





# Willamette Collegian



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## JOKES (?)

If it's a real joke, it passes anywhere and at almost any time. Good, practical joking is of great value. A prank which leaves a wholesome, even the disgusting effect on someone, passes muster with everybody. But—and this applies to college pranks everywhere—there must be the evidence of at least one ounce of "gray matter" in your joke. That's what makes it a joke. The fact that you are a college man does not make your stunt necessarily clever. Many are not. If to play a prank causes "Dean" Clark or anyone else five or six hours of labor, it is not clever. Such a thing as scattering benches about the campus and leading animals around in Eaton hall might easily be the concept of an infant's brain. It is not beyond it. However, the prank—thru courtesy not called infantile villany—does not evidence the slightest presence of the mental. The savages in Africa might appreciate this joke (?). Take it there. It is hoped that the deed is below Willamette students, but it may not be for some.

## WATCH YOUR STEP!

May day has come and May day has gone. The visitors have departed, the queen has abandoned her crown of garlands for one of thought and exams are upon us. All the festivities have wended their ways into the dim labyrinth of the past. We feel that we must be much older now than we were then.

But harken to the call that floats in on the overladen breezes: "Let us forget." The wire fences are down, but the grass is still peeping upward, and may continue to do so if we only remember and obey those oft-repeated precepts according to Ralph Barnes. For a while we cultivated good habits. Let us not slip away from them. Let us not patronize the little by-paths which trot along beside the cement walks, but look stonily ahead, and ignore their presence until the green grass waves above them. It will be good psychology for us to direct our feet and our bicycles in the paths of righteousness at least until the middle of June.

And those terrible centennial boxes, and the notes we wrote in the library! They just will flutter down on to the campus! And yet, behold the green containers sporting themselves at enchanting intervals along the way. It just makes one more thing for us to remember, and with so many things already one more can't make much difference.

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## McKITTRICK HEADS PHILS

New Officers Elected; Belgium and Pep Are Subjects of Programs

A week ago last Wednesday night, after the regular program, the Philodorian selected their officers for the coming term. The result of the election was as follows: President, Bryan McKittrick; vice president, Paul Sherwood; secretary, Verne Bain; assistant secretary, Bruce White; treasurer, Howard Mort; reporter, Leon Jennings; censor, Paul Wapato; sergeant-at-arms, Bryan Conley.

The subject for this program was "Belgium." In the first number, "Battlefields of the World," David Lawson told some of the history of Belgium, and praised the Belgian people for their honor and bravery. Newell Stone rendered two of Henry Van Dyke's shorter poems in "Causes of War." The third number was a general discussion, humorous and otherwise, of the "Causes of War." Floyd Wilkinson followed with a few words in praise of Cardinal Mercier and King Albert in "Belgian Heroes of the Great War." Next the assembly was subjected to "The Plain Trust in Poetry" by "The Base of Our Society," which was a humorous resume of college life and activities, with a few personal touches. The best number on the program was "The Americans Come," by Bryan Conley. Mr. Conley, having spent some time overseas and also possessing natural ability, was enabled to give a very interesting talk, depicting the work and reception of the Americans in France. Following the "Phil Songfest," "The War After the War" was staged. This proved a very snappy parliamentary practice with Verne Bain in charge. Following the censor's report by Ralph Thomas, the meeting adjourned.

[With the fog end of the school year here, the Phil's topic of "Pep" was not at all inopportune. Pep began with one of the peepiest to sponsor its cause when Ralph Thomas gave the opening talk in his usual aggressive and convincing manner. This was followed by a talk from one who is certainly "long" on the aforesaid condiment, "pep"—"Hiko" Ohling presented a live, enthusiastic discourse upon the aspirations and ambitions that should be fostered by every loyal son of Willamette and especially the Phils—to put a little more pep in the good-old school's "pep." The future plans of Phils were discussed at some length in respect to furnishing the prospective new halls and the work of next year. Then came that most impressive of all Phil ceremonies—the installation of officers. Pep was sprinkled freely about as each old officer gave his farewell address and each new officer reciprocated with an initial speech. So full of the old Willamette pep—the Phils all went over to the Spa and enjoyed a rare treat which the new officers as the custom, cheerfully offered as a token of good Phil pep.

## X MEN INSTALL OFFICERS

Authors, and Science Furnish Topics For Literary Discussion

The Christophillan Literary program of two weeks ago was very good. It was strictly literary and was arranged in the form of a study of three authors, their lives and their works. The authors who were discussed were O. Henry, Kipling, and Service. Preceding the literary program there was a short musical number.

Roy Skeen gave a very good rendition of "My Little Grey Home in the West." Responding to a hearty encore he sang "All Through the Night." Mr. Skeen has a very pleasing voice and he knows how to use it. During both numbers he was accompanied by Harold Lyman on the violin.

O. Henry was the first author to be discussed. Edward Notson gave a short report of the writer's life, bringing out many points of interest, of which the average person does not know. O. Henry is certainly an interesting and unique author and Mr. Notson brought out these qualities especially. John Brougier gave a comprehensive report of one of O. Henry's most popular short stories, "Schools and Schools." Another of O. Henry's stories, "After Twenty Years" was given by Harold Drake. The plot was well brought out and every one present got a real appreciation of O. Henry's works.

As an illustration of the works of Kipling, Rodney Alden read the poem, "The Ladies." Those present certainly got a few pointers on learning the "wimmen" (thru Mr. Alden's comprehensive interpretation of the poem).

Service, the well known modern author, was represented by a poem read by Virgil Anderson. Mr. Anderson first said a few words about the style of Service and then gave "The Ballad of Hard-Luck Henry," which is typical of Service's style. Immediately succeeding the pro-

gram the new officers for the coming term were installed. Those who will serve as officers during the next term are: President, Frank Bennett; vice president, Gordon Sammons; recording secretary, Waldo Zeller; corresponding secretary, Ray Schmale; treasurer, Keith Lyman; marshal, Edward Notson; and Collegian reporter, Virgil Anderson. "Officers' Treats" concluded the evening's program.

Last Wednesday evening a very good program was enjoyed by the society. It was the first meeting under the regime of the new officers, so the program was opened by an inaugural address from Frank Bennett, the new president of the Christos. It was well thought out and was given with that real earnestness and zeal, those qualities which mark the dependable leader. In his speech Mr. Bennett clearly defined the aims and ideals of the society, then pointed out its needs and shortcomings and how they might be corrected. He said that the Christophillan Literary Society stands with Willamette University at the parting of the ways.

Mr. Bennett's speech was followed by a vocal solo given by Paul Doney. Mr. Doney first sang the "Bedouin Love Song" and then responded to an encore with "Little Mother of Mine." Both numbers were ably rendered, the deep bass voice of Mr. Doney bringing out the true quality of the solos.

The program last Wednesday was a scientific one, a study of the development and various branches of science as it is evident today. Henry Spleas first gave a talk on the Evolution and Development of Science.

Science was traced from its origin, thru its development and down to its problems and needs of the present day. It was a very good review of a difficult subject.

Harvey McLain next gave a talk on Miracles vs. Science. The underlying laws and principles upon which science is built and the wonders that science is accomplishing today were dwelt on at length. Mr. McLain then took up miracles, showed where they differed from science and pointed out the great gap that would forever keep them far above anything which man may devise.

The next scientific talk was a review of the Einstein Theory by Jacob Nickel. He showed a good understanding of the theory and gave many instances to show the real application of it. The subject took him over the fields of physics and chemistry and up into the realms of astronomy.

A review of parliamentary law was conducted by Ray Schmale and a short practice was held to bring out the principles which have been studied by the society during the past few weeks.

The critic's report was given by Andrew Caton, the society's new critic for the beginning term.

## LINCOLNIANS INTERESTED

Instructive Programs Fill Meetings of Infant Organization

The last two meetings of the Lincolnian Literary Society have been very instructive as well as interesting. At the meeting on May 12, Mr. S. Hall discussed both sides of the question of Home Rule for Ireland. His conclusion was that Ireland should not have home rule. Mr. Blenkinsop explained the purpose and working of the interchurch World Movement. Mr. Ransor gave a brief account of Leonard Wood's life, and left it to the judgment of the individuals whether or not they should vote for him for president. Mr. Villanueva talked on the subject "Law as a Profession." Mr. Bailey gave the reading "A Code of Morals," by Kipling. Mr. Lisle then displayed about a dozen pistols of all makes and shapes, and discussed the evolution of the pistol.

At the meeting on May 19, Mr. Dent told of the funniest experience he ever had. Mr. Shotwell discussed the cause and cure of the H. C. L. Mr. Sherwood gave a practical discussion of applied psychology. Mr. Schell entertained the assembly with the Scotch reading "Imp-m-m." Mr. Brock described the life and character of James Whitcomb Riley, and read some of his poems for illustration.

The members of the society are taking increased interest in the welfare of the society, and are working hard to make each program beneficial and entertaining, and to make the society one of the best in the university.

Professor R. L. Nye, head of the department of Agricultural teaching and rural life at Syracuse University, originated a novel library consisting of textbooks for the use of students who will ultimately be called upon to select textbooks for schools in which they teach. The new library is known as "The Publisher's Exhibition Library" and will be open to all Syracuse students who may wish to use it. It is the only library of its kind and is receiving widespread support from publishers throughout the country.

## ALUMNI NOTES

"Who's Who" 1920, the Willamette University Alumni Register has been completed and printed copies are now being mailed to the alumni of our school. The book contains 88 pages with the names, addresses and short history of the thousand persons who have graduated from the departments of Liberal Arts, Law, Medicine, Music, Pharmacy and Oratory, and those who have received honorary degrees. The names are arranged in three lists—first by classes, second alphabetically, third by states and towns.

Someone has done an immense amount of work in preparing this manual and we give to them our sincere thanks and congratulations on their success.

The next step is to keep this record up-to-date. Let all alumni hereby resolve to keep the university informed of their addresses and supplied with the other requested information.

If any person has not received his copy of the Who's Who, send your name and address to the Registrar of Willamette University at Salem, Oregon.

### Class of 1888.

Thomas Van Scoy, A. M., D. D., president of Willamette University from 1880 to 1890, signed the diploma given to the class of 1888. Two honorary degrees were presented at that time. Rev. John F. De Vore, and Prof. Herbert F. Fiske, A. M., were each given the degree of D. D. William F. Heitzler, A. B. '88, now lives at Los Angeles, Cal., R. F. D., box 618, where he is engaged in the plumbing business. He is a member of the State and National Association of Master Plumbers.

Rev. Albert S. Mulligan, A. B. '88, lives at 1650 Fairmount street, Salem, Ore. He has been a minister of the Methodist church since 1882, having been a member of the Columbia River and Oregon Conferences.

Mrs. Aeolia F. Royal Oberg, A. B. '88, was living in Montavilla, Ore., at last accounts. Her husband, Rev. Harold Oberg, A. B. '88, was a Methodist pastor in Oregon for several years. He received the degree of Bachelor of Divinity from Garrett Biblical Institute.

R. H. Willis, A. M. '88, address unknown. Information concerning Mr. Willis will be greatly appreciated.

### Law—1888.

Willis C. Hawley, B. S. '84, A. B., L. L. B. '88, A. M. '91, has been our representative in congress since 1907. He was formerly principal of Umpqua Academy, 1884-6; professor of history in Willamette University 1891-1907; and president of Willamette University 1893-1902.

J. N. Brown, L. L. B. '88, was located as an attorney-at-law in Salem when last heard from.

### Medicine—1888.

D. M. Brower, M. D. '88, is now judge of the Ashland city court. He is a graduate of the American Extension University, B. L. '16. He is the author of essays on "The Sympathetic Nervous System." He has practiced medicine continuously since his graduation.

Dr. Henry S. Goddard, M. D. '88, is living near Vancouver, Wash., on rural route number five.

The last known addresses of their classmates are as follows:

D. B. Amick, M. D. '88, Ocean-side, Cal.

Matthew J. Patton, M. D. '88, address unknown.

J. S. Smith, M. D. '88, address unknown.

### Music—1888.

Mrs. Joseph H. Albert, nee Jessie Dahlymple, music '88, lives at 245 Winter street, Salem, Ore. Mr. and Mrs. Albert are both pioneers and natives of Oregon and tell many interesting stories of the early days.

Mrs. John O. Goltra, nee Kate Reynolds, A. B. '85, music '88, lives at 725 Court street, Salem, Ore. She is a member of the Home and Foreign Missionary societies and of the Salem Women's club.

### In Memoriam—1888.

Rev. John Jensen, B. S. '88, died 1893.

W. A. Bagley, music '88, deceased, 1918.

Warren B. Shabugh, A. B. '18, is at Wenatchee, Wash. "Once a farmer, always a farmer"—maybe. He certainly can raise apples according to the most modern application of the principles of psychology.

### 1895.

Fred Lockley, normal department '95, is a candidate on the Republican ticket for the secretary of state. Mr. Lockley is a self-made man and has worked his way since he was twelve years old. He carried a newspaper route in Butte, Mont. While attending high school in Kansas, he worked after school and during summer holidays on his father's paper. He attended O. A. C. during the winter of 1899-90.

While attending the normal department of Willamette University, he made expenses by working in the Salem postoffice. At present he is known as the "Journal Man," being the feature writer of the Oregon Journal. During the war he went overseas as a worker in the Y. M. C.

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1896. John McCourt, L. L. B. '96, is the presiding judge of the circuit court which has headquarters at Portland. Judge McCourt is a candidate for reelection to department number six.

He acted as United States attorney from 1908 to 1918. His residence is at 560 East Broadway.



The Monocle has noticed that a great deal has been said concerning the political situation in this country. He has also tried to imagine how he would feel if he were running for some office. Doubtless very many feelings would arise, some of sorrow and some of disappointment. Before putting in his name as a candidate he sees a few of his friends and notices that some of his friends are backing him; then he will probably file his name as a possible candidate.

From this time on he watches the people, tries to be nice to them, and tries to win a vote. He sees a man coming whom he is sure will vote for him, yet beside him is a man of whom he is a little doubtful. Several men are assembled on the corner and in this group he notices three men whom he is sure will not vote for him. There comes a prominent man, who he knows will vote for him and whose influence will probably bring many other votes. But behind is a man whose vote he is afraid he will lose, but after all he is not an influential man in the town. The election day approaches and the excitement grows more intense. He has now made a list of voters and has counted over the votes and has there listed enough to give him a large majority. The returns begin to come in, at first he has a lead, but it quickly decreases. The returns are now complete and he has lost by a wide margin. Think of the feelings which would come to one after such a promising outlook and such a gloomy failure. Is it any wonder some people get disappointed?

The examinations are now being advertised by our professors; and a few students are letting the fact be known. There are some in the school who try to keep these tests a secret by showing their merit in the form of penicils. Many of these students may be in a position to spend their time in such a manner but it is quite evident that there are some who should be studying and who aren't. It is probably pretty late for a warning, but "better late than never."

Scholarship is something. Let's keep our standard up to that of the school. If you have time and can afford a few hours, then go on a picnic and have a good time; but if your studies are dragging—beware.

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By the Misses Helen Rose and Lorelei Blatchford

The annual banquet honoring the senior class was given by the juniors Saturday evening in the First Methodist church. President and Mrs. Doney and Miss Richards were the faculty guests for the occasion. Green and white, the senior colors, were used in the decorations and the place cards. The menu consisted of:

**Fruit Cocktail**  
**Veal Croquets**      **Riced Potatoes**  
**Peas in Patties**  
**Hot Rolls**      **Relishes**  
**Candle Salad**      **Saltines**  
**Senior Brick Special**  
**Cake**      **Mints**      **Coffee**

Miss Winifred Eyre, vice-president of the junior class, welcomed the seniors and introduced Mr. Paul Flegel who acted as toastmaster. Mr. Flegel called for the following speeches: Senior Records... Mr. Merrill Ohling On, Willamette, Ever Onward... Miss Fay Peringer We'll Strive, We'll Stand, We'll Stay by Old Willamette... Mr. Kenneth Legge On the Campus... Mr. Harold Emmel Here's to W. U... Miss Rita Hobbs Impromptu... Dr. Doney

The banquet was prepared by the members of the junior class under the direction of Miss Mildred Garrett. The juniors were assisted in the serving by several freshmen, Miss Mildred Strevey, Miss Dean Hutton, Miss Bruce Putnam, Miss Betty Skages, Mr. Elmer Strevey, Mr. Leon Jennison, Mr. Verne Ferguson and Mr. Orlo Gillet.

The Kappa Gamma Rho fraternity held its first annual banquet in the small ballroom at the Hotel Marion at 6:30 Friday evening. Several clever after-dinner speeches and two music numbers concluded a pleasant evening for the entire fraternity and its friends. The guests of the Kappa Gamma Rho were Dr. and Mrs. Charles L. Sherman, the Misses Grace Townsend, Ada Hawley, Mary Elizabeth Hunt, Laura Shipley, Laura Ruggless, Dorothy Lamb, Eva Roberts, Mary Notson and Faerie Wallace.

The last Chresto picnic of the year was held by the alluring waters of the Willamette at eventide a week ago last Saturday. The much abused scratch list was evaded this time and a jolly big crowd made the journey animated and pleasant. Since the party did not leave the Chresto halls until almost 4:30, the first big thing of the evening was disposing, in the most agreeable manner possible, of the wieners, sandwiches, pickles, buns, beans, cookies and bananas. A crackling camp fire and the sizzling of the "dogs" stimulated action. In fact puppy was squashed outright. The freedom of the springtime and of the great out-of-doors made the revellers loathe to leave, even at darkness and 9 o'clock, when the ingenuity of the social committee in providing games was exhausted.

Fairy lore again supplied material for the Chrestomathean program last Friday when Pandora reopened her enchanting box. The first surprise which popped out was Bruce Putnam's "The Legend," a piano solo composed especially for the occasion.



## Graduation

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Robbin Fisher, Lester Day, Bayard Findley, Dwight Findley, Phil Bartholomew, Robert Maulden, Ralph Barnes, Ralph Thomas, Merrill Ohling, Kenneth Legge and Hubert Wilken, Esther Parousagian, Winifred St. Clair, Della Engelbart, Genevieve and Louise Findley served.

American music, not "jazz," was the subject for the program of the Philodolians on Friday, May 14, at the Beta Chi house. Miss Holman of the school of music gave her lecture on American music, illustrating the two main types with Indian songs by Marguerite Cook, and Negro songs, given by the Phil quartet.

Miss Holman concluded her lecture with selections from MacDowell, one of America's greatest composers. Her lecture was educational as well as extremely interesting.

On Monday evening, May 17, Mrs. Alden entertained with a dinner party. Those who enjoyed Mr. Alden's hospitality were Janette Jones, Bruce Putnam, Margaret Alden, Paul Doney, Leon Jennison, and Rodney Alden.

Eva Parrett was a Newberg visitor over Sunday.

Beta Chi announces the pledging of Margaret Legge and Gretchen Brown to their organization.

Mr. E. C. Richards has returned from his duties in the campaign for \$100,000 for Willamette. His return is due to a severe attack of rheumatism.

Miss Sibyl Smith was a Vancouver visitor. While there she attended a quiet wedding on Tuesday, May 18.

Miss Bernice Knuths and Miss Grace Collins were both present at the recent concert of Madame Gall-Carrel. Professor and Mrs. Gustav Ebsen, Dr. and Mrs. John R. Sites and Mrs. R. L. Mathews were faculty members present.

One week ago Saturday evening the Philodolians and Philodolians, leaving cars and studies at home, wended their way across the little bridge over the slough and through the fields and fences to the far side of Minto's Island. There on a grassy spot beside the Willamette they whiled the time from 4 to 9:30, playing ball, roasting wieners, watching the boxing matches between Verne Bain and Willard Lawson, Esther Parousagian and Constance Maclean, watching Esther's and "Hike's" solo dances, singing Willamette songs and popular ones as well and sitting around a wonderful campfire telling stories. At 9:30 they were forced to leave the fire and the fun for they were far from town. As they strolled homeward, all joined in thinking what a wonderful evening they had chosen for the last Phil joint of the year '19-'20.

Miss Mary Jane Albert was a guest at the Gamma Phi house at U. of O. for their junior week-end. Miss Helen Rose was entertained at the Theta house.

Miss Helen Hoover spent this weekend in Portland, visiting her father, who is ill.

Mr. Clare Gillette was the charming host for a delightful dinner party at his home a week ago Sunday. Surrounding the table was Miss Lorelei Blatchford of Salem.

—Woodburn Morning Glory.

After impatiently waiting for two and seven-eighths years, the juniors attained on Tuesday last that "sumnum bonum" of college life, a flunk day. Two trucks and one private car filled with flunkers, drivers, chaperones and eats turned their noses away from the studios of Salem and out toward the refreshing delights of Silver Creek, just as the town clock was striking six. Having smuggled "Fuzzy" past the penitentiary, the juniors proceeded to make the long bumpy ride short and easy by such frivolities as a game of catch between the two trucks, civil war between the defenders of the red and the defenders of the blue and other mischief. Once at the falls, scrambling up and scrambling down, the plucking of violets and the gathering of lamb-tongues, awestruck marveling at the majestic falls or fine-fluted moss, and the devouring of eats with baseball between courses, kept the majority from suffering any ennui. The Silver Creek kids made delightful hosts. As a fitting complement to the hike to the upper falls, a vesper song service was held in "The Little Brown Church in the Wildwood." General Herald Emmel was the leader, while Miss Ruth Wise was his lieutenant at the organ. Sister Sibyl Smith was particularly helpful in the selection of songs. Twilight and evening star found the trucks donning their chains right on the brink of the mud holes. Flowers, dirt, and a general feeling of happiness now occupied the center truck space where the lunch had formerly been stored. The homeward journey was decorated with "Hall, Hall, The Gang's All Here," other music and parlor tricks. Mrs. Ebsen and Mrs.

Doney were returned safely to their homes about the time that girls' rules demand "lights out" on a mid-week evening, and just about half past ten Miss Barnes was declaring that she'd like to go again.

Mrs. Julia Street who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Corner, during the past weeks left for her home in Seattle last Tuesday morning. On Wednesday she was joined in Portland by her mother, Miss Marie Corner and Mr. Ivan Corner. The entire family enjoyed the Galli-Carrel musical on Wednesday evening and Mrs. Corner, Mrs. Street, and Mr. Ivan Corner remained for the glee club concert on Thursday.

Miss Laura Ruggless spent the week-end at her home in Vancouver.

Ruth Ferguson (ex-'21) is the guest of Rita Hobbs at the Beta Chi house.

Velma Baker has returned from Wasco, where she has been teaching. She will remain in Salem until after commencement.

Miss Florence Shirley has returned home after her year of teaching.

Miss Ruth Spoor is a welcome campus visitor this week.

Miss Ardys Doughton spent Saturday and Sunday at her home in Lebanon.

Mildred Gill and Helen Rose attended the Junior week-end at O. A. C.

Dr. and Mrs. Carl Doney were hosts to the class of '20 Tuesday evening when they entertained the seniors at an attractive party. This is an annual affair and is always anticipated by each year's senior class with a great deal of pleasure. The class colors, green and white, were used in decoration, and the same color scheme was carried out in the refreshments, which were served on small tables. Mrs. Gustav Ebsen assisted Mrs. Doney in serving.

The first of the series of dinners planned and served by the girls of the Willamette domestic science classes was given last Thursday evening in the dining room of the domestic science department in Science Hall. The table was centered with yellow poppies, and around it were seated the following faculty members: Miss Lydia Fake, Dr. and Mrs. Carl Gregg Doney, Professor and Mrs. Gustav Ebsen, and Miss Frances Richards. The Misses Ethel Fogg, Mildred Strevey, Ardys Doughton, and Mildred Clarke prepared and served the dinner.

Monday evening another group of girls entertained Mr. and Mrs. Clark. Mrs. Alice Dodd, Professor and Mrs. William E. Kirk, Miss Benedict and Miss Fake.

The members of the classes are planning several other dinners to be given at which other faculty members will be guests.

Orville Crowder-Miller was the Junior week-end guest at the Lambda Chi Alpha house at Corvallis.

Miss Audrey Montague spent Saturday and Sunday as the guest of Miss Ruth Smith at her home in Dallas.

Miss Elizabeth Barnes, who directed "The Lady of Lyons," has been suffering with a case of mumps ever since Junior flunk day.

### CHAPEL NOTES

The last three chapel exercises have been filled with help and value for all the students. Mrs. Alice H. Dodd gave a talk on etiquette and President Doney, in his discussion of some of the more popular professions, presented the ministry and the law.

Willamette always enjoys the day on which Mrs. Dodd leads chapel. Her witty remarks carry messages which are burdened with thought. They cause a student to analyze him or herself. Since the address concerning etiquette, the men have been practicing placing the lady's chair properly, know the why of the chaperon and feel quite at ease in a maze of knives and forks. The ladies do not fold their napkins, but count on getting a fresh one should they ever again dine at the same home. The faculty have been besieging Beta Chi with party calls. Dr. Doney's talks concerning the advantages and disadvantages of the different professions are enjoyed as coming from one whose experience in the law and ministry would justify authoritative statements. He is keen in his criticism of the lawyer's vocation and he points out unhesitatingly the thorny places in the minister's path. President Doney was a practicing lawyer at one time and has passed a number of years in the ministry.

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### EX-PRESIDENT IS TO LECTURE

Seat Sale for Salem's Premier Season Attraction Progressing Rapidly

An event of great interest to the students is the visit of ex-President Taft and his lecture which will be on the subject, "The League of Nations Up-to-date."

The league of nations is the most absorbing topic of public interest at the present time. Our future relations with the nations of Europe and with the South American republics are at stake.

Perhaps no modern statesman is as well qualified to interpret this subject as is Mr. Taft. He has maintained a disinterested and impartial viewpoint and has studied the subject with the intensity that such a



Ex-President Taft.

puzzling problem demands. Mr. Taft presents a message of real worth in a very able manner. Such a lecture should be a very timely one for all students as all are deeply interested in the problem.

Mr. Taft is to visit Salem under the management of Ellison-White Lyceum bureau. This lecture is in no way connected with the previous local lyceum course presented here earlier in the year.

Mr. Taft will spend the entire day of May 29 in Salem. He will leave Eugene Saturday morning, arriving in Salem in time for a banquet given in his honor by the Salem Commercial Club. The day here will be spent in rest and in visiting the city and his friends here.

Reserved seats for this attraction are on sale at Willis' Music store all this week and possibly a final sale on Saturday at the armory. Reserved seats are greatly in demand for this lecture.

### NOMINEES MADE THRU FACULTY

Robbin Fisher, Fred McGrew and Faerie Wallace for the Albert Prize

Nominations for candidates for the Albert prize are announced by the faculty as follows: Robbin Fisher, J. Fred McGrew and Faerie Wallace. Election of the winner will take place at a student body meeting in the near future.

The Albert prize of \$25 is offered every year by Mr. Joseph H. Albert to the student who makes the most progress during the year in character, studies and wholesome influence. The candidates for this prize are nominated by the faculty and voted upon by the students. There are at present three Albert prize winners in attendance at the university: Raymond Attebery, Myrtle Maslin and Benjamin Rickell.

Minnetta Magers — Teacher of Singing. Pupil Francisco Seeley, Willamette University; Chas. W. Clark, Paris; Herman DeVries, Herbert Miller, Chicago. Studio, Mason Bldg. Friday afternoon, all day Saturday, each week.—Adv.

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MARY FINDLEY WINNER

(Continued from page 1.)

full in defeating Moodhe in the men's singles. Instead of the easy, safe game the two men played in Salem the week before, they used a faster style, making a better match all round. Moodhe has done well to come so close to defeating the state champion, and will probably make a clean sweep next year.

Doney also put up a good game against Smith. After losing the first set of the men's doubles 6-9, Moodhe and Doney came back and took the second set 7-5. The third set, which was won by the U. of O. players, was a real match and closer than the score would indicate.

In the mixed doubles Miss Findley and Moodhe proved quite superior to Miss Slotboom and Brown, and although the match was closely contested the result was never in doubt.

Doris Kenyon, a former student in the College of Fine Arts of Syracuse University, has entered the film world. Her first screen appearance was in "The Girl in the Limousine." Miss Kenyon, while in college, studied both vocal and instrumental music, which was used to great advantage in "Princess Pat" which was a success in New York. It was while playing in "Princess Pat" that her beauty and talents attracted the attention of picture producers, and the result is leading to a successful screen career.

Interesting International  
Items

When the Christian missionary comes to a Christian village in the African jungle, the population turns out to welcome him with laughter and capering and hymns. When he leaves, he is similarly speeded on his journey. Services may be held in a little church of mud or grass to which the congregation is called by a blast on the buffalo horn. Or they may be held out of doors, under the open sky.

The sojourn in a heathen village is not quite so pleasant. There he must spend the night in the house of some bibulous, polygamous idolator, among goats, pigs and an infinite variety of bugs and must eat unsavory things.

But he finds much that makes him happy. He finds Christians working together to build their little church; old men pathetically trying to learn to read the Bible; chiefs who have ceased to cut off the heads of their subjects as casually as if they were trees, or to hang them up side-down and beat them to death; devil doctors who have no practice; wives whose husbands treat them as well as they expect to be treated themselves.

Indeed, the change in the life of a woman in the home and the community is one of the most notable effects of Christianity. The black men never cease to marvel at the way the missionary treats his wife. A crowd of bright, astonished black faces always gathers around this strange woman who has a nice room and a bed and a chair and everything for herself at the mission home. "Just as nice as a white man's," they say with wonder. There are touching instances of fidelity on the part of the native Christian husband to his wife in cases—such as permanent disfigurement—when she would have been abandoned at once under the old system. "He was a man," wept the young widow of Lorenz, a native Christian. "I never find a man like that for love me—no never."

All native Christians are required to give up polygamy and the use of rum and tobacco, and learn to read. Some of them become devoted seekers for further knowledge. One Christian attending a religious institute, traded his meal ticket for a copy of Peregrino (Pilgrim's Progress) and lived on sweet potatoes for a week.

DEPARTMENT NUMBERS GIVEN

The recital which was given in the First M. E. church by the public speaking department was carried out to the two state training schools recently, to the boys on last Monday, and to the girls on the preceding Tuesday.

"THIRTY DAYS" BY SMITH

(Continued from page 1.)

you and show you that mistake, "so help me God."

Strange as it may seem there is no man, much less an advocate of the law, who likes to be told, point blank, that he has made an error. Judge Burton was no exception to this rule. He was rather proud of his achievements and wished to have others give him due respect.

"I think I will change the sentence," came his voice dryly. "to 30 days," and he arose and left the dock. He regretted what he had just done. The man's face, white and ill looking stood out accusingly before his mind's eye. He might be a drug addict, probably was. But suppose he wasn't? Suppose his story were true? He couldn't get the thought out of his mind. Surely no dope fiend would stand up and look a man in the eye and talk like that man had talked.

The next morning as he came in he overheard the desk sergeant saying to the officer who had made the arrest:

"Yes, he looked like a 'vag' all right, but I don't know. I can't quite make him out. He talks like a college professor and dresses like a tramp. He had only 10 cents in his pocket when we took him in, but for all that I don't know what to think."

But the judge soon forgot all about the case in the new business that developed. Although it must be admitted that he was unusually lenient in his first few cases that morning. This only goes to prove that a judge is a human being.

Of what happened during those thirty days nothing need be said. We can well pass over the details of the work, the poor food and the vermin covered bed. Suffice to say that thirty days later the iron doors closed behind Forrest Randall for the last time. His face was covered with a short stubby beard and his body was covered with vermin. But the dark circles had vanished from beneath his eyes and his step was quick and steady. His eyes were hard and grey and looked down into the very soul of one. The callouses on his hands revealed the effect of the work he had done.

As he left the place he spoke to the desk sergeant.

"Officer, do you remember what I told the judge when I came here?"

"Who wouldn't," grinned the sergeant.

"Well, I just want to remind you of it and tell you that I meant it and am going to prove it."

"Hope you do," was the crisp response as the police officer turned to his records. He hadn't time to fool with a jailbird.

Forrest Randall found temporary

employment on a farm in order to secure enough money to carry out his plans. The wages were good, the food was excellent and the fresh air was just what he needed. Three months later he went back to San Francisco and applied for a position on "The Call." What he told the editor left that man very much puzzled but nevertheless much elated. He could see the genius in Randall's mind. He sent him out to cover a small fire in "Hutcher town."

The incident was one of the thousand that one reads about in a year's time, but the writing of it placed Randall in a permanent position on "The Call." He was gaining in confidence every day. To use a slang phrase he was "getting his nerve up." He was in a position now that would some day give him the opportunity to make good his resolution as expressed to the judge. It wasn't revenge he wanted. He just wanted to show that flinty-hearted old secondhand that he wasn't a tramp. He wanted to say "I told you so" to the skeptical old sergeant, just once. After that he would leave the place and get in some business where he could make money. But business could come later. If pleasure interfered with business he would cut out business.

Randall made rapid progress in his new work. His editorials were read with great interest. They were good humored satire of conditions which affected people in general. They aroused public opinion in a startling manner. The article on the water system was read and laughed at by every voter in the city. It impressed them too, for they started at once to clean up the system.

All this pleased Forrest, but it was not the thing he was aiming at. There was one thing that he needed to do in order to carry out his resolution. His biggest job was ahead of him. It was the police department. He knew that things were wrong. He could see corruption on every side, but it was so skillfully handled that he could find no vulnerable spot in which to thrust his first shaft. To begin with, there was big Lawson, the chief, who was owned by the interests about town. He played them all impartially. Then there were the patrolmen themselves who made their little incomes from petty crooks and street walkers about town. He could see it all plain enough, but he couldn't find a place to start his campaign.

One night he stood on the corner of Market and Kearney street and watched the rain. It wasn't a heavy rain. Just the ordinary drizzle of a San Francisco winter which keeps on and on until the world looks wet and soggy and even men's minds seem to reflect the outside conditions. But Randall enjoyed it. The

street glistened and sparkled with reflections of cluster lamps, flashing electric signs and lights from the never ending stream of automobiles. People thronged past him, paying little attention to him. Suddenly he saw a figure emerge from a store building and cross the street toward him. He wasn't just sure—yes he was. It was the judge who had caused him to work thirty days for the city. Of course the judge wouldn't know him, but then he would remind him at least.

"Good evening, Judge," said he, stepping in front of the grey-haired jurist.

"Good evening, sir," answered the judge, patronizingly, after assuring himself that he did not know this man. Many people spoke to him whom he did not know.

He started to pass on but the younger man stopped him again.

"Judge, do you remember the man whom you sentenced to thirty days for vagrancy because he told you he wasn't a tramp?"

The judge looked into those steel-grey eyes for a moment without answering. He noticed the firm set of the chin, the erect bearing and excellent grooming of the figure in front of him. Then the young man spoke again.

"I am that man. I told you I would prove to you that I was not a tramp. I haven't done it yet, but I will. Just remember me."

Turning suddenly on his heel he collided with what he thought to be the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. She was small and modestly dressed. Her hat was a black and white tam-o-shanter that gave the jurist the smallest glimpse of reddish golden hair beneath. Her long rain coat showed just the tops of neat bronze boots. Terribly embarrassed, Forrest raised his hat and stammered the conventional apology. At first the girl's deep blue eyes flashed angrily, and then, seeing the man's embarrassment, she smiled and said:

"Don't mention it. If I had been looking about me it wouldn't have happened," and she stepped to the side of the old judge and took his arm with the manner of an old and privileged acquaintance. Randall tipped his hat again and then strode down the street with a series of emotions romping thru his brain. (To be continued)

Miss Mason, Mr. Wapato  
and Mr. Ramsey Elected  
to the Forensic Council

At the last meeting of the student body on Friday last, elections were made to the Forensic Council. This body is composed of three members elected from the students, one of whom must have won his bar W in oratory and one in debate. As Paul Wapato was the only bar W man in oratory, he was automatically elected, while the other two members chosen were Myrtle Mason and Bernard Ramsey.

ONE-ACT PLAY GREAT

(Continued from page 1.)

background must be accredited to Professor Della Crowder-Miller, while the unique and artistic decorations were the results of the efforts of Rev. H. N. Aldrich and students of the public speaking department. Others assisting the presentation were: Ralph Curtis, stage effects, and Everett Lisle and Waldo Zeller, lighting effects. Usbers were: Mildred Strove, Dean Hutton, John Lueker and Ben Rickli. Those assisting in music were: Professor T. S. Roberts and Miss Mildred Strove. With Professor Roberts at the organ the success, art and beauty of the musical setting was assured. His rendition of St. Clair's "Meditation" charmed and soothed the audience and prepared them for the drama while at its conclusion the mute keys of the organ became, at his touch, living tongues to proclaim in musical ecstasy, at first a soft, delicate, far-off strain which gradually became louder, louder and more triumphant until it fairly burst into that beautiful hymn of triumph, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth." As he played this the second time Miss Strove sang in her clear voice the words of the first verse of the song, then repeated it as an echo or refrain softer and softer until the end when the organ strains died away and there was nothing save the wonderful hymn, signified by the streaming light from the great white cross, to penetrate the hush and darkness of the house.

CORONER GETS SURPRISE

(Continued from page 1.)

Fingers, so to speak. Had his competitors beaten him to it? Was there a possibility that there had not been a death? Unthinkingly he asked, "She's dead, isn't she?" "Who?" "The cook, Bernice Knuths." Emotion could not longer be suppressed and from within burst heart-

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undignified considering the subject. The poor fellow sadly turned away and drove his horse down the street, empty. Bernice had defied death.

To end this in the orthodox manner, suffice it to say that the perpetrator of a practical joke of such an undignified type deserves a further sound spanking at Walt Solovofsky's latest dissertation upon "Fair-ol-dice Lost."

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