



Varsity to Play Indians Tomorrow at Chemawa

Second Squad Gives Regulars Plenty of Hard Practice--Big Game Soon with Multnomah

Basketball practice is on full tilt these days in the varsity gym. A large squad of from twenty to twenty-five men are reporting every afternoon, a number working on the varsity squad, and the rest working in alternating teams against them. No change has been made as yet in the regular varsity line-up, consisting of McIntire, Homan, MacRae, Gibson and Schramm. There is, however, a strong second squad, and they are giving the varsity a hard run for their money. One or two nights this week they have lead the scoring for quite a while and always keep the varsity moving to keep from being "showed up." The first team as yet lack consistent team work, but are improving rapidly in speed and basket-shooting.

Games will soon be coming on fast. Tomorrow evening Chemawa will be met on their own floor for the second game of the season. The strong team of the local Baraca club will probably be taken on for a practice game on Wednesday evening, and on the following Saturday the first big game of the season will take place with the Multnomah Club. After this, games will be played every week, and will be announced from time to time.

OFFERS TO MARRY UNDERGRADS FREE

Denver, Col., Jan. 11.—Chancellor Henry A. Buchtel of the University of Denver made an announcement in chapel last week before the assembled student body that should endear that institution to Cupid evermore. The announcement was no less than an assurance to all young men and women enrolled as students of free marriage licenses and free marriage ceremonies. The chancellor made the promise that he would buy the license for any couple in the university planning matrimony, and, in the bargain, would perform the marriage ceremony free.

Doctor Buchtel, who has just returned from Washington, started out by telling the students how grieved he felt because two of them slipped away during his absence and were wedded by another minister. It was a good disappointment, he said, because he had not performed the ceremony. In a voice full of sadness he rebuked the couple—Johnnie Fike, star football player, and Miss Zeta Sweet, a pretty co-ed—for depriving him of the pleasure of being the first to shower blessings upon them.

"Now, I want all you young people to understand," said the chancellor, "that hereafter those of you considering this serious step must let me perform the ceremony. If I am out of town, I wish you would wait until I return. I want to see you all married. But, remember, I want to perform the ceremony. As an incentive I promise to buy the license in each case and give my services free."

Rugby Helped Him in Kicking Says Navy Star

Seattle, Jan. 11.—Jack Dalton, the Navy's stellar kicker last season, says that he owes his ability to punt and dropkick accurately to rugby. While Dalton played in the English sport, he was equally as efficient a kicker as in football.

The development of accuracy from the rugby game has been largely attributable to his success, he says.

Jas. Oakes, Glee Club Manager Resigns

Says Studies Demand More Attention --Makes Splendid Record in Office

At the regular meeting of the Glee Club last Monday evening, J. B. C. Oakes tendered his resignation as manager of that organization, after successfully administering the duties of that important office for nearly a year. Oakes gives as his reason that the time required by the office is more than he can spare without neglecting other duties and jeopardizing his chances of graduation in the spring. From the time of his election in the spring Oakes has been working hard to make this the most successful year the Glee Club has known, and he is responsible for the best trip the club has taken since its reorganization three years ago. He has attended faithfully to all the arrangements for travel and advertising, and great credit is due him for the large houses which greeted the club on the Puget Sound tour.

A special meeting was held last evening for the election of a manager and discussion of plans for a spring trip, but this was too late to get the returns in for this issue. However, it is understood that plans are being made for an Idaho trip with other shorter ones.

Beginning Monday evening, the club will rehearse every evening from 5 to 6, working up an entirely new program for the spring concert in Salem.

President Homan in East.

President Homan is at present in the east, where he went about two weeks ago to attend the Methodist college presidents meeting at Meadville, Pa. While on the trip he is also taking in the University Senate at Syracuse and attending to a number of business matters.

Stanford Boys Are Working as Railroad Laborers

Sacramento, Cal., Jan. 11.—Fifteen students of Stanford University have proved themselves hustlers as members of a gang building a Southern Pacific steel bridge here. The young men are working during vacation to gain practical experience in engineering, which they are specializing on at the university. The engineer in charge of the work says he wishes he had more of the same sort in his gangs.

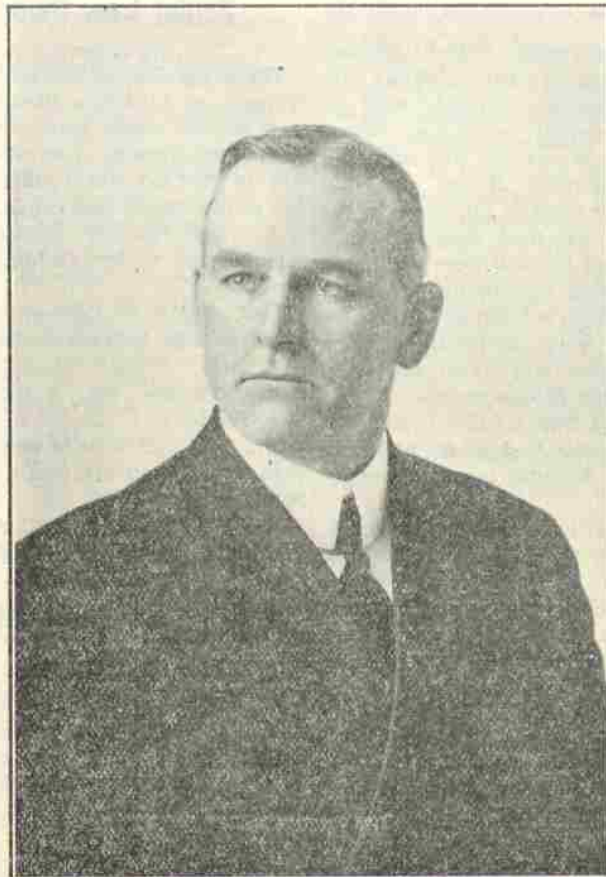
Students Will Debate.

The students of Willamette will hold a forensic contest in the chapel on Saturday evening, January 20. The purpose of this contest is to select two teams to represent the Varsity in debates to be held with various universities throughout the state.

The subject to be threshed out is: "Resolved, that the single tax, as proposed by Henry George and his followers should be put in operation in Oregon."

About fifteen entrants will try out, among whom will be Ivan McDaniel, Boyington, Raines, J. O. Stearns, Jr., McCadden, and Frasher. Manager Minton says the outlook for a good year in debate is very promising. He further says that the interest manifested by the students in this particular line of college activity is most encouraging.

Fletcher Homan, of W. U., Who is Now in the East



Dr. Homan is attending the Methodists Presidents Meeting at Meadville, Pa., and the University Senate at Syracuse.

Oregon Orators Settle Time For Tryouts

Oregon University, Jan. 11.—The committee on oratory and debate held a meeting Saturday morning and arranged dates for the holding of the tryouts for the intercollegiate and interstate oratorical contests. The preliminary tryouts for the Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest, which takes place at Forest Grove during March, will be held in Villard Hall on the evening of January 29, and the final tryout will take place Monday evening, February 12. The tryouts for the Interstate Oratorical Contest, held each year in May by Oregon, Washington and Montana, were scheduled for March 18, and April 1, respectively.

Black Caps for Freshies.

Black caps must be worn by all Freshmen at the University of Pennsylvania at the varsity football games. The effect on the opposing teams as the players glance at the Pennsylvania bleachers is said to be very disheartening.

Colleges Will Debate Parcels Post.

O. A. C., Jan. 11.—The Washington State College has chosen the subject of parcels post as the question to be debated between that school and this for this year's debate.

Second Years Elect Captain.

The men of the Second Year Academy class held a brief meeting Friday noon, to elect a captain and manager for the basketball team. Clair Alford was elected captain and Burdette manager.

Contractors Are Estimating Cost of Moving Huge Bell to Students Field

Just a word in regard to the college bell, that it may not be forgotten. The proposition to place the old college bell in a belfry at the end of Willamette Field is not yet a certainty, but contractors are figuring on it, and with a little more popular approval it will probably be a reality before the summer recess. The bell would serve many purposes—to ring in case of victory, to toll for defeat, to mark occasions of state, and, in short, to become one of the most pleasing of college traditions. Why not talk up the college bell and use your influence to place it in its position of honor. We can think of nothing on the campus, which in years to come will bring more pleasant remembrances to the visiting alumni than the sound of the old bell, calling up as it will a wealth of memories of contests lost and won.

Surely we should have the bell.

Varsity Men Poor Spellers Is Decree

New York, Jan. 11.—"Poor spelling and weakness in the fundamentals are conspicuous in many of our high schools, normal schools, colleges, universities, technical schools and professional schools, as well as in business life."

"They are the subject of constant and vigorous complaints," said Dr. Charles S. Chapin, principal of the Montclair State Normal School, commenting on the agitation that has resulted from the publication of the report of John P. Murray, a member of the state board of education, in which Mr. Murray condemned the conditions that made it necessary for the two Jersey state normal schools to teach fundamental subjects which should have been taught thoroughly in the grammar and high schools.

Buys 19 Sabres for College.

Corvallis, Or., Jan. 5.—Nineteen new sabres have just been purchased from the government war department by Lieut. W. C. Miller, commandant of cadets at the Oregon Agricultural College, for the officers, who each year buy their swords to take with them on graduation as a reminder of their military training at college.

Missouri Chinese Students Attempt to Raise Fund

University of Missouri, Jan. 11.—Chinese students at Missouri are attempting to raise a fund for the benefit of the Red Cross Society in China. They seem to receive little support from the community here, however, and expect to subscribe the entire sum from their own allowances.

Hot Battle is Fought Wed. by Freshmen Over Election

Class Colors Considered--Officers Chosen--Novel Speeches Made

The most exciting class meeting of the present "Fresh" Liberal Arts was held last evening. The business carried on was quite extensive and in most cases important. The class has plainly shown its preference towards gold and white, as its class colors. Because of the fraud in barfoting the class could not adopt the above colors.

The class election was fast and close. Eric "Ben" Bolt was elected the "rudder" of the class for the coming semester. Miss Ruth Young will be on deck in the absence of the husky president, hence the class need have no fear about its pilotage. Miss Kate Barton will be the recorder for the class, while the finances will be left in the hands of Paget, a most worthy financier.

The outgoing president, Moore, will defend the portals of the class as sergeant-at-arms. To judge by his excellent work as president of the class, the class is certain of having a true man for the position.

The sentiment of the class carried with it a hearty vote of thanks to the retiring officers.

The speeches of the afternoon bid fair to become masterpieces in the galleries of "high-sounding" oration.

All in all the meeting was a decided boost for the fastest "Fresh" class that has ever entered old W. U.

Ralph Homan on Sick List.

Ralph Homan has been on the down and out list for almost a month with a bad case of bronchitis. He showed his face on the campus this week but was still considerably under the weather. He will probably be in school next week.

Will Establish College Course in Aeronautics

Washington, Jan. 11.—Courses of aeronautics soon will be established in American universities to fit young men for the profession of flying and airship building. This advance in education was predicted today by Prof. A. Lawrence Roach of the Blue Hill meteorological observatory, Boston, in an address before the American Association for the Advancement of Science. "It appears likely that the demand for the collegiate instructions in young men wishing to enter aerial engineering as a profession will soon require the establishment of regular courses of study," said Prof. Roach.

Crane, College's Enemy, Dies After Short Illness

Chicago, Jan. 11.—Richard T. Crane, millionaire head of the Crane Company and foe of universities and institutions of higher education, died at his home on the night of January 8, after a three days illness of the grip. Mr. Crane received world-wide publicity and caused heated discussions and protests a few months ago when he said that colleges breed drunkards, that students at the big universities and most of the smaller ones, spend most of their time drinking intoxicating liquors.

Martin Schreiber returned this week from his home in McMinnville, where he has been quite sick during the holidays.

City Library on Edge of Campus Will Help W. U.

Building will be a Marvel of Modern Convenience and Architectural Beauty

Of interest to the students of Willamette is the progress of the new city library which is going up on the corner of Winter and State streets. Altho this building will not be upon the campus, it will be of great convenience to the students inasmuch as it is close at hand.

The new library building will occupy all the ground that is available, the main building being 63 by 81 feet, with a room of 12 feet more across part of the back. There will be two floors, the basement being three feet below the street level, and the main floor several feet above ground level.

The entrance to the ground floor will be from Winter street, and a corridor just inside the entrance will lead to all the departments on this floor, which will consist of a men's reading room, staff room, class room, large reading room, librarian's work room, an auditorium with a capacity of 200 people and fitted with a stage, dressing room, check room, lavatories and boiler rooms.

The main entrance will be from State street, and just opposite the entrance will be the delivery room. There will be no partitions on the main floor except about the librarian's department, all other divisions will be made by book stands. On the Winter street side will be the general reading room, while on the west will be a place for the children, and behind this will be the librarian's room. Back of the general reading room will be the reference department.

The book room will be just back of the delivery room and will have a capacity of 20,000 volumes.

The lighting arrangement will be excellent, as the plans call for several windows, all of which, except those along the front, will be placed seven feet above the floor, so that the light will come from above the readers.

There will be two fireplaces in the building, one in the general reading room and one in the children's department. The latter will be of classical Greek architecture, which will be more or less of an inspiration itself to the little ones.

The building will be a modified type of Greek architecture, and will be twenty-nine feet in height to the parapet. Buff face brick with stone trimmings will be the material used, for the outside, and on account of the main floor being without partition walls, a large amount of steel will be required. One of the very modern features that will be embodied in the equipment of the building will be a fumigating cabinet, where each book will be thoroughly disinfected before being returned to the shelves after outside use.

The contracting firm is J. S. Winters & Company, the same people who are putting up five buildings at O. A. C. The architect is Geo. M. Post of this city.

Chinese Students Will Celebrate New Republic

Corvallis, Or., Jan. 5.—The five Chinese students at the Oregon Agricultural College, representatives of prominent families of the Celestial Kingdom, have been excused from classes this week at the request of the Young China Association of Portland, in order that they may assist in the universal celebration of the new era of China just entered upon.

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THE VALUE OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION.

The death of Richard T. Crane, millionaire manufacturer, recalls to mind his recent bitter arraignment of our system of higher education. That college training is useless and demoralizing, rather than helpful and uplifting, was the belief of this eminently successful business man.

In his published views upon the subject Mr. Crane designated our universities and colleges generally as breeding places for vicious and immoral habits. A large percentage of those attending college, according to Mr. Crane, literally pluck their first fruits of sin from the Tree of Knowledge. The flowing bowl, the gaming table, and other evils in comparison with which these are modest diversions, all lurk in the shadows of our universities, and beckon the innocent student with insinuating fingers the instant he enters the portals of learning! Mr. Crane did not rest content with the mere making of these accusations. He bolstered his statements with carefully prepared statistics which no doubt brought to the minds of thousands unadulterated conviction that the pathway of learning is the shortest road to Perdition.

Doubtless this man believed that he was right. It cannot be denied that he had some grounds upon which to base his convictions. It is true that in many of America's proudest universities there is an element that shuns the cleansing rays of knowledge, and seeks instead a life of frivolous ease. It is also true that many of our educational institutions, instead of consistently endeavoring to eradicate this element, are prone to look upon it with unseeing eyes. But this is not generally the case. In our western schools at least, democracy is the password, and clean living a social requirement.

It seems unnecessary to say that bad morals can never be laid to the effects of higher education.

In those schools where unhealthy conditions prevail, they do so in spite of higher education, and not because of it. The value of education cannot be affected by the conditions which surround it, be they ever so bad. Knowledge is essentially the same, no matter where it may be found, and its value lies in reducing it to possession, and properly applying it.

It is much easier, of course, to acquire knowledge under favorable conditions, where the atmosphere is conducive to clean morals, than in a place where the student is beset with constant temptations to break the rules of right living. There is no excuse for any man to leave Willamette University unenriched for the struggle with life, for here we enjoy unexcelled advantages, and are not hampered with that undesirable element which Mr. Crane erroneously believed to be the result of university training.

HALLEY'S COMET

ANON.

(Concluded)

Hardly had the comet said this than a certain fiery body flashed past, severing the comet from its tail. The comet waited till its tail had caught up with it, and then it turned to see where the intruder had gone.

"What was that what just passed?" asked O'Riley.

"That," said Halley's Comet, "is a particular enemy of mine, Comet A-10. Hold on tight while I chase him."

With these words Halley's Comet set off in pursuit. The chase was hot but the pursuer proved to be the faster. As the chase grew hotter, Comet A-10 shrieked terribly; and as Halley's was about to dash into it, it dodged in behind a great body that rose up like a bear.

"What's that awful looking thing?" asked O'Riley.

"That's the constellation of the Big Bear," replied Halley's Comet.

"Probably we had better get out of this," said O'Riley.

"Probably we had," agreed Halley's Comet.

For awhile the Big Bear made after them in earnest, but, being a large body, it was soon compelled to quit the chase. As they went on further, O'Riley was surprised to find himself holding to plumes instead of sparks, and looking up he found himself clinging to the tail of an ostrich instead of a comet. Upon closer inspection he found each plume to be tagged with the price mark 99c.

"Are you still Halley's Comet?" asked O'Riley.

"I am," replied the Ostrich. "Come on up and get astraddle of my back."

O'Riley was only too glad to do this, and soon he was reviewing the heavenly scenery from the back of Halley's Ostrich.

"What is this stream ahead of us?" asked O'Riley.

"This is the Milky-Way," replied the Ostrich. "Hold up your feet while I swim across."

Mr. O'Riley did hold up his feet, but despite this precaution, before they had crossed the stream, he was quite thoroughly saturated with a milky fluid.

"Did you get wet?" asked the Ostrich.

"Wettest I've been for a long time," replied O'Riley.

"Never mind," said the Ostrich. "You'll dry off pretty soon."

Sooner than they expected, for scarcely had they spoken than they saw bearing down upon them the hot sun. They began to steam and to smoke immediately, and had ample time to shelter themselves behind a great heavenly body before the sun passed by. The air grew hot and

jocularly, "that the exception is not only possible but quite probable."

At this remark, Halley's Ostrich was forced to laugh, despite the fact that it had lost all of its beautiful plumage; but instead of switching its tail this time as it did when it was a comet, it flapped its wings as an indication of its good feeling. Good humor was now restored and the two moved on in their tour of sight-seeing.

"What could have been the matter with Mr. Mars?" asked O'Riley.

"Quarrelling with some of his neighbors, most likely," replied the Ostrich. "Domestic troubles, evidently," said O'Riley.

"Quite evidently," agreed the Ostrich.

Having advanced a little further, they came upon a sight which far surpassed anything previously seen in the way of beauty or wonder. Before them was a huge green orb revolving slowly. Encircling it and revolving rapidly were rings of all colors in the richest and daintest shades. Above the rings and the orb were a number of bright stars tossing up and down like water from a fountain. All these movements were accompanied by a far-off, rhythmic music that outruled the music the Sirens sang.

For a long time O'Riley looked and listened scarcely breathing. At length he asked in subdued tones, "What are these?"

"These," answered Halley's Ostrich, "are Saturn, its Rings and its Satellites."

O'Riley looked on with breathless wonder, but as he looked upon it, all at once it grew noticeably dimmer. In a very short time nothing was to be seen of it whatever. Not only that, but there was no light to be had from any of the other heavenly bodies.

In his puzzling amazement O'Riley inquired of the Ostrich: "What does all this darkness mean, Mr. Halley?"

"It evidently means that an eclipse is on somewhere," said Halley's Ostrich. As each moment passed, the darkness became more intense. Nothing could be distinguished. The Ostrich, FOUR—Collegian—Jan. 2

waiting for the eclipse to pass off, wandered around aimlessly with its precious burden. But the eclipse did not pass off immediately, and the Ostrich was compelled to wend its way through the heavenly bodies as best it could. Once it ran into a great planet, at another time it narrowly missed being run down by an oncoming body. As time went by and no light appeared it became more difficult for the Ostrich to keep its footing. At length by an unlucky chance it stumbled over a loose piece of star dust, thereby losing its balance.

O'Riley began to slip off, barely catching himself by grabbing one of the wing feathers. Alas! the feather did not hold and he pitched headlong down through space.

The less said about the terrible drop the better. It seemed an age to Mr. O'Riley before he came to earth. At last he came crashing down upon his back. An ordinary mortal such a fall would have killed, but not so Mr. O'Riley, the hod carrier. For a moment he lay stunned, then consciousness came back to him. As he opened his eyes, the little oil lamp with its wick turned low, came upon his sight; the little clock in the corner ticked into his ears; the creaking stairway told him that Mrs. O'Riley had set off for bed. In an instant the unreality of the whole dream burst upon him; nevertheless it was quite evident to him that he had fallen out of bed and that—well, perhaps he might have eaten too much for supper.

Teutonia Club Meets.

The "Teutonia" met for a social evening Saturday at the home of the Misses Heist and learned the pleasure of an evening spent in their home. The club first met for a brief business session to hear the reports of several committees. After the business had been completed the club members exhibited their familiarity with German authors by guessing what writers were represented by certain pictures. Next, charades, representing German subjects, were cleverly executed.

The first division among the members of the society occurred when Prof. Walsh and Miss Laura Heist chose sides for a selling contest. This brought out many euphonious combinations of letters. After all had demonstrated their abilities in this line, each found his fate by the profound study of "Consequences." Then all gathered around the piano and sang.

The German society now has twenty-five members. The next meeting of the club will occur Saturday, January 13. Prof. Sherwood will give a

stereopticon lecture on Germany at the next meeting. Those who have had one year of German are eligible to membership and are cordially invited to attend the meetings of the society.

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and, after he had spoken for an hour, announced that he would now be glad to answer any questions put to him. A young miner in the audience thereupon said: "Mister, I'd like to ask a question."

Senior Law Doings.

There has been quite a bit of controversy as to where friend Coddling was hooked, some three weeks ago. The latest reports from the seat of war is that he was hooked between the smoke house and cellar. If such is the case the law reporter wishes to apologize to Mr. Coddling for the mistake.

Prof. Smith in Corporations: Can a corporation be held liable for murder, Mrs. Wells? (Laughter.) Mr. Smith: Pardon me, I should say, Mrs. Stone.

Mr. Nott had a little more jewelry than usual upon his return from the holidays.

Mr. E. L. Martin is also feathering a nest—for two—wonder who?

Philodorian Society.

At its first meeting of the new year Willamette's patron of literary efforts and attainments, the venerable Philodorian Society, resolved in accordance with the time-honored custom, to make the year 1912 the brightest and most successful in all its history. In making this resolution the society has set for itself a goal and ideals that only the most earnest, persistent and conscientious efforts on the part of its membership will make possible for it to attain.

There are few societies that can point to such an enviable record as that established by the Philodorian society during the years of its existence. It is a record of many triumphs and few reverses; of benefits bestowed along literary lines, that have extended outside of its membership or the four walls of its hall.

However, notwithstanding the unprecedented success of the society in the past, the spirit and enthusiasm which dominated the members at its initial meeting of 1912 bids fair to make this year the crowning year of its glory, and place the society upon greater and broader heights of attainment than it has yet known.

Be There, Say Websterians.

The Webs. will discuss the constitutional amendments next Wednesday evening.

The following program, interspersed by skillful exhibitions of firing by Critchlow, was rendered: Impromptu song, Paget and Critchlow; impromptu remarks, (a) "Is marriage a failure" by Harrison, (b) "How to live on \$3 a week" by Bolt, (c) "If Socrates were to visit the campus" by P. Homan.

Debate, "Resolved, that China would be justified in establishing a republic." Affirmative, Stocker and Cook; negative, McDaniel and Bryant. The negative side was absent. Todd and Boyington were appointed to uphold it. The affirmative was given the decision.

Make it a point to attend next Wednesday evening.

A Real Compliment.

Eugene Wood, the famous humorist, who has been secured to lecture here soon, is a serious-minded agitator as well as a writer of funny stories. He once addressed a large crowd of strikers from a street corner rostrum, his platform being a rickety soap-box.

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Co-Ed's Corner

Edited by Grace Edgington

Fickle Lausannettes.

It is quite pathetic to notice how soon one is apparently forgotten when one leaves the Hall. Only a week have Miss Cooper and Miss Young been gone yet already have their roommates formed new "family" ties, and resumed existence with a gayety and fervor quite shocking. No sooner did the fickle Miss Wastell learn that Miss Cooper could not return than she opened secret negotiations with Miss McMahon, the fair charmer across the hall. By the end of the week, all pretense of grief on the part of Miss W. was cast aside and the hall between the two rooms was filled with the goods to be transferred. Not satisfied with tearing from her heart the image of the departed, the said heartless Miss Wastell must dispose of every article connected in anyway with Miss Cooper. The stove was crammed with Miss C.'s shoes, collars, papers, and books, and even the once-enshrined Walter R. was tossed under the window-seat, there to wriggle in pasteboard helplessness. Such utter lack of feeling can scarcely be comprehended, and yet the two conspirators must further exercise their unholy enthusiasm by varnishing all the furniture.

Miss Lewis, it must be said, observed the proprieties to the extent of hanging crepe over Miss Young's card which, with the uncertain sentiment, "Gone but not forgotten," had been pasted on the door. By Saturday night, however, Miss Jessie Young was filling the vacant chair and boldly wearing the bed-room slippers of the long-lost. Such effrontery!

One day last week Miss Lent and Miss Graves met in the hall on the way to dinner. "Wonder what smells so funny," said Miss Graves; "must be the gasoline I cleaned my waist with." "Gasoline!" shrieked Miss Lent, "Gasoline! no such thing; it's my new perfume."

Co-eds Feast and Swap Yarns.
On Friday evening, ushered in by a wierd crescendo of muffled alarms and mysterious midnight voices at the keyhole, came the first real "spread" of the year. The Freshmen hadn't gone

to bed at all—fearful of not waking up, but the old girls, veterans in the service, slept soundly. There was a "whisper and then a silence," and frequently "a sudden rush from the stairway, a sudden raid from the hall," carefully avoiding the creaky boards in front of the Young-Lewis flat on the third floor where the great "feed" was to be held. At length all were gathered, the dark and dangerous trip down to the kitchen for cups had been twice made without disaster, and the oyster stew was simmering fragrantly. The startling yet expected knock fell not on the door, and the rejoicing continued. Oyster stew, sandwiches, popcorn and candy were the eats. Three oysters apiece were the rations unless your neighbor were charitable or had lost courage. In keeping with the spirit of such an occasion stories must be told. The first was a joint production having to do with the adventures of one Gwendolyn, adored simultaneously by her guardian (stern and blackly handsome, of course) and by Douglas Hawley, a dashing college man. Unable to decide between the two, poor Gwendolyn flees to France. Soon however, the unhappy guardian is so accommodating as to die, whereupon Gwendolyn, attending the funeral, falls in love with the officiating undertaker. In the grand melee which follows Douglas remodels the undertaker's style of beauty, and is fittingly rewarded. The adventures of Gwendolyn finished, ghost stories followed. Among these there was a vivid recital of "The Hound of the Baskervilles" by Jessie, with special emphasis upon dramatic and scenic effects. When everything was consumed, the gay revellers crept fearfully back to their beds to say the multiplication table till three o'clock.

Arta Anderson, the last wanderer, returned Monday evening, just as everyone was beginning to wonder what on earth could have happened. Trains blocked by snows delayed Miss Anderson almost two days in the Cascades.

Interrupted "family" peace and even hat-pin duels have resulted from the Freshman name-drawing for the Leap Year party. In one particular case, said to involve the happiness of Mr. Critchlow, the beautiful friendship existing between Miss Sutcliffe and Miss Lewis has been seriously disturbed. We have with us—the cook, yet.

"Where did you get that cigar, Oscar?" "This is a two-bitter." "Well, if it's too bitter throw it away."

Y. W. C. A.

Miss Houston, the deaconess, gave a very instructive talk to the Y. W. C. A. last Thursday, her subject being "The Work of the Deaconess." She gave brief sketches of the different phases of deaconess work which showed how wide and helpful the field is. Many personal experiences were told, which served to give her interesting subject an added interest.

The attendance was quite small owing no doubt to the condition of the weather. All those who were not present certainly missed a very good meeting.

Adelphians Resolve.

After the Christmas holidays all the girls were glad to be back again and join the jolly bunch of girls that came together Friday afternoon, January 1.

The roll call was answered by giving a new year resolution. The story of the "Hand down picture" was given by Miss Cooksey; the life of its painter, Millet, was read by Miss Jory; the mixed quartette, consisting of Miss Ashby, Miss Esther Emmle, Mr. Booth and Mr. Lund, favored the society with two songs. The parliamentary practice was led by Mr. Ransom. A vocal solo by Miss Ingalls.

Philodossians Install Officers.

A novel scrap bag program varied the usual literary program Friday afternoon. Each girl gave one number or stunt as she chose. Several excellent stories were read and many important current events discussed. An especially good number was the solo, "I wish I had a sweetheart," by Rhea Wilson, accompanied by Ethel Thomas, cleverly paraphrased to fit the occasion. Following the program the new officers were installed.

Adelantes.

The Adelante Literary Society met at the usual time Friday afternoon for a short business meeting and initiation of new members. Miss Austin, Miss Roper and Miss White were taken into full membership.

Vassar Girls Good Wives.

There is at least one class of mortals who evidently live happily after marriage. According to Professor Taylor, no graduate of Vassar has ever been involved in divorce proceedings.—EX.

Society Editor's Masterpiece.

The lovely and elegant home of that crown prince of hospitality, the big hearted and noble souled Ab Weaver, was a radiant scene of enchanting loveliness, for Cupid had brought one of his finest offerings to the court of Hymen, for the lovable Miss Maude, the beautiful daughter of Mr. Weaver and his refined and most excellent

wife, who is a lady of rarest charms and sweetest graces, dedicated her life's ministry to Dr. James E. Holgood, the brilliant and gifted and talented son of that ripe scholar and renowned educator, the learned Professor Holgood, the very able and successful president of the Oxford Female College.—Charlotte (Ky.) Chronicle.

Criteria Install.

The Criteria enjoyed a very interesting program, which was one of the best so far this year. Probably the best number was the simple but pathetic song rendered by the mixed quartette.

During the recess President-elect Lund, Booth and Bartlett took an evening constitutional, which detained the business meeting for several minutes. The committee on internal affairs are arranging to launch a vigorous campaign against these constitutions, usually taken by the president and sergeant-at-arms.

After a short but brilliant speech by Installation-master Bartlett, the officers were installed and conducted the balance of the meeting.

Leap Year Suggestions.

The modest maid may hesitate To up and pop the question, If she can get the same results By practicing suggestion.

She will not ask you for your hand, Or kneel down at your feet If she can find another way More modest and discreet.

And so, my boy, it's up to you To really break the ice; The girls may drop a hint or two But this will not suffice.

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Carl Jefferson, Junior Law Student, Is Arrested on a Very Serious Charge

Carl Jefferson, a prominent member of the Junior Law Class, well known for his extreme beauty and docile nature, has been apprehended and is now held in custody on a charge of homicide. Jeff has acquired a good reputation among his classmates because of his lovable disposition and regular habits. His crime has taken the whole class by surprise, and the motive for the act is a matter of keen speculation among his friends. The dastardly deed was committed Sunday evening, at the

corner of State and Capitol streets. It appears that Mutt was out with Jeff's wife at the time the crime was committed. It is said that Mutt is known in higher circles by the name of Perry Reigleman. The case will be tried in the moot court of the Willamette College of Law, Monday evening, January 15, at 7:30 o'clock. The prosecution will be handled by Geo. Hopkins; associated with him will be Lee Smith and Randall. F. N. O'Connor will appear for the defendant. He will be assisted by Earle Knott and Crosby.

PLAYERS RALLY TO BASKETBALL'S STAND- DARD AT OREGON

Conference Schedule Now Complete--New Material will Be Brought Out--Prep School Reputation will Be Valueless

Oregon University, Jan. 11.—The basketball supplies for the coming season arrived during the holidays, and the new year opened with both last year's varsity men and new candidates equipped for hard practice. Coach Hayward expects to have little difficulty in filling the vacancy of Elliot, the only man of last year's squad not in school, and the varsity aspirants are trying hard for the vacancy, and promise to push some of the old men for their places.

The basketball schedule for this season has been definitely fixed by the representatives of the various conference colleges, but in addition to this, Manager Geary is trying to arrange for a few early season games with non-conference schools.

LOVE'S TEST,

Or, When the End Justified the Means.

By Frances Pohle.

It was at the beginning of the college year, that Redy Knox and Earnest Thawt sat in their study enthusiastically discussing the big events of the coming year. Redy was the athletic hero of the school, prepossessing in manner and appearance, and popular among the students and faculty.

Earnest was considered fortunate to be permitted to live with the Knox family, who made everything homelike and comfortable for their out-of-town friend. The only, but ever-present trouble was the interference of Redy's suffragette aunt, which may be understood without saying, did not take will with the Junior fellows.

Suddenly—for they thought they were alone—there came a voice:

"Boys, I have just come from the Civic Federation and we have had a most enthusiastic meeting, discussing the most prominent benefits derived from woman suffrage. Think of it, boys: Judging from an impartial examination of the ground woman's suffrage has resulted in a quickening of the civic conscience among women. It has caused a distinct progress toward higher civic life. This newly aroused interest of women in civic affairs has manifested itself in multifarious ways; why, listen boys, the private character of office-seekers has become of a higher type; the streets show signs of greater cleanliness, city parks have been improved, and public buildings have received special attention in regard to ventilation and artistic decorations. And oh, boys! I am just so excited. The present moment marks the beginning of a new period in the history of the agitation of woman's suffrage. It is the period of unlimited rights and privileges. Why don't you start enthusiasm among the college boys so when they become voters, it will mean that their votes will be cast right. I brot it up before the Federation, and they appointed me as a committee of one to introduce it into the schools."

Redy tried to explain to his aunt

the uselessness of such an endeavor, but she would not accept his view. The boys, at last, were forced to leave for relief.

"I don't see how this can be tolerated much longer," declared Redy, "and it's rather unpleasant for you to endure a friend's old maid aunt. I hear her talk a great deal about the letters she receives from her brave Barnard. I hope he exists in the world of reality, rather than in her inventive imagination."

"I have a plan," responded Earnest, whose intellectual ability and ingenuity was equal to any occasion. SEVEN—Collegian—Jan 2

"Let's hear it," interposed Redy. "Your aunt is so fond of poetry; let's compose one, and send it to her with Barnard's name. That may help matters some."

"Well said," returned Redy, "but you'll have to write the poem."

Having decided upon the plan, they hastened to the Varsity campus and reclined comfortably under an oak. After a few moments Earnest finished the poem.

"I'll read it and if you have any corrections, speak up."

"Why, Matilda, tell me why So very kind and yet so shy; Why does that cold, forbidding air Give damps of sorrow and despair?"

"That's fine," interposed Redy.

"When I behold a face so fair, So sweet a look, so soft an air, My ravished soul is charmed all o'er. I cannot love thee less or more."

"Great," added Redy.

"Would you have your brave Barnard Ever be your faithful guard? Then come and let your heart be mine."

And always live in our own shrine."

"You certainly have a head on you, old boy," replied Redy.

"There, it isn't exactly original, but she won't know the difference," concluded Earnest.

The touching verses were carefully copied in disguised writing upon pretty pink paper, and safely deposited in the postoffice. The boys, feeling decidedly relieved, forgot their troubles until the next morning, when the family was astounded at the letter received by Aunt Matilda. It was then that the culprits felt guilty, but the excitement soon subsided, and an unusual quietness pervaded the Knox household. No one heard anything of Aunt Matilda's suffragette movements—she was entirely devoted to her own plans.

Some two weeks had passed in this manner when one evening as the boys entered the hall, to their astonishment they distinguished a strange voice in the parlor and listening heard "I'm glad it all happened as it did. I might not have had the courage."

Similar Complaint.

The president of a Western university relates how, when a certain well-known educator was dean of that institution, grave complaints against the college cook were brought to him.

Whereupon the dean summoned the delinquent, lectured him upon his shortcomings and threatened him with dismissal unless conditions were bettered.

"Good gracious, sir!" exclaimed the cook, "you oughtn't to place too much importance on what the young men tell you about my meals. Why, they come to me in the same way and complain about your lectures."—Harper's Weekly.

Someone has furnished the Willamette Collegian with a detailed estimate of the kind and value of the raw material that goes to make up the average man. "A man," says the Collegian, "has the material for 13 pounds of tallow candles, 1 pound of nails, carbon sufficient for 800 pencils, skin to make bindings for 16 octavo books, bone for 500 knife handles, 28 violin strings, 20 teaspoonfuls of salt and 1 pound of sugar." In the market the Collegian figures a man would fetch about \$450 as raw material.

THE HINGLISH OF HIM.

'Arf a hinch, 'arf a hinch;
'Arf a hinch bonward;
'Ampered by 'obble skirts
'Opped the '400." —Life.

The Voices.

Down by the dull sea I hear them,
Voices—forever unknown,
Sobbing their dreary fervor
In one monotonous tone.
Sobbing—sighing ever
In sorrow deeper than life;
Filled with music of partings,
And tears, and grief, and strife.

At Night I wake and hear them,
And I see the moon's pale face
Gleaming, questioning of me
Thro' the dark clouds' mystic lace.
And they murmur, and question, and murmur,
'Till the Voices seem to be
The ghosts of those who perished,
And lie entombed in the sea.

Ghosts of little babies,
Whose tiny dimpled hands
Reach out to me from the sadness
Of unknown Shadow-lands;
Voices of lovers, whose sweethearts
Are watching and praying in vain;
Ghosts of the mothers, whose children
Sob for them home again.

And my own soul's travail—
Its burden of grief and woe—
Cries of the weary waiting
For the things of long ago.
Sobs out its heart's deep passion
For the things that may not be,
For a love and a promise—and heart-break,
And a rainy day by the sea.

And I gaze in the heaving billows,
While the moon's rays seem to make
A silvery way that beckons
My soul this path to take.
And ever the voices murmur,
And I may not understand
'Till my own voice mingles with them,
In that vast Forever-land.

—H. S.

Brooding.

From Hard Labor and Other Poems.
By John Carter.

I work, and as the task is done I brood
On what has been and what is yet
To pass;
A life split from an idly handled
glass.

And days as this, an endless multitude.
Labor and brooding—is there then
no rest?
Day follows day, and in the silent
nights

Through ghostly memories of past
delights,
Faces I loved, and lips that I have
prest.

Until the sullen, deep-toned morning
bell
Wakes me to face a yesterday again
With all its bitter agony of pain.
Thou didst not linger, Dante, in thy
hell.

They say the torture's gone, the dawn's
arisen,
Mercy, to angered hearts a sutor
strange.
Has begged her own; yet this they
can not change.

I have been free, and I am here in
prison.

II.
O thou beloved of the cloud-dark hair
Whose hands I clasp no more, whose
lips I crave,

O thou who art so beautiful and
brave,
Avert thine eyes; look not on my
despair.

I have not breathed thy name since
first this gate
Shut, and the wall upreared its
frowning height.

Unless a stealthy turnkey in the
night
Has heard a whisper, sobbing-pas-
sionate.

Four gaunt years have I moldered in
this place.
Am I not then repentant of my sin?
I know not, for my heart is dead
within.

Thou art so far—I can not see thy face.
And yet, if thou hadst died, I had
returned
To holy thoughts and long-forgot-
ten prayers.

So might thy God be cozened un-
aware
To yield a moment of his heaven
unearned.

JOKE SHARK

It Couldn't Be Done.

Somebody said that it couldn't be done
But he with a chuckle replied,
That "maybe it couldn't," but he would
be one

Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.
So he buckled right in with the trace
of a grin
On his face. If he worried he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the
thing
That couldn't be done—and he did it!

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never
do that—
At least no one ever has done it";
But he took off his coat and he took
off his hat,
And the first think we knew he'd
begun it,
With the lift of his chin and a bit of
a grin,
Without any doubting or quiddit.
He started to sing as he tackled the
thing
That couldn't be done—and he did it!

There are thousands to tell you it can-
not be done,
There are thousands to prophesy
failure;
There are thousands to point out to
you, one by one,
The dangers that wait to assail you.
But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,
Then take off your coat and go to it;
Just start in to sing as you tackle the
thing
That "cannot be done"—and you'll
do it.

—E. A. Guest, in Detroit Free Press.

Customer: "How much for that suit
of clothes, if I pay cash?"
Tailor: "Forty dollars."
Customer: "How much on credit?"
Tailor: "Eighty dollars, half of it
down."—Toledo Blade.

"I should like to open an account at
this bank, if you please."
"We shall be glad to accommodate
you, madam. What amount do you
wish to deposit?"
"O, but I mean a charge account,
such as I have at the big dry goods
stores."—Chicago Tribune.

NOT ALL.

"Does death end all?" asked the sol-
emn boarder.
"Not for a week or so in case of a
turkey," answered the cheerful board-
er.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Y. M. C. A.

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