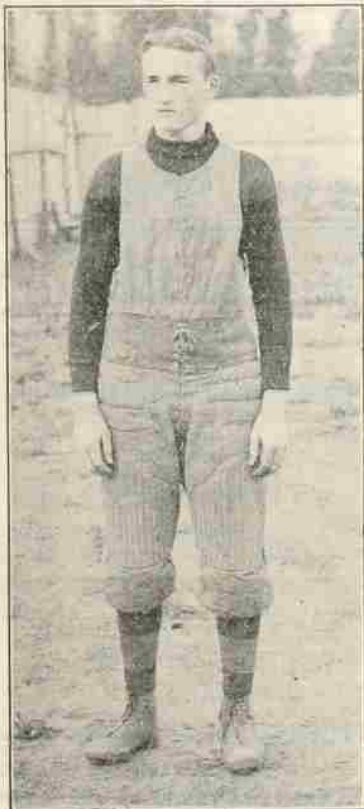




TWO BROTHERS WHO WILL PLAY AGAINST O. A. C. TODAY



PAUL HOMAN, Half



RALPH HOMAN, Guard

GRIDIRON NEWS FROM O. A. C.

GIST OF MESSAGE FROM FARMERS' CAMP IS HARD LUCK WAIL

Story Does Not Coincide with Item From Oregonian—In View of Last Year's Defeat, Aggies say They Expect Hard Fight—Willamette Team Much Weakened.

(Special to the Willamette Collegian, by R. B. Thompson, Athletic Editor O. A. C. Barometer.)
Corvallis, Or., Nov. 15.—With the lingering memory of a near defeat at the hands of the fast team representing Willamette University last year the Beaver band is looking forward to the game next Saturday with a slight uneasiness.

When the team trotted out to practice tonight it was a dilapidated looking bunch. Nearly every man on the team is walking with a limp. All are nursing pet sore spots, some of which are holdovers from the U. of W. game and some are fresh from the W. S. C. game. A team bucking two teams two consecutive Saturdays, each one of which outweighed them at least 15 pounds to the man, would naturally be rather bunged up.

Today Captain May was pronounced to have the smallpox. If this is true it simply means that he will be out of the game the remainder of the season. He is under quarantine and the doctor simply says "smallpox."
The lineup that will be used against Willamette will in all probability be the same as was used against W. S. C. Some slight change might be made. This game not being a conference game Coach Dolan may use some of the scrubs and there is a possibility that some of the old men may be used in new positions.

Coach Dolan is expecting a hard game; all the preparation possible is being made to avoid defeat. Willamette may not have as strong a team this year as last, but O. A. C. is also weaker. The loss of such men as Keck, Huntley, Dunn, Hawley and Hastings is a serious draw back to the team. It is no easy task to fill the positions left vacant by such players as these were.

In all events a large score on either side is not expected. It will be a battle between two very evenly matched teams. There is a possibility that O. A. C. will be outweighed. Unless Willamette has a team weighing less than 162 this will be the case. One of the hardest fought games for the Beaver braves is anticipated in this coming game with Willamette.

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Or., Nov. 13.—(Special.)—The football men of the Oregon Agricultural College were out on the field this afternoon, showing no ill-effects from the game last Saturday. Jessup

hurt his leg, but it is not thought that he will be kept out of the contest with Willamette Friday. Dewart has rounded into good condition again, and with the exception of Mays the veterans will all be in the game. The undergraduate feeling is one of confidence in regard to the coming contest.

Two news items from the camp of the Beavers, bring forth new comments on Friday's game.
The latter, a clipping from Tuesday's Oregonian, well puts forth O. A. C.'s confidence about the game.

The team which will go against the Beavers Friday is put forth thru an unfortunate season for Willamette. Dr. Sweetland states that this season has been marked by an unusually large number of minor injuries. Minor, but bad enough to keep several of our best players out of the coming contest. Westley, the star tackle, is out because of his shoulder, which is very slowly knitting together. Westley was one of the fastest linemen on the squad, and Dr. Sweetland has trouble in filling the vacancy with a new man.

Lowe, the clever, aggressive and one of the most experienced players, is also forced to give up gridiron work for this season. Both of these players were on last year's team, and now beyond question Willamette's team is not to be compared with our eleven of the season of 1910.

Billy Booth is forced to remain at Portland, because of the critical illness of his mother, and thus cannot be on hand for work.

Booth was a strong quarter, and in the coming game, he could have been depended upon for a place kick from anywhere near forty yards of the goal.

"Toots" Booth, the sub-quarter, is confined to his bed, suffering from a severe attack of tonsillitis.

Willamette could look forward to a close game if such men as McKnight, Rader, McMechan, Westley and Lowe were at their old positions.

O. A. C. Grad Visiting Brother.
H. J. Gilkey, who graduated from O. A. C. last June, and who has been working on the U. S. G. S. near Oregon City, is visiting his brother here at the University. Gilkey was over for a week last year and made a good many friends and acquaintances at Willamette.

SCANDAL IN SENIOR LAW CLASS

Suit Instituted By Prominent Student for Alienation of Wife's Affections.

A grave scandal has led out which has to do with some prominent members of the Senior Law class.

For some time past it has been known that one of the newly-married students of the Senior Law class was in trouble.

Serious domestic disturbances have resulted in the separation of the young couple. By request of the parties their names will not be made public.

At the time of going to press we have learned from the distracted husband that his wife has left the city, leaving a letter upon the center table addressed to her, and written without doubt by another law student, which will lay the author open to a very serious charge. The husband has declared his intentions of instituting a suit at once for alienation of his wife's affections, and will ask for a judgment of \$25,000.

The student implicated in the charge denies that undue friendliness existed between the young wife and himself, and asserts that the separation of the parties is a result of the habitual drunkenness of the complaining student.

This suit will be tried in the Moot Court of Willamette Law School in the Circuit Court Room on Tuesday evening, the 21st of November, at 7:30 sharp.

Edgar Martin will be the leading attorney for the plaintiff; associated with him will be Joe Stearns, Jr.

Merton DeLong will handle the defense, assisted by Geo. Hopkins, Jr.

Girls Association Elects.

On Friday morning, November 10, the regular business meeting of the Girls Student Association convened for the purpose of electing officers for the year. Alta Altman, vice president 1910-11, presided over the meeting. Frances Pohle was unanimously elected president and conducted the remainder of the balloting. Florence Metcalf received the secretary's vote for vice president; Lola Belle Cook was elected secretary; Ruth Young, treasurer; Grace Edgington, reporter.

GREAT CONTEST DRAWS NEAR— GORDON MOORES DREADS DEFEAT

Tuesday, Nov. 13.—As the crucial gridiron contest of the northwest, between the University of Oregon and the University of Washington, scheduled next Saturday afternoon for Portland, draws nigh, the reports sent out from the Eugene and the Seattle camps, may be summarized in the words "secret practice" and "working hard."

"Oregon's chances with Washington will be materially improved if it rains next Saturday."

Such is the declaration made by Dr. Sweetland, coach of Willamette University whose observations are worthy of note for the Salem mentor has been in the coaching game for nearly 17 years.

Both managements are preparing extra sets of shoes provided with "stilt" spikes for the backfield men, so as to afford better foothold in case of a muddy gridiron.

Much interest is being shown in the game next Saturday, Nov. 18th, when Oregon and Washington will meet to battle for the right toward the claim of the Northwest championship.

The following clipping gives the expectations of the Oregon supporters: University of Oregon, Eugene, Nov. 13.—The student body, the team and all of the coaches, with the exception of Gordon Moores, the last alumni helper to arrive upon the scene, seem to believe that Oregon can win from Washington despite all the unfavorable comparative scores and judgments. Moores' dread may be because he has not seen the team undergo any of its recent improvement, but he firmly asserted last night that he thought his Alma Mater was doomed to a sound drubbing. Nine coaches are busily at work with the Oregon eleven each afternoon.

BIG COLLEGE GAME MAY BE CALLED OFF

University of Wisconsin Athletic Committee Brings Charges.

Minneapolis Nov. 14.—A protest was filed today by G. W. Ehler of the University of Wisconsin athletic committee against Captain Pickering of the University of Minnesota's football team. The allegation is that Pickering played professional baseball. The protest may result in there being no game between the colleges Saturday as scheduled.

Pifflicated Scotchman Sits on Hen House in South Salem and Sings to Chickens.

Last Saturday night a young Scotchman who gives the name of Ben Murray, awakened an entire neighborhood in South Salem, as he sat on the top of a chicken house and sang "cuckoo" at the top of his voice.

Mrs. Strong sent a telephone call for the police, who soon appeared and discovered Ben on top of the building with nothing about his person save a long white night shirt, and lustily chanting cuckoo at the full moon.

Ben was ordered to descend, and stopped his singing to tell the police authorities to go about their business as he was just about to go to bed.

The police did not look at it from Ben's viewpoint, however. They rudely pulled him off his perch, wrapped him in an overcoat and hurried him to the station.

Ben says that he was out with the boys Saturday night and does not know what happened afterwards. His wife brought him some clothes the following morning.

Second Years to Amend Constitution

The Second Year Academy Class held its regular monthly class meeting Wednesday noon, when a committee of three was appointed to rearrange the constitution of last year. After acting on several other business matters the meeting adjourned.

HARVARD NOT WHAT FOUNDER HAD INTENDED SAYS STUDENT

Lionel de Jersey Harvard, who is now a full fledged student at the university which his ancestor's cousin, John Harvard, founded finds many things at the university that are not in accordance with his views of college life as exemplified by the customs of the English universities. He said that could John Harvard come to earth he would be surprised, both agreeably and disagreeably.

"John Harvard would be surprised," says the English youth, "could he see the university that I have seen, for he intended a far simpler institution, I think."

"Family traditions prompt me to say that my ancestral kinsman did not plan a school of such grandeur and that had he lived to guide its destinies quietness and study would have been the rule rather than elegance and play."

"He would be pleased to find that the college had grown into such a great institution and would be proud to know his name is so much honored."

"My first work at Harvard has been interesting, inasmuch as I did not expect to find so elaborate an institution and because I had always heard that the things my ancestral cousin was likely to have to do with would be very simple and democratic instead of dignified and in some respects exclusive, as I have found Harvard."

"The English universities have remained unchanged for centuries in many of their customs, and consequently I expected the same conditions here. The spirit of comradeship, I fear, is also lacking. Many of the students reside away from the university in fashionable apartments. At home the majority of college men room in the college yard. A student should be

PRES. HOMAN OFF TO DENVER

ATTENDS CONFERENCE—ENDOWMENT CAMPAIGN IS RUSHED—VICE-PRES. TODD IN PORTLAND

University Executives Working Night and Day to Make \$500,000 Fund Actually—Need of More Buildings on Campus is Pressing—Future Outlook Bright.

The endowment campaign is being pushed most strenuously and successfully by the president and vice president of the university. They are very seldom seen around the campus these days, and then only with a suitcase in hand, rushing to catch a train. Not a stone is being left unturned, nor a magnet left untouched; nor any available plan neglected to bring the campaign to a speedy and successful termination.

Dr. Homan, who has been in Portland for the past few weeks, was in Salem long enough to lead part of a chapel service, and then was off to Denver, to attend an important joint conference of the Home and Foreign Missionary Boards of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This conference will bring many prominent and influential laymen and clergymen together so undoubtedly the Dr. will find abundant opportunity for pushing the good work along.

Dr. Todd has been doing double labor, working on the Current Expense League, as well as boosting for the endowment. His work in Portland is proving very successful and he will probably remain in the city for some time.

The students of the University are looking forward with a great deal of interest and enthusiasm toward the completion of the campaign, for at that time will be erected the \$50,000 Memorial Hall which will be used for chapel and library. The need of this building is felt very keenly now and by the time it is erected will be an absolute necessity.

O. A. C. Men in East.

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Or., Nov. 14.—Pres. W. J. Kerr of the Oregon Agricultural College and Director James Withycombe of the experiment station, speak this week in Columbus, Ohio, before the Association of American Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations. President Kerr's address is on ways of getting more students into the gymnasium and athletics. Dr. Withycombe will lead the discussion on institutes. He is to spend about a month visiting eastern experiment stations and President Kerr is to go to New York and Washington, D. C., in the interests of the Union, Umatilla and Sherman county branch experiment stations, which are partly supported by federal funds.

WELLS' PET NO MORE.

Friendly Jackrabbit Thought to Have Gone Into Eaton Club Soup Pot—O'Connor Tells How Trick Was Turned.

A large friendly rabbit has been hopping about the campus during the past two weeks. He was a tall, angular, half-starved appearing creature. Glenn Wells says that poor bunny was looking for something to eat, and having observed a bit of clover growing near Lausanne Hall, he coaxed the rabbit by certain wiles and persuasions known only to himself toward the ladies' hall. It is reported that Mr. Jack gave the building one wicked wink and disappeared.

Stearns is greatly disappointed that he was unable to catch the rabbit and have its picture taken for the Collegian. O'Connor told him that he used

more interested in his books than in finding a room in society circles.

"Perhaps, however, when I have been here longer I shall change my ideas of American universities and be ready to agree that the methods pursued here are superior to those of English schools and that Harvard is just such an institution as John Harvard would have if he were alive."

to catch rabbits, when a boy, in wholesale quantities, and thus supplied the live stock market in Portland. He said that the secret of his that must be taken with what he said, and sprinkled on bunny's tail. Joe went to Portland for the ostensible purpose of obtaining some of this salt. It is reported that our worthy editor used the salt while in Portland for other purposes.

Will Schreiber has been arising early every morning for some time and taking cross-country runs.

Mr. Jack Rabbit has disappeared. Those who frequent the sign of the dirty spoon declare that a peculiar taste of rabbit has accompanied their soup of late.

Suspicion points toward Schreiber. It is thought that his morning runs were taken only to catch the rabbit.

ALL ABOARD ON WATER WAGON

At a call meeting of the Willamette Intercollegiate Prohibition Association, last Friday noon definite steps were taken in the matter of finding a teacher for the study class of the league. As soon as a teacher can be chosen the class will begin. The time for meeting was set for Monday nights 7 to 8 p. m.

Now is the time for us, the students of Willamette, to get behind this work and boost for the cause of temperance.

One has said, "The great majority of college students of America stand right on this question. They do not drink, nor do they love the brewer or the bartender. But the great sin of college life is indifference. Amid a multiplicity of duties, action does not follow conviction."

Ex-Gov. Frank Hanley, in speaking to a group of college men and women said, "Young college men and women, the responsibility is upon you to join your united efforts in this struggle against the liquor traffic. Your generation must solve the liquor problem. I envy you your opportunity."

Not only have we these calls to action, but editors, business men, preachers and temperance workers are asking why more collegians do not take an active part in the present struggle for the purity of home and politics. The temperance organizations all over the country are needing capable, efficient workers and leaders. Let us, as students of Willamette, stand behind this great movement and loyally support the work both in our home field and in the country at large.

PREP SAVES VARSITY GYM

It has not become generally known that the gymnasium caught afire a short time since, and might have been entirely destroyed, but for the prompt action and cool head of young Herman Thornton, who is a first year prep, and comes from Vale Oregon. Herman won't talk much concerning his exploit. It appears, however, that he was passing the gym, some time during the afternoon and noticed smoke pouring from the roof. With rare presence of mind he ran into the building, attached the hose to the hydrant and put the fire out, which was blazing about the chimney and spreading rapidly over the roof.

The lad is about fourteen years of age. Without doubt he saved the University from a very serious fire.

"I do the very best I know how—the very best I can; and I mean to keep on doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference.—Lincoln.

Willamette Collegian

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A BUSINESS PROPOSITION.

How jealously we scrutinize a proffered bargain, ere giving it the stamp of final approval, lest we lose a few pennies!

Let us regard education, for this occasion, in the light of a purchasable commodity. We want knowledge—something that belongs to another, who is able and willing to confer that knowledge upon us—for a consideration. If we are ready with the price, should we not endeavor to fully realize the advantages which will accrue to us as possessors of the thing desired.

A prominent educator states that after a careful and diligent inquiry among the students of numerous institutions, he has reached the conclusion that a very small percentage of college men regard the acquiring of education as a business proposition.

No doubt this is largely due to the fact that a great majority of those attending schools of higher education enter with no adequate comprehension of the requirements that business life exacts of its successful advocates. As stated in a recent paper on the subject: "Our youth go direct from high school to college with but one definite object in view; the taking of an educational gloss with the minimum exertion at mental sand-papery."

This is perhaps putting it too strongly, and yet it is true that the average student is prodigal with time, and generally fails to recognize the great opportunity for material advancement that college training offers. We are all quite willing to grant that "Knowledge is power." We greet this maxim as a truism, and let it go at that, seldom troubling ourselves to pry into its real significance.

Knowledge is power—the true source of all power—and material well-being follows as a result of acquiring and rightly directing that power. As we hope for success in after-life, let us not forget that we are here in "Old Willamette" on a business errand—the business of properly fitting ourselves for life's work.

BEGGARS ALL.

When the word "beggar" is spoken there comes to the mind's eye a vision of rags, and want and misery. Across our pathway totters an old man, blind, with gray locks straggling in the breeze, and gaunt palms stretched eagerly forth to the heedless, hurrying throng. Or perchance a mother, kneeling in the drifted snow, clasping to her cold bosom a starving babe, and humbly craving of the stranger a coin with which to purchase life.

These are beggars, surely, and behind them we see a vast concourse of unfortunates in the same sad plight as they: the penniless, the diseased, the crippled, the weak; all needy supplicants, and as such, outcasts from society. But for that matter, are we not all beggars?

Webster tersely states that "A beggar is one who lives by begging." This definition is so broad that under its literal acceptance we must all be mendicants, tho we affect not the atmosphere which is commonly said to prevail about those who make begging a profession.

It is oftentimes difficult for man in the pride of wealth and power to remember that he is fashioned from the same common clay as the wretch who whines for a crumb from his affluence. It is well, however, to consider that during the course of lifetime it falls to the lot of most of us to ask a thousand favors, and to grant as many—if we will.

At this point there comes to mind an excerpt from an ancient fairy tale, with language to this effect: "Alice timidly approached the wicked old crone, who sat * * * toasting bread and honey, and begged of her a slice with which to appease the pangs of hunger. Whereupon the witch, scowling fiercely, cut from the loaf a very thin slice, and after spreading a bit of honey upon it, plunged it into a jug of sour vinegar, which made it so bitter that Alice, try as she would, could not swallow it."

It is easy to grow selfish and close-fisted, and to give grudgingly is almost as bad, and sometimes worse, than not to give at all.

As we desire to be given our dues, we should grant to others what is due them, and as we are ever ready to seek aid from others, we should not be niggardly in lending assistance to those who need and deserve it.

The Men of Red Blood.

Get a little red blood if you want to be men.

Get a little red blood in your veins. The world's full of struggle and worry and strife.

It is muddy with mud that stains, You can't be all lavender, sugar and spice, Kid gloved and with fringes and lace.

The world needs the men who are full of red blood, With the sternness of life on their face.

What use, after all, are the mincing gait men,

Who step over stones like a woman? Don't they ever suppose that the world's full of dirt,

That it smells, that it's rugged and human?

It can't be all filigree, fringes and fun, There are lives hid away in the mire And the world needs the men with the spirit and strength

To blaze up against the wrong with their fire.

Get a little red blood in your thoughts and your dreams,

Not angel cake creatures with nerves.

The world needs the man who will stand to his post,

That nothing e'er frightens or swerves,

Away with the satin and cuffs and silk socks!

The world isn't dainty and sweet: It is full of great hunger and sorrow and woe,

Great passion and pity and heat.

It's the men of red blood, not the idols of style

That can bring back the dream once again

Of a noble, high race in an effort for good

In the struggle of men among men. Don't flatter yourself with the thought that it's nice

To live on cup custard and wine. This world's a rude, rugged and muddy old place.

It is manhood that makes it divine. —Baltimore Sun.

Autumn in Oregon.

By Perry Reigelman.

Cascades lookin' soft an' blue, Dreamin', sleepin' ages through; Dash of green an' patch of brown, High on craggy peaks look down, Reddish sun gleams hot on high, Lazy clouds drift silently, Curls of smoke a-floatin' low, Kain't determine whar ter go.

Winds a-stirrin' in the Wes', Heart goes poundin', in yer breasts; Leaves a-rus'lin' in the grass, Days a-gittin' shorter fas'; Sun goes slidin' down the sky, Rain a-comin', by an' by. Clouds come driftin' o'er the hills, Pile up high, an' over-spills.

Jes' been waitin' fer the rain; Jints a-workin' smooth again; Seems like things was like ter burst Ef God didn't quench their thirst. Jes' cools down the hot bloods race Ter an even, homey pace. Clouds o'er spillin, ain't it fun; Autumn days in Oregon.

Snap of ginger in the air, Whirr of grouse in thicket there; Sparklin' eye an' merry song; Days are glorious, ev'ry one; Rain clears up the smoke an' haze; Blood a-coursin, laughter plays. Soft an' paterin', footsteps light; Rain comes dancin', gives delight.

JOKE SHARK

Thomas and Kit.
Anon.

The rain fell in torrents, the thunder rolled deep
In response to the turbulent sound
Of Thomas and Kit as they screamed
and they spl't.
And rolled o'er and o'er on the ground.

Now Thomas, he lived in a little old house,
Standing off by itself on the green,
Save by hunger impelled and his fears
were dispelled
On Main street he seldom was seen.

Kit, strange to say (misnamed, by the way)
Was of proud race, and warlike and grand,
And woe was the fate of intruder that ate
Or walked on his broad terraced land.

But Tom little knew of this warrior bold,
Or ne'er would he ventured within
The green picket fence with the lawn nicely rolled
And the grass all as short as 'twas thin.

As he strolled down the street in quest of some meat,
Which without had he gone many days.
The scent of a fish, a much-esteemed dish,
Enticed him from off traversed ways.

All trembling with dread he crept under a shed
In seclusion his meal to enjoy,
Just lay down that fish and get off my land,
'Fore I scratch both your eyes from your head.

And his eyes nearly started from out of his head
When accosted with, "Here, you old boy
Or I'll tear every hair from your carcass so spare
And stretch out your skin to a thread."

'Twas the voice of our Kit, with his back proudly arched,
And his mouth like a barn gate spread wide,
And his eyes, in his ire, glowed like twin coals of fire,
From which Thomas fearfully shied.

But terror gave strength to his peaked old frame,
And he swore that his life he'd sell dear;
He took Kit in his grasp with a death dealing clasp
And chawed, madly chawed, at his ear.

Aroused from their slumber for miles round the spot
By the hideous turmoil and strife, The people in crowds thick as rain from the clouds
Came flocking with gun and with knife

But, oh, what a sight did their senses perceive,
As they wondering gazed at the ground.
Loud cries rent the air tho but two tufts of hair
Went bobbing around and around.

And now when each night in darkness is wrapt,
And the dew settle down on the lawn,
The cries are renewed round the spot where they stood,
Tho both cats into Catdom have gone.

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BELLE'S

Hot Chocolates will satisfy that Winter Thirst
The different kind!

BELLE'S

Mrs. White of Portland, Oregon, received a visit one afternoon last summer from a young Japanese who had previously worked for her. The young man had always showed a willingness to work, and had proved an honest and faithful servant. Mrs. White asked him to return and work for her again. He said that he would write later and let her know. In a few days the following letter was received:

"Portland, June 28, '11.

"Dear Madam:—I will write to you a short note. I am very much obliged to you for the kind advice you gave me during I served in your domestic.

"Suddenly a few days ago I met you at your home just then you said to me by your greatest benignity that you desire me to return, so it is gave me a exceedingly pleasure with idea. But I am very sorry to say because I cannot take leave my master home so it has been obliged to be opposite for your mind.

"P. S. Henceforth I hope you are all well, so much good health on yourself. Yours obedient servant
"George Mayehara."

Mrs. White, being very anxious to secure the services of George, wrote to him and urged that he speak to his master and be released if possible.

The letter was answered in this way:

"Portland, July 7th, 1911.

"Mr. and Mrs. White.
"Dear Madam:—Your communication of the day before yesterday has been received yesterday. I am very much obliged to you for the information it contains. I had report those circumstances to Mrs. Evans for to take the release, but she could not accept it. Because, certainly as you know it is very difficult to find in this season for instead another boy, therefor I feel much regret, but I can not help it. Even if I could not attend as you expected, but I wish you please do not forsake for me.

"Yours servant,
"George Mayehara."

College Idyll.

Where is my Junior son tonight—
The child of our tears and fuss.
Does he mathematicize on the flight of light,
Or work at Theocritus?

"Nay, lady, he's talking of next year's team;
Or watching 'em basketball;
Or calling and chatting with peaches and cream;
Or smoking a pipe—that's all.

Or hazing a Freshman to make him grow;
Or fighting some likely pups;
Or raising a row with a rotten show;
Or running for loving-cups.

And maybe he's writing the Junior play;
Or stealing the chapel chimes;
But, lady, you bank on it, anyway,
That he's having a — of a time."

O. A. C. Short Courses

Begin Jan. 3 continue Four Weeks.

YOU ARE INVITED

Every citizen of Oregon is cordially invited to attend the short courses of the Oregon Agricultural College, beginning Jan. 3. Eleven distinctive courses will be offered in Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, Domestic Science and Art, Commerce, Forestry and Music. Every course is designed to HELP the student in his daily work. Make this a pleasant and profitable winter outing. No tuition. Reasonable accommodations. For beautiful illustrated bulletin, address H. M. TENNANT, Registrar, Corvallis, Oregon
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Edited by Grace Edgington

WILLS LOVE LETTERS.

Lausanne Hall from Monday to Friday noon is as serene a place as heart could wish. But Friday noon events assume a livelier pace, gradually gather speed in the stretches of Saturday and Sunday, and culminate in a crashing peal of alarm clocks in the dark and damp of an early Monday morning.

During the past week Florence Leighton has been quite ill, and has had to forego the joys of attending both meals and classes. The poor lady has, however, made arrangements for the disposal of her amethyst pendant and a compilation, with footnotes, of her love-letters; so there is no cause for anxiety.

Moot Court was the general subject of conversation at dinner Tuesday evening. So at eight o'clock, seventeen Lausanne ladies put away their English note books, borrowed their neighbors bonnets and departed for Moot Court. There they sat an hour and a half, bursting with admiration, and dying to know "who was the man just inside the railing with the Stewart-plaid hair and the plush voice."

Friday afternoon Ruth Cooper and Helen Wastell took the Electric for Portland. They returned Monday morning telling thrilling tales of the way you should catch a train.

Friday evening several of the girls attended the Epworth League reception. Miss Chappell, who was among the number got lost behind a snow flake as she was crossing Winter street, and if the horrified search party had delayed a moment longer, she would have surely been frozen to death.

Saturday morning Armored Sutcliffe left for a brief visit with friends in Forest Grove. In her absence her stony-hearted room-mate, Miss Lent, who according to all known authorities ought to have been "prostrated with grief" or "worn to a shadow"

with anguish over the event, was busy transferring the College Boy to the south wall where the light is good.

Miss Kenworthy, who has been with us the three weeks since Miss Austin has been in St. Louis, has gone to Eugene. Miss Austin arrived Saturday evening and will take up her college work again.

If you had chanced to visit the second floor of the Hall Saturday morning you would have been puzzled at what was taking place at the head of the front stairs. All along the railing, leaning farther over than any law of the center of gravity will think of permitting, hung a row of girls. Some were lashed fast by Turkish towels; some took turns holding each other by the hair to prevent falling. And all because the notes of a strange masculine voice, rising in the haunting strains of "My Rosary," was drifting from the parlor. Who could it have been?

Do you know that beauty parlors and beautiful parlors are very different? The latter is the theme of twenty-six individual lines of thought at the Hall just now. Consequently, there were just twenty-six different varieties of rapture visible, and audible, last Saturday evening after dinner, when the glorified committee opened the parlor door and pointed dramatically to three new pictures on the wall. There was a glowing, little, winter-sunset scene; a silent stream with a sympathetic row-boat, all set in a mystery of moonlight and brown shadows; and the third, a flock of sheep on a wooded road, with a dim, gray sky above. But the best was yet to be seen. An indescribably beautiful "Christ" by Hoffman, the gift of Miss Chappell to the Hall girls.

Throughout Saturday afternoon and evening huge chunks of mirth filled Lausanne hearts—all except Miss Chappell's and Waldette's. (They didn't know that callers were expected and might arrive any minute.) In a room on the second floor, Anna Brice and Edith Lewis cracked nuts. They worked at fire-horse tension, ready to drop into the wardrobe or vanish under the bed, if an alarm were turned in. A faint odor of boiling chocolate crept thru the walls and floated on the air, but it would have taken a detective to have located the source.

Miss Nancy Skafle and Miss Lola Belle Cook were Hall visitors Saturday evening, and both, at all times, preserved the most elegant decorum.

Sunday was a perfect stay-at-home day. The fire in the parlor crackled joyously to the rustle of the Funny Paper, and the wind wailed in the chimney. What if the rain did streak and slip, streak and slip, along the window panes. What matter anything when you can summon up memories of the coconut cream pie that topped the dinner, and toast your feet, and listen to the musical purr of your room-mate ripping stamps out of your stamp book.

Quite a number of the young men of the University who heard Miss Kenworthy tell how the boys in the mission schools of India choose their wives, were filled with the desire to go and do likewise. Consequently on last Saturday evening the matron and fair co-eds of Lausanne Hall were visited by a crowd of young men who were seeking their affinities.

Several of the boys, in true Oriental fashion, had their credentials and were admitted without any trouble, but those who were less fortunate had more difficulty in securing admission.

When, however, all were safely in and seated, the fair blushing ladies were led thru the rooms in order that the young men might take their choice. But some of the seekers after happiness found themselves unable to make a selection, as the girls were all equally bewitching.

Miss Austin, who is well acquainted with the way it's done in India, came nobly to their rescue and selected girls for them. If the boys were able to meet all of the young lady's requirements and the two were both impressed with the other, all was happiness—but if not—alas! the youth was coldly rejected.

Several jolly games were played thruout the evening, and it must not be said how late it really was when the nectar and ambrosia were served. It was still a bit later before the visitors left to the tune of "Good night, Ladies," and "Come Away to Fair Lausanne." As far as we have been able to learn all concerned are greatly pleased with their success of the evening, and no doubt a larger class in Campus try will result from it.

PUFFED RICE CANDY.

Melt two cups of light brown sugar in half cup water. Boil a few minutes and add a lump of butter the size of a walnut. When the psychological moment arrives, viz., when it will harden in cold water, pour the mixture over four cups puffed rice or puffed wheat which has already been warmed. Stir until it begins to sugar. Flavoring may be added just as the sugar is taken from the heat.—Agnes Alford.

Still the great "Ideal College Girl" contest continues. The Freshmen boys are doing beautifully, and the judge's wish to remain strictly "incognito." Results to be announced soon.

Placing Her.

If she goes with all the boys, she's a coquette. If she prefers a "steady" she couldn't get anyone else.

If she majors in Chem. or Greek she's queer. If she doesn't, she's looking for snap courses.

If she is athletic she loses her maidenly charm. If she isn't, well, girls can't do very much any how.

If she doesn't wear a diamond, she's not engaged. If she does, she's running a bluff.

If she belongs to a club, she's frivolous. If she doesn't she couldn't get in.

If she asserts herself in class, she's strong-minded. If she doesn't she hasn't any brains.

If she doesn't talk much she is uninteresting. If she does, she is tiresome.

Now what is she going to do? —Ex.

Good Discussion Enlivens Meeting

Mr. C. J. Hollingworth lead the regular meeting of the association. He made some general remarks based on the statement of Christ. "I have not come to do my own will, but that of Him who sent me."

An interesting discussion concerning temptation was carried on. "What is the test of true manhood? Which is the stronger man, one who slips and rises gain, or one who apparently never slips?"

Webb Approve Governor's Policy.

(Too late for 1st issue.) The program last Wednesday evening was unusually good. Barton sprang one of his original stories which brought the elusive smiles to the faces of his audience. Then Mathews sobered them again with a splendid paper on "Galileo's Contribu-

tion to Science." Then came the funny stunt of the evening, a vocal duet by Gilkey and Green, entitled "The Gypsy Countess." Green was the earl and Gilkey the gypsy maid, dressed for the part. His costume consisted of a bright red skirt, a yellow sash a red shawl with lovely lavender stockings and a voice to correspond. The way the earl embraced the maid at the finale was touching to behold.

The debate for the evening was, "Resolved that Governor West's prison policy is commendable." The debate was interesting and well prepared. The affirmative, McIntyre and Manning, won the decision over the negative, Jory and Sackett.

Philodossians.

It gets tiresome remarking that on a certain day, at a certain hour, in a certain place, and for an equally certain reason, a certain thing "occurred" or "met" or "came together," when everyone is morally certain that it did anyhow. So without preface, let us state to the "dying-to-know" public that the last meeting of the Philodossian Society was a satisfactory one.

Roll call was answered by quotations on women. Woman is crafty, cute, catfish, and keeps her conscience in her hand bag—so said some authorities, mostly apologetic bachelors and Frenchmen. Longfellow and the nice lavender old ladies thought only sublime hand box thoughts, and were faithfully quoted.

Lola Belle Cook's paper, "Women of the Nineteenth Century," presented, to many of the girls, a new perspective of women's work. She gave interesting details of the lives and labor of Elizabeth Stanton Cady, Clara Barton, Jane Addams and Elia Flagg Young. The only criticism which fell from the censor's report upon Miss Cook's production was that, in an innocent lapse of mind, the young lady had fallen to discussing "clinics" instead of clients.

After the rendition of Francis Thome's always pleasing "Simple Confession," by Gertrude Reeves, the society listened to a concise, clean-cut statement of the commission plan of city government, by Ethel Lewton. This topic has lately been at issue in Salem, and most society members had a clearer understanding of the matter, after the reading of this well-prepared paper.

The sergeant-at-arms being unable to bewitch the fire into burning, it was voted by a narrow majority to dispense with parliamentary practice.

Miss Kenworthy Speaks.

The girls who failed to attend the Y. W. C. A. meeting last Thursday afternoon missed a wonderful meeting. Miss Kenworthy, who has served for a year on the mission field of India, spoke to the girls on the subject, "Here Am I, Send Someone Else." Miss Kenworthy has a charm of personality and a sincere manner of address that at once attracts and keeps the attention of her audience.

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Criteria Hold Auction Sale.

An important question was settled last Wednesday night in the Criterion Literary halls, when, by a two to one vote the judges decided "That a labor colony should be established for the elimination of the tramp." The debate was interesting throughout and its preparation showed that the debaters did their best to maintain the reputation which the society is getting in the academy. Sldow and Foss for the affirmative and Chalcraft and Schreiber for the negative were the principals.

Mr. Harvey gave a five minute demonstration of an auction sale, and his ability as an auctioneer may be judged by the fact that he sold the chapel chairs for fifteen dollars apiece, while the old stove went at the fabulous price of one hundred and seventy-one dollars and thirty-three cents.

Mr. Johnson's reading and the parliamentary practice with Snider in the chair concluded the literary part of the program. The society voted in three new members, swelling the membership to thirty-five.

Jorkins: "How did you ever come into possession of such a cheap-looking umbrella as that?"

Dorkins: "Why, I got this umbrella in a very peculiar way—I bought it.—The Pathfinder.

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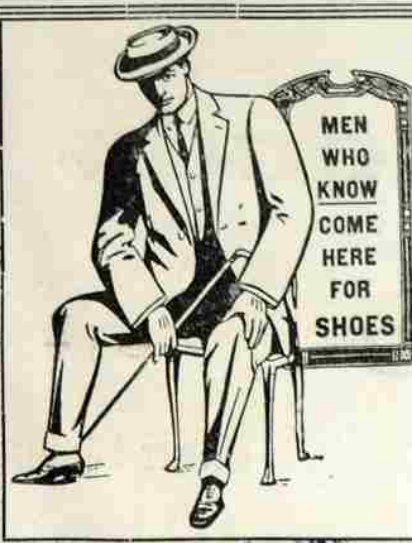


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SPORTING NEWS

Sporting Editor Talks Football

Roscoe Fawcett, Oregonian sporting editor, gives comment of the coming game:

Portland, Nov. 12.—In all the fuss and furor over the Oregon-Washington game, football enthusiasts have somewhat overlooked the fact that the only purely state championship clash of the season is scheduled for Friday the 17th when the Oregon Aggies, basking in the joyousness of a 6-to-0 victory over Washington State, are to meet Willamette University at Corvallis.

Willamette University, under the veteran Dr. G. J. Sweetland, held the Corvallis men to a 9-to-6 victory in 1910, and the following excerpt from the Oregon Aggie yearbook, the Orange, shows how narrow was the margin:

"Two weeks after the alumni game we met Willamette University and won 9 to 6, but it was a close call, for Willamette pressed us hard all the time and it was due to luck more than to good playing that we won the game."

This year, judging from comparative scores, the Oregon Agricultural lads should win by two or three touchdowns, for, while the Salemites scraped out only a 27-to-5 victory over Chemawa, Coach Dolan's cohorts warped the redskins by a total of 75 to 0. However, comparative scores are about as accurate as a hand-made adding machine and either squad may adorn the ambulance on the trip in from the college gridiron.


Some Radical Departures May Be Made in Amateur Athletic Union.

New York, Nov. 14.—Reforms of a radical nature in the policy of the Amateur Athletic Union will be proposed at the annual meeting in New York on November 20. Further consideration of amateur societies is the goal aimed at as well as the elimination of athletes whose services are practically bought.

Two rules in particular will be proposed. One will provide that an athlete leaving one club must remain unattached two years before he is eligible to membership in another club. The second provides that no student in a college or university may belong to an athletic club other than that of his own college.

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O.-W. Seat Sale Receipts Large

Tuesday, Nov. 13.—Nearly \$1000 worth of seats for the big Oregon-Washington football game here next Saturday were sold yesterday afternoon at the Columbia Optical Company, 145 Sixth street where the reserved section is on sale. Although the seats were not placed on sale until nearly noon, a considerable crowd



McRAE, Varsity Fullback

had collected to get choice locations for the banner college game of the year. It is expected that the biggest sales of the week will be those of today and tomorrow. The box seats are going pretty rapidly. Portland's society folk taking them for the purpose of entertaining football parties.

When I Am Gone.

When I am dead if men can say, "He helped the world upon its way; with all his faults of word and deed Mankind did have some little need Of what he gave," then in my grave No greater honor shall I crave.

If they can say—if they but can—"He did his best, he played the man, His ways were straight, his soul was clean,

His failings not unkind nor mean, He loved his fellow men and tried To help them," I'll be satisfied.

But when I'm gone if even one Can weep because my life is done And feel the world is something bare Because I am no longer there— Call me a knave, my life misspent; No matter—I shall be content.

—Westminster Gazette.

He: "But couldn't you learn to love me, Anna?"
She: "I don't think I could, Harry."
He (reaching for his hat): "It is as I feared—you are too old to learn.—Ex.

A woman went to her bank and not finding the cashier who usually waited on her there, asked where he was. "Out of town," said the assistant. "Gone for a rest?" asked the woman. "No, to avoid it," replied the clerk.

Team Shows Better Form

The varsity squad has been given a week of long and hard practices. Manager Flegel made final arrangements for the heavy Beaver game to be played Friday November 17th, and so through this week the squad has been exerting every possible means to shape for the contest.

The best spirit is shown by all the men, and mingled with student enthusiasm there is a healthy atmosphere prevailing on the "student's field."

The first of the week several new plays and formations were tried, showing better form. Owing to the conditions of the weather, a large amount of the work has been done on the inside, using the blackboard to a good advantage. The heavy rains mingled with snow have made a slow field, but being well covered with saw dust, the conditions are not so bad as would be expected on a newly worked field. The result of the student effort in putting in good drainage is now shown to good advantage.

All the players regret the enforced absence of "Billy" Booth, and also that of the sub-quarter "Toots" Booth. Paul Homan has been working at the quarter position and is doing well, altho he is new in the position. Several changes have been made, both in the line and the backfield. Hepp has been absent from work because of sickness. Erskins is out doing hard, consistent work, but his shoulder still gives him considerable trouble.

The last few practices have been given up to scrimmage with the strong College team. Doctor McIntire has put forth commendable efforts to shape this squad and beyond doubt, as Dr. Sweetland states it is the strongest second team that the institution has had for some time. The College squad fought a hard tie game at Chemawa last Thursday, the score being 5 to 5.

The varsity squad leaves Friday morning for Corvallis. The students are showing a strong interest in the game, and are encouraging the team for the coming struggle. Captain Blackwell has been encouraging all the players with his hard work during the scrimmages, and will lead the team to a strong battle.

No matter whether Willamette wins or loses by score it will be a victory for the true spirit of the historic institution.

Something Doing in Webs. Hall

The program for the evening was opened in a bombastic manner by Rolin Day, who said his "say" and departed. Mr. Schram gave a nameless address—"nameless now, forever more"—after which was a most interesting and patriotic address on Switzerland by Stocker, a former citizen of that country. Mr. Stocker was enthused over his subject, which fact made his remarks doubly interesting. Marsh and Bolt spoke extemporaneously on "Autumn and What It Means to Me," and "The Country I Left Behind Me," respectively. Their remarks were brief and somewhat to the point. The debate which followed was

CITY Y. M. C. A.

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rather more verbose than argumentative. The question was: "Resolved, that American cities should own and operate public utilities." Affirmative, Ayre and Green; negative, Homan and Cook. The negative managed to win the decision.

Clark ended the program with a very touching solo. The parliamentary practice was very lively, and was particularly good in that the new men entered in. The critic's report was rather a scorcher—but that met with the approval of the society, for what else was a critic for?

Adelante Literary Society.

A very interesting and enjoyable afternoon was spent by the Adelantes last Friday.

An instrumental solo by Arta Anderson was well rendered and much enjoyed. This was followed by an extemporaneous speech on "The College Woman as a Home-maker," by Florence Metcalf. She treated the subject in a splendid, thorough manner which awakened the interest of all present. The original and spicy story, "Love's Test," a suffragette story by Frances Pohle, was read to the pleasure and amusement of all. Sadie Boughey's paper, "College Chums," was exceptionally good, setting forth what our attitude toward our closest college friends should be. The literary program closed with a charming instrumental solo by Dorothy Pearce.

A business meeting followed and a short time was spent in parliamentary practice, after which the meeting adjourned.

Adelphian Literary Society.

The Adelphian Literary Society held its regular meeting Friday afternoon. In this society although very young, all the girls are enthusiastic and all look forward to Friday afternoon.

All the programs given are splendid but the program of Friday, November tenth proved an exception, as Lois Ashby rendered an instrumental solo. The constitution was read and explained for the benefit of the new girls.

The vacancies left open from last year by old girls not returning were supplied by Miss Clara Perkins as vice president and Miss Edith Reynolds as usher.

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