



WILLAMETTE DRUBS PUGET SOUND

Turkey Day Game Gives Cardinal and Gold Northwest Non-Conference Championship

Great Crowd Out to Witness Final Contest of Football Season--Northerners Try Hard--Home Team Invincible--Score 39 to 0.

Thursday, November 30th, Thanksgiving day, brought a close to the football season, on which day Willamette played the strongest non-conference team available. Perhaps the largest crowd ever seen at a gridiron contest in Salem was present to witness the last contest for the season of 1911.

The loyal citizens of Salem were all out, and backed by a large body of student supporters, Willamette again surprised the visitors with a large score. Though the Puget Sound boys played a plucky game all through, they were not in Willamette's class and left the Northwest non-conference banner to hang in Willamette's trophy case for another year. In few instances was the defense of the visitors strong enough to stop the varsity rushes. When McRae, Francis, Cummings, Westley, Bolt or Erskine were given the ball, they tore through the opposing line for ten and fifteen yards.

From the local view point, it was a game that was good to see, as the report had reached Willamette that the University of Puget Sound was "layin'" for the local institution's "goat." Accordingly, the locals determined that their goat should not leave home, began by running the score up to 27 in the first half. Then, after the game was clinched, Coach Sweetland began putting in his substitutes in order to give them a little seasoning and to get their baptism of mud and grime in a big contest.

In the last half the work of the visitors was better, but they could not penetrate the line for any substantial gains. Once or twice a man got through for five or six yards. Then, in the last quarter, Max, U. P. S. right guard, made the sensational run of the game, covering 45 yards before being downed. This brought the ball to Willamette's six-yard line. Then the hottest, fiercest scrimmaging of the game took place. It was Puget Sound's only opportunity to score and they tried it hard, desperately. They fought for every inch, like stags at bay, but it was like the waves dashing against a cliff; they fell back tumbling, scattered. Those few downs were battles royal, but the Willamette line held like adamant. Nothing could move it. Every line plunge crumpled back on itself. After six or seven attempts, Willamette stemmed the rush and bore the visitors back ten yards. The next down the ball was kicked by U. P. S. over the varsity line for a touchback, which counts nothing. The ball was brought back in scrimmage and Willamette's goal was in no further danger during the game.

The game started with a rush, and within three minutes after the whistle blew and the contest was on, Willamette had carried the ball over the visitors' line. Cummings did the work as the result of a triple pass. The next score was made by Francis, who, after a double pass, carried the ball 25 yards for a touchdown. After the ball had been worked down to the U. P. S. 25-yard line again, Cummings kicked a goal from placement and scored three points more. Goal was kicked on one of the first quarter, the score was 14 to 0 in Willamette's favor.

U. P. S. kicked off to Willamette at the beginning of the second quarter, and the varsity began a steady march, interrupted at times by penalties, down the field. The ball was worked to about six yards of the U. P. S. line when Bolt was given the ball. He tucked the spheroid beneath his arm and plunged the six yards like a bull after a red flag, and scored another touchdown. Goal was kicked.

The ball was put in play again, and after Francis had lopped off 8 yards,

Westley 20 yards, Francis another 10 yards, Erskine several yards, Willamette punted 40 yards and the ball went over the line in the hands of a U. P. S. player, counting a safety, and two more points.

Again the ball was put in play. Francis made 10 yards, 10 yards were lost in a fumble, Cummings made 25 yards on run, McRae 4 yards, and then Cummings carried the ball over for the fourth touchdown. The score stood at the end of the first half 27 to 0. After a series of scrimmages in which Willamette gained steadily, the ball was carried down the line and Erskine was sent over for the fifth touchdown. Willamette received each kickoff. Francis after a run of 15 yards, made the sixth and last touchdown.

In all, six touchdowns were made, four goals kicked, one place kick and one safety, totalling up to 39 points.

Every man on the team was in the game all the time and had the odds been more even, it would have been one of the greatest games ever seen on the varsity field. McRae was a striking figure, plunging through and tearing up formations, ripping great holes in the defense of the visitors, and advancing the ball consistently. Francis as a whirlwind at the right end and when he had the ball was always good for five to fifteen yards. He plunged with terrific force and was hard to stop. Cummings was fast, a clever dodger, and slipped by for long runs. Westley was a consistent ground gainer. Bolt and Watson carried the ball effectively, while Booth made good yardage on his runs and in returning punts. Ralph Homan, Bellinger and Blackwell, though not carrying the ball, stood the brunt of the scrimmages and formed an impenetrable line of defense so that the trick plays could be worked properly and effectively. All the subs played well while they were in the game. The lineup of the teams was as follows:

U. P. S.	W. U.
Beck	Blackwell
Gebbert	Bellinger
Bronds	Watson
Max (captain)	Westley
O'Hern	R. Homan
	Vandervert, McCain
Webb	Bolt, Day
Rogers	Francis
Benadon	
Decker	Cummings
Tish	Erskine
Wright	McRae
Randolf	
Smith	P. Homan
Graham	Rowland, Booth

Kirk, Salem high school, umpire; Lee, Portland Y. M. C. A., referee; Turner, head linesman.

Salem Gets Big Y. M. C. A. Session

The big interstate Idaho and Oregon Y. M. C. A. convention opens in Salem today (Friday). About one hundred and seventy-five delegates are expected to be present from all parts of the two states. The delegates are largely from the college associations, although the city associations are well represented. The Salem City Y. M. C. A. is joining with the Varsity Association in entertaining the visitors.

The program for the session includes some very strong men and promises some splendid services. Among the speakers to be present are Dr. W. B. Hinson of the First Baptist Church, Portland; A. S. Allen, general secretary Seattle Association; John A. Goodell, industrial secretary; W. H.

Day, international railway secretary; R. R. Perkins, religious work director, Portland; J. E. Springer, state secretary, California; Gale Seaman, Pacific Coast student secretary; C. A. Gummere, assistant state secretary, Washington; W. H. Lewis, representing "Men and Religion Forward Movement"; D. W. Lyon, assistant national secretary for China; M. A. Kees, secretary, Canton, China, and H. W. Stone, general secretary, Portland.

Most of the sessions are to be at the First Methodist Church. These are open to everyone and will give all students a chance to get into touch with Y. M. C. A. work.

Official "W" to Be Given at Banquet

At the football banquet Friday night the football Ws will be given to those who have earned them. It is by no means a small honor to receive one of these Ws, and it is a recognition of the merit and hard work of the person that obtains it. Dr. Sweetland has made hard and closely drawn rules which must be followed to the letter if the party would acquire the W. The football man must have played two-thirds of all the playing time. In case of substitutes, it is necessary to put in three-fourths of the playing time.

The party must finish the semester's work he has commenced in the college. Dr. Sweetland has succeeded in weeding out all professional players. Athletics have never been more healthy and satisfactory than at present.

U. S. EXPERT CHEMIST MAKES HEADQUARTERS AT WILLAMETTE

Government Will Donate Material and Apparatus to Varsity--Work Progresses Rapidly.

Perhaps it will be news to some of the students to learn that Mr. Walter Van Winkle, chemist for the U. S. government, has a laboratory on the second floor of the chapel building. Mr. Van Winkle is taking a chemical survey of the surface waters of our state. The national government is directing this work, assisted by the state engineer's department, which furnishes half the necessary funds and acts in an advisory capacity.

The investigation covers certain picked rivers, streams and a few lakes of the state, from whose waters samples are taken daily and sent to the laboratory in Salem. These samples

are combined in ten day sets and analyzed to ascertain the mineral composites contained in the water. The results of this work are useful in determining the adaptability of the waters for industrial purposes and of fixing the relative values of certain waters for irrigation projects.

Against Sunday Picture Shows.

Corvallis, Or., Dec. 1.—The women of the faculty of the Oregon Agricultural College, through their organization, the College Folk Club, will communicate to the city council their disapproval of the proposed Sunday opening of the moving picture shows, which is to be discussed at the next meeting of the council.

Student Volunteers Meet and Organize

Monday evening, November 27, the Student Volunteers met and elected the following officers: Carl Hollingsworth, leader; George Schreiber, vice leader, and Ruth Young, secretary and treasurer. Meetings are held every Monday evening, from 7:30 to 8:30, at Lausanne Hall. The first meeting of each month is a closed meeting, but to all others you are most cordially invited. The programs are of an especially interesting nature.

Pullman, Dec. 6.—Ralph M. Rader, one of the best football players ever turned out in the Northwest, may be the new graduate manager of athletics at the Washington State College, to succeed John H. Jones, who has resigned to take effect at the close of the football season.

MONSTER PARADE STARTLES CITY

Anti-Victory Parade Greatest in History of University--Unique Stunts Amuse.

Students, After Marching Thru Down Town Streets With Coffin and Various Other Novel Features, Return to Giant Bon Fire.

Tuesday night Willamette students gathered for the greatest football rally that has been pulled off for a long time.

It was impossible for one not to catch the spirit of enthusiasm and and good fellowship. The night air was laden with it. Drums, horns, whistles and other instruments of torture added their notes to the joyous din, and the mournful, prolonged howls of sympathetic dogs joined in the chorus.

Some novel stunts were introduced in the parade. The Rajah of India, alias Jimmy Oakes, with a number of Oriental servants, vassed thru the streets. A large banner held aloft and slightly in advance of the Rajah announced the arrival of that mighty mogul, and of his intention to witness the Thanksgiving football game between Willamette U. and the University of Puget Sound.

Mandy and his wife, an old negro couple, followed the boys with zealous loyalty. Chief Long Bow, the savage Indian of the North, was in a college town for the first time, and tried his best to become a college sport.

Governor Bradstreet awoke to the importance of the occasion and kindly arose from the grave. In company with two trusty minute-men he fell in with the boys and marched stiffly along the course.

A figure that looked like a clown limped along the way, with a football where a bunion should have been. This was called the remnants.

The U. P. S. corpse was carried in a long, black coffin and brought up the rear. At the intersection of State and Commercial streets, the coffin was raised heads were uncovered, and the death march played.

After the walls of the mourners had ceased, the return march to the University was commenced.

Word was quickly passed down the line that every one was expected to

provide himself with a sack of popcorn from a small peanut emporium on the corner.

It is reported from reliable sources that Brick Harrison, Flegel and other fellows on the inside track had secured an extra supply of five-cent pieces and charged their borrowers with a most scandalous and usurious rate of interest.

It is also common talk that these same men struck a preliminary agreement with the popcorn man and are now spending their ill-gotten coin with lavish hands.

Aside from this grievous breach of trust, the evening was a high success, and its most enjoyable feature was the usual gathering around the gigantic bonfire on the athletic field.

Judges were appointed—Stearns, Clark and Hopkins—to select and to award prizes to the best characters that took part in the parade.

The remnants took place; prize 50c. The Rajah of India second place; prize, 25c. U. P. S. corpse third place; prize 10c.

Chief Long Bow third place; prize 10c.

A flashlight picture was taken; then two immense circles were formed about the fire. Brick carefully lined the girls up on the inside. He is a stickler on etiquette.

The girls were amply provided with candy and held their positions while the boys marched about and a lively old fashioned market of barter and exchange took place. To inform the outside public, we would say that the boys gave of their popcorn, in return for candy.

Will Sing in Eastern Oregon.

Corvallis, Or., Dec. 1.—A schedule of 17 concerts has been arranged for the glee and mandolin clubs of the Oregon Agricultural College for the spring inter-semester vacation. The first home concert will be given December 14, and the last after the return from the trip north and east.

The schedule is as follows: Independence, Feb. 19; Dallas, 20; McMinnville, 21; Newberg, 22; Forest Grove, 23; Portland, 24; Hood River, 26; The Dalles, 27; Heppner, 28; Pendleton, March 1; LaGrande, 2; Baker, 3; Woodburn, 5; Salem, 6; Albany, 7.

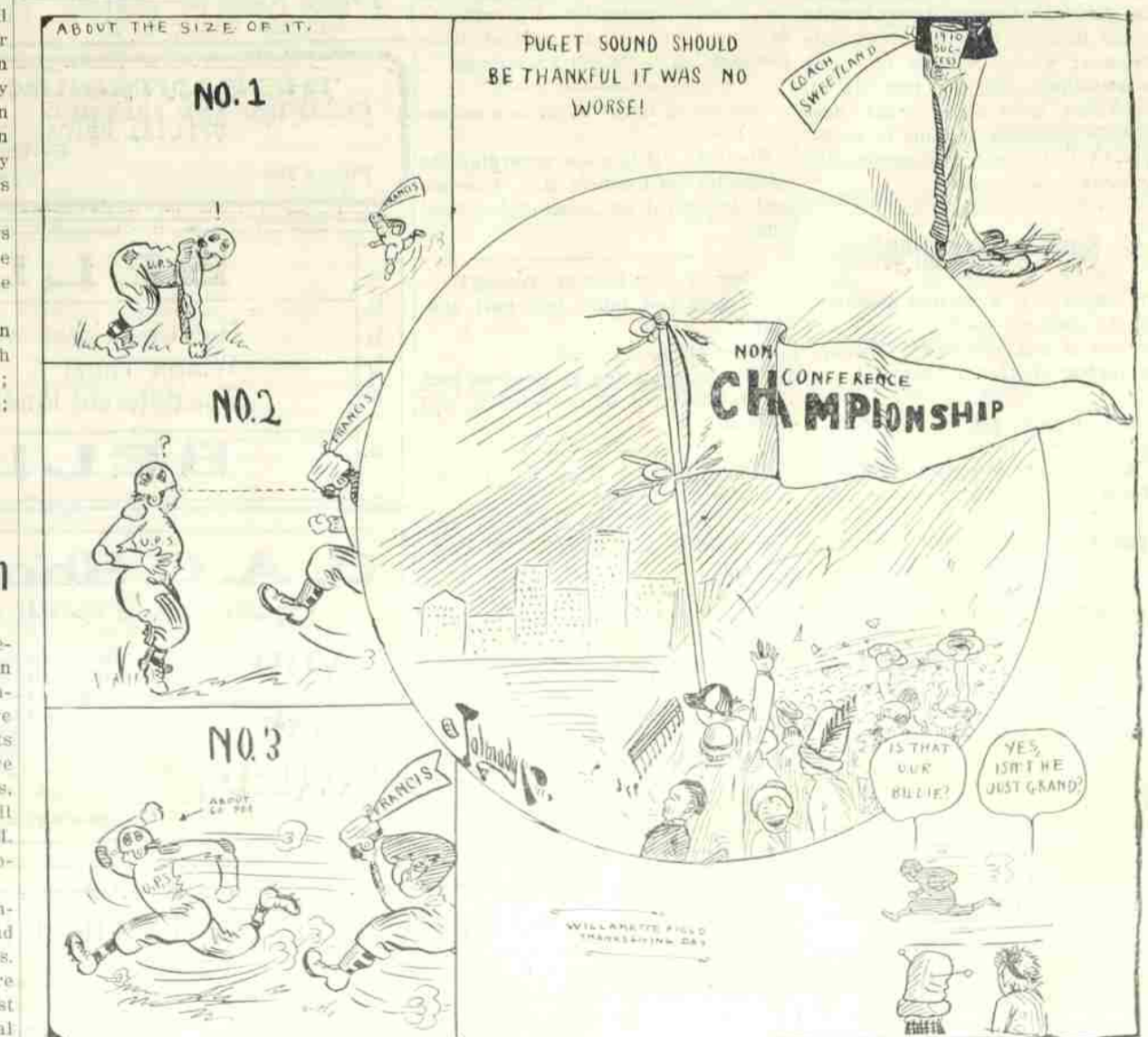
Paint the Gym.

Old wine, old books, old friends, may be best, but when paint gets old we begin to lose it. Did you ever take a good look at the gym? If not, do so at once. Nothing more need be said, save that there is plenty of paint and brushes down town and several able-bodied men about the institution.

Roscoe Fawcett Renders Decree

Roscoe Fawcett, sporting editor Oregonian, gives mention of two of Willamette men, in regard to All-Northwest eleven:

Portland, Or., Dec. 4.—Outside the college conference are several pluckin stars who deserve mention for their great work throughout the season, Fullback McRae, of Willamette University, and End Francis, of the same eleven, being foremost in mind. McRae, a former Everett High School star, weighs close to 190 pounds stripped and would shine on any team in the Pacific Northwest. Francis is a Eugene product who stepped into McRae's shoes when the latter was shunted to the backfield this fall.



Artist Talmadge takes in Thanksgiving Day's game with U. P. S.

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A BOUQUET FOR "BRICK."

Student Body President Harrison is a busy man. Aside from his studies, which necessarily claim a deal of time, Mr. Harrison devotes many hours each week to his official duties; and does his work well, for he is honorable, conscientious, and energetically inclined.

Last week before the game, President Harrison, with the assistance of several other devoted Willamette spirits, planned and carried into effect an ante-game demonstration that was a boost for the Cardinal and Gold—a boost in every sense of the word. The vigorous, clean-cut manner in which the affair was brought to a successful issue spoke loudly for the new life that is animating the campus of our fine old University.

The down-town parade was one grand triumphal march. For once Willamette's untamed cohorts took the city by storm. As attested by the large gate receipts that marked Thanksgiving day's game with Puget Sound, the citizens of Salem were, metaphorically speaking, captured, tied to the chariot wheels of "Dear Old Willamette U." and dragged bodily into the arena to make a Roman holiday.

We are grateful for the attendance, and not displeased over the outcome of the contest, but for this occasion let us pay a generous wage of appreciation to "Brick," and "Brick's" army of enthusiastic helpers, for they sped the passing season in glorious style.

The stunts were great—here's to the stunts-men! and the dancing flames of the giant bon fire mounted so high into the heavens that they e'en toasted the cold toes of the War God Mars, until, pleased with the courtesy, he smiled again.

It would be a splendid thing for Willamette if every student within her walls were ever ready with a willing shoulder, to lift when a lift is required. For the most part we are anxious to be of assistance, but there are among us some who, possibly because they cannot bear the gaze of an admiring public without blushing, probably because they are too lazy to exert themselves, even refuse to march in line upon the streets under Willamette's banner.

We are thankful, however, that in this university are many men of "Brick" Harrison's stamp and caliber.

THE NORM.

The last mail brought to our office a first issue copy of "The Norm," published by the students of Oregon State Normal School, at Monmouth, Oregon.

We take pleasure in complimenting the editor of "The Norm" upon the altogether neat and classy appearance of his publication. It would be a credit to any institution, we think.

The Collegian extends to the loyal students of Monmouth's good old school hearty felicitations upon the happy result of a worthy ambition, and trusts that the year may be a profitable one for them.

On our desk lies a great variety of exchanges, ranging from the dailies of the large universities to the quarterly publications of the smallest schools. It is interesting and gratifying to see how eagerly the exchanges are sought and read. Among our high school exchanges we find some splendid papers, well written and put out in good style. Among them there is no better paper than "The Clarion," from our own Salem High School. The last issue in particular is a classy number through, and would make a worthy model for any high school in the state. We wish to congratulate Salem High on its publication, which is typical of the high standard of the school along all lines.

Senior Law Doings.

The football game is over—the team covered itself with glory in the one hour and ten minutes of play. Macy and Winslow were the bright particular stars; time and time again these tackles would break through and spoil plays behind the line. Minton and Shepard were good ground gainers when called upon to carry the ball. Wells, captain and center, never before showed his fighting spirit to better advantage. He made his opponent look like a high school player. Randall at end played a strong, heady game and should be praised highly. In fact all the boys should be commended for their excellent work.

Please, Mr. Editor!!!

I know you are averse to verse—
With all your versatility,
Perhaps you'd like some line of rhyme
Without "sentimentality."
You may print this, perhaps you won't
I'll get your goat though, if you don't.
I've got the nerve to send you this,
And don't want you to place it amiss.
"This."
Homely or handsome short or tall,
She tries indeed to catch them all.
All's one to her—and on the level—
I do believe she'd flirt with the devil.
But now that she has me hooked and gaffed,
The best I can do is to smile like
Taft
And kind of think how lonely I'd be
If she should neglect to flirt with me.
—The Dominie, Law '12.

Only six months, fellows, until the bar examination. Now is the time to cram.

The football game last Saturday was played more to start class spirit than for supremacy. Now is the time to get started, not only in football, but basketball, baseball and track. We have the best athletic director on the Coast, but he is too busy to look after these things, and as a suggestion it might prove beneficial to have

student assistants to keep the different classes moving.

Lost—A book on evidence has been lost by Glenn Wells. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of it, will please notify Stearns, editor of Collegian.

The man who sees in life the opportunity to express himself in the largest terms; who after ascertaining what facilities he has, determines to develop them to the highest possible efficiency; who is capable of seeing the sweetness and joy that lie all about him; who, being proud, does not allow his body or mind to be defiled—he is the one who obtains the big rewards.—Oppenheim.

Such a Lankwitch!

Our language is a curious thing;
It is, upon my word!
A crowd of folks we call a "throng,"
A throng of deer a "herd."
A herd of geese we call a "flock,"
A flock of ships a "fleet,"
A "bevy" is the synonym
We use for maidens sweet.
A group of cops we call a "squad,"
A squad of thieves a "band"—
No wonder allens find our tongue
So hard to understand.
A band of wolves we call a "pack,"
A pack of bees a "swarm,"
A swarm of herring is a "shoal,"
So lexicons inform.
Our noisy kids we term a "troop,"
A "gang" of hoodlums they;
If of barbarians we speak,
A horde is what we say.

A "horde" of oxen is a drove."
A drove of whales a "school"—
To learn the variants of this term
You've got to be no fool.
No, sirree!
—Boston Transcript.

The corn is shocked in the fall because then the trees lose their summer dresses.

JOKE SHARK

Everybody Has His Own "Who's Who."

"Mention the name of some well-known Greek," said the teacher of a juvenile class in history.
"George," spoke up the curly-haired little boy.
"George who?"
"I don't know the rest of his name, ma'am. He comes around to our house every Thursday with bananas and oranges."—Chicago Tribune.

PACKED WITH PEOPLE

Though crops may fall from year to year
And leave us very sad,
There is one fruit, it doth appear,
That's always to be had.
In apples, peaches and in pears
A shortage may be found;
But constantly in life's affairs
The lemon's passed around.
It greets the simple, sighing swain,
It scares the soldier bold,
It bids the statesman oft complain
And in finance 'tis sold.
Though drought and bug may prowl about,
This sturdy fruit prevails;
'Tis always freely passed about—
The lemon never fails.
—Washington Post.

A Homely Truth.

The motorcar goes whizzing by,
The aeroplane floats through the sky,
But the man who walks, his cares
Are few—
He gets where he is going to.
—Washington Star.

At the Cafe.

He: "Do you know how fast a clam travels?"
She: "I do not, but the oysters are mighty slow in coming."

The following is a quotation contained in the article, "Cupid and Cupidity," written by Ethel Proctor, for the Adelante Society, last year:
There is a man who never smokes,
Nor drinks, nor chews, nor swears;
Never gambles, never flirts,
And shuns all sinful snares.
He's paralyzed.

There is a man who never does
A thing that isn't right;
His wife knows where to find him,
Morning, noon or night.
He's dead.

Amid the clashing of glass tubes
and the general uproar of a chemistry laboratory, a timid voice was heard:
"May I have an alumal tube?"
"A what kind of a tube?" heavily frowned the instructor.
"I mean a graduated tube," suddenly reflected the timid one.—Ex.

"See here, doctor," said the irate patient, "the last time you operated on me for \$250; now you charge \$500 for an operation that wasn't any more difficult than the first."
"I know," replied the surgeon, "but you must remember that I operated to save your life, and the cost of living has gone up."—Detroit Free Press.

Teacher of law: "What is a canonical law?"
Student: "It is a law governing the procedure of business in U. S. senate and originated by Senator Joe Cannon."

"How is your brother, Tommy?"
"Sick in bed, miss; he's hurt himself."
"How did he do that?"
"We were playing at who can lean the farthest out of the window, and he won."

"Oh, Arthur, do look at this hat; it's a perfect poem."
"Yes, yes, but it doesn't rhyme with my pocket just now."—Fliegende Blätter.

Who has to hear of countless ills
And deal out multitudes of pills,
To those who never pay their bills?
The Doctor.

"The man that can bottle up his wrath at all times is a corker."

If kisses were poisonous only a few girls would live to graduate.

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The Adventures of 'Little Bull-Fwog.

(Per P. R.)
An' 'ittle Fwoggie's muvver
Just tooked him in her arms,
An' cuddled him, oh! jus' so tight,
Ter keep away all harms.

An' 'ittle Fwoggie wipted nen
Th' tear-dwoops from his eyes,
'Cause he wuz orful scared;
His mamma stopped his kwies.

Nen 'ittle Fwoggie eated a fly,
An' washed his 'ittle toes;
An' nen, he combed his greeny hair
An' scrubbed his shiny nose.

"Poor 'ittle Fwoggie," said his ma,
Wif her eyes all big wif cwiy,
"Mus' go to school so he can learn,
Sumpin' big, by an' by."

An' 'ittle Fwoggie, he twudged off
Wif his 'ittle weader book
Tucked 'neath his nuzzer arm;
An' he looked all forsook.

Nen some orful naughty boys,
They wanted bad ter fight;
An' 'ittle Fwoggie foughted wif 'em,
Nen wunned wif all his might.

An' jus' before he gotted ter school,
He stubbed his 'ittle toe
An' tumbled in a puddle mud
An' cwiled, "My toe! my toe!"

An' he gotted his dwess all dirtied,
An' skinned his 'ittle shins;
But he wuz brave, yeh! orful brave.
An' stood up on his pins.

An' 'ittle Fwoggie walkted bwave,
Wight in among th' school;
An' there wuz fire a flyin' in his eye;
The techer banged the rule.

An' 'ittle Fwoggie settted down,
An' gan ter study hard;
An' his bwave all melted away,
Like butter-cakes an' lard.

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Edited by Grace Edgington

Philodorian Banquet.

On Saturday evening, November 24, at the home of Miss Margaret Graham on Court street, occurred the annual Thanksgiving banquet of the Philodorian Society.

As the guests arrived, they were divested of their wraps by the obsequious Henry John Killenquick, who spent his leisure moments in the kitchen, testing turkey. When every one had primped to heart's satisfaction, the families were gathered around the board for a flashlight photograph. Flashlights are always wearisome, but to endure one while the steam from your Thanksgiving turkey trails slowly away, and the bird himself sinks back among his wishbones and sticks his cold old drumsticks further into the air, is unusually trying. Dignified matrons were seen to frown during the process; babies howled and jaunty college lads clawed and sweated under their stiff collars. But at length the pictures were secured.

Grandfather and Grandmother Spindewheel sat at the head of the table and served. Grandfather's hearing was weak and his shoulders had a pathetic little droop, but he and Grandmother were still very sprightly. Mrs. Dr. Killenquick, who is Grandmother's youngest daughter, was present, gorgeous in green silk with a flowing train on which the portly Doctor camped occasionally—with distressing results. John Henry and Henry John, the Killenquick twins, were cunning little fellows, and bright—oh, quite beyond their years. Ralph Waldo K. had gotten his nose disarranged in the big football game, but was still able to devote alarming attentions to Lucile Vandermorgan, the lately returned-from-Europe prima donna.

Mrs. Dunciad, the second of Grandmother's daughters, was there with her husband, the noted lawyer Dunciad, and their children. Mrs. Dun-

ciad was quite charming in a Martha Washington frock and black patches which refused to stay located. The lawyer is a trifle eccentric and insisted on smoking cigarettes thruout the banquet. Miss Jane Dunciad, who appears at times quite reserved, entered fully into the pleasures of the evening. Elizabeth, a shy little maid of twelve, consisted principally of pink hair-ribbons. Marjory, usually appearing as a tangle of brown curls, teddy-bears and wise saying, and baby Esther D. completed the Dunciad family. The baby was really quite a child in arms, wearing long dresses and a blue-rosseted bonnet.

Another of Grandmother's daughters is Farmer Bushwhacker's wife. The Bushwhackers are certainly an enjoyable family. The good-natured farmer came in his high-topped shoes and straw hat, only allowing himself the holiday luxury of a clean red handkerchief. Merton, the eldest son, is somewhat of a sport, and wore his trousers turned up the correct number of feet. Percy, the little boy, was still barefooted and just a bit grubby from a late fishing trip. Isabelle B., who is a sweet child, wore her hair hanging in braids down over her little blue apron. But Sallie Bushwhacker, the spinster daughter, who frowned haughtily above a brown silk basque with forty-six buttons, was the pride of the family. For Sallie, though rather a relic of bygone grandeur, did perform fearfully on the piano while accompanying Lucile Vandermorgan.

The fourth and last of Grandmother's daughters is Mrs. Vandermorgan, whose husband is the wealthy stockbroker. Mrs. V. was elegantly gowned in black decollete, and preserved marked dignity and stateliness. Mr. V. was equally striking in full dress and did not relinquish his white gloves and gold-headed cane, even at the banquet table. Miss Lucile, whom we have mentioned before, during the evening developed a violent attachment for the battered, but irresistible Ralph Waldo Killenquick. Johnnie Vandermorgan was the spoiled baby of the family. Johnnie pounded on the table with his bottle and screamed, but played nicely on the floor with Esther Killenquick. Harry V., the only son, was just home from Yale. The only servant accompanying the Vandermorgans was Katrina, the German nursery maid. Katrina wore cap, apron and wooden shoes, and conversed in a fetching brogue, but scandalized the company, before the evening was over, by stepping off a wild waltz

with Dr. Killenquick, he of the dreadful dimensions.

The Senorita, a bewitching Spanish cousin, was another of the guests. Poppie's bloomed in her hair and vermilion on her cheeks, and her black eyes gleamed wickedly. With the Senorita who had just returned from Mexico, was a silent little Mexican squaw, with glittering beads and bangles in her dark braids. Another cousin was the Duke, who made long-distance love to all the eligible young ladies. The Duke was really quite dark and dangerous, with his pale face, piercing eyes and oily manners.

Two more persons completed the family. These were Rev. Spindlewheel and his bride—the extremely newly-weds. The bride, beautiful beyond description in an enormous black hat and white coat, leaned sweetly on the arm of her husband, and organized Sunday school classes steadily, only stopping to mount a chair when a fierce mouse ran under the table.

In good old-fashioned style, the dinner was served in but two courses. The menu consisted of turkey, dressing, mashed potatoes, gravy, peas, pineapple salad, celery, cranberry sauce, sandwiches, pie, orange ice, cake, nuts, olives, stuffed dates and chocolate.

With a hearty good bye to the little grandmother and the gray grandfather, the relatives departed, declaring the banquet the best yet, and promising to return next year without fail.

The last regular meeting of the Philodorian Society occurred on November 24. The following numbers composed the literary program: Cornet solo, Ruth Young; extemporaneous speeches on the late Revolutions; debate, "Resolved that Turkey was justified in making war on Italy"; report, the various kinds of motions, Edith Sherwood. The program was one of the most successful ever produced before the society. Two visitors, Mr. Harter and Mr. Ray Smith from the Philodorian Society paid their respects as a committee to arrange for a joint literary program.

THANKSGIVING HALL ITEMS.

The past two weeks have been busy ones at Lausanne. Preparations for Thanksgiving, the event itself, recovering afterward, together with rallies, games, guests, departures and arrivals, have crowded every hour to the limit.

Jennie Edgington and Mildred Bartholomew, Hall girls of last year, came up November 24 for the Philodorian banquet, and divided the night hours amongst the various claimants.

Tuesday night the Hall went to the rally—admired, posed, toasted, exchanged eats and arose and subsided in suffering silence when its division "yelled."

Those that came to remain at the Hall during Thanksgiving were Miss Martha Allen of Forest Grove, visiting her sister; Helen Wiegand of Portland, visiting Helen Wastell; Miss Gretchen Calkins and Mr. Eldon Bradley of Hood River, sister of Pearl Bradley; and Jean and June Sampson up from Portland, the special guests of Ada Mark.

Tuesday morning Emma Loughridge was observed in Chapel hilariously waving a certain pink slip, and quite delirious with sudden joy of eating Thanksgiving dinner in Grants Pass. Anna Brice made sundry engagements with one Emery in St. Johns for every spare hour between Wednesday and Monday. Edith Lewis and Ruth Young spent the holidays looking thru the windows of E. P. Charlton's in Portland. Lulu Hollenbeck and Rita Jones parted company, the one going to St. Johns, the other to Gervais. Gertrude Reeves went to Lebanon, and damaged her father's post office box beyond repair by attempting to take therefrom six letters a day when only three were to be had. Arta Anderson is away, and, unless she returns before Tuesday noon, we shall be unable to tell her despairing friends whether or not she has been kidnaped. Clara Perkins went to Portland, but was such a model of deportment both going and coming that comments are withheld. Nina Graves last week concluded that going to her grandparents' would be vastly more economical than going home, and found, after some hours persistent calculation, that she would be exactly 25 cents "to the good." So our friend Nina departed with flying colors for Sheridan and "talked Willamette" every night from ten o'clock till two. Ethel Lewton and Grace Edgington spent a jolly Thanksgiving in Happy Valley, seven miles from Forest Grove in the Washington County hills. Lella Lent just couldn't stay in the Hall over Thanksgiving. Her mother simply must see what a bargain Lella made on that Scotch lace. Armored Sutcliffe too, was badly needed at Cottage Grove, and didn't get back till Monday night.

Just what happened at the Hall during vacation cannot be told—maybe because no one knows, maybe because

spreads aren't supposed to be. At all events, those who remained do not seem to have died of loneliness.

Adealntes Visit 'Das Vaterland'

The Adelante Society on November 24 was distinctly "Deutsch." From beginning to end it gave one the opportunity to review the "der, die, das" of his long since forgotten German vocabulary. The theme of the program was, "Wie es in Deutschland geht." At roll call all responded with German quotations. Judging from the number who responded with "Die Hebe ist blind," that proverb seemed to be a favorite among the fair ones.

The beautiful German lyric, "Die Lorelei," was sung by the Misses Heist. The principal attraction of the day however, was a talk given by Frau Walsh on "Mein Aufenthalt in Deutschland—Eindrücke." Mrs. Walsh has lived in Germany for a number of years, and was therefore able to present impressions of German customs and life in a very pleasing, entertaining and instructive manner. In fact, her address proved so interesting to the Adelantes that they are anxious to hear a sequel. The program was concluded with the singing of the German national song, "Die Wacht am Rhein."

Adelphians.

The Adelpian Literary Society held its regular meeting last Friday afternoon. On this afternoon the society was desirous of doing its best, to show our upper classman visitor what it could do, and certainly proved itself a success. The invocation was given by Miss Gilbert, Miss Todd entertained the girls with a piano solo. The fourth chapter of the original Ben Blair was written and read by Miss Leota Humphrey. Next on the program was to have been a vocal solo by Miss Ingalls but she did not appear until time for business session.

Miss Jessie Young then spoke to the girls upon "The Making of a Good Society," which proved both entertaining and instructive. Miss Ruth Godfrey was welcomed as a new member into the society.

Third Years in Society.

Oh! such a changing of collars and pressing of clothes and combing of hair! When finally all of the proceeding had been accomplished, to the satisfaction of each concerned, steps were turned to the home of Miss Cooksey. The occasion of all of this preparation was the first party of the third year preps.

Everyone became expert in the science of the gridiron in a very unique game of football. Then all showed what exceptionally strong lungs they possessed in "Shouting Proverbs."

Eats consisted of brick ice cream and cake in the class colors, golden brown and corn cake.

Miss Chappel very kindly acted as chaperon, and the gathering broke up amid cheers for the committee and for Mr. and Mrs. Cooksey.

Y. M. C. A.

Sunday last the usual bunch attended, with the characteristic good meeting. Paul Homan was leader, with the topic, "Personal Work." He put the question fairly and squarely before himself and the men present. Such a talk should find a response among the students. We hope that it will, even more than we expect. It is only a question of our putting ourselves into practice. Several fellows answered with an earnestness which must mean something. The meeting closed, some members going to the city Y. M. C. A. to hear Congressman Hawley. We want more fellows out to Y. M. C. A.

The First Year Preps.

Choose Colors.

On November 23, President Hayser called a meeting of the first years for the purpose of having the constitution and by-laws read.

The further business of the meeting was the selection of class colors, and the voting of class dues. The class colors decided upon were purple and gold, and the dues ten cents per month.

Mr. Long's valuable suggestions for raising huge sums of money were received in deep silence. The meeting then adjourned.

AN ENJOYABLE CONDITION.

How much more enjoyable it is to have made a profitable investment than merely to know you might have made it. The young men and women who have been trained in the Capital Business College are enjoying the profits of their training. The ones who merely keep thinking about getting the training will have to keep thinking about the profits from it—they won't have them. Next week will be a good time to enter.

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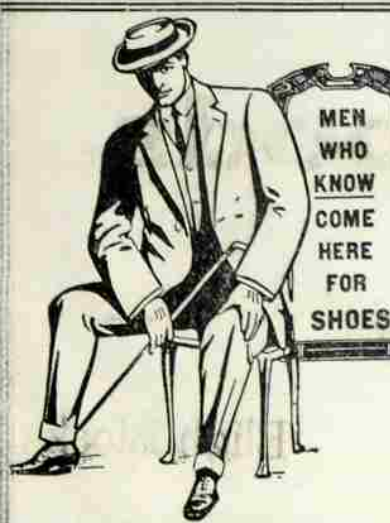


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