

Pigler

WEEKLY Willamette Collegian

WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY

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THE JUNE PLAY

A DECIDED SUCCESS

The annual June play given by the students of the College of Oratory is an event which the students of Willamette and the people of Salem anticipate with a great deal of pleasure. Indeed commencement would be quite incomplete without such a play. This is undoubtedly due to the fact that the cast is composed of fellow students who always surprise us in their ability to carry out their respective parts. Moreover every one feels assured that the Professors of the College of Oratory would present nothing except a first class play, and only after it has been drilled to perfection.

This is indeed true of the "Merry Cobbler" for it met the highest approval of all those who saw it. It was a success in every sense of the word. It is a happy selection, full of mirth and jollity and kept the audience in a continual laugh. It is composed of a variety of characters which were all represented in the best possible way. The action is rapid and interesting so that the attention of the audience was captured from beginning to end.

The action of the play takes place in New Orleans where Franz von Altenheim under the title "The Merry Cobbler," is in search for his sister Gretchen who had eloped with a certain man from her home in Germany. While he is there working at his apparent trade in order to pass time, he accidentally becomes acquainted with Stella Derrom, daughter of a wealthy lawyer. Later he rescues her from a run-away. A love affair between the two progresses rapidly much to the chagrin of Morris Holmes, an adventurer, who is engaged to Stella and who, furthermore proves to be the husband of Gretchen, although he swears her death and that of her little daughter. Holmes' plan is to marry Stella and then return to Germany and claim the von Altenheim estates. In spite of his clever planning he is not successful. His wife appears and denounces him, the attempt to dispose

of the child by kidnapping, is not successful, he finally lands in prison. Meanwhile, The Merry Cobbler, in spite of difficulties profits by Holmes' overthrow, he secures Stella for his wife, finds his lost sister as the wife of Holmes and becomes heir to the von Altenheim estates.

Some of the prettiest scenes are where the children appear with the Merry Cobbler. They are always enjoying themselves with him. They are taken as follows:

Baby Ruth	Flossie Irma	Flamingham
Lelia	Pauline	Remington
Dorothy	Verne	Powers
Flossie	Odell	Savage
Ollie	Florence	Young
Fattie	Alma	Englebart
Helen	Della	Englebart

"The Merry Cobbler" taken by Perry Reigleman made many demands upon the player. The part was excellently performed. It showed that Mr. Reigleman had made a close study of the character. He was an ideal young German, his acting was natural and easy. The whole action centered around him, he won the admiration and sympathy of his audience.

The heroine, Bertha Gross as Stella Derrom, captured the audience by her charming appearance. It is no wonder that the Merry Cobbler fell in love with her. She carried her part splendidly, she was real and easy in the portrayal of her character.

Another important character was the villain. This part was taken by W. A. Schmidt. As a character he naturally received little sympathy because of his dark plots and plans. Mr. Schmidt made an attractive appearance reminding one of a "genuine dude." He did some fine acting, and played his part very effectively.

Another striking character was Mrs. Rafferty, "A poor lone widdy woman." The part was splendidly executed by Alice Judd. The play would have been incomplete without this character. She was a "scream" from beginning to end. Miss Judd did the part as no one else could have done it. Louise Thompson as Rosalie also

made a "hit" with the audience. She was an attractive "banana girl" and her passionate and impulsive words always came at the right moment. Miss Thompson carried her part well. Her singing and her dancing was good. G. O. Oliver, as the detective, Luke Rader, as Col. Derrom, Ethel Thomas as Mrs. Holmes, Ruth Rees, as Charlotta Lemoine, and John McNeas as Levee Bob, "the bad nigger," and as the policeman, were the other characters of the play. Each one acted his or her part to perfection, it seems that no one else could have done it better. Much might be said about each one for they all deserve credit.

Y. W. C. A.

The last meeting of the Association for this year was held on June 5, and many of the girls were present. Miss Frickey gave us a beautiful and inspiring talk,—each girl to go out into the world and do her best for God. With God each one can accomplish much and, God is with us always. It was a most helpful meeting for the last one of the year.

Miss Schmidt presented plans for Summer Bible study. The study book can be purchased for ten cents. All who wish to enroll see Miss Marie Seamidt before leaving school.

NOTICE

Students of Willamette University have a great opportunity offered them at Trover's Studio. Mr. Trover has secured a shipment of the Willamette novelties and every Willamette student ought to have their picture on one of these. Mr. and Mrs. Trover are firm friends of Willamette and ought to be patronized.

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THE FACE

By Florence Metcalf

Men call me mad, but how little they know! They cannot divine the awful sense of loss and the unreasoning dread I have of meeting the eyes of my fellow men, which compels me to shut myself up, a lonely recluse, in this gloomy, solitary cottage on the rock-bound coast of Maine. In the seclusion of my library, with shades drawn and the room but dimly lighted I remain during the day, reading when possible, writing occasionally, but more often dreaming and listening to the waves as they dash against the cliffs below. As night approaches the remembrance of that other night with all its terrors comes back to me, and in the darkness of the midnight hour I suffer again and again the agonies of that fateful time.

I can see it all before me in its horrible reality—the storm, the wreck, the surf, and that face upon the water. It had been a peculiarly quiet day with the sea unusually calm, but as evening approached a singular, dark, ominous-looking cloud appeared on the horizon. The wind suddenly rose and the rain descended in wild gusts. The sky became overcast and it was dark as midnight. The old house shook in the yelling blast and the very cliffs on which the house stood tumbled and rocked as the infuriated waves pounded against them. I sat gazing into the darkness.

Suddenly above the roar of the wind and waves, I heard the booming of a cannon. I started to my feet. It could mean but one thing, a ship must have struck somewhere near in the reefs beyond the cliffs. I rushed to a window facing the sea, and looked anxiously out into the storm. I could see nothing however, thru the impenetrable blackness the flashes of

lightening occasionally rent the clouds. Surely if a ship were on the reefs, far from any help whatever, she must be doomed. To satisfy a morbid curiosity I felt rising within me, I scented up my heavy ulster and plunged out into the storm.

The gale had now become a hurricane, the rain came down in torrents. It was with greatest difficulty that I made my way along the edge of the cliffs until I came to the path, if such it could be called, that led down to the water's edge. Cautiously I crept down the jagged, slippery footway. Safely gaining the beach I tried to pierce the darkness around me, but I could see nothing. The howling of the wind and the roaring of the waves were deafening.

All at once the whole sea in its wild ungodderable fury was lighted up with fire from the heavens. What a scene it was! And there, not two hundred yards from me was the wreck. The great ocean steamer, for such I saw it to be was hammering desperately on the reefs. The billows, mountain high were dashing mercilessly against its sides. I watched in silent horror, expecting any moment to see the ship go to pieces. The masts were broken, the rigging lay in a tangled mass across the forward deck. Still she held together. Suddenly a wave, more tremendous, more vast than those preceding it, lifted the ship from the reefs and bore it aloft on its swelling crest. For the giddy instant she remained poised on the tottering summit of the watery mountain, then plunged headlong into the seething gulf below.

When I emerged from the spell of horror and awe into which the sight had thrown me, I observed that the wind had abated and the rain had ceased, but the waves still rolled high. The moon was now partly disclosed behind the clouds, shedding its weird light over the heaving sea. I stood rapt in wonder. Shaking myself with an effort from the stupor, I started to go up the cliff, but something seemed to draw me back. I returned to the water's edge and looked out as far as I could see over the briny deep. At first I could see nothing but the vast

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waste of water before me. But what was that white object not far out, was it a human being? Could it be a castaway from the ship? Or was it only an hallucination? But no as I looked the object sank, and then rose again. By the eerie light of the moon, now shining clear in the watery heavens I saw the beautiful form of a woman, her unbound, golden hair gleaming mistily against the inky black ground of the sea. Just before she sank for the last time, her face was turned directly toward me. My God! It was my beloved sister. I gave one agonized cry "Lenore" and fell heavily forward into eternal darkness.

Hours later my servant found me lying unconscious beneath the stars. He carried me back to my bleak cottage and here, on the wave-lashed New England coast I have remained since.

INTER-SOCIETY CONTEST

On Friday evening, June eleventh, the literary societies will compete for the fifth time for the Inter-Society trophy. The orators of the evening will be Miss Hornbrook for the Philodorian, Mr. Hallagworth for the Websterians and Mr. Weber for the Philodorian.

The cup has been won twice by the Philodorian, once by the Adalantes and once by the Websterians.

SOCIETIES MEET JOINTLY

The joint program of the Philodorian and Philodorian societies Friday evening was a decided success and all present had an enjoyable time. We were sorry to think that we were hearing some on the program whom we would not have the privilege of again hearing because of their graduating.

One of the most enjoyable numbers was the interesting talk given by President Homan on the value of literature. He said there were many pretty legends connected with Oregon, the Willamette Valley, and even our own Campus which would furnish excellent material for some charming stories. He further added that if any person would write such a story he would use his influence in having it published.

We are glad that every student in the university has either paid their subscription or made special arrangements to do so. Last week the manager published a notice that he would publish in this issue the names of all those who had not. A word to the wise seemed to be sufficient, for persons have been making arrangements to pay their subscription ever since. One person called the manager up over the

phone and told him her money was on the way and not to publish her name. There are three persons at present who have not made any arrangements to pay, but as the names were given in by Mr. Ford and were not taken directly by the manager, their names are not published, but we hope these persons will see at once that their dollar gets in the hands of the manager. They all belong to the alumni of the university.

Moral—Always pay your subscription early in the year.

Owing to the super-abundance of news not reported this week we are printing two compositions from the Freshman class. They are both good, and well worth publication and reading.

THAT Y. M. C. A. "HIKE"

On Memorial Day sixteen of the young huskies of W. U. clad in plow shoes and big hats met at Eaton Hall in the early hours of the morning and, laden with light hearts and heavy lunch baskets set out on a hike into the beautiful country. The destination was Vitae Spring, three miles west of Liberty. You would have thought it was nearer "liberty" than that had you been there and seen the freedom of action that was exemplified. A big lunch was eaten, perhaps enjoyed, by all. Ball was played and also other games. On the way home the crowd became full of sport spirit and took a cool plunge in the Willamette River.

It is hoped to make the event a yearly event in Willamette University, and next year we will all go again, take Prof. Peck and many others. Be there fellows if you can.

MCINTYRE FOR BASKETBALL CAPTAIN

At a meeting of the basketball team Thursday afternoon, McIntyre was elected captain for the season of 1910-11.

Although McIntyre was captain of this year's team, the men thought him the man for the place, since he has wider experience and better knowledge of the game. As every member of the team will return next year, prospects are excellent.

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Members of the Alumni, old students, new students, and others interested in the success of this paper are invited to contribute at any time. The interest you take will be appreciated. Address all communications to the Editor-in-Chief.

When we reach this stage of the college year the wheels begin to grind, there's a clog in the machinery occasionally, and sometimes there's a talk altogether, especially if one tries to feed in too many picnics, commencements and the like on top of two or three stiff examinations. Therefore, look well to your gearings and keep them well oiled with good nature, patience and common sense.

On the whole it is a very good year we have to look back upon, although somewhat strenuous, vital. Students have had to drop out on account of sickness, and a number have been doing double work to make up what they have missed. But we hear of no one who has been totally discouraged, and hope there are none such. There is a good year ahead of us, and we expect you all back again,—of course we're not looking for the Seniors,—though we know, if they are human (as we have been led to believe they are, after three years association with them) when next fall comes around they will be casting longing glances in our di-

rection. Never mind. Seniors, just work so hard you won't have time to get homesick for the old school and then the feeling will wear off a little bit, but not altogether. Success to you!

This issue of the Collegian is not a post mortem effort, as might be supposed, since the editor has closed his work and departed. It is not even an afterthought, nor yet an aftermath. It is merely the closing number, an natural end of a good thing, since all good things of like nature must some times cease to be.

Oregon Agricultural College is planning splendid things for the jubilee to celebrate its quarter century of existence, June tenth to fourteenth. By their program every hour of Commencement week is to be full of reunions, exercises, receptions, concerts, pageants and processions. Many alumni are expected to return and special efforts are being made to give them welcome and extend hospitality to them. The following from the O. A. C. Barometer gives one of the plans of the boys at Cauthorn Hall for showing their good will towards the old students.

"The first plan to be formulated to in any manner take care of or provide fun, sport and amusement for the old graduates, who will return for the celebration, is carried to us on a breeze from Cauthorn Hall.

The idea is not original but comes from an Eastern University. It amounts to this: 'An old graduate on returning if a 'Shack Man' goes to Cauthorn and a record is kept of him and others coming in. The oldest one arriving for any particular room gets said domicile and the previous inhabitant thereof reposes his weary bones on the soft side of the timber on the floor.

This is only one of the minor details being worked up at the hall, a determination so necessary to a successful completion of outlined plans.

The members of the club are determined to bring about a successful completion of outlined plans."

Prof. Karl Harris of the University of Kiel has discovered after years of experiment that rubber is dimethylen-jeloctadien. It certainly smells like

that when a piece of it gets on a hot stove.—*Ex.*

Did you ever hear Oliver Wendell Holmes' definition or rather characterization of an afternoon tea and other such social functions? He says they are characterized by the four G's—giggle, gabble, gobble, git.

CALENDAR FOR THE REST OF THE YEAR

- June 9 — Commencement of College of Oratory. M. E. Church.
- June 10—Inter-Society Oratorical Contest. Chapel.
- June 11—Illustrated lecture on the Holy Land, by Miss Minnie Frickey. Chapel.
- June 12—A.M., Baccalaureate Sermon. M. E. Church.
- June 12—P.M., Farewell meeting of the Christian Association. Chapel.
- June 12—Evening, Address to Christian Associations, by Rev. Moore. M. E. Church.
- June 13—Commencement of Academy and Normal. Address by Rev. C. O. Kimball. M. E. Church.
- June 14—President's Reception. Recital of College of Music.
- June 15—Alumni Day.
- June 16—Class Day exercises. Evening, Commencement of College of Liberal Arts. Address by Bishop Smith. M. E. Church.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

Miss Minnie Frickey, a graduate of Willamette University, who is at present home on her vacation from the National Training School for Deaconesses and Missionaries at Washington, D. C., where she is a teacher, will give an illustrated lecture for the Y. W. C. A. in the Chapel, Saturday evening. The subject will be the "Holy Land as it is Today." Miss Frickey has recently travelled in the East and the Holy Land and is thus very capable of talking on the subject. She has given the lecture in Washington, D. C., since her return and the Association and University are very fortunate in having this opportunity of hearing it. No admission will be charged. A free will offering will be collected to be applied to the "Rest Room Fund" of the Y. W. C. A.

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Varsity vs. Penitentiary

The last and probably the best baseball game of the season was played with the State Penitentiary team, Saturday afternoon, when the "Cons" took a ten-inning affair by a 4-3 score.

The scoring started in the 1st, when a double and single scored 1 run for the "Pen." In the first of the 3rd, Oakes got to first on an error by shortstop and scored on Homan's three-bagger. McMeachen's grounder scored Homan before the side was retired. In their half of the third a couple of hits scored another for the Penitentiary and tied the score.

Both sides were retired in quick order until the 5th when Willamette again got busy. St. Pierre reached second on errors and scored on Rader's single. This ended the scoring for Varsity.

In the last of the ninth Parsley reached first on a single, took second on Saxon's safe bingle, stole third and scored on a hit by Houghton. Willamette was unable to score in the tenth and the winning run for the "Pen" was made on a three-base hit by McDaniels and a single by Lewis.

The Varsity put up the best game of the season and outclassed the O. S. P. team in the field but were unable to connect in satisfactory style with Schier, the speedy "Con" pitcher. The Penitentiary touched up McIntyre twelve hits but these, for the most part, were kept well scattered.

The game was stolen from Willamette when in the last of the ninth, Parsley was called safe on third after sliding completely over the base and being tappered out. He scored later.

The score reads:

Willamette	AB	R	H	SH	SB	RO	A	E
Oakes	5	1	1	0	1	3	5	1
Booth	5	0	1	0	0	13	0	0
Homan	5	1	1	0	0	3	2	1
McMeachen	5	0	0	0	0	7	1	0
St. Pierre	5	1	1	0	1	0	0	0
Gibson	5	0	0	1	0	0	0	0
Rader	4	0	1	0	0	2	2	0

Blanchard	4	0	0	0	1	0	1	1
McIntyre	4	0	0	0	0	0	1	0
Total	42	3	5	1	3	28	12	3
O. S. P.	AB	R	SH	SB	PO	A	E	
Clarke	5	1	1	0	0	3	1	4
Summers	5	0	0	0	0	7	0	2
Fraunfelter	5	1	2	0	1	0	0	0
Schier	5	0	1	0	1	0	4	0
McDaniels	5	1	1	0	1	1	0	2
Lewis	5	0	2	0	0	15	2	1
Parsley	4	1	1	0	1	1	0	0
Saxon	4	0	3	0	1	0	0	2
Houghton	4	0	1	0	0	2	4	1
Totals	42	4	12	0	5	30	11	12

Earned runs—O. S. P. 3; two-base hits—Clarke, Lewis; three-base hits—Homan, McDaniels; bases on balls—McIntyre 1, Schier 1, hit by pitched ball—Summers; struck out—by McIntyre 5; by Schier 14; left on bases—O. S. P. 9, Willamette 9; double plays—Booth; unassisted 2.
Time—1:20. Umpire—Martin.

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IN THE INTEREST OF
COLUMBIA BEACH

I. B. Rhodes, State Y. M. C. A. Secretary, was on the Campus Saturday, Sunday and Monday last, working up enthusiasm for the summer conference to be held at Columbia Beach, Oregon, just after Commencement. Saturday evening he gave an interesting lecture on the principle features of the conference, illustrating it with a number of fine views of the camp. Sunday morning he met the Y. M. C. A. cabinet and talked over plans and policies for next year, and in the afternoon addressed the men at their devotional meeting. Monday forenoon he spent interviewing prospective delegates.

Willamette will be well represented at Columbia Beach, as about ten men are now lined up, and several others will probably be added to the list in the next week.

It was in Academy Expression Class, Mr. McCaia was expounding to the class, a selection from "Spartacus to the Gladiators at Capua." "If ye are beasts, then stand here like fat oxen." (prolonged applause).

FROM O. A. C.

When William F. Herron, recently made a vice-president of the Southern Pacific Company, and for many years head of the Law Department of the Harriman railroad system, comes to Corvallis to deliver an address June 14, before the students of the college from which he graduated in 1873, the people of Oregon will meet one of the most forceful men of the state of California, whose influence has been felt not only in the state but throughout the Pacific Coast and extended east to the Atlantic.

Associated with Mr. Herrin as the principal speakers on the programs of the Quarter Centennial celebration will be two other men who have also attained great prominence but in different fields. James M. Hamilton, president of the Montana State College, who will deliver the Commencement address has been a leader in the great work of industrial education for many years and is considered one of the ablest men in educational work today. Rev. F. W. Clappett, Rector of Trinity Church, San Francisco, is one of the most eloquent orators on the Pacific Coast. Besides these several graduates of the institution

who have become prominent in many fields of activity will appear on the program.

ODDS AND ENDS

Many college undergraduates and high school pupils hold the view that they lose little if they devote themselves to having a good time, as when they enter a professional school, or set up for themselves in business, they can easily knuckle down and outstrip those who they rather contemptuously call "grinls." An investigation of the records of a large university has lately disclosed what all believers in the force of habit have long suspected, namely, that the men who have won scholastic honors in college maintain their lead in the law school and in the medical school, and that those who have had a good time in college and neglected to form habits of regular work and studious application, fail to form those habits in the professional school. It is evident that the old proverb about the crooked twig and the leaning tree can not be repeated too often.—*Youth's Companion.*

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Frances W. Pöhle

It was the week before the annual Junior-Senior canoe contest, that "Redy" Knox and Earnest Phawt sat in their study, enthusiastically discussing the big event of the year. "Redy" was the athletic hero of the school, and prepossessing in manner and appearance, was popular among the students and faculty.

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

Suddenly, for they were alone, there came a voice.

"Boys, there is no use of your talking, it is positively unsafe for you to enter that contest. Canoes are dangerous and besides when have you been training? It is a wonder that you haven't been drowned by this time." "Redy" opened the door and tried to explain to his aunt, but she would not accept his view. The boys were at last 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.

"Let us 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 on the prank, they hastened to the Varsity Campus, and

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reclined comfortably under the spreading oak. After a few minutes Earnest finished the poem.

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

"Why, lovely Matilda, tell me why
So very kind and yet so shy,
Why does that cold forbidding air
gives dumps 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 post office. 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.

During the following week the boys talked canoeing and sports continually, but she answered not a word of caution. She was entirely devoted to her own plans.

June First, came, and all the college students prepared for the canoe contest. The bank of the river was lined with anxious Juniors and Seniors who were enthusiastically waving their class colors. The canoes started in perfect order, now here now there; then a Junior, then a Senior was in the lead. Before them stretched the broad expanse of water, behind the threatening of the on-coming canoes. The Juniors felt a wild exultant spirit of victory, when they heard their fellow-classmates giving a rousing yell. The line was reckless and the victory won. Cries of joy and excitement filled the air.