



TWO ORATORIOS PRESENTED BY CHORUS CHOIR

"The Crucifixion" and "The Holy City" Given at First Methodist Church

PROF. J. R. SITES DIRECTS

Many University Students of Music School Appear As Members of Choir Solists. Sites and Roberts Presented With Flowers.

The chorus choir of the First M. E. Church, which includes many university students and which is under the direction of Prof. John R. Sites, presented two oratorios in connection with the observance of Easter. The church was filled to the limit of its seating capacity for both productions.

Sunday evening some people arriving just before 8 saw such crowds leaving the church doors that they inquired whether the oratorio was to be given or not.

"The Crucifixion," by Sir John Stainer, given on Good Friday evening, was one of the most impressive oratorios ever presented in Salem and one of the best received. It began with the night of prayer and betrayal in the Garden of Gethsemane and closed with a devotional hymn sung after the last "It Is Finished" of Calvary.

The soloists were: John W. Todd, Paul Sterling and Ralph R. Jones. Their work added much to the beauty and finish of the oratorio. Of especial interest is the progress made by Paul Sterling, who is a member of the university quartet. Since beginning his study with Professor Sites in the second term of this year, his voice has developed remarkably in tone quality and power. Being presented as soloist for the first time this year, it is encouraging that he should be so successful.

On Sunday evening "The Holy City" by A. R. Gaul was given. It had an abundance of variation in the judicious arrangement of solos, choruses, and trios. An unusual effect was produced in one number by a small choir singing outside the balcony door. These represented an angel choir of whom the soloist was singing.

The solos of this oratorio were sung by A. A. Schramm, Margarette Wible, Paul Sterling and Venita McKinney. Lorelei Blatchford, Venita McKinney and Vivian Isham sang the trio "At Eventide It Shall Be Light."

For several weeks the choir has been practicing twice a week for these programs and last week it had four rehearsals.

As an appreciation of the excellent work of Professor Sites as director, and of T. S. Roberts as organist, they were each presented with a basket of beautiful Easter flowers by the choir on Saturday evening. In the case of Professor Sites this made the second remembrance of the day, for the Girls' Glee Club had sent him and Mrs. Sites flowers earlier.

As a reward for its own hard work the choir indulged in ice cream and cookies after the rehearsal Saturday evening.

Sherman Gives Summer Work

Dr. Charles L. Sherman, professor of philosophy and education, will offer a course in his department during the first six weeks of the summer vacation if at least five students desire to enroll for the course. A maximum of three courses will be offered and two college credits will be given for each course.

Where is it that all women are equally beautiful?

In the dark. (P. S. Read this consciously for this reason—things learned consciously will function consciously. If you were ever to recall this unconsciously we would have another job for the undertaker.)

Serge "Tekoa" Grosvenor Returns to Salem Home

Sergeant Frank Grosvenor, an old Willamette student and a former member of Company M, was a campus visitor Monday. Grosvenor, popularly called "Tekoa," was transferred from Company M to a company in the First Army Corps in which he spent most of his time in France.

At Willamette Grosvenor was a member of the class of '20 and was also a student in the School of Law. In athletics he was known as an "Iron Man," having been prominent in football and track but it was on the football field that he exhibited his wonderful ability. He was a half back and older students like to tell of the time when, although badly injured, he refused to quit but kept on playing against the doctor's order.

Sergeant Grosvenor was married just before he enlisted and now that he is back he expects to make his home in Salem and to re-enter Willamette next fall.

MAY DAY EVENTS WILL BE SNAPPY

Full Two Days' Program Contains Good Athletic Card And Not a Dull Moment

May Day, less than two weeks distant, is the next big event on the university calendar. All committees have been appointed, and plans are being carefully laid to make this year's celebration one of unusual brilliancy and success.

With a period of two days for the festivities, and a multitude of attractive events on the program, the activities will follow each other in close succession, leaving not a dull moment during the 48 hours. Arrangements will be made to entertain in the best manner the great numbers of high school visitors which each year flock to the campus at this time.

A delightful novelty in all of the dances, including that of the May Pole, is promised by the Queen of May, Miss Wible, who has general supervision over this work. Helen Rose is giving professional instruction to the May Pole waltzers, while Gladys Nichols and several assistants are training the girls in the various preceding dances.

Following the general custom, a few hours on the morning of May 2 will be spent by the men in placing the campus in the pink of condition. Harold Dimick having charge of this part of the exercises. At noon will be served the so-called student feed for all university men and women and the visitors. From this time throughout the afternoon, various events of interest, including the freshman green cap stunt, a baseball game with Chemawa, the annual sophomore-freshman tug-of-war across the old mill stream, will follow each other in quick succession, the junior play to finally cap the climax of the day.

Saturday will be initiated with delicious May Morning breakfast, served by the Y. W. C. A. girls, the eggs and waffles to be followed by tennis matches to continue throughout the morning.

Coronation ceremonies, the big features of the week-end, will probably be staged soon after dinner on Saturday, Queen Margaret to be in possession of the royal crown by 2 o'clock. Following the dances pertinent to the crowning, Coach Mathews' track proteges will meet either McMinnville or Chemawa cinder stars in a dual affair. The junior promenade at 8 o'clock will close the day's activities. Time will be found during the two days to enable the visitors to get a thorough glimpse of Willamette and Salem.

The chairmen of the various committees have been announced as follows:

Queen's throne and court—Robbin Fisher; student feed—Fay Peringer; work on the campus—Harold Dimick; junior promenade—Bernice Knuths.

WARBLERS TAKE SOUTHERN TRIP OF WHOLE WEEK

Varsity Quartet Is Visiting in Central and Southern Towns on Its Annual Journey

PROGRAM IS EXCELLENT

New and Varied Numbers Are Added to This Season's Repertoire; Quartet Is Intact From Last Spring; F. Shirley, Accompanist.

The Varsity Quartet, together with Miss Florence Shirley, accompanist, and Mrs. A. A. Schramm, chaperone (taken to insure harmony among the members), left Monday afternoon for a week's outing in Southern Oregon villages. "Baldy" Bowers was sent ahead last week to stir up some excitement along the way.

Beginning on Monday night at Brownsville, the warblers are scheduled to appear during the week at Drain, Grants Pass, Medford, Ashland and Halsey, arriving home next Sunday or Monday. With the membership of the quartet unchanged from last season—Anderson, first tenor; McIntyre, second tenor; Sterling, baritone; Bowers, second base—great success is predicted in the concert of this spring. Anderson and Bowers have been singing together for four years, and during that time have appeared in more than 100 concerts.

Although in former years, the glee club has toured the western and the southern part of the state, neither of the men's musical organizations has traveled over the quartet's circuit of this week.

The 1919 program is of higher character than usual. Many new selections have been added to the repertoire, including some of the latest quartet numbers, solos by McIntyre and Sterling, and a new variety of readings by Bowers and Anderson. Miss Shirley, in addition to her position as accompanist, appears on the program in a reading and piano solo.

An evening's entertainment, as outlined by Manager Anderson, includes 12 numbers, the total length being about two hours:

- (a) "We're a Bunch of Jolly Students."
- (b) "Winter Song."
- (c) "Little Jack Horner."
- Piano Solo, "Sunset," by Miss Shirley.
- (a) "When the Bell in the Light House Rings Ding Dong."
- (b) "Katy Did."
- "Good-bye."
- Vocal Solo, by McIntyre.
- Reading, by Anderson.
- (a) "Stars and Stripes."
- (b) "The Old Flag Has Never Touched the Ground."
- Musical Recitations, "Song of the Bow," by Bowers.
- (a) "Sleep Comrade Sleep."
- (b) "Kentucky Babe."
- Stunt, by Anderson and Sterling.
- "Old Historic Temple."
- "Good Night."

This will doubtless be the only extensive journey made by either organization this spring, but after the May Day festivities, a number of week-end trips will be taken by the Men's Glee Club within a radius of 80 miles. The annual Salem concert will again close the musical activities of the songsters during the latter part of May.

Mother

Horace Rahskopf.

My mother, dear mother.
The guide of my youth.
The bearer of small boy's cares.
You prayed for me nights;
And taught me by day;
And comforted all my fears.

The debts that I owe you
Can never be repaid,
But I'll love you for all your care;
And live by your lessons
Of service and love,
Till I meet you again over there.

SOPHS SMOTHER OPPONENTS IN TRACK EVENTS

Black Sheep Take First in Every Event Except High Jump and Discus Throw

FISHER WINS HALF MILE

High Per Cent of Attendance and Good All-Round Ability Place Second-Year Men Far Ahead in the Interclass Meet.

Winning every event on the card except the high jump and discus, the sophomores swamped the other three classes in the big interclass track and field meet held last week. Other classes had their individual stars, but the second-year men presented the best balanced aggregation on the field, thereby securing a higher average since the score of each man in the class was considered in reckoning the final result.

The final scores are as follows, the results being counted in such a manner as to give the winning class the lowest score: sophomores (first), 224 points; seniors (second), 422 points; juniors (third), 761 points; freshmen (fourth), 791 points. Two members from the junior and freshman classes failed to appear for Tuesday's events, thereby contributing greatly to the large score of their teams.

The meet was considered very successful from all points of view. More men have been interested in track work than before, and some new and promising material has come to light for the intercollegiate meets which will occur later this spring.

One of the features of the contest was the special half mile event, in which each class was allowed four entries. Fisher staged a pretty run and took the half in 2:12 for the sophomores. The remaining four places were won by Dimick (Jr.), Flegel (Soph), Medler (Soph), and Ohling (Jr.).

Results of the other events of the meet are as follows:
Shot Put.—Nichols (Sr.), first; Tasker (Sr.), second; Bartholomew (Jr.), third; Dimick (Jr.), fourth; Basler (Soph), fifth. Distance, 32.2 feet. Sutherland's mark exceeded 35 feet, but he was disqualified for stepping out of the ring.

Discus.—Nichols (Sr.), first; Tasker (Sr.), second; Basler (Soph), third; Sutherland (Sr.), fourth; Sherwood (Fr.), fifth. Distance, 99.1 feet.

Broad Jump.—Dimick (Jr.), first; Sterling (Fr.), second; Rarey (Soph), third. Distance, 17.95 feet. Medler leaped 19 feet, but was disqualified for missing the take-off.

100 Yard Dash.—Medler (Soph), first; Dimick (Jr.), second; Bartholomew (Jr.), third; Sparks (Sr.), fourth; Fisher (Soph), fifth. Time, 15 3-5 seconds.

High Jump.—Tasker (Sr.), first; Nichols (Sr.), second; Lyman (Soph), third; five men tied for fourth. Height, 5 feet 1 inch.

Javelin Throw.—Bartholomew (Jr.), first; Lyman (Soph), second; McKittick (Soph), third; Dimick (Jr.), fourth; Hickman (Soph), fifth. Distance, 129.9 feet.

440 Yard Dash.—Dimick (Jr.), first; Medler (Soph), second; Flegel (Soph), third; Bartholomew (Jr.), fourth; Fisher (Soph), fifth. Time, 57 flat.

Like Any Other Dumb Animal.
While Zenobia, the new maid, was taking her first lesson on arranging the dining table, someone in the kitchen put something on the dumb-waiter below.

"What's that noise?" asked Zenobia quickly.
"Why, that's the dumb-waiter!" responded the mistress.

"Well," said Zenobia, "he's a-scratchin' to git out."—Ex.

Say: Our haircuts are made to fit your head. Electric clippers. Lee Canfield's.

Chapel-loving Students Enjoy Unique Banquet

"There are smiles that make us happy." Such were the smiles that almost literally wreathed the faces of Keith Lyman and McLain last week.

They were sitting before a table ideally situated where chapel-loving students could not but envy them. Behind them stood Lyman, Jr., clad in a conventional white apron and presiding over the tea-perambulator. Dill pickles? Yes, and potatoes and gravy, meat, and—oh wonder of wonders—ice cream.

The occasion, of course, was initiation. The organization? Well there was a placard bearing three figures which suggested attempts at squaring the circle.

Soph: When you're licked in a fight you ought to say you've had enough.

Fresh: "Hum-m-m—If we can talk at all I guess we're not licked yet."

TEAM MAY PLAY OREGON FRIDAY

Bearcats to Experience Stiff Workouts to Prepare for Stiff Battle at Eugene

With the possibility of a game against the University of Oregon looming up for Friday afternoon, Coach Mathews will have to work his baseball aspirants overtime during the few remaining days of practice, in order to give the Lemon Yellow aggregation a good battle. Bad weather has interfered with the workouts for nearly a week, so the progress made by the team has been comparatively slight. If the terms are reached for the staging of Friday's game, it will doubtless take place in Eugene, with a return battle on Sweetland Field at a later date.

Although seven letter men are reporting for practice, the pitching staff is still in an unsettled state. Dimick or Spiess will no doubt do the twirling against Oregon, although the latter has been on the sick list for several days and has not yet fully recovered. According to present indications, Basler may develop into a darkhorse catcher. He can be used in the receiving department when Dimick is occupying the mound, and will be a needed addition to the team.

The infield has been juggled about somewhat during the past few days, and other changes may be necessary before suitable men are found to cover the 'sacks. A combination composed of McKittick, Dimick, Davies, Olson, and Findley has been working out on the bases, and a satisfactory arrangement may be made by shifting these men about. "Mac" hasn't a superior for the initial sack, and "Squint" Dimick is working nicely at second base. Davies is being tried at the shortfield position, and Olson and Findley are working out at the third corner of the diamond.

The personnel of the outfield has not been announced, but Hickman and Story of last year's nine are turning out and Wapato, letter man, may come out later. Austin, Doney, Power, and several other candidates are chasing flies and sliding bases each afternoon, also.

The game with the penitentiary team, scheduled for last Saturday, was called off because of rain, but the O. S. P. tossers will be met at a later date.

Married a Native.

They were looking at a kangaroo at the zoo when an Irishman said: "Beg pardon, sor; phwat kind of a creature is that?"

"Oh," said the gentleman, "that is a native of Australia."

"Good bivins!" exclaimed Pat. "an' me alister married was o' thim."—Boston Transcript.

The best books are those which the reader thinks he could have written himself.

POLITICAL BALL SET IN MOTION BY NOMINATIONS

Story and Dimick Are Named for Chief Executive's Position in A. S. B.

ELECTION COMES FRIDAY

Eleven Names Are Placed on Ballot to Fill Sextette of Positions; Ralph Thomas Is Alone for Collegian Manager.

Student Body Nominees.
President—Harold Dimick and Robert Story.
Vice-President—Velma Baker and Odell Savage.
Secretary—Evelyn Gordon and Freda Campbell.
Treasurer—Russell Rarey and Bryan McKittick.
Collegian Editor—Paul Doney and Lawrence Davies.
Collegian Manager—Ralph Thomas.

Either Robert Story or Harold Dimick will wield the gavel as chief executive of the Associated Student Body next year, as a result of the nominations made at Friday's session of the legislative body. The annual election of A. S. B. officials will take place in Eaton Hall next Friday.

Eleven candidates were named for the six offices to be filled, the position of Collegian manager being the only one not contested. Ralph Thomas has a clear field in the managerial department.

The ball was set in motion by Paul Doney, who, in naming Story for the presidency, gave an extensive review of his activities at Willamette and his record in the army. Story was athletic manager last year, was treasurer-elect of the student body for 1918-19 and is a letter man in baseball.

Dimick's nomination speech was made by Homer Tasker, who praised the former's achievements in athletics, forensics, student body affairs and pointed out his superior executive ability. He has held captaincies in football and baseball, owns a Bar-W for debate and has served on the executive committee of the student body.

For the vice-presidency, Velma Baker was nominated by Lella Johnson, after a short nominating speech. Her opponent in the race for this honor is Odell Savage, whose name was placed on the ballot by Glenna Teeters.

With no introductory remarks, Helen Rose presented Evelyn Gordon's name for the secretarial office. Faye Bollin named Freda Campbell as the other contestant for the position.

The names of two sophomore men were placed in the running to keep watch over the treasury department next fall. Russell Rarey and Bryan McKittick are the nominees for this important post.

Paul Doney and Lawrence Davies, both of whom have worked steadily on the Collegian since their entrance into the university, were nominated for the editor's chair through the coming year. Doney has done special assignment work and is now exchange editor, and Davies is one of the associate editors at present.

As stated above, Ralph Thomas will perform the managerial duties on the Collegian staff, no other names having been placed upon the ballot.

A resolution placing better regulations upon the Freshman Glee custom was read at Friday's meeting of the student body, but action was deferred until a later date. Several needed changes in the regulations are to be exercised.

There are two horns in society—the man who knows too much and the man who knows too little—Punch.

Willamette Collegian



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Doris Sikes and Irene Hall, Stenographers.

Estelle Satchwell, Asst. Business Mgr
Freda Campbell, Circulation Manager
Hugh Doney, Advertising Manager.
Ralph Thomas, Mailing Chief.

John Luckner, Sheldon Sackett, Kenneth Powers, Walter Socolofsky, Fred Scott, Maurice Hickman, Don Lockwood, Mailing Clerks.

COLLEGE SPIRIT.

College spirit is an abstract thing. It often comes to us like some people "get religion" or it creeps into our lives like a siege of influenza. It changes the college in our estimation of it. It gives to us a just patriotism toward our college, a love for the school and its honor. A live college without it could scarcely be imagined; a student without it in a live college gets little enjoyment out of an enterprise that should be the most enjoyable of any in his life. College spirit is the outlet of expression of the soul of the college and of the ideals of her students. After we have had the spirit within us we always feel that we have had a moment of supreme enjoyment and we experience other joys in the mere memory of that moment. Once it comes we always have it, yet only on some exciting occasion, some instance of pending importance does it come to the surface, and even then it may express itself in as many ways as there are different geniuses. Truly this thing we call college spirit is an abstract thing.

This love of college is brought about in as many ways as it is able to express itself. It would be useless to attempt to explain how or why we feel as we do when our team is winning. It is our college spirit that makes us feel that way, but, if we had been students of the college whose team was losing we would have been no less interested in the game from the opposite viewpoint. Perhaps then it is a matter of education to the ideals of the college, perhaps it is the result of a sacrifice, a great accomplishment or a contest. Perhaps it is the habit formed by being forced into certain conditions of fervor or enthusiasm. It may be any or all of these, but it is so many more beside that no established rule can be stated to obtain it; college spirit must—just come.

College spirit is strange and mysterious in its appearances and causes, but its value is not evidenced in our reactions. If it only means hoarse voices after every game we have accomplished little in attaining it. If it only recognizes accomplishments on the athletic field it does us little good, much less the college. If, however, it makes us willing to work, willing to accept every advantage to become broad, helpful men and women, to be serious in our strivings to become people of action; then we have truly received one of the college's greatest gifts.

David Starr Jordan has said, "Co-working comes from working." If we analyze this statement it is easy to see the significant meaning of college spirit. When we have an active

interest in the college we are her partners, we are working for and with her. We are willing to work and to sacrifice for her successes.

College spirit, then, is the love for our college that makes us decide every action that we make, weighing it to see if it measures up to her standards. It comes to an individual through sacrifice and work in a way peculiar to that person's individuality. Its true value is found in the place which it holds in our lives and our lives are valuable in college as we are able to grasp this inexpressible something. College spirit will make better students of us; better men and women to compete in the contests of life. This great thing is doing much for the college and the student. Its task, an enormous one, is that of her greatest teacher.

Notes From Exchange Papers

The Simpsonian.

Friends of Miss Julia Todd, who was the dean of women here at Willamette for many years will be interested to hear that she is enjoying a very successful year at Simpson College. The Simpsonian says: "Miss Todd left Monday evening to attend the National Convention of Deans of Women at Chicago. The convention was attended by representatives from all over the United States. Miss Todd returned Friday and reports a very successful convention and a royal good time shown them by the universities entertaining." Miss Todd may be assured of the enthusiasm with which Willamette students hear of her many successes at Simpson.

The Lariat.

Willamette University has cause to feel highly honored because of the special mention made of the school in "The Lariat," the official organ of the student body of Baylor University, of Waco, Texas. Some of our soldiers in the Officers' Training School at Camp McArthur were fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of some of the Baylor students. These soldiers have returned to school bringing with them an extremely friendly interest in Baylor University.

The Barometer.

In the Greater O. A. C. edition of "The Barometer" appeared an article which will be enjoyed by the various members of the class of '19 who knew "Beany" Archibald:

"Raymond 'Beany' Archibald, Albany High School, 1915, who has carried off a few more honors than usually befall a busy college student, is now engaged in a government job of civil engineering down in Coos county. 'Beany' is an all round student and has achieved an enviable place in student body affairs and opinions. Here are a few of his activities and accomplishments.

"Freshman year at Willamette University—he was class president, member of football and basketball teams. Coming to O. A. C. the following year, 'Beany' soon made his influence felt. He was made corporal in the cadet regiment, became a member of the Civil Engineering Association and of Kappa Delta Sigma. He was president of his fraternity during his junior and senior years. He was a member of the two honorary fraternities, Sigma Tau and Forum, and was elected president of each during his senior year. During his junior year, he was president of the Civil Engineering Association. Not having had enough of presidencies, 'Beany' was made 'prexy' of the Varsity 'O' association. Last year he was a member of the junior weekend committee, and was athletic manager of his senior class. During the last term 'Captain' Archibald reigned almost supreme over his company in the O. A. C. regiment.

"With the exception of playing on his house baseball and basketball teams, always being an 'A' student, and taking a general interest in the school affairs, this is about all that Raymond has done during his four years of college life."

Officer—But surely you, a millionaire, have little to complain about.

Munition Magnate—Oh, I don't know. The multi-millionaires treat us like so much dirt.—London Opinion.

LEST WE FORGET

By Carl Gregg Doney.

(Editor's Note.—The following article, which was read by Dr. Doney in chapel Monday, was first published in Leslie's Weekly of March 22, 1919.)

In the reckoning with Germany, I hope the refugees will not be forgotten. I hope some statesman at the peace table will be able partly to put into words what those have suffered who did not die.

It was at Bourges where I first saw the refugees. As we were about to leave the town 30 freight cars crowded with refugees came into the station. They were people from the recently invaded districts going they knew not where. There were no young women or young men; there were a few dilapidated men, many middle-aged and old women, with hordes of babies and children. They were literally piled into the cars,



Dr. Carl Gregg Doney

which had straw upon the floor, where they formed a squirming, wriggling mass. They were jumbled with boxes, bags, bedding, bundles and the straw. One thought of animals stricken and cowed. They gnawed at chunks of bread and sausage and drank from dirty bottles. They gazed out of the open doors with staring amazement, and made strange noises. My train soon moved; I had no opportunity to go to them to offer a bit of help and to tell them that someone cared, but a lad saw me in the American uniform. "Voilà! L'Américain!" he cried and pointed. Instantly their faces lighted up and the masses thrust forward toward the doors waving soiled hands and shouting. "Vive l'Amérique! Vive la France! Bientôt, bientôt!" And I knew they had hope in America.

Two months later I was in Paris, a few days after the last Hun drive for the capital had begun. On one of the boulevards I again saw the flotsam and the jetsam of the German inundation. In carts, wagon, and on foot, the refugees were passing. Into the crude vehicles they had crowded their cherished possessions—beds, bedding, clothing, farm utensils, the clock, a bird cage, the cradle, pictures, bags stuffed to the limit; what they could take, what they could save. The horse or the mule moved like an automaton, dead to the exhortation of the equally wearied driver. The patient animals allowed their heads to droop, their ears flapped inertly; and when a Big Bertha shell exploded not far away, they were no more excited than the stone monuments in the Luxembourg Garden.

A wrinkled old woman lay upon a mattress which topped a loaded cart. A dog with an unwagging tail plopped along underneath; the wife pushed a baby buggy, in which squirmed a 2-year-old child; three others held to ropes attached to the cart, the husband and father led the mule. For 48 hours they had been moving except for two brief pauses during the two nights. They did not know where they were going; they had wanted to reach Paris, and now that they had arrived, they were being sent on and on to the south.

This company was not alone; similar groups came and passed on silently, a ghastly, ghostly procession of creatures who were dead to their own despair. They did not stop, they did not look around; they came into sight like dumb spirits and left only the ineffaceable picture of an indefinite tragedy.

With a quickened heart and will I went to the Gare de l'Est to help care for the refugees who came to Paris by train. My first service is an illustration of what the war is doing with some of the trifles which were once big enough to separate folks. I carried the front end of a stretcher on which lay a Catholic Sister, infirm

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KAFOURY BROS.

and tortured by fear. An American soldier carried the other end, and with us walked a woman physician and two Sisters who carried bags and bundles. The walk was long and my arms throbbed with pain, but it was the sweetest pain they ever experienced. Though she knew I was a Protestant, the sick woman took my hand when they placed her in the auto and gave me a Catholic blessing. I thanked her for it and offered a Protestant prayer for her; and it is almost certain that God paid no attention to the labels.

I talked with a peasant family of refugees composed of a pitifully thin husband, a wife no less thin, a girl of 16, a boy three years younger, and a baby in the mother's arms. For eight days they had been fleeing from the Germans, and early this morning they had reached a town from which they could take a train for Paris. All of their possessions were on them, in the bundles they carried, in two grain sacks and a small trunk. Everything else was gone.

Lunch was offered them at the Red Cross canteen, but exhaustion seemed to have destroyed their appetites, and they persistently refused. The baby resolutely was doing his frantic best to get something from a meager fountain. The husband imparted the awful information that he had not smoked a cigarette for eight days and was almost ready to quit the fight. Nor did he have a son. He was of the opinion that the Germans did not know how to make war; what they did was "sauvagerie" and he hoped the Americans would batter them to the earth. An appeal to an American soldier provided him with a cigarette, and he immediately lapsed into a silent intoxication of enjoyment.

The wide-eyed girl appeared to be in possession of herself more than any of the others. In a voice scarcely audible she murmured, "Merci," when money was pressed into her hands. Poor little maid! She looked about with eyes which still seemed to see only the terror they had witnessed in the days of flight.

The hours passed. Every train brought a flood of fugitives. Red Triangle and Red Cross men and women met them, fed them, directed them, encouraged them and saw that they were sent to places of safety. Many were too miserable to realize what was being done for them. One woman, however, who staggered from the train exhausted, exclaimed when she saw us: "They told us if we could only reach Paris, the Americans would take care of us. Behold, you are waiting for us and are caring for us. Oh, that wonderful America!"

Now, that the dread terror of Germany is gone, the stream of refugees is flowing in the other direction; and to what? Homes and fields and towns devastated. Again let Americans lift up her eyes and see the need and the infinite opportunity.

The captain was explaining to the visitors what he would do in case of shipwreck in midocean. "We'd burn red fire and send up rockets," he said.

"But wouldn't that be a rather unusual time to celebrate?" asked an innocent young thing.—Boston Transcript.

"Do you favor a league of nations?"
"Yes," replied the baseball fan. "But I doubt whether all the nations can get into one league. There always has to be a few minor leagues for the development of talent."—Washington Star.

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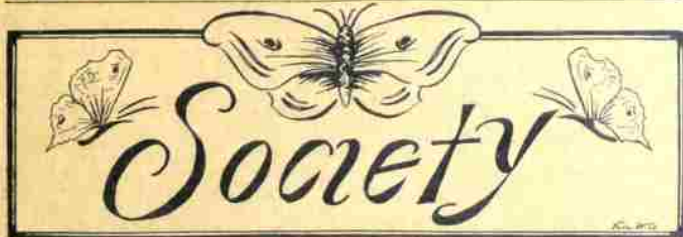
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MISSSES ELIZABETH AND CHARLOTTE TEBBEN

On Sunday Miss Mary Findley was hostess to a number of friends in honor of Miss Gladys Nichols. As a surprise to Miss Nichols, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Nichols motored over from Newberg. An Easter egg hunt on the lawn, a bountiful dinner and music made the afternoon pass all too quickly. Additional guests of Miss Findley were Glenna Teeters, Mary and Esther Paroungian, Harold Nichols, Homer Tasker, Robert Story and Paul Doney.

Easter and all its customary joy was the occasion for many social events of the past week-end. Individual dinner parties have been numerous; these taking the place of picnics during the period of April showers. May Day activities as noted in chapel announcements indicate that plans for a great May Day are already in progress.

Blanche Steininger and Lorelei Blatchford gave a birthday feast at their home on Commercial street Saturday evening. The house with its baskets of apple blossoms and white lilacs might have been the favorite resort of the Spirit of Spring. Not only was the scene beautiful but the sense of hearing was satisfied by the violin numbers of Marion Emmons, the vocal solos of Lorelei Blatchford, the humorous readings of Lucille Tucker and the piano solos of Blanche Steininger.

But the sense of taste and sight fared equally in the dining room when the guests were seated at the table where the yellow shaded candles shed their softened light and a bowl of buttercups combined their brightness and life with the good wishes, keen repartee and clever stories. Marion Emmons and Lina Heist served the delicious five-course dinner in which chicken and ice cream played the leading role.

Those who wished that Lorelei Blatchford and Blanche Steininger might have several birthday dinners a year were: Mary Findley, Gladys Nichols, Glenna Teeters, Gladys Carter, Myrtle Mason, Sibyl Smith and Lucille Tucker.

As a climax to Gladys Nichols' birthday celebration a few of the senior girls formed a line party to the Oregon, after which they were led to the banquet room of the Spa by the Misses Glenna Teeters and Mary Paroungian who were hostesses for a delightful birthday special.

Dainty cards marked places for Gladys Nichols, Helen Rose, Charlotte Tebben, Elizabeth Tebben, Lelia Johnson, Margarette Wible, Mary Paroungian and Glenna Teeters.

Monday evening a jolly quartet gathered in Elizabeth Berg and Mildred Wells' room at Lausanne and feasted upon ice cream and wafers. They were Eva Roberts, Fay Pratt, Elizabeth Berg and Mildred Wells.

The occasion being a box from home Miss Sybil McClure entertained at a delicious "feed" Friday evening at Lausanne. Those present were: Elizabeth McClure, Mildred Wells, Elizabeth Berg, Myrtle Mason, Sybil Smith and Sybil McClure.

The Misses Ruth Taylor and Ruby Ledbetter, having received numerous boxes from home, entertained at a delicious luncheon Sunday evening. Those privileged to partake of the sumptuous repast were: Mildred Brown, Eva Roberts, Irene Hall, Ruth Taylor, Ruby Ledbetter, Josephine Sanders, Sybil Smith, Myrtle Mason, Ethel Moorcroft, Alma Rhorer and Fay Pratt.

The Misses Beth Briggs, Gladys Nichols, and Helen Rose, having been reminded that another year had rolled around, by the appearance of their several birthdays, had as their guests at a dinner party at Lausanne Messrs. Homer Tasker, Leslie Sparks, Merrill Ohling and Harold Nichols. Dean Richards presided as toastmistress.

Several fortunate girls of Lausanne held an extremely interesting meeting in the room of Helen Rose and Evelyn Gordon Sunday evening. The cause of the excitement was the return of Bernice Knuths from a week-end visit at home, accompanied by real home-grown eats. Although the lateness of the hour forbade a lengthy party, no one neglected to do full justice to the contents of that delightful box. Those assisting in its disposal were Lelia Johnson, Vera Wise, Myrtle Mason, Sibyl Smith, Evelyn Gordon, Helen Rose and the donor, Bernice Knuths.

Miss Elizabeth McClure was the week-end guest of her sister Sybil McClure at Lausanne.

Trained war animals entertained the Adelantes last Friday afternoon. The Red Cross dogs appeared under the directions of Miss Ruth Austin who displayed their achievements with remarkable dexterity. Carrier pigeons were released by Marjorie Minton. Historic horses and gentle old mules were brought in by Elsie Gilbert, but the height of training was demonstrated when Miss Helen Rose made the cotties paraphrase a chapter from the Bible.

The animals were then dismissed and a lively parliamentary practice was presided over by Gene Sevy.

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"The Children's Hour" was the subject carried out in the Palledian literary society's initial program last Friday afternoon, held in the Y. W. rest room. Miss Vanita McKinney opened the program with a vocal solo "The Slumber Boat." "The Propensities of Our Childhood," by Miss Mildred Wells contained a very vivid description of children's ideas. Miss Marguerite Gutschaw gave the "Art of Story Telling" along with one of Kipling's "Just So Stories." "Elephant's Childhood." The afternoon was concluded with a short social

hour, when stick candy and animal cookies were served, in keeping with the idea carried out in the program.

The annual Y. W. C. A. Easter service was held Sunday morning at 7 o'clock in Eaton Hall. The Girls' Glee Club opened the service with an impressive procession, singing the Hallelujah chorus as they marched. Professor Miller was the leader using as her topic, "The Crucified and Risen Lord in the College Girl's Life."

After the service a number of girls serenaded at Kimball College, Dr. Doney's and the Old People's Home.

Wild blackberries, hot biscuits and honey, really and truly ham, lots of eggs—such a breakfast as you could not imagine in your wildest dreams, sent five maidens into states of blissful rapture Easter morning. They were the guests of Odell Savage: Glenna Teeters, Gladys Nichols, Mary Paroungian, Evelyn DeLong and Fay Peringer. When the guests departed, each carried her place-card cautiously extended before her, for they all believed in "safety first," and Easter eggs are fragile.

Originality was the dominant keynote of the Philodorian program Friday, many mirth-provoking papers and numbers being given as a result of the subject "Cartoons."

Laura Arenz, with many and varied chords, made "Old Times in New Attire," while Ruth Busch demonstrated how "A Twist of the Pen" in the right direction can produce wonders. "The Gospel of the Ridiculous" by Ruth Taylor brought to light many strange and interesting facts. Grace Presley had discovered many "Miss-Prints" and presented these in a convincing manner. An animated cartoon by Fay Peringer was the last number of one of the most enjoyable programs of the year.

A novel Easter luncheon was served by Ina Moore Sunday evening in honor of Fay Peringer. The supper was packed in springtime baskets half concealed in a leafy bower. After an Easter cake had been properly disposed of, the party adjourned to the church to hear "The Holy City." Miss Moore's guests were Fay Peringer, Charlotte Croisan, Mary Putnam, Odell Savage, Laura Arenz, Pearl Anderson, Merrill Ohling, Howard Mort, Russell Rarey, David Lawson, Paul Flegel, Ralph Thomas and Harlan Flislar.

W. U. Men Take Part in Meet

Robbin Fisher, running against a fast field of middle distance men in the Columbia track and field meet Saturday, placed fourth in the half mile. Fisher ran a beautiful race, losing out to Coleman and Windnagle, Multnomah stars, and Durham, O. A. C. man, his time being about 2:05.

Medler, Dimick, and Bartholomew, the other Willamette men entered in the meet, were unable to place in the finals, although securing third in some of the heats. They were all entered in the 50 yard dash, Medler ran the high hurdles, and Medler and Dimick were in the broad jump. The showing made in Portland Saturday seems to indicate that Willamette will be able to compete very favorably in any non-conference meet which may be arranged.

Everybody's Doing It.

David Starr Jordan, the educator, was speaking on the bringing up of children.

"Parents are more to blame for loose English than are the children, for correct speaking is best secured through good example. Too many parents are like a San Francisco couple I know. The other night at dinner the little girl surprised her mother by saying:

"I'm not stuck on this bread."
"Margie," said her mother reprovingly, "you want to cut that slang out."
"That's a peach of a way to correct a child," remarked the father.
"I know," replied the mother, "but I just wanted to put her wise."
—Ex.

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HOMER TASKER GETS POSITION

Willamette Senior Receives Appointment As Instructor in Physics at U. of C.

In a letter recently received from the secretary of the department of physics at the University of California, Homer Tasker was notified of his appointment as instructor in physics at that institution.

Some time ago Prof. Von Eschen was asked to recommend an advanced student for the work of assistant in physics at Berkeley, and upon his advice, Mr. Tasker made the necessary application. His application was accepted, and in June he will be recommended for the position. As the department always accepts such recommendations, it is certain that Willamette's worthy senior will be chosen.

Mr. Tasker's work will begin in August, and will continue for the customary nine months of school. Only 15 or 20 hours of work will be required of him each week, so advanced college work will supplant his professional career. He expects to complete a large part of the requisites for a master's degree. As a remuneration for his services Mr. Tasker will receive \$500.

My Task

Horace Rahskopf.

There are many things in this world of men

That I cannot explain.
Why we are thrilled when heart meets heart,
Or why there is pleasure or pain.

Or why the gold of a springtime day
Should leave me in a trance;
Or why the birds can soar and sing;
Or the leaflets rustle and dance.

Or why the effort to do a thing
So small on God's great sea,
Should seem like the sum of human life,
And mean so much to me.

But I'm sure God knows why these things are;
He gave them to you and me.
And in his good time in the after-while
He'll show us eternity.

My task is to live in the world of men;
And help them along the way,
Without a thought of the how or the why,
For I shall know some day.

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Eventide

Horace Rahskopf.

Eventide, and the sand and the waves,
And a soul that is all alone!
The heart of that soul is wonder-struck
By gulls and rocks and foam.

Red in the west, and roar and mist
And a sea unfathomed and wide!
Oh, whence my soul, in thy boundless main,
Comes the ebb and flow of thy tide?

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Like thine own heart throbs, my brother man,
That echo through thy soul.

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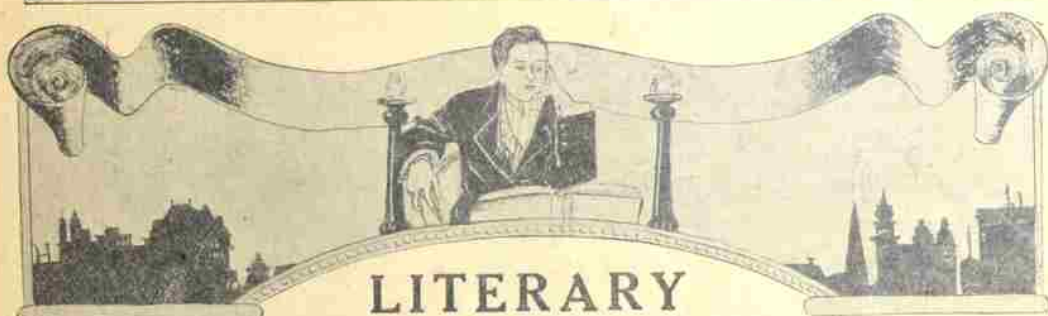
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LITERARY

The Value of the Lyric

The lyric is the cry of the heart of man, whether in gladness or in sorrow. It reveals the secrets of his inner life, his hopes, joys, sorrows, as no other form of poetry can. The lyric is always short, spontaneous, and musical, placing emphasis on the subjective or personal element. It has been likened to a deep, narrow stream, which, though covering little surface in its flow, has the speed of an arrow.

In its primitive form the lyric was the folk or love song, which was sung to the accompaniment of the lyre—hence the name. It has flourished best among races where individuality has manifested itself most potently. The lyrical poetry of Greece, when the monarchy was changing to oligarchy and then to democracy had a personal magic, a music, and an ecstasy that was wonderful. But there is nothing in Greek poetry to compare with the rapturous song, combining all elements that are truly lyric, which are found in Hebrew poetry and especially in the Bible. Among the more modern of the great poets who have contributed most to the lyric are Shakespeare, Dryden, Scott, Gray, Wordsworth, Milton, Byron, Burns, Shelley, Tennyson, Kipling, Goethe, Heine, Browning, and Keats.

The lyric is the most popular and most loved form of poetry. It goes home to the hearts of people because it gives natural and direct expression to those emotions, experiences, passions, and aspirations which every man shares. Its value in relation to the art of the spoken word lies chiefly in the subjective manifestation of the soul—because it is the overflow of the invisible stream of poetry which flows through the life of every one. So the lyric is studied, especially in the beginning classes, in the department of public speaking because through their study the student learns to look within, to the

very soul of man—the source of all expression.

Maiden Aunt Mary

Orville Miller.

"Well, Sarah Ann," said Mary Thomas, a maiden lady of some 35 "summers," as she leaned against the partition fence between Sarah Ann Johnson's garden and her own, "the Lord never did bless me with a child. Seem' as how Sam Cartrite and I never did get married has kinda upset the plans I made in early life. When I was a girl I took a course in child culture, but its never been any comfort to me, in fact, Sarah Ann, it has been a source of annoyance. But seem' as how I have always lived with my brother John and his family, it's come in mighty handy for them."

"Yes, Mary, you're alers good at advisin'."

"Now there's Tommy, their oldest boy; Alice would never have known how to cared for him when he was a tiny little mite of nothin' of it hadn't a been that I was there and told her what I had learned in a three-months college course about the care of infants."

"And there's Mary; when she had the croup last winter John and Alice was so scared they couldn't do a thing. I simply took that child and fed it lard and butter until it got so slick and greasy inside that the phelm jest wouldn't stick in its throat, and came slippin' out. An', Sarah Ann, in jest about a half hour later the little thing opened its eyes and looked around the room peart-er'n a cricket."

"And there's Esabel; she alers was a fractious sort of child. John and Alice alers said it was nervousness that made her hold her breath, but I knowed it was down right meanness, and one day when they was away from home I cured her. I was a bakin' a cake, and when she found that I had given the cake crock to Emy Loo to scrape, she

went into a fit of temper, and throwin' herself upon the floor she began to kick and squall. Then she proceeded to hold her breath and got black in the face. Of course a thing like that is alers more or less excitin'. I picked up a dipper of water and flung it square in her face. Well, Sarah Ann, it didn't take a second one; she 'came through,' as brother Jones used to say about his converts, and came through with a kick and a squirm too, and immediately she had command of all the breath she could use for some time to come."

"Well, Mary Thomas, my little Jim ain't got no habits like that, but he certainly has got the curiosity habit, why they ain't nothin' in the house he won't get into, an' I've tried everything to break him—that is everything 'cept whippin'. I—I don't like to whip him. Some way I've always thought it's best to persuade him into mindin'. Yes, I know it's a slower process but, it's a surer one than drivin' him through fear, ain't it?"

No, sir, Sarah Ann, I'd blister that boy if he were mine, that's exactly what I'd do. Why the Bible says: 'spare the rod and spoil the child.'"

"Oh, but Mary, the little fellow alers begs so piteously when I've threatened him with a switch; it seems I just can't whip him."

"But, Sarah Ann, 'no cross no crown' remember."

At this moment there was heard a banging and rattling of pots and pans, a crash and a heavy thud, and then the piercing scream of a child's voice.

"There now what's he done? I'll bet it's the gallon jar of jam I put up on the top shelf where he couldn't get into it, or the cookie jar that he's been reachin' for."

"Well whatever it is, or what ever he's done you must whip him, Sarah Ann."

Sarah Ann ran hurriedly into the house, leaving Mary Thomas hanging over the fence looking after her. She found little Jim with two

large gems in each hand, and covered from head to foot with raspberry jam. He had climbed up six shelves in the pantry, but had succeeded in getting what he wanted. In fact, he had gotten too much, especially of the jam. He had a bump on his head and a cut over his eye, and was a pitiful sight to behold. She took the child out onto the back porch and quieted him.

"Well, Sarah Ann, he's gone and done it, just what you told him not to do," said Miss Thomas. "There's no sense in children being so unruly. It's all in the way you bring them up."

Sarah Ann was perplexed. She sat down on the step and began to cry. When little Jim saw how his disobedience pained his mother, he immediately threw his jam bedaubed arms around her neck, and lifting his jam besmeared lips to hers he said: "I'm so sorry, mudder, forgive 'little Jim, please, mudder."

And Sarah Ann kissed the chubby little hand as she said: "My precious little 'Jim Jam Gems,' 'course mother'll forgive you; and we'll both try over again, won't we?"

Mary Thomas, with a toss of her head, turned disgustedly from the fence and walked into the house as she said: "There! 'tain't no use tryin' to teach child-culture to mothers. They jest won't learn."

SPRINGTIME.

Grace Allen.

The springtime! All the springtime! The mad glad joy of springtime. The sweetness of the cherry blooms, The chatter of the birds, The beauteous green and mossy plot, And little wild for-get-me-not, All enter here into my soul and All my spirit glids.

The morning in the springtime! The joyful heartful prayertime! The gladsome praise of Robin Red. The sermon of the sun, Oh, buttercup in yonder grove, And daffodil in sunny plot, Pass on, Pass on, your joy of life—To each and every one.

Yesterday and Today

Orville Miller.

Last night the sky was all a blazing sea of fire, And as the setting blood red sun's last rays Cast off their gay bright coats of purple, gold, And scarlet hues, a million silvery stars Pinned back the inky scroll of brooding night And all together sang in joyous glee, While earth asleep lay bathed in soft moonlight.

What a contrast, this night's gloomy sky! No starry blue o'erhead, no setting sun, No belching peaks of fire, no soft moonlight, Only cold gray darkness, blackest night, A stillness icy cold, and frosty air That cling in heavy fog upon the earth; And chills and numbs the struggling soul of man.

My yesterday was filled with pride and joy, I tripped along life's pathway glad and gay. But my today is dark, and cold, and still; My guiding star has ceased to shine, no love Rays warm my life, no laughter fills the air, For she whom God had lent to me awhile Went forth at dawn, and left me here alone.

Philodorian

The best program of the year was listened to with a great deal of enjoyment by the Philodorian last Wednesday evening. Lawson and Stewart, accompanied by Miss Laura Arenz opened the program with a baritone duet.

Prof. James T. Matthews, an old Phil, gave a fine talk in which wit and humor was intermingled with seriousness. He described the days in 1883 when the society was just organized. The Philodorian society was organized two years earlier.

In his talk, Professor Matthews told of the wonderful feeling he had when he first started to college and of the reverence and respect, with which he held everybody and everything connected with the college.

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Later he spoke of the many little incidents in college life which makes the days spent on the campus so dear and toward the close he grew more serious and philosophical as he reviewed the good he had derived from the Literary Society. And in his closing sentence he paid an eloquent tribute to the worth of the literary society when he said: "There is no single study in the whole college curriculum as important as literary society work, well and faithfully done."

At the close of Mr. Matthews' address a song feast was held in which nearly all the "Old Willamette" songs were sung.

Websterian

The Webs entertained the high school seniors at a rousing meeting Wednesday night and a real live program was rendered. Dimick welcomed the visitors, and Bartholomew revealed some facts about Willamette that even the sophs didn't know. Flegel, Medler and Powers presented a vaudeville sketch. Powers says he's always being picked on, henpecked, that's it; and poor Johnny! McIntyre learned a new game entitled Hot-hand. Of course he caught on right away—tell that to the Marines.

The quartet is always appreciated and especially when assisted by Miss Shirley at the piano.

Lyle Bartholomew tried a rope stunt that didn't work—consequently his cocoa was cold when he got there, and the doughnuts weren't there at all.

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