall, The Oaks and the old stone seat. At 5:48 he passed us in a dead run, and, sacrificing one valuable puff, he sang out, "Why didn't you bring her grip?"

We leisurely proceeded to the attractive men's club house. In a dimly lighted room, I exclaimed, "Here I've found Hadley's autobiography, for it is something about a fool." Hadley carefully looked it over, turned to me, his generous face clouded by a sad smile, and said, "It's too bad, Harrison, that you can't read even your own signature."

McMinnville and P. U. played two games of basketball that evening, which most of us saw. Jones wasn't there on account of a high power magnet at McMinnville needing his attention.

I left the game to catch the 10 p. m. electric train. The conductor punched my little green coming ticket, shook his head—and fat body—and said, "There are no more southbound trains to Salem tonight."

"But the agent at Forest Grove said there was, and the conductor from Salem said he would bring me back."

"That conductor is asleep in Portland."

"Then I'll stop at Garden Home."
"There's no hotel at Garden Home."
"I can eat carrots."
"You look like you had." He silently laughed all over.

I waited several moments, hoping that he would invite me to spend the night at his home in Portland. Despairing of this, I said, "Let me off at Hillsboro."

He wrote O. K., P. I. G., on my little ticket that he had bitten.

I removed the car from myself at Hillsboro. "The night was dark and stormy and the wind was full of air." I went to the hotel, stepped up to the clerk and with my hand in my overcoat pocket asked solemnly, "Would you keep a brick over night?" Thinking that I meant a shining gold brick instead of a common old dry one, he brightly replied, "Indeed, I will do it. I will place it in the safe."
"I prefer a bed."
No, I never got back home. I'm dead.
C. B. H.

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the apples showed enthusiastically, if sparingly, from above.

But the Hall faces bankruptcy! It might as well be admitted. For many weeks the Oregonian has daily found its way into the parlor, and has each day been perused from cover to cover. All the cases of would-be-divorcees, lad-shoots-self, and hats-will-be-higher have been fondly digested. The Sunday and its gorgeous pages have also received full attention. But now when the never-as-yet-paid bill comes in, individuals looking upon it, turn ashy pale, gasp weakly and faint away. One dares not even mention the bill. Must the hat-rack and the skylight be pawned!

Adelphians.

Last Friday afternoon the Adelphians held a most interesting program. After the roll call which was answered with quotations from Shakespeare, Esther Emmel delighted the society and their visitors by rendering beautifully a piano solo. A fine original story by Leota Humphrey entitled "For the Championship," was read, and then Eleanor Rogers told of certain Adelphians and others connected with Willamette University twenty years hence. Helen Blackwell and Hortense Ingalls pleased everyone with a duet. Then Miss Blackwell responded to a call for an impromptu reading by giving a charming little sketch. Last, in the parliamentary practice conducted by Aetna Emmel, many interesting subjects were discussed and voted upon.

Senior Law Notes.

Edgar Martin and Burton Stanford of last year's class have formed a partnership for the practice of law. They will have offices in the Lumbermen's building, Portland, Oregon. Edgar Martin will remain in Salem until after the bar examination. Mr. Stanford conducting the business during the interim. Both are very intelligent young men and should do well in their new line of endeavor.

Mr. Codding is again in the limelight. The experiences he has gone thru at various times during the past five months, in crossing vacant lots and pastures, being intercepted each time by a bovine, doesn't seem to have taught him a lesson. Altho the bovine doesn't enter into his latest escapade, something just as dangerous does; nothing else than a very beautiful young lady. Almost every evening after class, while crossing the State House grounds, he runs foul of the little gum drop. Although he has not as yet required the services of a minister, he may at any time.

Earl Nott has lost his identity. Several weeks ago he had his silver-tinted locks shorn, curls and all. He is much handsomer, in fact, so much so that Prof. Van Winkle failed to recognize him—insisted upon calling him "Bishop." Although nee Nott is very dignified, we fail to see that he resembles a bishop.

A very exciting (and some say) a very close game of basketball was played between the Senior Laws and the Capital Business College. The game was won by the Business College, but we are unable, at this time, to give it in detail, as the book was lost. A return game will be played in the near future. All games scheduled for this week are called off, owing to injuries to several of the players. Two games will be played next week. One with Sophomore Medics, the other with the Deaf and Dumb School.

College Gifts for Missions.

Very interesting returns have been gathered by the Student Volunteer Movement concerning gifts to missions made by the faculties and students of the colleges of the United States and Canada in the last academic year. The total comes to \$187,519.16, which is an increase of \$53,757.57 over the year before.

These gifts came from 552 institutions, and about forty thousand students. As there are 1572 institutions in the list and about three hundred thousand students, it will be seen that the field will yield a much larger harvest as the result of further and better cultivation.

In the list we find that our Methodist institutions have responded in this manner: Goucher College, \$500; Northwestern University, \$1100; Ohio Wesleyan University, \$900; Simpson College, \$445; Syracuse University, \$840; Wesleyan University, \$500. The list from which this information is derived includes only institutions that have contributed \$300 or more. Doubtless many of our institutions have made contributions less than that amount.

Of the total amount, \$187,519.16, contributed \$72,934.74 was designated as for city and home missions and \$114,584.42 for foreign missions.

Marriage Not Necessary to Salvation, Says Professor Hammond of Kimball College.

It has been decided: (1) That all Kimball students and faculty desire a short cut to chapel; (2) that a short cut would save sixty seconds every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, or one and one-half hours during the school year; (3) that the faculty will obtain the material; (4) that the students will celebrate "Founders Day"; (5) that the short cut plank walk will be laid, and (6) that all classes preceding chapel can continue for one minute longer than heretofore without making students too late to the services. Hans Schroeder in Church History class, while discussing the seven sacraments to the Catholic Church, one of which is marriage, asked: "Is it necessary to have all of the sacraments performed in order to be saved?"

Prof. Hammond: "No, marriage is not necessary to salvation, but most people seem to think it is."

Notes of Suffragette Lectures.

Miss Whitney of California is making a tour of Oregon in the interests of woman suffrage. This is her first appearance as a public speaker. Her arguments were logically and forcefully arranged.

Oregon is the only dark spot on the woman suffrage map of the West and Northwest.

Woman has the same emotions and feelings as man—why not give her a chance to use them.

Woman suffrage will double Oregon's electorate as it has California's.

The increase of the electorate will be an intelligent one, as more girls than boys graduate from high schools, and it will be a moral one as there are far fewer women than men in the penal institutions.

Boys and girls, men and women, mingle together in schools, churches, theatre, etc. Why not at the polls also?

In order to have high minded, great-souled men you must have high-minded, great-souled women.

It is not expected that woman suffrage will bring the millennium in half a night.

Women Tennis Players to Meet Oregon in May

University of Oregon, Feb. 22.—The first co-ed tennis tournament between the University of Oregon and the University of Washington was made a certainty by the signing of a two-year contract for the meeting by Athletic Manager Geary today. The tournament will take place on May 10 and 11 at the University of Washington. Next year it will be held at Oregon.

A few Interesting Facts About Evangelist Bowen

Charles Ambrose Bowen, the youngest of six sons, was born in a log house on a farm in Brown County, Ohio, 1865. His mother, a devout Christian woman, died when he was a small boy. His early schooling was limited to the attendance a few months in the year at a district school in the woods. There were but two or three books in the home, one of them being the family Bible. He was converted in his nineteenth year, and was soon after made superintendent of the village Sunday school. Desiring a more extended education, he entered the normal school at Valparaiso, Indiana, graduating in elocution and oratory in 1887. The next six years he spent at Ann Arbor, graduating from the high school, and receiving from the State University his bachelor's and master's degrees (the latter in Philosophy, Greek and Hebrew) in the years '92 and '93 respectively. While in college he took an active part in all its life, holding at various times important positions, such as presidency of athletic association, place on varsity baseball team, presidency of literary society, general secretaryship of varsity Y. M. C. A., presidency of ministerial band. For three summers he had charge of the athletic sports at the Bay View, Mich., Chautauqua.

In 1893 he entered the Boston University School of Theology, where he again became active in college sports by catching on the varsity baseball team. Here he graduated in 1895, being one of the honor men of the class. Here later he also took his doctorate in philosophy. All thru his college and theological courses, like many other boys, he was compelled to "work his way." He entered active ministry in 1895 and was admitted to the Ohio Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1898. In 1895 he married a Wellesley College graduate, after whose death in 1906 he married Mrs. Mabel Hayner, whose husband died on the mission field of North China after

eight years of devoted service. In 1909 he entered the Puget Sound Conference and at the present time is located at Olympia, Wash.

Mr. Bowen has been a frequent contributor to the Advocates of his denomination and to "The Missionary Review of the World," published in

New York and in London. In the latter named periodical will soon appear an illustrated article entitled "The Call of the Lumberjack," by the same author. "Preaching to Men in Shops," a pamphlet issued by the Methodist Publishing House, is also a work of his and has had a wide circulation.

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Co-Ed's Corner

Edited by Grace Edgington

HALL NEWS

Lausanne Hall.

Friday evening at the Hall, Dr. Bowen was a dinner guest, and when the girls went to the parlor for music afterward, and Gertrude Reeves was having a dreadful time making the fire burn, the good doctor lent her his assistance in blowing at the front draft. Each evening before chapel meetings, the faithful have been mustered and conducted over. Only one little vanity ever crept in, illustrated as follows: An anxious face appears at somebody's door, and a voice, the gravity of which might imply that the destiny of a nation hung on the answer, inquires: "Say, are you girls going to wear hats?"

Miss Valeda Hoxie, a frequent visitor at the Hall, remained to dinner Friday evening with Miss Hollenbeck. "Family" disturbances will occur. Miranda sometimes can't, just can't refrain from wearing Annabelle's sweater down to the postoffice, even when she knows that the latter wanted to go botanizing in it. Therefore, a little family upheaval takes place. Annabelle's Spearmint flies across the room, lodging in Miranda's hair. And Miranda shrieks and locks herself in the clothes closet and announces that she is taking carbolic acid. This she really seems to be doing. For soon the remorse-stricken Annabelle hears stifled groans, and the thud of something collapsing amidst the umbrellas and shoe polish.

In the particular case at the Hall this week, the disruption occurred between Edith and Jessie and resulted—would you believe it!—in a duel. Pearl B. counted out the seconds on the alarm clock. The high contracting parties stood rigidly back to back, at the word stepped off five paces, by placing one foot directly in front of the other, and at the turn, took aim, simultaneously, each with a deadly pillow, and fired. Both fell mortally wounded and expired artistically.

Saturday evening just after dinner, a spirit of hilarity struck the Hall, quite unannounced, and caused Pearl Bradley, determined to keep the subject uppermost in mind, to suggest playing "Picture Show." The assem-

bly was canvassed for actors and Miss Bradley put on the first performance. The head of the family is introduced, reading the evening paper, as he furtively smokes a cigar. His wife, evidently strong minded, comes in suddenly and snatches the paper. After a short battle, indicated by staggering glances and ram-rod postures, the husband flees to the club. Here, aided by sympathetic friends, also with cigars tilted up so straight as to imminently endanger their eyebrows, the hero plans to telegraph his wife that he has been killed in an accident. An obsequious bell boy takes the dispatch. But presently a return telegram explodes in their midst. His wife telegraphed: "Bury him as cheaply and quietly as possible. I'll marry the milkman tomorrow." The hero rushes home. He confronts his wife with the telegram. She displays hers. Triumphant but soupy reconciliation.

The second film was entitled "Whose hat?" Mrs. Smith out riding in her carriage meets Mr. and Mrs. Jones horseback. Mrs. Smith admires Mrs. Jones riding habit, and resolves to have one immediately, and ride too. In the next scene, Mrs. Smith is being fitted by the tailor, who whacks things up professionally and sews them together again. At home, Mrs. Smith gaily puts on the habit to surprise her husband, but leaves the derby hat, an essential part of the costume, in the parlor. Smith returns, spies and seizes the hat, rushes madly out on the street and attempts to fit it on every man he meets to discover the owner. A stream of enraged men, apple-women and dogs pursue him. With Jones, the last victim, he is dragged before the police court. Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith, called by phone, explain the hat mystery and rejoicing follows. Miss Loughbridge, Miss Reeves, Miss Graves and Miss Roberts played the leading parts.

It was Friday night at ten o'clock. On the south side of the Hall in the misty shadow cast by the garbage barrel, stood on tip toes in the mud and lifted up their siren voices, four gallant troubadours. Bewitching round-els such as "The Flies" and "Sitting Round the Fire," floated upward, accompanied by the delectable odor of the onion tops in the barrel. When they had handed out a considerable portion of their extensive repertoire, they ceased—all except Lord Jimmy. He mounted to the battlement of the venerable pile on the east, viz., the wood shed, and from thence launched a flood of eloquence which had it not been abruptly damned might have inundated the whole campus. Lincoln's Gettysburg speech, it was, and was punctuated at the proper periods by

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Academy Teams Struggle for Championship

In a hotly contested game of basketball Wednesday afternoon, the Second Year Academy class team trimmed the Third Year class team to the tune of ten to six. The game was close and fast all of the way thru, both teams putting up a good fight, but good shooting on the part of the Second Years gave them the advantage. For the Third Years Guy Johnson and Ransom starred, and for the Second Years Burdette and Gates were the shining lights, while Newton at center put up a good game, holding his man from whistle to whistle.

Five Dollar Tuition Fee at Street Car College

Kansas City, Feb. 20.—The complaint that the Metropolitan Street Railway Company demands a deposit of \$5 for men who prepare in the company's school for conductor or motor-man, and does not give it back if the depositor does not enter the service, will be taken up by the public utilities commission Thursday.

Seniors Don't Like Beer at That Dear Old Yale

New Haven, Conn., Feb. 22.—The favorite beverage of the Yale academic seniors is water, according to the vote of the class published today. Water as a thirst quencher was voted for by 109 as against 34 who voted for beer. The first choice of a presidential candidate was President Taft with 158 votes. Governor Wilson was second with 58. Only five men voted for Roosevelt.

Third Year Academy Elects.

The Third Years held a meeting on Monday at 12:15, in Miss Chappell's room, for the election of officers, and to make plans for their part in the good times for February 22. The officers for the ensuing term are president, Mr. Bartlett; vice president and reporter, Miss Wastell; treasurer, Mr. Wesley Todd; secretary, Miss Cookesey, and sergeant-at-arms, Mr. Lund.

First Year Academy Elects.

At a regular monthly business meeting of the First Year Academy, the following officers were elected for the second semester: President, Mr. Hoffman; vice president, Miss Roberts; secretary, Norman Hill; treasurer, Russell Day; athletic manager, Guy Harney; reporter, Milton Turner. The class also adopted a pennant, which is to serve during the entire Academy course.

Montana State College.

A donation of \$2000 has been received at that college from some eastern flax seed buyers, for the purpose of increasing the interest of flax raising in Montana. It is not exactly decided in what way it shall be used.

Be Kind to the Freshie.

Be kind to the Freshie that comes to our door, for teacher and classes will buffet him sore. Although he's at times unbearably gay, don't be in a hurry to chase him away. Just keep him and borrow a slice of his pile, and repay at leisure with a nod or a smile. His time here is uncertain; nothing is sure, as he flirts with mathematics and Shakespearean lore. He was here last week and he's here today, but tomorrow he's liable to be on his way. Thus the prof's keep him guessing, and guessing in vain; such a thing is distressing—don't add to his pain; be kind to the Freshie, and he'll be your friend, and help you to a halo and harp in the end.—Ex.

Let us do your Cleaning and Pressing. Doing business with us is like making love to a widow. You Can't Overdo It. New Spring goods are arriving daily. See our New Spring Suit Samples, New Spring Hats, New Spring Shirts. THE TOGGERY Phone 336 167 Commercial St. DAVE YANTIS AL HURST

Items of Interest From the Colleges

This year Harvard will grant the college emblem to the football men playing in the Princeton-Harvard game as well as those who participated in the Yale-Harvard struggle. The initial track meet of the fall season at Stanford was held last Saturday. The editor of the University of California Junior Annual last year has been awarded a gift of \$100 by his class. A surplus of \$210 was turned in by the manager of the annual. Seventeen students at the University of Washington were asked not to come back after the holidays, and three hundred and fifty-five more were given conditions.—Ex.

As It is in Yale.

Statistics have been compiled for the Courant to show the ultimate effect of Proms. Percentage of men who later marry the girl they have at the Prom in the Sophomore year, 8 per cent; Junior year, 15 per cent; Senior year, 27 per cent. Percentage of men to marry having a different girl each year. Different girl each year, 4 per cent; (evil effects of fickleness.) Percentage of men to marry having same girl all three years; same girl all three years, 76 per cent; (showing advantages of constancy.) Percentage of men who marry other men's girls (we are glad to see that this is very slight), 7 per cent. By means of the above figures you will be able to determine just what your chances are. But do not leave it all to Fate! In matters of this sort, a great deal depends on individual effort.—Yale Courant.

DR. BOWEN MAKES HIT

Continued from Page 1

agers of our teams. He tramped around our muddy athletic field. He rooted for our team at the basketball game. He attended our student body meetings, showing a deep interest in its proceedings. He read our college sheet thru from cover to cover. In short he made himself one of us. Nor did he do this, scheming where-by he might win some over to his doxy. He made no attempt to cram religion down any man's throat. His position was that of one who wished to aid students in getting a better insight into life and a stronger grip upon themselves. He urged that all yield themselves as willing clay into the hands of the Great Moulder. He encouraged them to enter into a covenant with Him to think, to say, to do, as they thought He would have them to think, to say, to do. In short he repeatedly (and those who heard him thruout will long remember) dwelt upon these words: "Let Him have his way with you." Those who heard him once came to hear him again. No one was made to undergo any embarrassment of elimination processes. He treated his hearers fairly. He earnestly pointed out the way and in a brotherly way encouraged to follow, but the burden of proof was ultimately left with the individual.

Mr. Bowen has left a distinct impression with the Student Body. Those who have been fortunate enough to hear him, speak with him, associate with him, will ever be grateful to him for added light; ought and will be more zealous to see that the world gets the fullest measure of devotion out of their lives.

"Leap Year."

'Tis Leap Year, girls, and don't forget The privilege o' the suffragette. With bashful, hesitating beans, Pluck up your courage and propose; Untie old Precedent's red tape And let no guilty man escape. She who hesitates is lost; So land your man at any cost; If you have youth as well as beauty, The Leap Year cry is "Do your duty." Say, "Horace, dear, will you be mine? Of all mankind, for you I pine." If he a happy year should wish you, And slyly try to dodge the issue, Just get a grip upon his coat And put the question to a vote. Throw out no signal of distress. "Hip, hip, hurrah, it is a tie—Blest be the tie that binds," you cry. J. B. K., O. S. P., WANTED.

A dozen high-class, self-supporting, Christian college students to sell the Reference Passage Bible thru-out the summer months. Exclusive territory assigned, high commissions paid, training for the work free. Adequate salary based on commission guaranteed. A high-class opportunity for high-class men. Apply now. W. C. R., Collegian office. DR. O. F. HEISLEY DR. S. ETTA HEISLEY DRS. HEISLEY & HEISLEY Osteopathic Physicians Phones Office 618; Res. 2181 205-6 U. S. Bank Bldg.

Ah! Sad is the Fate of the Rah-Rah Boy!

Right there, good folks, in the padded cell is the man who invented the college yell; a pitiful sight, as you all can see, and a doleful wreck of a man is he. He tears his hair with a Rah-Rah-Rah, and rends the air with a Siss-Boom-Ah, and he mumbles and jumbles and screams and cries; see the swelling throat and the bloodshot eyes. All day he yells and all night he howls, and up from his throat come fearful growls as though he remembered the campus where the first of his college yells rent the air. He grins at you with a vacant eye and thinks you're a brother of Pi Chi Si; he makes a sign that all the brothers know, and waits to see if it's really so; then he thinks you are, and his great lungs swell with a rush of air for the old-time yell, and his cheeks puff out and his mouth swings wide, and a rush of sound from the far inside of his mighty chest strikes on the ear, and your heart beats fast with a dreadful fear; but you need not run from the frightful noise, for he's only one of our Rah-Rah boys.—Ex.

True "Dog"-erel.

(By a Sufferer.) Last night the neighbor's dog woke me, with resonant refrain. He howled a lone-hand solo, and he howled it o'er again. He bayed the moon with cadence sweet; he bayed the earth and sky. He mourned for friends he'd ne'er more meet—I wished that he might die. He howled the scale chromatically from A blomed near to Z; at times he shrieked dramatically, like the wind on a midnight sea. Oh, homely cur, what is the row—why all the serenade? This symphony I can't allow, you howling renegade. But hark! I hear a bump, a cry of pain—and silence. Next morning I rejoice to see that somebody used violence. Three shoes, a poker and a brick have spoiled his voice forever. They've done their best—nor have they failed—the chord of life to sever.—Ex.

Didn't Take the Hint.

Mamma: "When you spoke to the Duke of Brabrac did you say 'Your Grace' to him, as I told you to?" Freddie: "Yes, mamma, I said to him, 'Oh, Lord, for what I am about to receive make me truly thankful'—and the mean thing didn't give me a cent."—The Watch Dog. Prof. Biddle (in English Lit.): "When did the Revival of Learning take place?" Mr. Hollingworth: "Before the exams."

Advance Sale of Junior Annuals

The editor of this year will be very small and to avoid the possibility of not getting an annual, you should order now. The book will be a most attractive and valuable souvenir for any one interested in Willamette. The total cost to the Junior class will be \$2.75 per volume. The selling price will be \$1.00 At the Collegian Office

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The Subject.

"Are those women suffragettes?" "Yes." "What do you suppose they're talking about so earnestly?" "It's one of two things—millinery or politics."—Detroit Free Press.

Unwise Selection.

Farmer Hayseed: "Sorry you sent you boy to Harvard?" Farmer Corncrib: "Yep; the president is always hollerin' for more money, and little Willie follows right in his steps."—New York Sun.

Useless.

"Why don't you make up your mind to cease permitting your wife to henpeck you?" "I have made it up half a dozen times, but it doesn't seem to do any good at all. She refuses to concede that I have a mind."—Chicago Record-Herald.

What's the use o' groanin' 'Cause de clouds is black? All yo' silly moanin' Nevah push 'em back.

Troubles may be comin' Comin' in a heap; Jes' yo' keep a-hummin', Hum yo'self to sleep.

What's de use o' grumblin' Wen de groun' is wet? T'undah may be rumblin' Don' yo' nevah fret.

Storm'll soon be ovah, Flowahs bloomin' fine, Crops'll be in clovah, Wen de sun does shine.

What's de use o' shoutin', Gettin' sort o' mad? T'ings dat set yo' poutin' Makin' othas glad.

Wouldn't it be lonely, Tell me squar' an' true, Ef de worl' was only Made fur me an' you?—Anon.

Some time ago a German was riding out on the Hill City branch of the Union Pacific. Paradise, Kansas, is out on that branch. Telling of his ride to friends the German afterward inquired: "Wat kind of a country is this nowhow? Ven the train reached one town the brakeman yelled, 'Paradise,' and no one gets off. Purty soon he yelled 'Hell City,' and everybody got off." And the other day a Nebraska man on his way to Texas rode on a train all through Kansas. After he got over into Oklahoma, the train porter

THE OLD WAY

The time when it paid to start in the basement nailing boxes and work up to the manager's chair on the top floor by learning the work on the road, is past. The modern business is too big; the road is too long, and no one has time to give others commercial schooling. The profitable way is to "short circuit" the line—get a thorough training at the Capital Business College and start as assistant to the manager to begin with. Ask for catalogue.

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ter stuck his head into the car door and called, "Nowata," whereupon the Nebraska man in an injured tone of voice, exclaimed, "Well, ain't this the devil; no cups in Kansas, and no water in Oklahoma."—Ex.

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