



1912 FOOTBALL CAPTAIN IS CHOSEN

GRIDIRON HEROS HOLD FEAST

McRae, Willamette's Big Fullback, Elected Leader of Next Years Eleven at Banquet.

Varsity Team Tackles Turkey and Executes Forward Passes at Lousanne Hall Festival---Co-Eds Serve Luscious Viands---Toasts and Speeches Liven Evening---Coach Sweetland Presides.

With cleated shoes doffed in favor of patent leathers, and red jerseys replaced by stiff fronts, Willamette's gridiron warriors sat down last Saturday evening to a royal banquet tendered them at Lausanne Hall. The dining room was decorated with crepe paper in college colors, and a profusion of Willamette pennants.

The banquet, planned by Miss Chappell and served by a number of the Hall girls, consisted of somewhere between five and fifteen courses, the exact count being mixed on account of more important interests at the time. It is needless to say, however, that the team which conquered Puget Sound 39 to 0 met with valor and successfully disposed of the formidable array which met them, beginning with the conventional consommé, thru the piece de resistance, an unusually luscious turkey with a half-dozen tempting side issues, to a grand finish of ice cream and café.

When the table had been cleared away, Dr. Sweetland, as master of ceremonies, gave a short talk on the successfulness of the season and prospects for the future. After this, the ballot was taken for captain, which resulted in the unanimous choice of Raymond McRae, who has starred on the team for the past two seasons. McRae refused to make a speech, but Captain Blackwell responded briefly to the demand. Afterward, just to liven matters up, every man at the table was called on for a story or speech, and in this round, Flegel, Westley and Erskine especially distinguished themselves. After a vote of thanks for those having the banquet in charge and several minutes spent in listening to Cummins melodies on the piano, the team broke up not only for the evening, but in some cases for all time.

Those present were Captain Blackwell, Coach Sweetland, McCain, Vandeventer, Watson, Westley, Francis, McRae, Erskine, Cummins, Manager Flegel, P. Homan, Rowland, Daly, Bellingier, McIntyre, Hepp and R. Homan.

ILLINOIS STUDENTS BOMBARD THEATRE

Champaign, Ill., Dec. 11.—University of Illinois students broke down the doors of the Orpheum vaudeville theatre last night and sought to gain admission to the performance. Beaten back by policemen and theatre attaches, they fought for nearly an hour.

At the climax of the rioting a bonfire was started beneath the walls of the building. Employees of the house discovered the blaze before it spread and put it out before the smell of burning wood had penetrated to the audience. This averted a panic.

Many cracked heads were the result of the fight, the police and employees wielding clubs with good effect on the surging mob.

"Come back tomorrow night if you beat Minnesota and we will give you a free show," was the promise of Manager Sam H. Harris.

Only jeers and brickbats thrown through the windows answered the proposition, and some daring students scaled the walls of the theatre and tore down the orange and blue bunting placed there in honor of the "fall homecoming" at the university.

Several hundred students inside added to the confusion by standing on their seats and crying "Let them in!"

Tonight's affair is deplored by student leaders, who see a blot on the "homecoming" and its possible abolition by the faculty as a punishment.

Studying Socialism at O. A. C.

Corvallis, Or., Dec. 9.—At a postponed meeting of the Sociology Section of the O. A. C. Folk Club, December 18, Mrs. C. A. Dobell will give a brief history of socialism, Mrs. Geo. F. Peavy an address on the achievements of socialism at the present time and Miss Mary Bowman will review Turgenev's "Fathers and Children."

Dr. Homan Elected President of Oregon-Idaho Y. M. C. A. Convention

Everyone who has been at Willamette during the last two years will be interested in hearing news from Luke Rader, the brilliant fullback of the past two seasons, who last fall started on a trip around the world. Rader was undoubtedly one of the best athletes who ever attended the University, and it is quite generally conceded that he was of All-Northwest calibre in football, but was not accorded that honor, which at present is reserved for conference stars alone.

Rader had intended to attend Princeton this year, but later changed his plans and with a friend started off on a jaunt around the world, planning to earn his way and next year land at Princeton.

According to a newsy letter received by Dr. Sweetland, he has been in Honolulu for some time, and is so much in love with the country that he is loath to move on and will probably remain there for some time. He

has secured the position of football coach for the high school in Honolulu, and is now engaged in imparting the mysteries of football to his youngsters a la Sweetland. He says that he has been drilling into them the Doctor's double passes and is surprising the natives with a little exhibition of inside football.

According to the letter, Rader is certainly enthusiastic over the country and climate, and has almost determined to remain.

He sends condolences on account of the Multnomah score, but calls attention to our still having ten points to the good on them.

Owing to the uncertainty of his plans it is not impossible that Rader may return to Willamette to finish his course, an event which would strengthen athletics hereabouts materially, but even if he does not, he will long be remembered as a remarkable athlete and a loyal supporter of Willamette.

In Their Respective Capacities these men have been prominent in local football activities this year.



Austin Flegel, senior in College of Liberal Arts, who managed Willamette University Football Team during past season, and Raymond McRae, Varsity fullback, who will captain next years eleven.

COACH SWEETLAND WOULD GIVE WASHINGTON PALM

SAYS THAT IF SELECTING ALL NORTHWEST TEAM HE WOULD CHOOSE U. OF W. ELEVEN TO A MAN

Predicts that Puget Sounders Will Win Three Out Four Next Northwest Championship if Coach Dobie Remains---Words of Praise for Rescoe Fawcett.

(Special by Dr. Sweetland)

At the close of the football season occurs the annual selection of the All-American and All-Northwest football teams. The territory covered is not limited to these two sections alone, but the regions grouped and the star players gathered in are both almost legion.

Nothing is as generally conducted more unfair than the usual mode of procedure governing these selections. For years in the east a certain noted football authority picked an All-American team without even seeing a team of the Middle West or Northwest in action and seeing only a small percentage of the Eastern elevens at work.

The writer believes that any authority in passing upon the merits or deficiencies of a player should see this player participate in at least three games. This in a measure would allow the fair-minded expert to bet-

ter size up a player's actual worth. Every follower of football knows how great and rapid may be the reversal of a player's playing form in contests played several days or a few weeks apart. If, however, the number of teams involved in the selection of players were at all large no one individual could see all the teams in action three times, but without it selections cannot be fairly made.

The writer if selecting an All-Northwest team would waste few words in so doing, but would select the entire University of Washington team, admitting at the same time that the basis of this selection would be due largely to newspaper reports of their successes, altho seeing the Washington team in their contest with Oregon. The Washington eleven had great individual strength combined with clever team work, and superb

Continued on Page Four

New Athletic Director.

Corvallis, Or., Dec. 9.—A new professor of physical education and director of athletics has just been named by Pres. W. J. Kerr of the Oregon Agricultural College. Dr. E. J. Stewart, a graduate of the medical department of Western Reserve University and for three years past physical director at Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa. succeeds Dr. E. D. Angell resigned July, 1910.

Harvard Glee May Come West

The University Musical Clubs have received permission from the faculty to take a western trip during the Christmas vacation. The clubs will leave Cambridge December 22 and return January 3. The schedule has not definitely been arranged, but invitations have been received from Harvard clubs as far west as Omaha. Owing to lack of time, however, the clubs will probably get only as far as St. Paul.

Get Busy On that Bell a Student Wail

Nearly everyone seems in favor of moving the old bell down on the athletic field. Let's get busy. The student body need only to sanction the undertaking, and set aside a reasonable appropriation to carry on the work. It will not cost a great amount of money. Those who are taking a keen interest in the matter say that fifty dollars should cover the entire cost of moving the bell and setting it up. The bell when moved will doubtless remain on the athletic field, and be a lasting monument to the activity of the present student body. It has been suggested that a four quartered roof be erected over the bell and that each class of the University be assigned one quarter of the roof to be painted with their colors and date. Let's get together and do something.

W. U. GLEE CLUB EN TOUR

Literary Will Include Pudget Sound Cities---Varsity Carusos to Warble Thru Christmas Holidays

Wednesday Night The Boys Entertained Prisoners at Oregon Penitentiary---Many Novel Stunts Added to Program This Season---Quality of Club High says Dean---Mrs. Mendenhall Will Delight Audience

Sixteen members of the Willamette University Glee Club, assisted by Myrtle Long Mendenhall, head of the vocal department of the College of Music, will give their first concert of this year at the Oregon State Penitentiary on next Wednesday night, for the benefit of the prisoners. On the next evening, the club will appear at Woodburn, under the auspices of Company I, Third regiment, O. N. G. Friday night the club shows in Hillsboro, Saturday night at Vancouver Barracks, for the benefit of the members of the First Infantry, U. S. A. Christmas night the club will be in Chehalis, Washington, Tuesday night in Tacoma, Wednesday night in Olympia, Thursday night in Aberdeen, Friday night in Hoquiam, Saturday in St. Helens, and then home.

This represents a schedule of exceptional merit for a Christmas-time excursion, when there are so many events of interest to occupy the attention of the general public. Manager Oakes has worked hard in getting the way prepared by putting out excellent advertising matter.

Sixteen-sheet posters, such as large theatrical concerns put out, bearing the magic legend, "Willamette University Glee Club Concert," have been sent out, while large numbers of three sheets, one sheet, post-card folders, and window-cards will adorn the walls and windows of the various towns where the club will appear. This has necessitated a great amount of hard work.

This year the club is composed of sixteen of the best talent the University affords in the various lines put on by the club. Dean Mendenhall says that the singing quality of the club is a great improvement over that of

last year, which was a vast improvement over the year before. Tone quality, expression, and ensemble effects are all carefully worked out and gilded. The songs are full of life, snap, and genuine college life, and do not appear unless they have the requisite "go." Dean Mendenhall is very particular about how the different numbers are given and requires interminable rehearsals.

Because the club is going into new territory this trip, the program that was given here last spring will be repeated. That world-famous, rib-tickling, uproarious comedy sketch, "The Rajah of India," which has made a hit with every audience that has seen it, will be put on for the last time. The spring concert will be the premiere of the new sketch, "The Mascot," an adaptation from a popular musical extravaganza. This piece is expected to be more funny, more "fuller" of laughter than even the Rajah.

Among the new features that will delight the audiences on the road is the fact that Mrs. Mendenhall, wife of Dean Mendenhall, is going to sing several arias from popular and classical operas. This number will be a distinguishing feature of the club this year. Mrs. Mendenhall is a coloratura soprano of rare ability and sweetness of voice, and has pleased her thousands here in the Capital City.

Mr. Perry Reigleman, as stuntsman, will appear in his old yet laugh-producing numbers of "No. 5 Collect St.," "Biff Perkin's Toboggan Slide," "Little Jimmy Recites," and "Me an' Jim," while taking the part of Nockey in the sketch.

Oakes, Anderson, Booth and McIntyre will sing several of their highly entertaining numbers. This quartet has never failed to make good wherever it has appeared, and has a wide reputation for singing of the first quality. Their repertoire includes songs of humorous, popular and sentimental nature, which will please all.

Former Willamette Student Coaches Football Team in Distant Honolulu

About 175 delegates attended the Y. M. C. A. Convention which was held in Salem, December 8 to 10. These men represented the associations of the colleges and cities of Oregon and Idaho.

The visiting delegates were entertained in the homes of Salem's citizens. This work was in charge of the University Y. M. C. A., while the city association had charge of the banquet, and arrangements with the state committee.

Dr. Homan was elected president of the convention. A number of Y. M. C. A. specialists were present. These men delivered addresses on their respective phases of the work.

A spirit of enthusiasm and hopefulness permeated the deliberations of the convention.

The two meetings on Sunday afternoon, one for boys and one for men, were of especial interest. At these meetings, many boys and men took a definite stand for Christ.

At the Saturday forenoon meeting, \$2200 were subscribed for sustaining the work.

Plans for extending the work of the Y. M. C. A. into new fields were adopted by the convention.

WALKER ELECTED FOOTBALL CAPTAIN FOR '12

Independence Student to Lead Oregon Hopefuls in Championship Scramble.

U. of O., Dec. 10—(Special.)—On Wednesday night, at the Osburn Hotel, Dean Walker, '13, was elected captain of the 1912 Varsity. Walker is a popular player, this being his third year on the Oregon team. Walker is a hard, conscientious player, and a favorite with team and fans alike. He hails from Independence and is a junior in the college of liberal arts.

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LEST WE FORGET.

That the Willamette athletic field has been improved a thousand per cent in the last year is denied by no one. The field has been enlarged, extensively underdrained, a splendid running track, one-fourth of a mile in length, twenty feet wide, nicely crowned from center to sides, affording fine quick drainage has been built. A new baseball grandstand capable of seating three hundred and fifty people, along with baseball bleachers, put up. A two thousand dollar addition to the gymnasium in the form of an annex now gives us a regulation basketball floor and some room to spare. A well constructed fence with ample gates, all painted white and clean, enclose our grounds; lawn tennis courts built, indoor track commenced, extensive gradings completed, unsightly old buildings dismantled and scores of other commendable improvements accomplished.

But why not go steadily forward with this march of improvements? Our baseball diamond has been given the proper regulation grade during the past two weeks, and this spring will dry more in twelve hours than in several days before. This may permit us to play games which otherwise would compel us to give guarantees ranging from twenty-five to seventy-five dollars to visiting teams, with no games played and advertising extra.

Now this grading of our football field is begun. The grade stakes are in the ground. A heavy fill requiring much dirt must be made. The handling of Mother Earth and transferring it from one end of the field to the other is hard work. It takes muscle, the sweat of the brow, manly determination and soiled hands. There is no "Royal way" to move large quantities of soil, but "work," and lots of it, is the word.

Our Camps Improvement Society has in the past accomplished monumental tasks. It has labored long and late, in drizzle and dust. A hopeful heart, a helping hand, has overcome for it all obstacles. The trail is blazed, a high standard established.

Is it not then the duty of every student at Willamette to help, to put a shoulder to the wheel, to do his full and just share toward making our football field the best. With union of effort, support and action, the hard work will soon be over. With the completion of this labor our athletic field will be the best among the colleges of the Northwest, and by doing this work ourselves our spirit and song will both verify an unusual "Spirit of the Golden Westland."

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.

We do not believe, generally, in calling attention to imperfections. As a universal proposition, we regard Perfection, in what-so-ever form it may appear, as the rightful and logical claimant to critical regard, to the exclusion of all that falls beneath that standard.

This point of view is aptly illustrated in a recent speech by a man of international fame, made in reply to an accusation directed against him. "My friend," said he, "if you were the possessor of a luscious apple, perfect in every wise save that it had a worm hole in one cheek, and you desired to place this fruit upon exhibition, would you consider it necessary to turn the worm-eaten side to view, and the perfect half to the wall?"

Despite the optimistic philosophy of the principle, there are occasions which demand a temporary departure therefrom. For instance, the critical and constant Collegian reader will not have failed to observe, from time to time, sundry mistakes in our columns, technically termed typographical errors.

The Collegian staff is ambitious to minimize these errors—would be pleased to eliminate them entirely, were that practicable. But so long as the possibility of mistake remains, it is needless to say that mistakes will sometimes occur. Before criticising too harshly imperfections in print, bethink you of the thousand and one missteps that you have taken during the past year, and be charitable.

The most that can be expected of any of us is that we use due discretion and diligence in our undertakings, with a clear understanding of what our fellows have a right to expect and demand of us.

A TIMELY SUGGESTION.

The following is from the Corvallis Weekly Gazette-Times of December 1. The suggestion appeals to The Collegian, and we publish it forthwith: "Without the O. A. C.-U. of O. games, interest in Oregon in intercollegiate athletics lags woefully, and it will probably be financially impossible for either school to maintain varsity basketball and baseball teams. Whitman, Pullman and Idaho have announced that owing to the long, expensive trips involved in visiting the Willamette Valley and Seattle, they will not participate this season in the conference basketball and football games. It has been suggested that these schools adopt a tri-school schedule and that O. A. C., U. of O. and Willamette engage in a series, the victors of both organizations to play later. This would leave out the University of Washington, but unless the latter recedes from its gate receipts position it is not entitled to much consideration. Willamette's grade of athletics is on a par with most of the conference college institutions, and the games with the three Willamette Valley schools would create much interest, and at the same time be far less expensive, than contests with more distant colleges."

Senior Law Doings.

Once again the Senior Laws are in the limelight. Again it is football, with every man a Senior. The game was with the Senior Liberal Arts, and from a spectator's point was a very interesting game.

While Geo. Codding was surveying in South Salem a few days ago, he was hooked in the pasture by a cow. Perry Reigleman, the poet of Willamette, has decided to study law. We are glad to hear that, Perry—and sincerely hope that your good intentions will stick.

What's the matter with the Senior Laws having a basketball team? It would be possible to have use of the gym at certain hours, and with a lot of good material the laws should be heard from in the basketball world.

Prof. Inman: The Chancellors of England, during the infancy of the

courts of chancery were ambitious. "Brutus was ambitious."

It is understood that Vic Farnell will take up his legal profession in partnership with Cake & Cake of Portland.

Prof. Inman: Mr. Wilson, what is equity. Geo. Wilson: I seem to know, but can't tell you.

MEN ARE FOUR.

Men are four:
He who knows, and knows he knows.
He is wise—follow him.
He who knows, and knows not he knows.
He is a sleep—wake him.
He who knows not, and knows not he knows not.
He is a fool—shun him.
He who knows not, and knows he knows not.
He is a child—teach him.
—Arabian Proverb.

SPEECH ON LEGAL ETHICS DELIVERED BY EARL NOTT

Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen:

One of the achievements of modern science is the discovery of the fact that a happy and hilarious mood is conducive to good digestion. I regret that I shall not be able to produce laughter upon your part, and thus comply with this hygienic law at a time when you are in such dire need of its services. I have no fund of humorous story, nor am I so fortunate as to be endowed with original wit. In fact, I am not a funny man. But, there is an old maxim, the truth of which I do not question, that says: "Be good and you'll be happy," and it is my privilege and honor to talk to you about being good.

When we consider the sentiment more or less prevalent among the laity, the subject "Legal Ethics" seems somewhat paradoxical. In the minds of many the lawyer is a being unguided by ethical principles, if not devoid of ethical instinct. To some, and they are not few in number, the lawyer is a synonym for all the fraud, hypocrisy, corruption and chicanery known to the ingenuity of cunning and evil minds. This noble profession which has numbered in its ranks many of the best, brainiest and greatest men of history, from the time when Moses of old sat as the lawgiver of the Israelites, down to the present day, has fallen in the graces of the people and holds no more the confidence that it should.

But, gentlemen, the serious and lamentable part of it is not merely that people have lost confidence in a certain set of men or in a certain profession. Men do not expect the thistle to produce figs nor the briar to bring forth grapes. When men to whom any particular work or cause or institution has been entrusted prove unfaithful to their trust and destroy the confidence which has been placed in them, it at the same time weakens the faith of the people in that with which those men have been so vitally associated. To the clergy or ministry society has given the sacred trust of caring for its moral and spiritual welfare. To them people look for instruction and leadership in things pertaining to the higher realm. And we know only too well how unfaithfulness or a wayward step on the part of the members of this profession causes men to lose faith in religion and in God himself.

To the lawyer society has entrusted in large part the keeping of the constitution, the making and enforcing of the laws and the leadership in government. And it is inherent in the very nature of things that this trust should be so confided, but the sacredness of the trust and the responsibility that it carries with it should be deeply impressed upon the mind and thoroughly realized by every member of the profession. When the lawyers by their disregard of moral principles and their corrupt practices cause the public to lose confidence in them, they at the same time shake the faith of the people in law and government itself, and cause the institutions of society to tremble at their base. And gentlemen, this is not a merely fancied danger, nor a result so remote as to be beyond the range of possibility. On the contrary such a crisis is now imminent and threatening. Lawyers have so outraged the common sense and moral sensibilities of the people; have so twisted, evaded and broken the laws which they themselves have made, and which they above all others should strive to carry out and enforce; they have so thwarted justice rather than to serve it, that even today we hear it upon every hand that the laws are made for the benefit of the rich and the exploitation of the poor, and that the government is the helper of the strong and the oppressor of the weak. Such, gentlemen, are the sentiments and conditions which we must face, such the unenviable reputation of our profession which we must live down.

The responsibilities upon us are great but the task is not hopeless, and when accomplished will be of lasting benefit to all mankind. In preparation for our work we are advised to do many things. We are told to study history, and that is important. We are told to study the science of government and political economy, and that is highly beneficial. We are told to study the art of forensic oratory, and that is a great accomplishment and valuable asset. But, gentlemen, of far more importance than any of these, above all other things, it is my conviction that we should strive to incorporate in our natures true principles of moral conduct, and study the subject of ethics which has a more vital relation to that art of all arts, the art of living. It is true that we have a code of legal ethics which has been adopted by the American Bar Association, and it is good. It should be rigorously enforced by the members of the bar.

But prohibitive rules or laws of any kind are to restrain the bad and not the good. The man that is needed in the present day to raise the profession to the place of esteem and honor that it should hold, the lawyer that society and twentieth century civilization needs in this country of ours is not the one who will go as far as he can, not to be disbarred, but it is the one who above and beyond the code of ethics laid down by the bar association, acts upon a higher plane, guided by true ethical principles and moral instincts within his own breast, advises his clients to act upon the same high ideals and uses all of his influence and his talents to get all people to "Be good and be happy."

JOKE SHARK

Not an Early Bird.

A young college man, city bred and raised, answered the call for harvest hands in Kansas. Reaching a farm house late at night, he was promised work and assigned to a room. It seemed to him that he had hardly fallen asleep when he was asked to get up. Degrudedly the young man dressed himself in the darkness, and picking up his grip, walked downstairs. "Say there, young fellow," said the farmer, trying to be helpful, "you don't need to take your valise to the field with you." "I know it," replied the young man tartly. "I'm going to look for a place to stay all night!"—Ex.

After Effects.

Judge Ben B. Lindsey, the reformer of Denver, was lunching one day—it was very warm—when a politician paused beside the table. "Judge," said the politician, "I see you're drinkin' hot coffee. That's a heatin' drink." "Yes?" said Judge Lindsey. "O, yes. In this weather you want ice drinks, judge—sharp, iced drinks. Did you every try gin and ginger ale?" "No," said the judge, smiling, "but I've tried several fellows who have."—Denver Times.

NEXT.

Little Willie killed the collie;
Then to show his vater folly,
Watched the grave full many an hour,
Looking for a collie-flower.

TENSES.

Teacher: "Tommie, what is the future of 'I give.'"
Tommie: "You take."—Life.

Bill and Geraldine sat on the campus bench.
Billy said: "I like your company, Gerry."
Gurgled Gerry: "Me, too."
Whereupon Billy became a holding company, and drew up his articles of incorporation so close that Geraldine went into the hands of a receiver.

"Even the Standard Oil Company has found out that there's a hereafter."
"Think so? You'll find out in due time that its hereafter is about the same as its heretofore."—Chicago Tribune.

Don't tell a fellow that he has maliciously departed from the way of truth. Kindly say: "My friend, you have allowed your romantic imagination to visualize the non-existent with such vividness that to you it possesses an objective reality."

Scores of Americans are bound to Canada by ties that only the divorce courts can sever. In the city of Windsor, during the past three months 900 marriages were registered, 95 per cent being from the United States.

Walter: How will you have your steak, sir?
College boy (waking up): Raw, raw, raw! Raw, raw, raw!
Walter: I heard you the first time. (To kitchen) Kill one for a cannibal.

"Your honor," said the prisoner, "I didn't steal this here mat. I was going along the street when a woman give it to me and told me to beat it, and I did."

"When you get in deep water, keep your mouth shut."

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WE WELCOME THE STUDENT ACCOUNT
Deposit your allowance regularly and pay your bills by check. It will be so easily spent, and at the end of the year you will have a complete record of all disbursements.

Adventures of 'tittle Bull Fwog.

(Per P. R.)
Nen 'tittle Fwoggie woked up
An' blinked his 'tittle eyes,
An' wif his 'tittle wobby fin,
He wiped away the cwies.

Fer wight acwoss the isle
He sawed a 'tittle gurl,
An' his 'tittle heart went pitty-pat,
An' tookt an orful whurrl.

An' he blushted all gween an' bwown,
An' wiggled of his toes,
'Cause he wuz bashful, twuly twue,
An' 'en sewatched his 'tittle nose.

An' nen th' 'tittle girlie
She winkted bad at him,
An' she smiled, an' she smiled,
An' nen they both did gwinn.

An' 'tittle Fwoggie wited a 'tittle note
An' ast her fer a kiss,
But 'tittle girlie she wouldn't, never,
An' poked him wif her fis'.

An' 'tittle Fwoggie makted a naughty face
Wight at th' 'tittle gurl,
An' frowed a paper wad at her,
An' pulled her golden curl.

An' he wuz orful, orful bad,
An' fire flewd frum his eyes,
An' everyone gotted skared
An' wunned, just fer their lves.

An' nen th' teacher, she just gwabbed him by his 'tittle ear,
An' turneded him o'er her knee;
He swied, "Oh, teacher, dear.

Don't hit me on that wart,
Because I'm tender on that spot."
The teacher she just up and sed,
"Oh, hosh, 'at's Tommy-rot."

Student in cold room: "Prof, don't you think this is too uncomfortable for one with a weak constitution?"
Prof.: "Do you have reference to intellectual constitution?"

He: "I was on pleasure bent."
She: "And then—"
He: "And then, before I knew it, I was broke."

Flowers: "I'd like to know how long girls should be courted?"
Miss B.: "Just the same as short girls."

A pessimist is a small man who sees nothing but himself—and gets sore looking at nothing.

"The first great work (a task performed by few) is that yourself may to yourself be true."

"Keep your face toward the sunshine and the shadows will fall behind."

ADIOS.

Fare thee well, fare thee well,
College boy!
Hushed, the good old college yell,
College boy!
Lay aside the oval ball,
With its face toward the wall,
We will meet you in the fall,
College boy.

Fare thee well, fare thee well,
College boy!
Hear the dear old college bell,
College boy!
Of the classics you may reek,
But your wonderful physiqua
Skins your Latin and your Greek,
College boy.

If a sheepskin you would earn,
College boy,
All your lessons you must learn,
College boy;
Execute a little "mass,"
In the metaphysics class,
And you'll make a "forward pass,"
College boy.

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Student Barber Shop
Only a half block east of campus
Your Shoes Shined by a W. U. Student

DRUGS

TOILET WATERS
PERFUMES
KODAK SUPPLIES
CANDY
HOT DRINKS
Red Cross Pharmacy
177 N. Commercial Street
The only Drug Store that carried an ad in this paper the whole of last year.

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If you consider it worth while to be somewhat differently dressed than every TOM DICK or HARRY it will pay you to see the exclusive assortment of high grade woolsens I have in stock. I am a graduate from a first class cutting and designing school and do my own cutting and fitting and am able to save you the money on your suit the other fellow has to pay for the cutter.

D. H. MOSHER The College tailor for College Men and Women

Nearly Dies of Thirst

W. U. Student Tells a Whopper Fish-Story Embellished With Sundry Adventures

FISHING up Eagle Creek Gorge Anon.

A limber rod, an old slouch hat, an unshaven jaw and a whirling mountain stream—oh, yes, and an empty stomach! What more is wanted to constitute a fisherman's paradise? Unless it be a pair of high rubber boots.

Well, let us say nothing more is wanted—except the fish; and that brings us to what we are driving at, so to speak.

In the West, in the good old, glorious West, where the setting sun slaps the cold and rugged mountain peaks, there is a rumor afoot that trout are growing scarce; vanishing with the red man; stealing silently away before the long rod of civilization. And, sad to relate, this is true. A stream that fairly wriggled with speckled beauties ten years ago, I can now whip for hours without getting one little raise.

What is the answer, O thou lantern-jawed apostle of rod and reel? You know it as well as I do! Every accessible rivulet within a thousand mile radius of civilization is today invaded with anglers.

Anglers short, anglers tall, anglers lean and hungry, anglers fat and puffy; all are there, rod in one hand and beef sandwich in the other, patiently munching while they wait for a bite.

But there is one stream in Oregon that they will not pollute with their musty rubber boots in a hurry, I am thinking; and it is regarding a day's fishing on this same lonely torrent that I am writing.

Everyone, at least everyone in the West, knows where the Bridge of the Gods spanned the bold Columbia in days gone by, when Mt. Hood was an angry, active volcano, and the painted warrior ruled the roost; where, at a later day, our pioneer fathers used to portage, but where the Cascade Locks now lie, a stepping stone to the upper flood.

Three miles, or thereabouts, below The Locks, Eagle Creek pours its sparkling measure into Columbia's sweeping tide. Eagle Creek rises somewhere back in the towering, ragged peaks of the Cascades; near the snow-line, judging from the cold, pure quality of its waters. About four miles up from its mouth is a rapid succession of falls, ranging in height from fifty to one hundred feet.

There are three of these falls, and, following the bed of the stream, it is impossible to get beyond the second one, as the canyon walls tower to a height of from two thousand to three thousand feet on either side, apparently perpendicular.

Below the first fall Eagle Creek is innocent of trout, owing to the fact that any fish-hungry old sport in the country may drop off at Bonneville and fall onto the speckled prospector foolish enough to venture down out of the gorge. But above the falls—

However, I am getting ahead of my story. Just above the Cascade Locks, four miles and a half above the mouth of Eagle Creek, Herman Creek gathers itself for a plunge into the Cascade Rapids.

Herman Creek rises from apparently the same source as Eagle Creek the two gorges forming an irregular V-shaped plateau between, with an altitude of some six thousand feet. Now, you may wonder what connection there is between this lofty flat and a days fishing in Eagle Creek; you shall see presently.

It was the middle of August, and decidedly hot, when my cousin, Horace Niles, a well-known taxidermist and sportsman of Portland and the humble author of this fish story decided to journey up Eagle Creek for a day's fishing.

We were camped at the Cascade Locks on Mr. Stuart's place, and, after considerable vain discussion and an unavailing attempt to work our way up over the falls, decided to make an early start and follow the Benson trail up on the flat, thence down into the gorge above the falls.

It was a difficult, venturesome trip, and we prepared, as we thought accordingly. The evening before starting we overhauled tackle and paraphernalia carefully, packing into our fish baskets (we each carried two) plenty of good bacon sandwiches, coffee, etc.

The next morning we arose at six a. m., rolled our blankets, swallowed a hasty breakfast of hot coffee and salt bacon, shouldered our packs, and swung forth.

We proceeded up Herman Creek to the old dam, and after some skirmishing struck our end of the trail, which

is "blind," by the way, and very difficult to find unless one is properly posted.

Before proceeding thus far, however, an incident occurred which was, a few hours later, to be recalled vividly to our minds. As we were passing through the gate-way of an old farm house, a very ancient and excessively be-whiskered son of Erin accosted us, asking whither were we bound. We informed him that our destination was Eagle Creek Gorge. He eyed us a moment disconsolately, then sadly remarked, "Ye'll niver come back."

Once having found the trail we had little difficulty in tracing it to the mountain top, a hard and hazardous climb. Six thousand feet is not very far to look, but the deuce of a ways to go, when it is nearly straight up.

One thousand feet above the river we were wringing wet with perspiration, and thirsty as a pair of first-class sponges.

Two thousand feet farther up we sat down to rest and eat blackberries, observing at the same time that a bear had breakfasted there just be-

fore us, and wishing that we had carried stronger—but no heavier—weapons than our thirty-two caliber revolvers.

Gradually, as we neared the top, clouds of vapor closed beneath our feet, shutting from view the panorama of river, mountain and valley spread below us. Up, up, we scrambled, panted and fought, clinging to whatever came handiest. Occasionally some huge boulder would slide away beneath our feet and plunge into the abyss that yawned hungrily, always just under the trail.

And we would pause, and listen for it to strike bottom. There was something awe-inspiring in the moment of silence that ensued before its dull boom would come faintly to us, up through the fog.

But all things have an ending, and finally, near the noon hour, we found ourselves on the edge of a great, dead flat. The world at our feet! We were tired, and thirsty. Oh, shades of all the rivers of the earth, we were thirsty!

But as we gazed in wonder out over the infinite sea of fog, billowing and piling against the somber bluffs, weariness and thirst were alike forgotten in awe and admiration.

Suddenly, as though rended by a great hand, the clouds rolled back, and there, thousands of feet below, the mighty Columbia swept on her majestic way to the ocean, holding at bay the fierce granite crags that frowned above her. It was beautiful—sublime!

We could follow the winding river's course for miles, and though we spoke but few words at the time, I know that we both conceded that moment to be worth a dozen such climbs. Some day I shall carry a camera up there with me, and bring back a few impressions of God's mighty handiwork.

But to continue. We left the edge of the mountain and proceeded up the flat—that is, away from the river. Presently we lost the trail in a raff of fallen trees with which the flat is literally covered.

We were becoming desperately thirsty, and made our way toward the center of the plateau, hoping to find a spring we had been informed was there.

We failed to discover it, however, and I am doubtful of its existence, though it may be nearer the river bluffs. Be that as it may, we had no means of quenching our thirst, and

our suffering became intense. The sun burned down upon us mercilessly, and we could find not a yard of shade in which to rest.

Denuded of its last living tree by ravaging fire in years gone by, sun-bleached and hot as the Sahara, it stretched away before us, seemingly without end. Grown desperate, we placed some of the ground coffee on our palates, hoping thus to induce some moisture to soothe our baked and cracking gullets. Instead, it got into our gills and nearly strangled; not a drop of moisture could we raise.

With swollen tongues, and scarcely able to articulate we broke for Eagle Creek gorge on the south.

After struggling over criss-crossed logs for perhaps two hours, we arrived on the brink of a canyon. Looking over, we were able to discern Eagle Creek, winding like a silver thread three thousand feet below; so far away that we could not even hear its roar.

The sight of water beyond reach was maddening, and I may say without the least exaggeration, that I

we awoke Old Sol had disappeared, and a chill crept into our marrow when we drank again. Night falls early in those mountain ravines.

Satisfied that this stream was merely a branch of Eagle Creek, we splashed our way down its boulder strewn bed, to find ourselves of a sudden on the brink of a hundred-foot fall, shut in by beetling cliffs on either side. The rock wall dropped sheer away, and beneath us rushed Eagle Creek, our Mecca.

Obviously there was a big, tall climb ahead of us; but driven by cruel necessity we set ourselves to the heart-rending task.

In order to reach the canyon bottom we were obliged to crawl, water-logged as we were, up the canyon side near one thousand feet, where we discovered a deer trail, worn in the solid rock by countless horny feet. This led us down over a "hogs back," the mountaineers' name for a naked abutment, or stony ridge, finally depositing us, with bones intact, in the bed of Eagle Creek Gorge.

Spends Inheritance on Red Cross Seals

A man in a Southern city received a legacy of \$3.65 during the Red Cross



seal campaign. The following letter shows how he spent his money:

"Dear Sir—I am enclosing a check for \$3.65. This check came to me as an inheritance and I want to spend it where I think it could do good, as the donor would have wished. I am therefore writing to ask you to invest in Red Cross Christmas stamps and send to me, as I think this a worthy cause."

Interstate Prohibition Contest May Be at 'Varsity.

The Intercollegiate Association, which is doing a flourishing work in our school this year, has many opportunities to offer to the student who will only take advantage of them.

The class in "Social Welfare and the Liquor Problem" is now meeting every other Monday afternoon at 4 p. m., under the leadership of Mr. George Schreiber. The class met for the first time last Monday afternoon.

To those who are interested in the oratorical contests the league offers a splendid opportunity this year. The contests will be for in number this year, namely: The local contest, the state contest held at McMinnville, the interstate contest, and the national contest.

Four states—Washington, Oregon, California and Idaho are represented in the interstate contest. This contest is scheduled for the latter part of March, and those having it in charge have written the local association asking that the interstate contest be held at Willamette University.

The national contest, which is held every two years, comes the latter part of May. The place for this contest has not yet been named.

Any member of the intercollegiate association is entitled to try out in the local contest, the only restriction being that the oration must have some definite bearing on the liquor problem.

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Subscribe for the Collegian



Perry Prescott Reigleman,

Who will accompany Varsity Song Birds on northern tour, for four successive years favorite Glee comedian.

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Cohen & Harris present

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PRICES 50c to \$2.00

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The Greatest Comedy Hit in 20 years. One week of laughter compressed into two hours and forty-five minutes. Seats ready Monday, Dec. 18

Prices 50c to \$1.50

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Seven Solid Gold W. U. Seal Pins

The very finest thing made in the line of University Pins, formerly sold by a jeweler in Salem at \$2.50

At present you will be unable to find them any place as they are no longer carried in stock.

Will be sold to the first seven persons asking for them at \$2.00 per.

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All we ask is a chance to "Deliver the Goods" Fair Enough?

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COACH SWEETLAND VETERAN TRAINER

Willamette's Physical Director Has Many Years of Successful Experience Behind Him

It will doubtless prove of interest to students of Willamette to learn something about Dr. Sweetland, the veteran coach, before he made his advent upon the local field of action. Since coming to Willamette Coach Sweetland has raised the standard of athletics here to a high degree, and in spite of ill luck running against his team, this past season succeeded in

but of the refined college type. We find him playing on the various teams during his preparatory work at Dryden Academy, New York. Entering Union University in the same state, he represented it on the gridiron for three years when his mettle was tested on several occasions in contests with Yale and Princeton. Having completed his academic work he pur-

Basketball Game Wednesday.

Manager Bellinger announces that the first basketball contest will probably be played next Wednesday afternoon, at 3:30 p. m. The game will be played with the Chemawa braves. The lads from Chemawa have long been busy with practice, and in fact have played several contests.

Because of several delays, the 'varsity' squad have only been practicing this week. Not all basketball men have reported for practice, as there are several new men this year who should be out yielding their support.

McRae, McIntire, Homan, Gibson and Schramm, the five who represented Willamette at the close of last year's season, have all settled down to systematic work. Minton, also a "W" man, is out this season, putting forth good efforts, working hard for a quick basket shooting ability.

When old enough he attended a university in Pekin, China, afterward becoming a Y. M. C. A. secretary in Tinsin, China, where he worked until four months ago.

He has been in America three months, attending the different Y. M. C. A. conventions and lecturing to the students of different universities.

Mr. Sun also told of his persecution during the boxer war and of his attitude toward the present revolution in China.

Philodorian Literary Society Elects Second Term Officials.

An unusually interesting program was given by the Philodorian society on December 6. Roll call was responded to by quotations from and in imitation of several professors, depicting their different mannerisms with considerable cleverness. Colonel

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FOR 40 YEARS

Shoe Repairing Done Right
AT THE
Wide Awake
405 State Street



Willamette Glee Club which is about to start on a Holiday tour, in a scene "The Rajah of India."

turning out the Northwest non-conference championship eleven.

The following is a post-season article taken from the "Weekly Student," the official organ of the University of North Dakota, and published several years ago, while Dr. Sweetland was physical director of that institution:

"In this age of intense competition, success in athletics, as in everything else, depends upon well-directed hard work. There must be a plan and a system, and in addition to that, a strong will and a clear insight, choosing the correct means to realize the end sought. In every business enterprise, success depends upon the singleness of method, and the determination of the men in charge. In every activity this holds true and athletics form no exception. The success of football or any other form of athletics depends upon the efficiency and zeal of the man who is to create out of the raw material, a victorious team.

"Athletics are no longer contests of brute strength where the bully wins out in defiance of skill. They are not games of chance where luck decides the victory. They have developed into a science, and as a science, the efficient application of these established and tested rules and formulas is what determines the success of one team over another in any contest. The rules are exacting, and the failure to conform in the smallest detail to its demands may result in a defeat. Teams must play like machines in which the personality of the individual is merged in the spirit that actuates the whole. Every movement must be a conscious act of the team as a unit, and the individual must, for the moment, be forgotten. Thus the athletic trainer who is responsible for these results has come to be a man of a peculiar professional skill. He must be a man learned in the technique of his craft, and as the material with which he deals is men, he must, above all, be a man of leadership. A new factor in college life, yet he has come to be as essential in the economy of every institution where there are live young men and women as the chair of mathematics or languages. As athletics has achieved recognition, the trainer has of necessity gained his place.

"Can it, therefore, be out of keeping at this point to discuss the situation of our own university in this respect? We generally judge the efficiency of an institution in any particular point by the efficiency of the men at the head of the department in question. We do it with regard to football, which will have the better team, Chicago or Michigan, is often decided beforehand by the relative merits of a Yost or a Stagg. Thus, we may ask, as a glance at our own history corroborates the statement that the success of athletics is determined by the efficiency of the man in charge, what our exact status is with regard to the coming year.

"The recent announcement of the fact that Dr. Sweetland, to whose untiring efforts we owe the success of the past season, will remain with us again the coming year makes the answer an easy one. Already his stay with us has proved his efficiency as a coach and physical director, as well as a man of sterling character and congenial temperament. Dr. Sweetland is first of all a college man. He knows the college boys and girls as only a man bred and raised among them can. He is through and through an athlete,

sued the study of medicine, in which his high scholarship brought him after receiving the degree, Doctor of Medicine, a recommendation to the U. S. Army hospital department, with which he served during the Spanish-American war. Following his natural bent, however, athletics and outdoor life had more charm for him than the scalpel and medicine chest. To fit himself for the work he intended to pursue, he completed a course of training in one of the foremost training schools in the East. Thus he enters his profession with a technical knowledge of his craft and a ripe amateur experience.

"In addition to this Dr. Sweetland has back of him many years of successful work as a coach. In 1896 he coached the football team of Hobart College. In '97 he coached Kenyon College. After he retired from the war, in '98, he coached Alma College, and Iowa State Normal in '99. In 1900 he coached Shattuck Military Academy. In the three years, 1901-2-3 he coached Ishpeming High School.

"In every case, these have been exceptionally successful teams. In the years '01 and '02 the Ishpeming team was the champion high school team of the three states, Michigan, Wisconsin and Indiana. How this came about, and the secret of Dr. Sweetland's success as a coach, and good coaching everywhere is well brought out in the following extract from the 'Iron Ore' Ishpeming, Mich., of Oct. 24, 1902:

"We think Ishpeming team better coached. Indeed, we believe it to be favored beyond all other upper peninsula eleven in this respect. Dr. Sweetland, in the years he has been developing the game here has proved his worth as an instructor in this sport. Two championships over all the state of Michigan has not been achieved without competent directing. This year's team, very young, raw, and light in weight, has, in the few weeks since its organization, been brought to a wonderful degree of effectiveness.

"The Ishpeming eleven is a machine drilled in the technique of the game. Dr. Sweetland does not stand for individual deeds, but wants consistent performance from every man. He figures it is an eleven-man game and on that plan his men are drilled. He plays with his boys, giving freely of his time, and the plays come at him hard and fast. He praises and criticizes with utmost impartiality and fairness. He gets the good will of every boy who wants to succeed and he places his men where they can do the best work. The knowledge that they will be rewarded according to their merit is well known to those who try for place, and in this lies one of the strong points of the Ishpeming football success. Dr. Sweetland knows how to make a boy move. He knows how to make him run and tackle, how to hit the line and to make gains with the ball."

"No better recommendation could be given to any man than the above editorial, yet it simply states what we ourselves have observed, upon this we base our assurance for successful athletics at the university while they are in the charge of Dr. Sweetland. His ability and knowledge of men is unquestioned, his earnestness, his gray questioned, his earnestness, and his unlimited capacity for hard work cannot help but insure success."

Other men showing good work are Cummins and Hewitt, a new man from Portland. Steelhammer, the Silverton lad, is playing good ball, and is a consistent worker. Hepp, Pfaff, Green, Withbey, have also reported for work. It is hard to say who will represent Willamette next Wednesday; probably a number of men will be given a chance to work out. It promises to be a close and interesting game, coming to early in the season.

Y. M. C. A. Secretary From China Speaks to Students.

Mr. Sun, from Tinsin, China, who was attending the Salem Y. M. C. A. convention, remained long enough to speak to the students, telling of his early life and of the conditions in China. Twenty years ago he was converted by a missionary from America.

WHO'S YOUR TAILOR?

What do you know about the ability of your tailor. Does he patronize the fashion publishers by subscribing for an up-to-date tailoring journal that displays the latest in style, cut, finish and fabrics direct from the great style center or does he hang up the fashion plates of some "Chicago tailor and the trade house" or some Woolen house. Is your tailor a graduate of a first class tailoring academy or has he picked up his knowledge from a wheel barrow instead of the drafting lead and the tailors shears?

You are not doing yourself justice unless you patronize a tailor who is progressive enough to go to the limit to find these facts out.

D. H. Mosher, Salem up-to-date merchant tailor is the only tailor in Salem that fills the foregoing requirement.



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The most complete line of Hot Drinks--The largest and best line of Candies--Fountain Specials all winter--Don't forget Willamette students you have a nice big table here painted in your colors to carve your names in.

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CHAUNCEY BISHOP, Manager

Co-Ed's Corner

Edited by Grace Edgington

The Hall Goes Xmas Shopping.

Lausanne Hall writhes in the annual agonies of selecting poor Popper's Christmas necktie. Shall it be couchant crimson polka dots upon a purple field or must Father be content with a flock of golden shooting-stars sleeping in an emerald meadow? And with this disturbing question have come others quite as weighty, such as deciding how many skeins of silk it will take to finish the melancholy morning-glories on the centerpiece for Helen. Extra moments and before-study-hours periods find busy groups gathered around somebody's fire, stitching daintily upon delicate bits of lace, linen, and embroidery. The quaint air of secrecy and delicious mystery which always pervade Christmas-time haunts every room. Here and there under beds and amongst soap-dishes, hastily put aside by the unseemly arrival of class time are tumbles of gay embroidery thread, needles, scissors and muslin. Next week will come the crisis. Under the shaded lights, nimble fingers will take on added speed; packages, ribbon-tied and Red-Cross stamped—we'll hope—will accumulate on the postman's box in the lower hall; and happy excitement will carry everyone away.

Ruth Cooper has been quite ill with la grippe, but is once more able to attend classes. During her temporary exile from society and the dining room Miss Cooper was the object of very flattering attention, receiving embassies whether they bore Corn-Flakes or felicitations with the utmost ceremony.

The Hall Dresses Up.

Friday afternoon it was whispered about that company, masculine company, and presumably handsome—being representatives of the Y. M. C. A. convention, would take dinner at the Hall that evening. Of course all girls are expected to dress for dinner on Friday, but style and elegance blossomed forth that evening such as were positively overwhelming. Ribbons, hair pins, sashes and nondescript jewelry were excavated from

hidden corners and assumed with telling effect by the finder or her clamoring neighbors. Pearl Bradley got out her Etiquette Book and she and Ada Mark carefully perused the three chapters on "How to Eat Olives Correctly." But all to no purpose. No company arrived. Miss Chappell gazed tearfully upon the extra plates and ordered them removed.

Miss Bertha Merrill of St. Johns was the guest of Anna Brice over Sunday and Monday.

Just after dinner Sunday afternoon, everyone was assembled on the campus north of the Hall for a snapshot, in order that Ruth Young's anxious mother may judge for herself whether it is advisable to send Ruth back after the Holidays. Waldette, lost in the joy of a dish of potatoes and gravy, EIGHT—Collegian—Dec 13 1d y occupied the center foreground. Mr. Mills, happening along very unexpectedly, acted as photographer.

Monday evening at dinner the Hall was honored by the presence of Mr. John Sung and his equally interesting chaperon, Mr. Carl Hollingsworth. The Hall enjoyed Mr. Sung very much. As to Mr. Hollingsworth, we'll tell you later.

One day in Chapel Jimmy Oakes announced a new hymn by Handel. On the girls' side, one happy lady devoted her whole attention to the music and sang blithely with some loss in "sentiment beauty": "They found him sitting on his head."

Philodorian Discuss Authors.

Helen Hunt Jackson was the general subject of literary work among the Philodorian on Friday, December 8. This was the first of a series of programs dealing with the modern women authors which will be presented by the society.

Margaret Graham gave a comprehensive the charmingly feminine version of Mrs. Jackson's life. Emma Loughridge reviewed "Ramona," the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of the Indians, in graphic detail, dwelling curiously upon the romantic closing scenes. That Rhea Wilson who had promised to read "April" was unable to be present was a genuine disappointment. A second report on Parliamentary Motions, a continuance of the discussion begun at the last meeting by Edith Sherwood, was submitted by Nina Graves. This report like the former one, was most carefully prepared. The growing custom of those who appear

on Philodorian programs to present original work from notes rather than from a completely written text is highly commendable.

Elvina Schramm's interpretation of Ethelbert Nevin's "Good Night" was an unusually pleasing one. On the plea of a severe cold, Stella Graham was excused from her vocal solo by a vote of the society, but it will surely be requested of her later.

Miss Marjory Wilson was accepted as a new society member.

Adelantes in Germany.

Last Friday afternoon amid showers of lace, ribbon, embroidery, etc., which the feminine hand delights, at this season of the year to put into some concrete shape, the Adelantes continued their journey in Deutschland, which they began two weeks ago. Most of their time was spent in the picturesque village of Heidelberg, viewing its old historic castle and participating in its social life and celebrations. Mrs. Walsh was again the efficient chaperon and guide to the party, and the girls returned home feeling that in many respects they were glad to be Americans rather than Germans.

Roll call was answered by current events, which brought to light many new facts of interest and proved helpful to all. Lara Wilson favored the society with a vocal solo and Gertrude Eakin put the finishing touch to the program with an instrumental selection.

Adelphians.

The main features in Adelphians Hall last Friday were, Miss Gilbert's heroic efforts at doorkeeping, and the exceedingly lively parliamentary practice conducted by Miss Perkins.

Miss Gilbert's ability to lock those outside in, and those inside out, and lock herself on both sides at once would surely endear her to any secret society.

These "literary" features and the regular business affairs concluded the meeting and the Adelphians dispersed to meet again in the evening, "Don't you know."

Girls Own Talk Fest.

Corvallis, Or., Dec. 9.—An inter-class declamation contest for girls only will be held at the Oregon Agricultural College during the short course this year, and the trout for the honor of representing the four classes will be held December 16.

On Friday evening, October 27, 1911, a State Banquet was given at Lausanne Hall in honor of the Philodorian society, by their kinsmen, the Philodorian of W. U. Hilarious was the occasion, impromptu the dress suits and tear-producing the toasts.

On or about the mysterious hour of eight frantically the door bell rang at Lausanne, and in through Miss Chappell's parlor swept a company of jolly "banqueters." Such powdered wigs, such gorgeous stick pins were in the most correct of dangling bow ties! What sweeping cut-aways induced to remain "fixed" by cube-fulls of black headed pins! And charming, the ladies, in evening dress.

Charades, led, on the opposing sides by Misses Anna Pigler and Eleanor Colony, followed the season of introductions. Then, all the guests, having arrived, to the swing of Miss Bradley's grand march, the entire company descended to the dining room. Here stood, arranged in shining white and silver, and garlanded with flowers, the long table. Draped from above hung streamers of the glorious red, white and blue, and at each place stood a menu card monogrammed with the national flag. President Taft, to have been simulated by Mr. McCain, was unable to do the honors at the head of the table. The company sat down and collectively examined its spoons and water glass.

The first course was nicely labeled "Poison," and through the pervading mist of expectancy like chimey in a fog, the "cullud" waitresses bore it to the table. The inartist might have said that the course consisted of dry onions stuck through with tooth picks, but that matters not. The second course, consommé, served with oysterettes, disappeared in haste. (The consommé had looked thoughtfully out through the glass walls of a quart milk bottle five minutes before.)

Following this course, Mr. C. Pierre, eloquent and impressive in all the dignity of hoary hair and no collar, gave the short address of welcome, finishing by announcing the toast, "Why the Onion should be adopted as our National Emblem," by Hon. Theodore Roosevelt. Instantly there was a sound of small feet scraping the floor, a chair was pushed back, and up from among the napkins and silverware, where he had been gazing with shining eyes, shot Perry Reigelman. But as he was quite unable to be seen the gracious Roosevelt must needs mount a chair.

From this position he poured upon the listeners a speech abounding with "strength" and "heat." Whirlwinds of applause that nearly whisked the speaker into the air interrupted him frequently. At last, overwhelmed with success, Mr. Reigelman subsided, and was re-engulfed.

The third course entered in detail as Rejeves, Entrees and Entrement, was now brought on. Sandwiches, potato chips, tomatoes, olives and delicious pinknesses of thinly sliced ham busily pursued each other around the table.

William Jennings Bryan's toast, "Infernal Evolution" was the next announced by the reminiscent toast master, with a cheerful observation that the aforesaid Mr. Bryan and Niagara Falls were about the only things in America which hadn't changed in the last 15 years,—were, indeed still running. Ah! Mr. Bryan! Certainly, but how much of his ears will there be left when Mr. De Long subtracts that collar some hours hence? Mr. Bryan was impressive, deep-throated, long-winded, but optimistic.

Again Miss Bradley's little bell tinkled, and in came the "A la Desert," the best of pumpkin pie. Merely at sight of its delicate brown, Mr. Stearns fell into a reverie from which he could scarcely be aroused the rest of the evening. When the last crumbs had vanished, Senator La Follette, relinquishing to Miss Manner the Persian cat, responded to the toast, "Internal Revolution." Just where the internal revolution was taking place was not stated, but it is assumed that it was within the senator himself, as he ruminated chiefly on the subject of love, and looked soulfully at somebody across the table. Senator La Follette is known commonly as Mr. Raines.

Once more the deft waitresses brought in the laden trays and placed upon the table, the apples, grapes, doughnuts and "demi casse" of the menu. Long the company lingered, and regretfully the last toast, "International Peace," by Hon. Howard W. Taft, was announced. Certainly human effort expended diligently for an hour and a half should not pass unappreciated, but there was a feeling that "Mr. Taft has grown thin since we saw him last," when Mr. Nott arose. "Peace," he exclaimed, heroically refusing to be tempted by Ethel Thomas's doughnut, "International Peace. Yes, let us get as big a piece of the international as we can lay our hands on." Peace and poetry were Mr. Nott's themes, and he rambled in the latter from E Pluribus Unum to the boy upon the burning deck, mentioning on the way those ladies who lent color to the scene.

Finding that there was nothing further of an edible nature to be disposed of, the company arose and ascended to the parlors, where they were delightfully entertained by two vocal numbers by Miss Grace Smith. Then with a "Good-Night, Ladies," and a touching scene enacted by the toast master and the charming dark damsel, the Philodorian State Banquet came to an end.

Criteria Hosts.

Wednesday noon, November 23, the Adelphian girls went home and wrote another item on their list of "thankfuls." For hadn't they all received one of those charming green and white invitations and were all "just dying to know" what the program in their honor would be like.

When seven-thirty Friday evening arrived their happy expectations were realized. Every number—Mr. Johnson's cordial welcome, Mr. Hawley's readings from Riley, Mr. Chalcraft's delightful cornet solos, the Irish reading by Prof. Marsh from the College of Oratory, Mr. Edward Stoute's vocal solos, and last, the encouraging address given by Dr. Patterson—were splendid and showed the Adelphians what ability their brothers possess.

Several jolly games were played, but these all paled into insignificance when the Adelphian contest, for that splendid Criterion pennant began. If girls ever racked their brains, for "the right word in the right place," they did it then. Translating Latin or discovering the value of "X" was play compared to it. And it was a mighty happy Junia Todd who carried off the honors.

In playing "Pro and Con" Dr. Patterson's political "leaning" was discovered in his partiality for the word "prohibition!"

When going home time came the Adelphians were fully persuaded of the Criterion ability to give them a good time.

The company was honored by the presence of Dr. and Mrs. Patterson, Professor Chappell, Miss Wastell, Miss Reta Jones and two charter members, Mr. Jory and Mr. Marsh.

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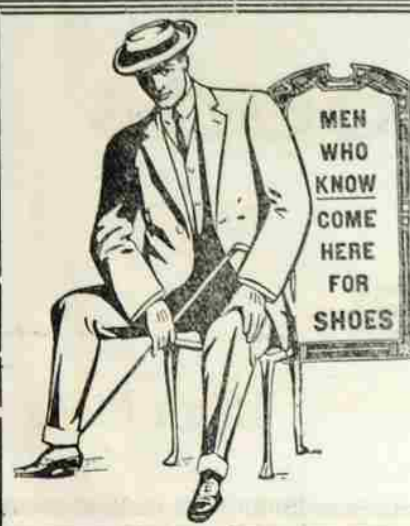


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SPORTING NEWS

CAMP IGNORES WEST

Football Critic Places Only Eastern Players on 1911 All-America Team — Indian Star at Half Back.

Walter Camp's All-America Football Eleven.

First Team.
White, Princeton End
Hart, Princeton Tackle
Fisher, Harvard Guard
Ketcham, Yale Center
Duff, Princeton Guard
Devore, West Point Tackle
Bonersler, Yale End
Howe, Yale Quarter back
Wendell, Harvard Half back
Thorpe, Carlisle Half back
Dalton, Annapolis Full back

Second Team.
Smith, Harvard End
Munk, Cornell Tackle
Scruby, Chicago Guard
Blumenthal, Princeton Center
McDevitt, Yale Guard
Scully, Yale Tackle
Avery, Pennsylvania State End
Sprackling, Brown Quarter back
Morey, Dartmouth Half back
Camp, Yale Half back
Rosenwald, Minnesota Full back

Third Team.
Ashbaugh, Brown End
Buser, Wisconsin Tackle
Francis, Yale Guard
Weems, Annapolis Center
Arnold, West Point Guard
Kallett, Syracuse End
Capron, Minnesota Quarter back
Wells, Michigan Half back
Mercer, Pennsylvania Half back
Hudson, Trinity Full back

Walter Camp in his selection of an All-American football eleven in the current number of Collier's Weekly has failed to find anyone in the West good enough for the team, although two have been placed on the second and three on the third eleven. On his first eleven Princeton gets three, Harvard two, Yale three, and West Point, Annapolis and Carlisle Indians one each.

The Indian, who is placed alongside the pale faces, is Thorpe, whose feats at drop kicking during the year made him the sensation of the eastern gridiron.

One of the surprises is that Howe of Yale gets the quarter back position over Sprackling of Brown, who many critics consider the peer of them all. Another dilemma in which Camp found himself was the placing of his own son. Camp junior was undoubtedly one of the fastest half backs in the East, but the best he got was a position on the second team.

The Western men who were mentioned were Scruby of Chicago, guard on the second team, and Rosenwald of Minnesota, full back. On the third team are placed Buser of Wisconsin, tackle; Capron, Minnesota, quarter back, and Wells of Michigan, half back. A rather slim showing for the West.

In general Camp considers the football season of 1911 as one of miracle, especially in the revival of form shown by big teams, the oddity of scores made and several other features. The finish of the season he considers disappointing. As to the effect of the forward pass and the inside kick Camp has this to say:

"The forward pass has taken no more prominent position than of old; in fact, in late games considerably less. It has resulted in disaster on one or two occasions in contests that meant a good deal. It has not been productive of any spectacular plays. The inside kick has been, as always, a matter of luck; that is, if the ball bounces straight the defensive side secures possession of it easily and the side on the attack has lost several yards on the kick. That is the difference between the long kick and the short one. If, on the other hand, the ball performs a freak antic and either jumps sidewise or hits on the end and bounces clear over the defensive man's head, the play results in a fine gain for the kicker's side, possibly even in a 'touchdown' at very little expenditure of effort."

Nine Yale Players Retire From Field.

Yale, Dec. 8.—It looks as though Yale is going to be up against it next year. Nine of this year's football outfit will graduate next June. And the worst of it is that the young material at New Haven has not shown up any too well this year. The men wearing blue togs for the last time are Francis, Scully, Childs, McDevitt, Paul, Howe, Freeman, Loree, Reilly and Strout. Camp, Spaulding and Bonersler and Ketcham are the only first string men on this season's eleven who will be on the job when the call for candidates is issued next year.

FOUR EX-CAPTAINS ARE ON THE SAME TEAM

McDonald, Muckelstone, Tegmeier and Coyle May Play Against Multnomah.

University of Washington, Dec. 10.—Max Eakins, the greatest punter in the university's history; Melville Muckelstone, All-Northwest halfback and former varsity captain, and Pete Tegmeier, center, who led the university team in 1908, will play with the all-star team which meets Multnomah here on Christmas Day. The all-stars will be coached by Tom McDonald, also a former varsity captain and if "Wee" Coyle gets into harness with the local team, four old varsity gridiron leaders will be members of the same aggregation.

Final arrangements for the two big football battles which will close the present season in the Pacific Northwest were made last evening at the Seattle Athletic Club, when Tom McDonald, Eakins and Muckelstone signed a contract with the Multnomah Club of Portland.

Roscoe Fawcett Chooses All-Northwest Eleven.

Choice for Conference First Team.
Enberg (188), O. A. C. left end
Bliss (189), Washington left tackle
Laird (221), W. State left guard
Kellogg (189), Oregon center
Bailey (227), Oregon right guard
Patton (185), Wash. right tackle
Sutton (165), Wash. right end
Coyle (159), Wash. quarter
Main (175), capt. Oregon left half
Muckelstone (180), Wash. right half
Niles (177), Whitman full back

Second Conference Team.
Grimm (187), Wash. left end
Fishback (189), W. State left tackle
Christman (177), O. A. C. left guard
Carlson (175), O. A. C. center
J. Harter (201), W. State right guard
Neill (190), Whitman right tackle
Bradshaw (165), Oregon right end
Latourette (155), Oregon quarter
Wand (168), Wash. left half
Perkins (174), Idaho right half
Sparger (175), Wash. fullback

Representatives of Northwest Colleges Meet in Portland Friday and Saturday.

Northwest intercollegiate baseball, track and basketball schedules will be settled at the session of the graduate managers of the different conference colleges to be held in Portland next Friday and Saturday.

This meeting is not the regular conference conclave, which meets once a year to decide on conference matters, but is merely a meeting of the managers of the different sports in order to arrange the different schedules in the most convenient manner and avoid useless bickering and communication, such as would be the case if the schedules were arranged by mail.

Dobie Expensive.

It cost the University of Washington \$1500 per month for coaches, \$1000 of which goes to Gilmore Dobie and \$500 to his understudy. The total cost for the team amounted to \$12.75 for each man every day he trained, or a total of \$8850 for the whole team for the season. Each day Coach Dobie coaches the team he lowers the U. of W. treasury by \$40.

Plan to Make College Memorial to Great Pioneers of the Northwest Country.

Whitman College, Dec. 9.—At chapel service Monday morning President Penrose called the attention of students to an editorial in a recent issue of the Oregonian which discussed the plan of making Whitman College a "hall of fame" commemorative of the great men of the Northwest. It was suggested that Dr. John McLoughlin should be foremost among those whose names were to be thus honored. Dr. McLoughlin was the English official who lost his position under the English government because he befriended American missionaries and traders during the years of the boundary dispute. The article proposed that a statue of Dr. McLoughlin be placed on the campus, or perhaps better, that a chair of English history with an English professorship should be instituted in the college.

According to the Salem Statesman for December 30th, the U. P. S. football team which met P. U. was composed mostly of subs and easily won the game. We admire the Willamette spirit.—Pacific U. Weekly Index.

VICTOR ZEDNICK MARRIED

Washington Graduate Manager Takes Bride in California.

Washington University, Dec. 9.—(Special.)—When Victor Zednick, the graduate manager of the University of Washington, slipped off to Oakland, Cal., and married Miss Helen Tillman, Monday night, his best man was the graduate manager of the University of California, Milton Farmer. Students at Washington University knew nothing of Zednick's plans until after the marriage. Both he and his bride are Washington alumni. Zednick will continue as graduate manager.

University of Washington, Dec. 7.—Graduate Manager Victor Zednick this morning made public a tentative schedule which will keep members of the baseball team away from their studies less than a week.

"The schedule," said Manager Zednick today, "as it is now planned, would make the date of starting on Thursday, March 28. We would play at Corvallis on Friday and Saturday and arrive at Eugene on Sunday, where we would play Monday and Tuesday."

"Stanford and California have both practically agreed to meet us in a series to determine the Coast championship, should Captain Hickingbottom's team be able to beat the conference team aggregations. The Southerners, too, are willing to pay considerable guarantees, for the cost of the trip would not be considerable. "No agreement has been entered into yet, but as the suggestion for the trip came from the South, there is little doubt but that the games will be arranged. Fourteen players and a coach will probably make up the party."

Athletics and the Man.

"You can tell a college athlete by the way he carries himself." Perhaps you have heard this statement made by people who were observant. You will find it out yourself if you will watch men on the street. The graceful carriage, the easy swing of a well-muscled body, usually mean that the possessor has the training that athletics bring to a man. Self-reliance, the strength that comes with the sense of mastered power, is the product of the methods of training which are now used almost universally by the leading colleges.

The old time trainer treated the men as if they were animals, or rather, horses. The appeal was essentially to the physical, to the animal. The trainer today is a student of the science of the sport.

He knows physiology and is versed in psychology. He treats his squad as men. He appeals to the best in them. The new training systems have their point in the magnificent specimens of manhood which our colleges are producing every year. Athletics are eminently worth while.—Drake Daily Delphic.

The College Youth.

(As seen by the Medford Sun.) "The college yell is 'barbaric,' says President Taft. That is nothing original if the esteemed head of the nation does speak it; others have surmised the same thing for some time. He should have reversed his sights and taken a squint at their feet. Some of the socks they wear are not alone 'barbaric,' but 'nefarious.' Even so, they would not be so trying on the eyes, if they kept their trousers rolled only to the tops of their boots."

Second Years Choose Colors.

The Second Year Academy Class held its regular meeting last Thursday. Colors were chosen, gold and black being decided upon.

THIEVES GET BIG HAUL.

Robbers Enter Sorority Lodge and Obtain \$200 Worth of Jewels.

Washington University Dec. 9.—Burglars took advantage of the Thanksgiving vacation by breaking into the Gamma Phi Beta sorority house, 4524 University boulevard, Saturday night and ransacked the rooms thoroughly. About \$200 worth of jewels were taken, in addition to articles of clothing and jewelry, valued at \$200. The thieves cut the telephone wires, so that, although the girls could make connections with the operator, they could not hear what she said. The police department was notified and is investigating the case.

OREGON WILL HAVE FIVE GOOD TOSSERS

University of Oregon, Dec. 10.—With the exception of Elliott, all of last season's team are in the university. With Simms, Captain Jamison Fenton, Walker and Moore of last season's first squad as a nucleus, a championship quintet seems to be almost assured. The Oregon team will again be coached by Bill Hayward and regular practice has begun. Of the new men probably the most promising is Rader, a freshman from Medford. Rader is fast and aggressive and is a good shot, but he is rather light for the intercollegiate game.

SWEETLAND WOULD GIVE WASHINGTON PALM

Continued from Page One

physical condition. Many football experts believe that the Washington eleven could defeat by a reasonable margin any eleven of college men selected from the various teams of the Northwest Conference, and there seems to be little reason for dispute on this point. The Washington team is an eleven-man affair and the Seattle eleven exemplifies the fact that mere excellence in individual play alone will not give a player a place on the 'varsity,' for many players stronger in themselves than those on the first team adorned the side lines because of this inability to fit in with the cogs of a complex machine.

It looks to the outsider that if Dobie remains at Washington that about three out of four of the next Northwest Conference championships will remain in the Sound city.

Dobie is an expert in all lines of football, but has over his opponents in knowing his men better than other coaches know theirs. Dobie knows just what each of his players will do under any kind of an emergency better than the men know themselves. With no desire to belittle football and its management at other places, if the same handling of football continues at the University of Washington, I believe that their

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almost complete supremacy of college football in the Northwest will become recognized.

Winning teams attract the strongest athletic material, and continued winning gives an institution almost a monopoly of the best high school graduates. Then the University of Washington with its extensive courses of study, close proximity to the schools of Seattle and with other large high schools in the Sound cities active feeders to its athletic teams, good material is sure to be plentiful.

The writer takes very little stock in the story of Dobie running his team from the side lines. This line of talk was ancient years ago and is attributed to every coach that is at all successful. Coyle, the Washington leader, is a clever player, but used poor judgment in sending his long low kicks so far in the Oregon game. Coyle by outkicking his ends gave the Oregon backfield men a chance to get under full motion and return the ball further than would have been done had the ball been sent a little higher and not so far.

The advent of Roscoe Fawcett, the clever Oregonian writer and football official into Oregon athletic circles, has done an immense amount of good for football. Mr. Fawcett early last fall called a meeting of all football coaches and thus cleared up many mystifying points and greatly assisted every coach attending.

Mr. Fawcett knows football and how to play, officiate, or write about it. It was only a few years ago that Mr. Fawcett was the best halfback playing in the Red River of the North country and one of the best in the Middle West. Willamette wishes it could always secure Mr. Fawcett for an official in all games played.

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