



NEW WALK HAS BEEN FORMALLY STEPPED ON NOW

Work of Freshmen Receives Consideration In Special Exercises Thursday

GOOD SPIRITS PREVAIL

President of Trustee Board Makes Speech of Formal Acceptance. Dr. Doney Says Faculty May Have Qualms.

The formal presentation exercises of the cement walk which the freshman class recently completed took place at the chapel hour last Thursday morning.

The ceremony was as unusual and impressive as the gift itself. Loran Basler, president of the freshman class, gave a short, straight-from-the-shoulder presentation speech on behalf of his class. Dr. B. L. Steeves, president of the Board of Trustees, replied with a formal acceptance for the university. Mr. Bowers expressed the gratitude and appreciation of the student body. Dr. Doney voiced the sentiment of the entire Willamette family and its friends, and struck the dominant note of the hour in the phrase, "Some freshman class."

"We are to have a service this morning, such as has never been held in this chapel before," said Dr. Doney in introducing Mr. Basler. "It may be that such a program has never been given in any university."

The freshman president went to the platform amid enthusiastic applause. His remarks were in part:

"We wish to present to you and the school the new walk that now lies ready for your use when going between Eaton and Waller halls; so please keep off the grass. We had several reasons in mind for doing this. The first may appear to be one of selfishness but we think not. We wished to do something that would be useful and valuable to each and every one of us—something we could use during our four years here, rather than something . . . for someone else to use.

"Our second reason is one of love for our school; for it is our school, and in the short time we have been here we have developed a real love for it that will grow and last during our years here and stay with us after we leave for the wider and broader fields of life. . . .

"We hope we have done something that meets with the approval of the upper classmen and will stand as a precedent for the classes which are to follow."

In his acceptance Dr. Steeves reminded the students that the things they do for the school give the greatest pleasure in after years. "When these freshmen return in years to come," he said, "the first thing they will look for will be this walk, which they have laid with the labor of their own hands." He recalled with delight that he had assisted in the planting of the trees between Waller and Lausanne halls; and that he had been the first editor of the Collegian.

Mr. Bowers was called upon to speak for the student body. He said that although no wine or champagne had been spilled, nevertheless the spirits in which the gift was made were appreciated.

Dr. Doney expressed the climax of appreciation of the freshmen, when he remarked that in some respects the class of '21 were postgraduates.

"The faculty," he remarked, "are in danger of nervous qualms at the thought of a freshman class composed of seniors."

The three upperclasses stood respectfully in their places and sang "We never saw your equal" and freshmen took fine; while the group of masterbuilders filed out, and arranged themselves on either side of their newly-tendered gift. The faculty and students marched between the rows of green. When the classes of the next hour began their sessions, the initiated walk stood as an added historical monument of the campus.

Seniors Are Planning a Gift

At a short meeting of the senior class Monday, a committee was appointed to investigate the matter of a gift to the university and report recommendations to the class.

J. Read Bain '16 gets the Collegian every week now.

APPLE JUICE IS POPULAR

Gus Wets the Adams Apple At So Much a Throw.

Gus Anderson, the linen haired apollo tenor twinkleton is a believer in Prohibition. Yes sir! Prohibition. He has a ranch near Chemawa and on this ranch grow some of the apples that made Eve famous and got Adam in bad. The juice from these apples is extracted and gathered into jugs and tubs and other things that rhyme with mugs and brought to Salem. The university students are Gus's best customers. At several big social events this fall his pure juice of the apple has disappeared with much smacking of lips. Cider is good for young and old. It takes the blue out of the blues, is a sure cure for whatever ails you and Gus has plenty so step up boys to the good old round top swaggar jug.

CHRESTOS LIKE NEW QUARTERS

A Room On Ground Floor of Science Hall Fitted Up for New Society

On Wednesday the Chrestophillians Met and Celebrated with Live Talks and Good Music.

Chrestophillians met for a busy session last Wednesday evening in their new halls located on the first floor of Science hall in the rooms formerly occupied by Miss Gill's art department. The rooms have been re-furnished and a new piano and stove installed.

The Chrestophillians together with their sister society, the Chrestomatheans, are now busying themselves with further improvements. All Chrestos are proudly wearing their new society pins. These take the form of the letter "X" which is their official emblem.

First on the program was an interesting summary of current events by William Holt. The necessity of conservation of resources was strong-rendering aid to our country throughly emphasized by Mr. Holt.

A live debate followed on the question, "Resolved that the government should own and operate a merchant marine." Paul Doney and Kenneth Legg for the affirmative succeeded in convincing judges and audience alike that government ownership was best. Henry Spess and Millard Doughton pleaded for the rights of private capital.

Story entertained with a piano solo in his usual highly successful manner.

"Culture" was the topic presented by Waldo Pierson. He had his audience sitting on the edge of their chairs by the time he finished.

A snappy session of parliamentary practice, led by Rahskopf, concluded the program.

FUZZY IS A BACKSLIDER

Falls to Pavement and Comes Near Spilling Valuable Brains

There is in this quarter of the globe a man called Emmel, his eyes are blue and his hair is too soft so he is Fuzzy to a close brace of his friends.

Last week Fuzzy was invited to take an auto ride in a car going up State street. When he had been carried about a half block to a point near the front of the city library Emmel prepared to alight. With his face towards the rear of the car he stepped onto the pavement, but was immediately precipitated to conspicuous connection between the back of the head and hard pavement.

Certain friends of the parabolic one set up a gleeful howl and declared Emmel's tumble to be the biggest bit of the season. Fuzzy recovered without the use of adhesive tape or splints of any kind and is still in possession of all his faculties.

R. LYON IS HEARD FROM

Returns to Alaska Because He Is Rejected for War Service.

Wallace Adams has just received word from Roger Lyon, formerly of the class of 1918. "Duck" recently came down to Seattle for the purpose of enlisting, but on account of deficient eyesight he was rejected in both the army and navy examinations. He then returned to Alaska and is working in a mine at Thane.

FOODS MUST OF NECESSITY BE CONSERVED

Men From Local Committee Appeal In Chapel to Urge All to Co-operate

OUR ALLIES NEED FOOD

If Countries Across the Sea Could Have What We Waste Here They Would Have An Abundance; Be Thrifty and Conserve

Are you patriotic enough to co-operate with the Food Administration and do the following things?

Buy less; cook no more than necessary; serve smaller portions. Use local and reasonable supplies.

Patronize your local producers and lessen the need of transportation.

Do not eat between meals. Watch for waste in the community.

Preach and practice the doctrine of the clean plate.

Rev. James Elvin, chairman of the local food conservation committee, and Prof. Nelson, principal of the high school, visited chapel last Friday and presented the necessity of every one assisting in the food conservation campaign.

The campaign is being conducted through the public schools. Although Oregon is the only state conducting the campaign in this way the plan has proven very successful.

All the pupils in the public schools are given a home card stating some important facts about the conservation of food and also a pledge card. As soon as the pledge card signed by the housewife is returned the pupil is given a card bearing an American flag to be placed in the window of every American home.

The campaign is under the direction of the National Food Administration. A house to house canvass will be made and every house that does not have a card in its window will be reported. In a few weeks secret service men will come to find why these homes are not helping in the food conservation campaign.

In time of peace we only have an opportunity of expressing our patriotism by words. Now every American citizen has an opportunity to show his or her patriotism by helping in the conservation of food.

"Our problem," as stated by the Food Administration Committee, "is to feed our Allies this winter by sending them as much food as we can of the most concentrated nutritious value in the least shipping space. These foods are wheat, beef, pork, dairy products, and sugar. Our solution is to eat less of these and more of other foods of which we have an abundance, and to waste less of all foods."

The food problem is very serious indeed. England, France, Italy, and Belgium must import in times of peace 40 per cent of their breadstuffs. But in time of war they must import 60 per cent. This means we must increase our export surplus of \$8,000,000 bushels to 220,000,000 bushels. This can be done by economizing and substituting.

The people of the Allies can not substitute corn for wheat as we can. They can and are adding 25 per cent of corn to their bread. Except in Italy the Allies have few corn mills. The bread of the Allied peoples is all made in bakeries and corn bread can not be distributed from bakeries.

The only way to supply this need is for us to reduce our use of wheat. We now use an average of five pounds of wheat flour per person per week. The whole problem can be solved if we will by substituting corn flour reduce our consumption of wheat flour from five pounds a week to four pounds a week.

The Allies' need of meat and sugar is also very urgent. Since the war our meat exports to our Allies have increased three times. The needs of the Allies will increase on account of lack of food for animals. If every person will save one ounce of meat per day the need of the Allies can be supplied.

France, Italy and Belgium formerly produced their own sugar while England imported most of her supply from what are now enemy countries. France and Italy can not supply their own needs while England is cut off from the source of 75 per cent of her usual imports. These countries must now draw 1,500,000 tons of sugar from the same sources from which we draw our supplies. The average American consumes twice as much sugar as the average Frenchman. We must economize in order to meet the need of our Allies.

THEATRE PARTIES MEET

Foolish Maidens Take Seats From Their Wise Sisters.

Once upon a time there were two women's literary societies, who, upon a Thursday evening, did each plan a theatre party for the rushing of certain freshmen. Now one of the societies, having studied under Sherman, gave heed to representation over presentation and did prudently reserve two rows of seats at Ye Liberty.

But the maidens of the other society, being foolish, did merely trust to luck. However, it came to pass that they did arrive first at Ye Liberty, and the usher-aid unto one of them:

"Are you the club that reserved seats for the evening?"

And the maiden, supposing the thing had been done by some one more responsible than herself, answered "Yes."

Whereupon the usher cut the cords about the seats reserved for the wise maidens, and the foolish, in all innocence, sat down therein.

Therefore, when the wise arrived they found for themselves no reserved seats, for the luck of the foolish was more powerful than the prudence of the wise.

DEAN TAKES TRIP NORTH

Attends Rev. VanWinkle's Funeral In Portland Thursday.

Dean George W. Alden was Willamette university's representative at the funeral of Rev. Van Winkle, father of Dean Van Winkle of the law school, held in Portland, Thursday.

On Friday, Dean Alden attended the meeting of Washington State Teachers' association. He was the guest of the Portland commercial club for dinner. In the afternoon he represented Willamette university at a meeting of the Northwest colleges and universities of Idaho, Washington and Montana, held at the college of Puget Sound.

Dean Alden made a hurried trip to Seattle merely for the pleasure and incidentally to hear General Green of the National Army who is in command at Camp Lewis.

PHILS BUY \$100 BOND

Make An Investment That Will Aid the Next Generation.

Not to be outdone in the general spirit of doing ones bit, the Philodorian and Philodorian literary societies have assumed a \$100 Liberty Loan bond. This stupendous amount is not to be complacently drawn from a fat and bulging bank account, but from the jeans and pinafores of each individual member.

When the present generation has passed its prime, and when even the members of the class of '21 are approaching their fiftieth year, their children will be entering Willamette university, and the Philodorians and Philodorians, twenty-five years hence will inherit a small legacy which they are to be requested to use in rejuvenating their society halls.

GET SEATS SATURDAY

One Person May Reserve Ten Tickets; Box Office Opens at 8 A. M.

Those who hold season tickets to the Lyceum course may reserve seats for the first time next Saturday, November 3. Box office at the armory will open at 8 a. m. One person will be allowed to reserve not more than ten tickets at a time, so if it is not convenient for one to be there he may have some friends who will be there look after it for him. All those who subscribed for tickets should secure them before Saturday at the Variety Book Store and any other students or teachers who expect the student reduction on the reservation fee should secure them at the same place.

One touch of knowledge makes the whole brain swell.

erly produced their own sugar while England imported most of her supply from what are now enemy countries. France and Italy can not supply their own needs while England is cut off from the source of 75 per cent of her usual imports. These countries must now draw 1,500,000 tons of sugar from the same sources from which we draw our supplies. The average American consumes twice as much sugar as the average Frenchman. We must economize in order to meet the need of our Allies.

REFORMATION IS SUBJECT OF CHAPEL SERVICE

Dr. Patterson of Portland Recounts Stirring Events of the Dark Ages

IS FOURTH CENTENNIAL

Man Why By His Aggressive Thinking Advanced the Civilization of the World Is Given Some Special Honors.

In celebration of the fourth centennial of the protestant reformation under the leadership of Martin Luther, special exercises were held in the chapel yesterday.

The address of the day was given by Dr. Patterson, for twenty-four years professor of history at Ansburg Seminary at Minneapolis, Minn. He now resides in Portland.

The first question in his discussion of the reformation was, "What is a spirit?" The answer was illustrated by the spirit of Greece in Thermopylae; of medieval Europe in the battle of Tours; of France in the battle of the Marne; of America in the "spirit of 1776" or the battle of Saratoga.

Luther's spirit is given in his hymn "A mighty fortress of our God" and in the Bible and scriptures "Justification by faith."

What about the conditions of the time? The ecclesiastical empire of Europe received two-fifths of all the state revenues. It owned one-third of all the territory in European countries. There was no freedom in scholastic work. Scientific research was not permitted.

The spirit of man in the exercise of freedom was given opportunity for use by the work of Luther. A man as a man had been nothing except as he became a loyal Catholic follower. All others were subject to death at any time. Civil justice was unknown. Criminals who knew Latin went scot-free. The world was under the tyranny of Church and Latin; under the tyranny of ecclesiastical and civil authority.

"The statement has been made that Luther destroyed the Bible when he gave it to the German people in their own language. Yet it was the first time that Hebrew or Greek had been used to give the language of Christ to his followers."

"There are no priests. The Bible tells us that God is father of all and we are his children. No man has the right to interfere between a father and his children. Imagine a hired man keeping a child from seeing his father."

"Free education is another result of the reformation. Civil and religious liberty, in the broadest sense, are the results of the works of Luther, John Huss, Calvin, Knox and John Wesley. Well were their works done."

The opening exercises included a vocal solo, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" by Lola McCaddam. Dr. Talbot read the scripture reading and led in the prayer.

GIRLS ELECT OFFICERS

Co-Ed. Organization Gets in Line for Coming Year's Work.

The Girls' Willamette club met Friday morning after chapel, at the call of its president, Mable Garrett, to elect a secretary, treasurer and a song leader. These offices were left vacant by the failure of Margaret Fuller and Esther Cox to return to the campus. Helen Rose will carry the work of the treasury this year and Lola Cooley will be heard giving the initiatory tones of "Around her neck she wore a yellow ribbon" and "The Cannibal King."

OTHER NUMBER TO COME

Sophomores Will Paint a Spot On the Roof and Do Their Bit.

Sophomore numerals have not yet appeared on the grandstand roof. The sophomores have not forgotten their duty; they are unable to determine their own destiny. The green and white is scheduled to appear soon, however, for Henry Spess, "Bill" Holt and Kenneth Leep have been appointed to superintend the work.

Take care of your Latin, and football will take care of itself.

GREAT UNKNOWN IS HERE

Professor of Chemistry Has Malady Which baffles Doctors.

Professor Van Eschen is afflicted with a new, unnamed ailment, the cause of which, and the cure for which are subjects for controversy. The latest attack of his malady kept him under the covers at home Tuesday of this week, and as he says, rendered him helpless.

The professor calls it "The Great Unknown," but says, however, that it comes without calling. The doctor refuses to call it, either scientifically or otherwise, so we are at a loss to tell the reader what "it" is.

The cause is the objective point of attack. Under the influence of the disease the joint becomes rigid, and he who is afflicted receives no encouragement to move. In fact, we may say that movement is impossible.

PROF. DISCOVERS NEW SPECIMENS

Professor Morton Peck Does Research Work; Discovers Unclassified Plants

Summer of Scientific Research In Connection With Prof. Nelson Is Highly Successful

Prof. Morton E. Peck, in company with Prof. Nelson of the S. H. S., discovered two entirely new species of plants this summer. While exploring the Rogue River Valley they came across a thistle, and a wild parsnip which, it seems, have not before been classified.

Prof. Peck did some other very valuable work this summer while in the employ of the United States Biological Survey. He spent several months in southeastern Washington in this work. He states that many of his choicest botanical specimens were secured within a stone's throw of the now on Mt. Adams.

Last year Prof. Peck transferred all of his work to the old "Molle" building. The two large rooms upstairs were fitted out for laboratories where now the 25 cent pusses and less costly anguivorms contribute their last bit of service to the world. In Mrs. Peck's laboratory, on the west side of the building our famous Sally, the skeleton, patiently stands, dreaming, doubtless, of the days when the ghostly atmosphere of arid, landless fingers reigned supreme in those very halls.

BEARCAT TRACKS WALK

A Cub Leaves Foot Print But Makes a Mistake As to Size.

That freshman reputation for veracity has always been considered good, but some upper classmen are inclined, of late, to doubt it. On the south side of the chapel steps in the new cement walk may be seen the tracks of some enterprising W. U. bearcat. When the creature was interviewed concerning the affair he declared that he wore "number eight." Either his young and impressionable mind has been corrupted, or he has been lately deceived by the shoe dealer.

SODIUM WILL EXPLODE

Doughton Proves That Mammal Is Correct By Doing Experiment.

What you don't know won't hurt you, but at the same time it can give you an awful scare. This was amply proved to Millard Doughton '20 Friday in the chemical lab, when he attempted to cover a floating piece of sodium with a test tube.

The resultant explosion was a revelation to Mr. Doughton, and at the same time was a confirmation of the statement made in the laboratory manual to the effect that sodium, when placed in water, might cause a slight explosion.

Except for the temporary smothering of the nerves of several members of the class who expected to see nothing about a soiled body where Millard had stood, no damage was done.

Senior: You have a good head for geometry.
Soph: How's that?
Senior: It's both plane and solid.

Flunking will happen in the best regulated families.

JUNIORS SAY WALLULAH IS NOW ASSURED

Miss Green's Editorial Plans Will Make the Book An Artistic Triumph

TASKER WILL MANAGE

With An Enthusiastic Class Backing Them the Staff Sees a Chance to Make Creditable Book And Begin Work Early

That Willamette shall this year have the best Wallulah ever, was determined by the class of '19 at a special meeting last Friday noon.

Some students have questioned whether, with the unusual difficulties to be faced this year, the junior class should undertake to publish an annual of the standard size and quality. The difficulties they must meet and the means of overcoming them were carefully considered in the business meeting Friday. Then, with keen enthusiasm, the class unanimously voted to publish a standard Wallulah.

Homer Tasker is business manager for the annual. In order to furnish him with funds to meet immediate demands a tax of five dollars a member will be paid by the juniors.

The selection of LeRoy Jenks as official photographer insures high quality of artistic workmanship for this feature. Tasker will probably let the bids for the other mechanical work within a few days. The management will be organized as efficiently as possible in order to overcome the adverse conditions in the business world.

Ruth Green has the editorial plans well under way and some material has already been collected. The advanced cost of paper, printing and engraving may make it necessary to have fewer pages than usual, but Miss Green hopes to make the excellency of structure and detail throughout the book more than compensate for any decrease in size.

With the work directed by students of proven executive ability, and with every member of the class enthusiastically doing his bit, the juniors are confident that they can publish a Wallulah of which the entire university will be justly proud.

SENIOR GIRLS USE PAINT

Are Inspired By Picnic Joys and Put Vermillion On the Cheeks.

Dame Fashion has decreed that women shall wear birds and flowers on their veils, but the senior girls got ahead of her by wearing numerals on their cheeks.

If you have ever eaten the regulation like-or-no-like-pie-buns, wieners, dill pickles, and potato chips, and partaken of real, not the usual "sugared" coffee—well, you know there comes a desire to do something. Sometimes that something is found, and done, as it was in this case.

When the boys had gone up to paint the red 1918 upon the old grandstand, the girls were left below to play. After all ideas of games had gone to the dark corners in regions behind the gymnasium, the girls succeeded in doing a real patriotic stunt.

Let X plus Y equal Z. X equals a bucket of red paint. Y equals a bunch of girls, and Z equals cheeks with red paint thereupon. The intermediate step was paint upon the forehead, tip of nose, chin, and each cheek. This effect was too striking to last. A more modest result was produced by placing a small '18 upon the left cheek. Several of these were still visible at chapel time the next morning.

Y. M. HAS GOOD SHOWING

At the Meeting Last Wednesday Current Topics Are Considered.

With the usual first room crowded with men the first Y. M. meeting last Wednesday night was a success. Harold Eskin gave a forcible talk of the work of the Y. M. at home and in the battlefields of Europe. Armstrong, a new man, told how the association had been of paramount service to the men on the Mexican border in 1916.

Good songs were enjoyed by all men present.

Willamette Collegian



FOUNDED 1889

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THE SOFT SNAP

Too many people there are in this world who go about with a padded constitution looking for the soft snap. They are strong enough in their own right but because of a mistaken conception of the rank and worth of work they think it is advisable that they should be privileged to do only that which is easy and pleasant.

When such a one goes fishing he takes along a pneumatic feather bed, expensive fishing tackle and paraphernalia enough to kill a fish at sight and then sets out to find the easiest fishing in the country. He will fish in only the most accessible hole and only in the most favorable weather.

The only soft snap you can ever find is yourself. They say that the body becomes strong through exercise so how can the man who continually takes to himself the things that are easy to do ever hope to be strong? Some of those soft snap seekers may be considered to be lazy, some are crafty but most of them have a selfishness that would do credit to the man with a forked tail and a copper grin.

Perhaps you are mamma's boy or dad's darling girl and you have been taught that your particular constitution will not stand for as rough and viril treatment as that of other people. Better go right now to a physician and have an X-ray made of your back bone and if it is missing you have a perfect right to live on a different plane. If you find that your back bone is solid and in good repair straighten up, square your smile and set your jaw to meet anything no matter how hard. The soft snap seeker par excellence usually gets a two by four cell in the soft snap box, the prison. The world does not owe you a living. Get out the family skeleton and take a good look at the symbol of the ancestral pluck and then work until you can despise the soft snapper as a degenerate jelly fish of society.

THE FRESHMAN WALK

When the freshmen in their youthful enthusiasm gave to the university a sidewalk they accomplished something that will be a credit to them all the rest of their days. Freshmen in general have a habit of taking all they can get from a college and then either go somewhere else for the rest of their education or quit college entirely. The walk so recently completed should act as a pledge on the part of the freshmen that they will endeavor to make Willamette their home just as long as they feel the need of more instruction.

The class of 1921 is certainly to be commended for their enterprise but in lapses of youthful egotism they are apt to forget that they are not the only people on the earth who ever did anything for the improvement of the campus. Willamette at one time possessed a Campus Improvement Association. Under the direction of the upperclassmen the students built with wheelbarrows and pick and shovel the athletic field that is considered to be one of the best in the Northwest. It took the better part of two years to do this work but when it was done every man student then in the university felt that he had had a part in it. This is no place to go into the history of this but it would be well if the students could get a little of the same enthusiasm and organize to make Willamette's campus a beauty spot.

Freshman walks are fine but one drop in the bucket needs a steady stream of other drops to make it what it really ought to be.

REMEMBERING LUTHER.

On October 31, 1917, Luther posted his Theses on the Church at Wittenberg. Four hundred years ago he lit the spark of the democracy that we now enjoy. Celebrating a quadricentennial is not a usual thing. It is because he was among the first to contradict the divine right of any human pope or king that he is heralded as an immortal. Our country is at present engaged in a struggle against the same kind of stupidity and perfidy that caused Luther to protest with his Thesis. Caesarism or democracy, which shall it be? Luther answered it in his own way and cleared the clouds of darkness that overhung a shamed world. His protest has made the centuries ring with joy. Kaiserism or democracy, and the president of the United States has in his master messages and in his reply to the Pope pushed forward the work that Luther so nobly started.

WHEN LEAVES BEGIN TO TURN

Very few people take any great notice of the world about them. When you step out of an evening if the weather happens to be extra fine you may think enough of it to make a remark. Can you tell the direction of the wind for the past week or the number of clear nights?

This is the time of the year when students gather in schools and colleges. In Oregon it is the time of falling leaves, red sunsets and fine days. The wind plays among the autumn branches and whispers of the days of winter. Of the rainy days and howling winds, of frosty mornings and damp fogs and of all that is the crowning glory of the short days and long nights.

People see but do not read the signs of the times of the year. They rush with eyes that do not see through a paradise of beauty to satisfy vague desires and longings that cannot be satisfied. In the little common touches of nature about you can be found as many pleasant things as anyone could want.

Do the fishes in the ocean ever stop to appreciate the wonderful thing called water in which they live? Perhaps not but the fishes may not be very appreciative. People living in such a splendid world as ours can surely find time to give the medium in which we live a few moments thought now and then. Take a full breath once in a while, a glance at the sky and go on your way rejoicing.

LITTLE THINGS.

When historical record events they slip over the details and give big results, according to mention the mass of little forces that sway the world. The small facts are pushed out as through a sieve because they are small and can be dispensed with.

However, history in the making cannot ignore them. What is it very often that determines your action, is it some big, outstanding thing or is it the last drop in the bucket? One kind word dropped unknowingly by someone at the right time may have more effect in saving a man from some unworthy action than the mass of all the sermons he has ever heard. One strain of song from an unconscious singer may arouse an enthusiasm that will lead to a life of usefulness. Decisions are made by adding up the sum of impulses urging to action on both sides and following the strongest side. When the question is, to do or not to do, what a little thing it takes to tip the balance. One careless word and you may place sadness at the heart of a friend.

ON ADVERTISEMENT READING

I read every fragment, advertisements and all. To me an advertisement has a peculiar attraction, like reading a dictionary. Wouldn't it be fine if all writers could state things as simply and with as much care as do advertisement writers. Here is a page devoted to investment houses, now I never had any training in finance and as I read these, new facts and fine points are brought to my mind, bonds, stocks, interest, security and reliability. I always thought that those who deal in bonds were out for the express purpose of exploiting the public but here is a firm that has handled bonds for 70 years and never in that time has a customer lost a cent in an investment made through their office. They morally do not say that anything is guaranteed for the future but what man would not be willing to trust their opinion of a certain investment when they have such a clean record?

Little bits of information that will stick in the mind may be gathered from almost any advertisement. They are written to inform, they are just as instructive of the world's progress as are the pages of a trade journal. A manufacturer puts a new machine on the market for duplicating printed matter. He will give ten or twenty facts about his machine, to show its efficiency, and in reading these facts you have learned something that you could only get in a much more round about way if you set out unaided to secure them. Why do children enjoy the advertisements so much? In the first place they satisfy their thirst for facts and a varied lot of facts at that. Children are interested in everything; they have curiosity. A boy wants to know everything about toys, machinery and a lot of other things and a girl is interested in clothes, books and I don't know what all. To the fresh mind of a child each advertisement is a fountain of information. Where else would they go to quench their thirst?

Strange to think of it perhaps but these advertisements represent some of the keenest minds of our day. Originality is at a premium because all the larger displays change with each issue of the periodical. Then too they are the summit of the printers' art because if I understand it aright it rests with the printer to select the combinations of type and to proportion the whole. It is not at all unlikely that in most magazines the advertisements are the brainiest portion. I do know that in certain cheap papers they far out class the regular printed matter. Truth is over the goal of the advertisement. Most firms have enough confidence in their products to believe that the truth is the best thing you can say about them. Read the back pages of the Literary Digest or any other good magazine and you have a practical treatise on the ethics of modern business.

But you say, "What a waste of money!" When you consider the vast areas dependent upon a firm for a commodity you can see that it would be impossible without some means of communication to keep the people interested in a line of goods. Advertisements are the best. Doesn't that seem strange? It is however a result and not a cause. A man who puts up the outward show of decency will be accepted until such time as he shows himself to be otherwise. You start out to manufacture an automobile, you judge the market and compare your car with the different makes already on the market. The next step is to write an advertisement putting a just value on your car. The public rates that car no higher and no lower than you have until they are convinced that they should change their view. No firm is in such a bad way with the public as the one that over advertises.

Modesty is another thing to be considered. The Standard Oil Corporation, the biggest corporation in the world, will have a half page, simple and white, with a few pointed statements concerning some product. No fuss, no littleness—a farmer advertising honey will have a little corner chunk full of type, bees, beehives and a jumble of details. One is as honest as the other, but don't you see how quickly you can judge the regard in which a firm holds itself by its advertisement? True a petty soap maker may hire a skilled "ad" writer to display for him and no reach the dignity of certain stater firms but the very fact that he does such a thing shows that he has ambition and may some day make good.

The public seeing a certain advertisement of a certain firm appearing in standard magazines year after year comes to consider that firm a thing standard in itself. You could hardly be made to believe that Ivory soap is a cheat or that Tiffany is dishonest or that of the Studebaker corporation as being mean. From year to year mongrel advertisements appear on the pages of magazines of pretentious houses that expect to gain prestige in a night. We like old things best and it is only after looking at the name of a firm for ten or twelve years that we come to have an affection for it. Unless there is something back of this prehistoric appearance they soon disappear. You or I could have a big advertisement in a magazine of the Moonstall Soap without ever incorporating it but it would be impossible to keep it up for ten years. Every satisfied customer adds permanency and every dissatisfied customer tends to lessen the force of a firm's advertising. Until you know it is not so you are apt to believe a thing is true when you see it in print and the more times you see that thing the more fixed it will be in your mind that it is true.

We take a certain pride in buying advertised goods. One might almost say that they are the fashion. You enter a drug store. A big tray of soaps is shown you, with the names of most you are not acquainted, but all there is one marked Colgate. It is an old friend, you know immediately that for twenty years or more countless people have been buying that soap and that all that time the manufacturers have had audacity enough to keep on advertising. It makes no difference, you have never used any Colgate soap but you think there must be something in it or else it would have been heralded as a fraud long ago. What chance have the strange labels of attracting you when this alluring psychic background is already prepared to receive Colgates? About one in a hundred I would say.

Well, these few fragments of this ten year old paper have made me think rather long I fear but I do like to read advertisements, to me they are ever as alluring as new landscapes. Distant hills look greener. They always did bring spices from the East.

One angry flash and you may turn the tide of opportunity from you. One hairy gesture and it may take you to live down the reputation of a mad. If you are looking for some big kingdoms, remember the little things. If you would be successful in class work get the little things. If you would be a good citizen you must watch the details of your everyday life. If you would be rich and have power and all the fine things, count your pennies and be thrifty.

A piece of sand is very small but essential to the system that it is a part of. A fly seems to be a jerky line of life, events, epochs and milestones but back of all that there is the molecule of human life—the little things.

THE HEAT OF THE SUN.

Sunspot figures, representing the luminosity of the sun are given by Professor Nordmann, a noted resident of the Paris Observatory. He places the heat of the sun at 5482 degrees centigrade. He expresses the total candle-power of the sun in an total candle-power of the sun in an inconceivable number, beginning with 18, followed by 27 noughts. This is equivalent to 1,994,999 for every square inch of the sun's surface. Some idea may be formed of the amount of light these figures represent, from the fact that the most powerful electric arc light of the present time is barely equal to 29,000 candle-power. As an illustration of the quantity of light issuing from the sun, Professor Nordmann states

that from every portion of the surface equal in size to a finger nail enough light issues to illuminate the entire Avenue de l'Opera, in Paris for a whole night. As the sun's surface measures 200,000,000 square miles, its total luminosity may be put at 51,000,000,000,000 times that of the Avenue de l'Opera.

The Song of the Mollycoddle.

Football, football!
That's no game for me;
Basketball or baseball,
Decidedly none of the three.
Putting candy in the kitchen,
Embrodering flowers on socks,
Playing the piano for mamma,
And combing dolly's locks,
These are the games that I enjoy,
And really so strenuous they seem
For I am only a little boy,
Since I am just nineteen.

TABLET HISTORY GIVEN

1905 Mark on North of Waller Hill Was First Senior Gift.
Many persons have asked the meaning of the '05 tablet on the northwest corner of Waller Hill. This tablet was the first senior class gift presented to Willamette University. The class includes Edgar Avery, the Pendleton editor; Paul W. Beecher, a teacher; Prof. Burgess Ford of Stayton; E. Kinney Miller of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mrs. Lila Swafford Moser of Salem; and G. Eugene Whipple of Vancouver, Wn.

Russel Day, a former Academy student, is now at Camp Lewis. He has been in the regular army since 1914.

PHIL'S GOAT IS GIVEN EXERCISE

New Men Entertain Old Men With Talks That Are Clever and Original

Wapato Delivered An Oration; Benner Slung Hash; Esteb Gave Chase to Trouble, and Waltz Sang.

Last Wednesday evening the old Phils were more than pleased with the talent shown by their new men; the entire program being staged by them.

The program was opened by a man who demonstrated very favorably the difference between a born orator and a made orator. With the ease of a Wendell Phillips, the style of a Cicero, and the force of a Daniel Webster, Paul Wapato gave a brief biography of himself which was intensely interesting. He talked with eloquence about the possibilities and opportunities that are before each and every one and that each is responsible to both man and God for their fulfillment. "Wap's" talk showed thought delivered with "zip."

Benner slung hash. Hot Mince Pies gave rise to nine little goblins. The theme of this reading depicted a real nightmare.

The vocal solo by Mr. Waltz was appreciated by all.

No one realizes the opportunities that are still open in Argentina until Ralph Thomas gave his oration on that subject. We still insist that good things come in little packages.

The content of Esteb's talk was that we shouldn't trouble trouble till trouble troubles us. He clinched his points by citing history.

Mort before, Mortified after, initiation. Howard Mort's prophecy came true.

After a short business meeting the initiated were given the goat the Phil shave, et cetera, et cetera.

THE 1918 IS ATTRACTIVE

Senior Men Reshingle Grandstand Roof and Use Paint Well.

Seniors are second to none in school spirit. Last Friday morning a brand new 1918 greeted the eye of whoever glanced toward the grandstand to see if 20 or 21 was on top. This glowing evidence of the seniors did not spring up uncalled but was diligently planted there last Thursday night upon the newly shingled space formerly occupied by the rained-out numerals of that class. The figures were drawn by Wallace Adams and painted by Adolph Spiess, Warren Slabaugh and Wallace Adams. These brave young men risked their lives on the brittle shingles of the roof laboriously spreading paint by the dim days of a flash light while the rest of the class froliced below on the field.

THEATRE IS TAXED

Must Pay One Cent On Every Ten Cents Admission.

Beginning November 1st, the government will impose a war tax on theatre admissions of one cent on every 10c price or fraction thereof. The law provides that the tax is to be paid by the person paying for the admission. This means one cent on children's tickets, one cent on 10 cent matinee tickets and two cents on 15 cent and 20 cent tickets.

Many theatres intend to raise prices. The Oregon prices will remain the same and war tax coupons will be sold at the box office in lots of 5-10-15. These coupons will be taken up at the door, one with 5 and 10 cent tickets, two with 15 and 20 cent tickets, etc.

The government expects the Oregon to pay about \$4500 yearly in this tax. We earnestly solicit your continued patronage and a cheerful compliance with the tax.

The professor was showing a friend around his chemical laboratory.

"What has become of Jim Filibottle?" the friend asked. "Wasn't he studying with the class last year?" "Ah, yes," replied the professor. "Filibottle, poor fellow! A fine student but absent minded in the use of chemicals—very. That slight discoloration on the ceiling—notice it?" "Yes."

"That's Filibottle."—R.

She: What does your room mate take at 10 o'clock Mondays?

He: A cold shower, a shave, my new shirt, my clean collar, my best tie, and a brisk walk down to class.—L.

Educators to Meet Here Soon

There will be a meeting of the officers of the Oregon teachers of Independent Teachers' association, held here Saturday. At this meeting the program and other important details will be touched for the meeting of the association which is to be held here during the Thanksgiving recess.

Mr. Young Man,

if you're on the road to success--let us show you how much easier the "traveling" is if you are dressed for the trip.

Let us show you that "right dressing" is largely a matter of "right choosing"--for instance:

SALEM WOOLEN MILLS STORE

The Varsity Book Store

IS AT YOUR SERVICE

Tilden Jewelry looks and wears well. Athletic Blankets give warmth and comfort. Centennials are not stationary. Try them

Improve Your Writing by Using a Swan Pen

Get Your Society Pin Before They are Gone

STUDENT DIRECTORY

414 Bank of Commerce Bldg.
DR. F. L. UTTER
Dentist
Phone 508 Salem, Oregon

Phone 606 Suite 413-1
Salem Bank of Commerce Bldg.

Dr. F. L. Utter
DENTIST
Special Attention to Oral Hygiene and Diseases of the Gums
Salem Oregon

A. A. KEENE
Optician Phone 220

A. B. GARDNER
Jeweler

Gardner & Keene
JEWELERS and OPTICIANS
Manufacturing Society Pins
Fine Watch and Jewelry Repairing
350 State St. SALEM, OREGON

J. Ray Pemberton, M. D.
Office: 212 Masonic Temple
Phone 410

Res. Phone 1460J SALEM, OREGON

WLECH ELECTRIC CO.
Phone 925 220 North Commercial
Electric Lamps
Students' Lamps
Electric Irons
All Things Electric

Spencer Hardware Co

466-474 State Street
Silverware, Flashlights
Pocket Knives, Etc.

CALL ON C. M. Lockwood

for SHELLY National Mazda Electric Lamps. Eveready Flashlights and Batteries, Hotpoint Irons, Toasters, Grills, etc., Sturdy Tube Saws and Toler Articles, Grand Union Tea, Coffee and Baking Powder.
218 North Commercial Street

FRESHMAN LIKES MILK

Chooses His Food Carefully In Order to Do Great Things.

Two lusty members of our infant class were seen last week spending their pennies at one of Salem's leading houses of refreshment.

It seems that both youths are sacrificing the vain and empty pleasure of the moment for the sake of the great and glorious future. One aspires to be a bright and shining light in the realm of literary criticism, and with this end in view, he ordered beans—oh, noble brainfood! The other prospective glimmer is looking forward to the day when he is to be a renowned football star on the scrub team, and inhaled as his chosen form of nourishment the world-famous freshman beverage—milk! Will some one kindly call the attention of Coach Mathews to this heroism?

MRS. MILLER IS SICK

Instructor Has Been Unable to Meet Her Classes for Several Days.

Mrs. Della Crowder-Miller, professor of public speaking in the university, has been in the Willamette Sanitarium for the past week, suffering from a severe attack of neuralgia.

Her classes have been kept going in various ways, in some instances the students themselves conducting the work.

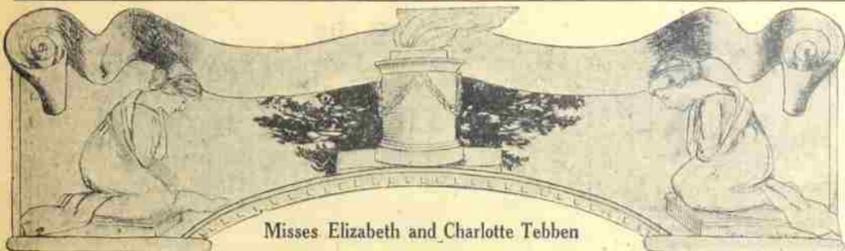
She expects to be back to meet her classes in a few days, as she is recovering nicely from the effects of the sickness.

WILLAMETTE AUXILIARY MEETS

At the call of the chairman, Miss Portinger, the university auxiliary of the Red Cross met on Monday afternoon. At this time several important announcements were made.

It is rumored and from certain quarters it is reported, indeed some people are almost positive, others go so far as to say publicly that the fol-

IN SOCIETY



Misses Elizabeth and Charlotte Tebben

And still the fun continues for the new students. The big event of the past week was the Philodossian "at home" on Saturday afternoon. The manner of entertainment for the affair was decidedly original and one which afforded great pleasure to the freshmen girls.

All the students are taking a great interest in the Lyceum course which is to be offered, and all are looking forward to the first lecture number with great expectations. Full advantage is to be taken of the course this winter. When social functions are lacking in the university, a Lyceum number will be all too welcome to break the monotony of school life.

"In College" was the theme of the program of the Chrestomathean Society Friday afternoon. A contralto solo by Beatrice Dunnette was the opening number of the program. Helen Moore followed with a group of humorous college stories told in a clever, extemporaneous style. Alene Dunbar sang a plaintive Irish love song. Caroline Herbetz gave a short and instructive review of the work several prominent college women are doing. The Lausanne hall girls added a bit of humor to the meeting with an original stunt, in which Ethel Fogg was the heroine and the other hall girls her conspiring college chums. The Misses Dunbar, Martin, Dunnette and Mickey closed the program with a quartet arrangement of the Willamette songs.

Miss Hortense Harried spent the week-end in Portland with relatives. Miss Elizabeth Briggs spent several days last week in Portland with friends.

Mr. Ala H. Parish and Miss Alma V. Haskin, '11, were married at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Emilie A. Haskin, at Sodaville, Oregon, October 25, 1917. The address of Mr. and Mrs. Parish is Route 2, Lebanon, Oregon.

The Philodossian halls were the scene of a festive gathering last Saturday afternoon, when according to the annual custom, the lassies of the Phi were at home to all non-society women at the school.

At the head of the stairs the spicy odor of evergreen assailed the nostrils of the guests, and from the dressing room they stepped into a veritable fairy Northland. The walls were banked with groups of fir trees, whose green needles showed vivid contrast with their burden of glistening snow. Snow banks were glimpsed in several corners as a background for the real huts with all the accoutrement of stone pebbles and skins. Over all a misty greenish-blue light was cast. Referring to their programs whose backs bore dainty hand-tinted snow scenes, the guests read the mystic symbols of "Noog-lookook," "Im-mo-sik," and "Dovekie." These titles, they found, referred to various forms of entertainment. From one snow hut an Eski in white jacket, hood and short skirt dispensed genuine whale meat, much to the curiosity of the visitors, and doubtless much to the gratifica-

tion of Hoover, could he but hear of it. The Eskimos must have Epicurean tendencies, however, for the remarkable meat was most appetizing. In another hut a game of chance was played wherein the lucky gained candy representations of bears and fish. "Dovekie" indicated a short program consisting of musical numbers by Louise Benson, Esther Cox, Lela Belle McCaddam and the recounting of an old Norse legend by Inna Botsford.

In the dining room the traveler found himself transferred from the twilight forest to night itself. Over the daintily candle-lighted table vaulted the blue dome of the sky, studded with stars, while even the full moon lent its beams of light. Philodossian girls served a two course luncheon in keeping with the theme of the afternoon.

In view of the troubled condition of the country it was deemed wise formal as possible, and the committee to keep the affair as simple and in-charge, Misses Lilla Paekkenham, Odell Savage and Olive Mark, are to be congratulated on sponsoring a most delightful afternoon, without losing sight of true patriotism.

Witches, Jack-o-lanterns, fortune tellers and apples held sway in Lausanne Hall last Friday night. The event was Lausanne's informal for the semester. Autumn leaves and pumpkins transformed the parlors into a paradise lost. In the dining room were tubs containing apples to dive for, fortunes in hot flames and a well full of cider straightfromthe.

About forty guests were invited, and as they arrived they were sent through the hall of terrors before they could begin the real fun. Games and fortunes were the principal pastimes of the evening until pumpkin pie a-la-mode was served in the assembly hall which was gay with pennants and Indian blankets. After a few Willamette songs Coach Matthews started the football boys toward home and the rest followed their example. The girls lined up in the front hall and a general handshaking and well wishing cheered the guests as they stepped out into the cold night.

Miss Mary Paroungian was the dinner guest of Charlotte and Elizabeth Tebben.

Miss Lola Cooley entertained Mrs. Hand at dinner Sunday noon.

Mr. Harrison of Oregon City spent Sunday in Salem with his daughter, Evadne Harrison.

Miss Ruth Perringer entertained at a delightful Sunday evening supper. The guests were Miss Olive Mark, Ivan Corner and Sociolofsky.

Chrestomathean Literary Society members were hostesses to a group of young ladies of the freshmen class on Thursday evening, October 25. The guests were entertained at dinner, several of them at Lausanne hall and others at the various homes including Chestnut Farm. The scattered company assembled at an eight o'clock theater party. Further enjoyment and increased opportunity for good fellowship and acquaintances were found when the company strolled en masse to the Gray Belle and there partook of refreshments together.

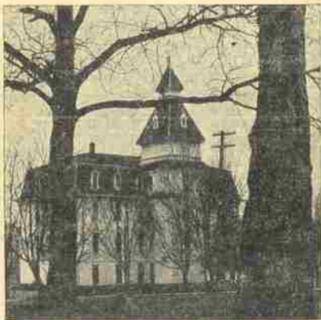
Those present were Mildred Lawson, Marie Sargent, Eve Love, Florence Skinner, Faye Pratt, Eva Parrett, Audrey Meddler, Caroline Weber, Virginia Mason, Opal Gillespie, Meta Walker, Eva Charrington, Margaret Lynn, Sybil McClure and Mildred Howarth.

A program in keeping with the Halloween spirit was given by the Adelanto Literary Society last Friday. The halls were decorated with crepe paper and jack-o-lanterns. In front was a witch's haunt of leaves and corn stalks. Miss Reigleman sang a solo in her usual pleasing manner. A paper on the origin of Halloween was read by Miss Luthy. Miss Campbell read "The Red Death" by Poe. Both were intensely interesting and

added much to the Halloween atmosphere already created. The girls were then lead up to the witch's haunt to have their fortunes told. But the magic spell was broken if anyone laughed so the future is still a mystery for some of the girls. A short business meeting followed the program.

That shiny new 1918 on the old grandstand was the inspiration for a senior lark last Tuesday night. Just when Venus was her prettiest there appeared from the shadows of the campus little groups of students, laden with a motley collection of eats, utes, and paint. They repaired immediately to their favorite picnic grounds back of the gym where a roaring bonfire was quickly built. Then coffee was made, waffles were roasted, and songs were sung, until the moon rose to an advantageous angle for artistic smearing of class numerals. While the boys performed this perilous feat on the grandstand roof, the girls played games on the foot-ball field below or decorated each other with crimson and gray "beauty spots" until Gus decided it was time to escort the ladies home. And this he did with his customary efficiency.

The Philodossian Literary Society dispensed with their weekly program and the members met for a short important business meeting. Miss Lucile McCully, ex-'20, who is now attending Monmouth Normal,



Lausanne Hall the Scene of a Merry Party Friday Night.

was a Lausanne visitor this week end. Old Lausanne's walls rang in the good old way during her short stay.

Mrs. and Mr. A. R. Maclean were Lausanne hall visitors last Monday night. They come from Corvallis where they had been visiting their daughter, Pauline, who is attending O. A. C. They were guests of their daughter, Miss Maud Maclean.

Rev. Benedict, pastor from Vancouver, was a Thursday dinner guest at Lausanne.

Miss Louise Benson was a dinner guest at Lausanne Saturday.

Strange sounds, loud ha, ha's and he he's coming from Lausanne hall between nine-thirty and ten give rise to the suspicions that a young M. B. V. class is practicing. Upper class girls wear a bored look when it is mentioned but the lower classmen look like warriors when the noise begins.

Miss Esther Cox was a Lausanne visitor this week end.

Miss Twidwell, hearing strange noises in the wee small hours of Wednesday night, arose to investigate, and stepping softly into the hall startled a group of night prowlers headed by Mrs. S. C. Miller and composed of the Misses Lawson, Wells, Mason and Paekkenham. For an instant there was panic, then the group disappeared mysteriously into the darkness and only the savory odors of rabbit and taffy remained to tell the tale.

Mrs. George Abbott and small sons, George and Henry, of South Salem, were Sunday dinner guests of Ruth Steuart.

Last Thursday evening a jolly crowd of Philodossians and new girls congregated at the Paekkenham apartments for a little get-acquainted party. Soon the fellow the leader gave led them to Le Liberty-theatre where they stopped to take in the sights, but they had all secured

found trip tickets so a couple of hours later they arrived again at the starting place where a feed of salad, chocolate and dreams awaited them. But the good time which everyone enjoyed was no dream.

A very unusual and interesting feature characterized the Y. W. C. A. meeting Thursday afternoon. Prof. Matthews presented stereopticon views of France and England. As he was familiar with the places shown, he related many interesting facts and incidents concerning them. The sight of wonderful cathedrals, which have since been destroyed impressed the girls with the ruins and horrible destruction war brings.

Lucile Emmons '17 is teaching two day a week at Seio, Oregon, and taking pipe organ lessons with Dr. Chace.

Miss Genevieve Yanke charmingly entertained a group of friends last Tuesday night at her home on Chemekeeta street. Dainty autumn leaf programs guided the guests in the clever numbers which culminated in the "arbor" where a delicious supper was served.

The hostess was assisted by Miss Hartman in providing a most enjoyable evening for the following guests: Miss Blanche Baker, Miss Ruth poor, Miss Freda Campbell and Miss Velma Baker, Harold Eakin, Loren Basler, Lester Day, Russell Rarey and Lyle Bartholomew.

RED CROSS NOTES

There are thirty-seven members of the university auxiliary now in Salem. All students who are members elsewhere are invited to work with this auxiliary and non-members are asked to join now.

The faculty ladies sewed for the university auxiliary one afternoon last week and completed eighteen pair of bed socks.

Mrs. Ebsen has kindly agreed to act as work chairman for the university auxiliary. The university girls are to meet at her home on the first and third Wednesday afternoon of each month, to sew. Those having a preference for certain kinds of

**We Excell
Sell and Undersell
Ours is a SPOT CASH
policy
That's Why**

Such a policy cuts down our overhead expenses, eliminates waste, and protects our trade against

The H. C. of L.

Trade with us—PAY CASH, Don't mortgage the future; it's loaded.

Barnes' Cash Store
E. T. B., Prop.

WHEN you are in need of anything in the Drug line remember the place to get it is at the

Capital Drug Store
"The Store on the Corner"
Salem's Up-to-the-minute Drug Store

Nations will be open to the public. Let every one boost and do his part to show that Old Willamette is backing this great work.

Knitting classes, under the auspices of the Willamette Chapter meet at Meyers' store every Tuesday and Friday afternoons from 2 to 5 o'clock. Classes in the making of surgical dressings meet on the second floor of the post office building every Monday and Tuesday, and Thursday and Friday afternoons from 2 to 4 o'clock. These classes are open to all who wish to attend.

COLLEGEISMS

Pep makes the school go.
A new idea sweeps clean.
The more pie the less deed.
Ye cannot serve "her" and history.
A junior and his money are soon parted.
A freshman is known by the dates he keeps.
Freshmen never hear any good of themselves.
The average man thinks so much about his ambitions that he doesn't work at them as much as he should.—E. W. Howe.

An overcrowded mind—like an overcrowded workshop—kills the efficiency of the production.

The world is full of opportunities. The man who fails to take advantage of at least one is indolent.

No man who is always excited can amount to a great deal.—E. W. Howe.

The accident of energy has made more millionaires than the accident of birth.

Keeping overlastingly at it undoubtedly brings success, but going about it the right way saves a heap of time.



Gloomy Gus Mounted for Instant Service.

Hayward Fowler, brother of Torrey Fowler '11, enlisted with Company M the day before the company embarked for the east. He was junior in the Salem high school.

Carl Hollingsworth, '13, is buying all supplies for the Army Y. M. C. A. at Camp Lewis.

Collegian Readers
WELCOME
At My Store Always

The Ideal Store to trade in. We buy for cash and sell for cash. Naturally cheaper than elsewhere

Just received a full line of
Young Men's Trench Suits

Benjamin Brick
The Clothier

THE HOUSE THAT GUARANTEES EVERY PURCHASE
The House With a Conscience
The Corner Store State and Liberty Sts.

W. U. STUDENTS

As in years past we extend
to you a hearty
welcome

HAUSER BROS.
ATHLETIC OUTFITTERS

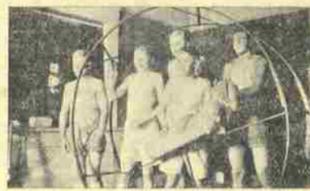
AN ECONOMICAL, DELIGHTFUL, LIGHT PLACE TO TRADE

Beautiful New Blouses at Little Prices

We announce the arrivals of many new styles which are bound to please women of every taste. These are of Crepe, Georgette, beaded and color embroidered; with new collars and buttons sewn in color. Hand embroidery distinguish many of the new models in Crepe de Chine. And, best of all, each model is priced very moderately. Prices as follows:

\$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.98, \$3.50, \$3.95
\$4.50, \$4.95, \$5.50, \$6.50

KAFΟΥRY BROS.



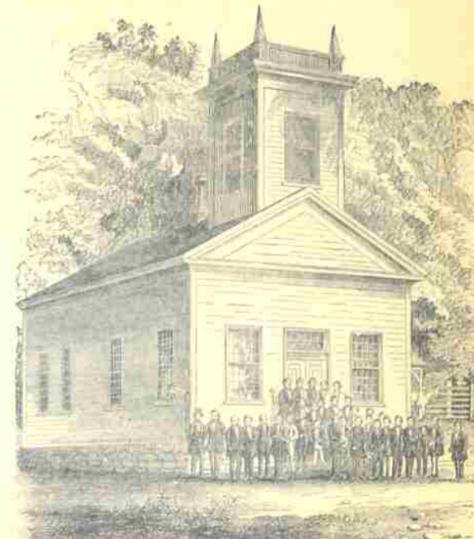
This Is Open Season for Goat.

WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY

FOUNDED FEBRUARY 1, 1842.

A Christian institution of higher learning. Located at the Capital of the State of Oregon. A beautiful campus opposite the Capitol building. Buildings and equipment attractive and adequate. Faculty of highest character, preparation and teaching ability. Student body clean, able and wholesome. Scholarship high and accredited everywhere. Very inexpensive. Rich in tradition and in a large and honored alumni. Students wishing work in the College of Liberal Arts, in Law, in Theology, in Music, or in Fine Art are highly advantaged at Willamette. Closest investigation is invited. Bulletins on request.

PRESIDENT CARL G. DONEY, SALEM, OREGON.



An old print, what is it?

The SPA

Salem's Classiest
Confectionery

Where Service and Quality Counts



Phone "77" or 2010--457 State

C. B. CLANCEY

FORMERLY RUBE'S
FLORIST AND DECORATOR

123 North Liberty Street SALEM, OREGON

Price counts little
Value counts much--
See the value secured in
Keith Konqueror Shoes
A. J. Paris Shoe Shop
The Place of Honest Dealing

MUNITIONS OF OLD The Indian Arrowhead

It was not always—but sometimes—the case that the finished product was traded in or transported over great distances. I recall once having seen in the Field Columbian Museum of Chicago, several boxes full of dark, roughly-shaped, flint flakes almost as large as my hand. I did not at the time know that these are what is called turtlebacks, or roughly-shaped pieces of flint as they came from the mine before final manufacture. Later I learned that this very collection I had seen was one of the most famous of the country. It came from Mound Number Twenty-two of the Hopewell group, of Ohio, and from this mound there were taken seventy-five hundred and thirty-two flint disks about six inches in diameter and half an inch thick. Previous to this, in 1845, six hundred other disks had been taken out; so that the grand total of this one mound is figured at about eighty-five hundred. This was simply a storage of raw material. Where did it come from?

Curiously enough, Mr. Moorhead is of the belief that the quarry from which these disks originally came was located on Little River, Tennessee. Hence, all these disks must have been taken in canoes down Little River to the Cumberland, down the Cumberland to the Ohio, up the Ohio to the Scioto, and thence to the north fork of Paint Creek—a distance by water of seven or eight hundred miles. If they were not carried in this way the entire eighty-five hundred disks must have been carried overland on the backs of Indians from northwest Tennessee to central Ohio. From this it may be observed that arrowheads and the material of which they were made were objects of a very considerable commerce in the early days. In the same way we may regard the central depots of manufacture as a sort of government institution.

In each of these great factories there was a division of labor. Some makers of arrowheads were more skillful than others. Other men supplied the cruder forms of labor. There had to be not only a factory but a mine for the procuring of the material. In short, the making of arrowheads was an industry in its time far surpassing in proportionate extent of output all the munition factories of this day! Their work was more important, too, than that of the greatest arms company of today. We make ammunition now to destroy human life. The Indian factories made it to preserve human life—without his flint arrowhead the Indian could not have lived—and all his development of this implement, and the manufacture of it, was based upon the one great law of necessity.

It is more or less customary to describe the process of making an arrowhead as one of the lost arts. Not all of us can take a piece of flint and make an arrowhead of it. The trick is easy, however, when you know how. I recall that some time ago a considerable reputation was achieved by a man who lived out among the Pueblo Indians and who announced, with an extensive flourish,

that he had discovered the lost art of making Indian arrowheads. There are many men to-day who can make Indian arrowheads—perhaps not quite so well as the old-time manufacturers, but, nevertheless, after a fashion. One man is Mr. H. W. Fay, of De Kalb, Illinois, and what he says about the matter is very interesting:

"I am very glad to tell what I know about arrow making. I have made a study of it for thirty years and have become so expert that I can make a very creditable head from glass or obsidian. The same principle applies to flint, agate, chalcedony, or any other of the stones that break with conchoidal fracture but they are tougher and it requires more fracture to work that material."

"A study of the subject will require a knowledge of the different materials, as flakes and chips. The flake is the raw material. The artists of the Stone Age learned that a conchoidal fracture was governed by two well-defined principles. If the surface was flat the fractures would be of the same general shape, but would be larger if the fracture was made deeper at the top. This is seen along the crack of a plate-glass window which is so situated that the wind will cause it to vibrate. Along both edges of the break across the window will be little fractures, varying in size from that of a pinhead to the size of your little-finger nail. The nearer the center of the glass the tops of the fractures are, the larger will be the chip; and the shallower the start, the scatter the chip. All will be practically of the same shape."

"The arrow makers soon learned another principle of the business; and that is, if you make a fracture from the corner, as of a brick, you are liable to get a flake much longer than it is wide. Consequently if you see a flake that is longer than it is wide you may be sure there is a ridge on one side."

Contrary to the general belief, the flakes are usually broken from a very large stone. A large flake must come from a large stone. There are quarries in various parts of the country where the flakes have been made by the million. There were probably expert flake breakers who made a practice of working at the quarries and sometimes sending these flakes a long distance. There are chert quarries in Union County, Illinois, where there are carloads of broken discards. It seems probable that the flakes were brought to northern Illinois and made into arrows at the various camps. I can find chips by the million in DeKalb county, but no quarries. Occasionally I have found a point made from native stone.

"In making an arrow from flake the same laws are always observed and followed. The flaking or chipping of this raw material is done by pressure. I made the ones I showed you by pressing with an ordinary wire nail. The heating and dropping of water is a part of Indian fables or stories."

As made by the savage workman, the flint-headed arrow was something of a projectile. A buffalo skull has been found with the frontal bone pierced entirely by a stone-headed arrow. More than one human skull has been found showing a flint arrowhead driven entirely through the wall of the skull. Countless bones of human beings and of large animals are shown with the stone points embedded in them. Of course, when the Indian was able to make his arrowheads of iron his weapons became still more deadly.

I used to talk with old Hugh Monroe, a Piegian half-breed, of Montana, and he declared that he once killed a grizzly bear with his bow and arrow while he himself, on horseback, was pursued by the bear. That I should call something of a sporting feat! The old-time Indian left the grizzly bear alone, no doubt; but it is equally true that with his flint-headed arrows he killed almost all other species of the great game of this continent. It stood to reason, therefore, that he must have had a certain definite skill in making these weapons, so useful and so needful in making his living. How, then, did he make an arrowhead?

No less a person than Captain John Smith, of Virginia, gives us a tip in regard to this. He mentioned an Indian who carried with him "a pouch filled with flakes of precious stones and, within his mantle, in a pocket made for the purpose, a simple instrument made of bone or horn, which he valued above all price and would not part with, and with which he deftly shaped arrowheads from or out of the stone flake."

That ancient story of the unknown implement of bone is the whole story of the making of the arrowhead. My friend in Chicago showed me a piece of deerhorn, roughly shaped so that it fitted into the palm of the hand, the entire tool being only a few inches in length, and the point not much

larger than the diameter of a lead pencil.

"This is all there is about it," said he. "The flakes were simply pressed off from the disk. I have made several arrowheads myself with this tool which I got from California. It is more valuable for its purpose than the hardest steel would be; more valuable than any tool tipped with diamonds. The horn or bone was buried in ashes or clay to take the grease out of it. The point does not slip on the rock, but holds and clings; and a sharp pressure does the rest."

It is easily seen that we know far more about making Indian arrowheads today than our forefathers or grandfathers did, or theirs before them, even back to Captain John Smith, of Virginia. A classic source of Indian lore has always been the works of George Catlin, the famous painter of Indian life. Of course you know about Catlin—if you have one of his paintings you can sell it whenever you like. Yet Catlin in his earlier days was an unfortunate, and indeed a very bad portrait painter, of Philadelphia, who could not give his pictures away. It was largely by chance that he went into the Mandan country and so became famous as well as useful to those who followed him. He himself originally was a worker in wood and ivory; hence he may be rated as a close observer of the art of the Indians.

Catlin at one time talked to Mr. George E. Sellers, of Illinois, and told him how the Indians did their flint work. He described it as being done by "impulsive pressure"—or, more accurately speaking, sudden pressure under weight. The flaking tool that Catlin saw was a large piece of wood, three or four feet in length and perhaps two or three inches in diameter, with a tip of bone or horn, and a notch for the shoulder.

When working with it the Indian put the disk or flake between his feet on the ground or rested it on a rock or stone. He applied the tip to the little hollow from which he wished his next chip to come, and threw his weight down on the flaking tool with a sudden thrust. Usually the chip would fall off as he desired. If it did not, another Indian would take a rock and strike the flaking tool on a shoulder farther down, which had been left on it for that purpose. The pressure and the blow together would always start the flake. This, in brief, was the principal implement of Captain John Smith's Indian and of all the Indians since then, as well as of all our white manufacturers, Mr. Willey and Mr. Fay, and, no doubt, others who have done the same trick in the same way. The success rested upon the nature of the stone.

Just how the Indian found out which flakes or pebbles would crack off in these conchoidal fractures is something that not even the scientists can tell us. Neither can we tell who first discovered the great flint workings—which we might call the government arrow factories of the past. We can, perhaps, get the best idea of the aboriginal arrow works through examination of the great quarries of Flint Ridge, between Zanesville and Newark, in Ohio, not far from the old National Road.

Here there is a ridge nearly eight miles in length by three miles in width, and it is covered with enormous workings, which go back beyond the remotest history. Undoubtedly, in the belief of scientists who have studied this deposit, the workings cover a period of many centuries. The manufactured flint from this source has been found throughout Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky and even west of the Mississippi.

Here, then, was one of the mines of savage man—a mine more incalculably valuable to him, containing immeasurably more wealth than any mine known to the white man of today. The quarry at Flint Ridge produced in its time more value than a Rand of Africa in all its days; more than the mine of King Solomon, or the full product of Ophir or of Ind. This is older than any of the oldest of our Spanish mines; and when you come to examine it, it is perhaps as interesting as any mine located on the North American continent today.

At some time in the past, perhaps six, eight, ten, fifteen thousand years ago—no one can tell how long—some aboriginal prospector stumbled across the outcrop of flint in those low rolling hills. He must have moistened his dry lips with his tongue as he looked at what he had found, and exclaimed "Struck it at last by gum!" And no doubt the next thing he did was to start off to enlist the aid of Eastern capital.

One thing may be held assured—the prospector could not have worked this mine alone. It must be remembered that he and his mining engineers of that day had no tools; perhaps only the shoulder blade of an animal, or a large shell lashed to a stick, or a pointed horn, or a pointed stick—they had a more. And

with those they cut down a few feet into the earth overlying the flint deposit. Thirty feet meant more to them than three thousand to the organized mining methods of today. But when the eager tribesmen had, with great labor, dug off the covering of the old Flint Ridge they came upon a solid bed of hard, glassy flint, which they could not break practicably with any tools they had. They could not dent it; they could not get at it. What did they do?

Some mining engineer of that day—some genius, no doubt, long remembered in the lore of the tribesmen—suggested the use of fire. So the red men brought brush and logs and built fire after fire on top of the exposed flint bed. When the stone was hot they threw water on it and splintered it. They dug out the splinters laboriously and built more fires. At length they were entirely through three or four feet of the flint deposit. Then they found limestone, which they could get at more easily. They burned out the limestone underneath the flint layer. Meantime, in order to protect the exposed surface against the fire, they covered it with deep layers of clay.

Though it is not universally true that the greater portion of the material for the best arrowheads was not found on the surface, but was quarried or mined, this at least was the rule even though subject to various exceptions. The aboriginal prospector knew very well the value of his discovery—the flint he picked up after long exposure on the surface of the earth might not cleave exactly, but might shatter under the tool; whereas that dug out from under the earth was always far more prized by the workmen, since it would cleave true to form.

Having at length taken off the overlay and having crossed their flint vein, the aboriginal workmen took heavy mauls, stoneheads lashed to stout shafts, and beat off the exposed ends and edges of the flint stratum. You can see where this was done. The larger pieces they took off to preliminary working ground, where they were roughly shaped. Perhaps these rough flakes were made articles of commerce, just as were the disks from the little River quarries of Tennessee, which were carried, like coals to Newcastle, into prolific Ohio. In any case, the final work was done at another point, where the chips were small and where the finished product sometimes was found by the investigators.

Though it is known that some white men can make some arrowheads, and though squaws have been known to make arrowheads in one fashion or another at different times, and though perhaps almost any Indian could make a shift at such work, it was, without doubt or question, true that some men possessed the requisite skill in a greater degree than others. To these men was unquestionably intrusted the last work in the development of the finished product. There was some old Flint Ridge workman, or family of workmen, who made such evenly beautiful examples of arrowheads that they can be recognized wherever they are found, in every direction from Flint Ridge—sometimes hundreds of miles away.

So here you have a picture of a mine and of a factory, of crude labor and of skilled labor, of artistic product and of transportation and commerce.

Certainly for hundreds and hundreds of years this old factory at Flint Ridge existed. It must have been a country fought over fiercely and much prized. The tribesmen who held it and who worked there certainly built extensive fortifications to protect it. Here they lived and labored, fought and died; and what they produced has lived long after they have gone.

Certainly there was a highly developed and highly differentiated skill in the making of these weapons and implements out of flint and other stones, which must have seemed precious to the red man. We may believe that the skilled workmen did not make many failures. And yet which of us has not found what he took to be an unfinished or imperfect arrowhead, or one which did not have any shoulder for the fitting of the shaft-head? As a matter of fact, those "arrowheads" that you perhaps thought unfinished were not arrowheads at all, but knives—and very practical knives at that.

The hunter, the fisherman, the naturalist, the farmer, the city man—and he who is just plain boy—keep on finding them even yet, treasure-trove from out a buried past. When next you cut across grandpa's woodlot in the spring, after the frost has turned up the rocks, and when you find a white or pink or gray or blue or red or striated bit of stone, worked into its definite shape by some unknown and forgotten hand, take it up and cherish it. It has history and industry and life and life connected with it, and it is worth your while.

The things you'll be remembered by are those things which you do differently from others.

WEBS TALK OF COLLEGE WORK

Some Interesting Light Is Thrown On the Chief Student Enterprises

Three Famous Singers Tune the Souls
of the Men to Receive Well
the Adelantes' Surprise

At the Websterian meeting Wednesday evening the repertoire included presentations of various student activities through their duly elected representatives, musical selections by the celebrated vaudeville trio from the Willowville circuit, and coming to a climax when a surprise visit of the Adelantes was announced.

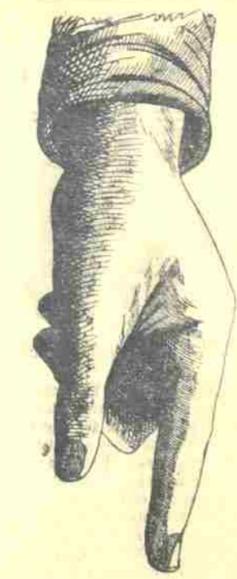
First of all Harry Dowers, president of the student body, told the new men of the aims and ideals of this chief student organization. He called their attention to the fact that Willamette is judged largely through her student activities, and that it should therefore claim every person's allegiance above the interests of any society or club.

"Joys and Sorrows of An Editor" was the topic assigned to Donald Matthews, but he asserted that he was entitled to all the joys and that he preferred to keep the sorrows to himself, so gave instead the history of the Willamette Collegian. This publication was founded in 1891, H. L. Steeves being the first editor. The real founders of the paper as it stands at present, however, were declared to be Maxwell Ball and Roland Jeffrey, who greatly extended and improved it three years ago.

Very popular was the Darkhorse Trio from Willowville vaudeville, consisting of Gloomy Gus Anderson, Fuzzy Emmel, and Baldy Bowers.

A dog fight was suggested by the title, "The Bloodhound and the Daschund," but Harold Eakin showed that the trailing down of German spies in this country was what was really meant.

After Herald Emmel had endeavored with more or less success to solve numerous points of parliamentary procedure, and McGrew had rendered some lively piano solos, the sister society was announced, and the remainder of the evening was given up to delightful informal games.



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