

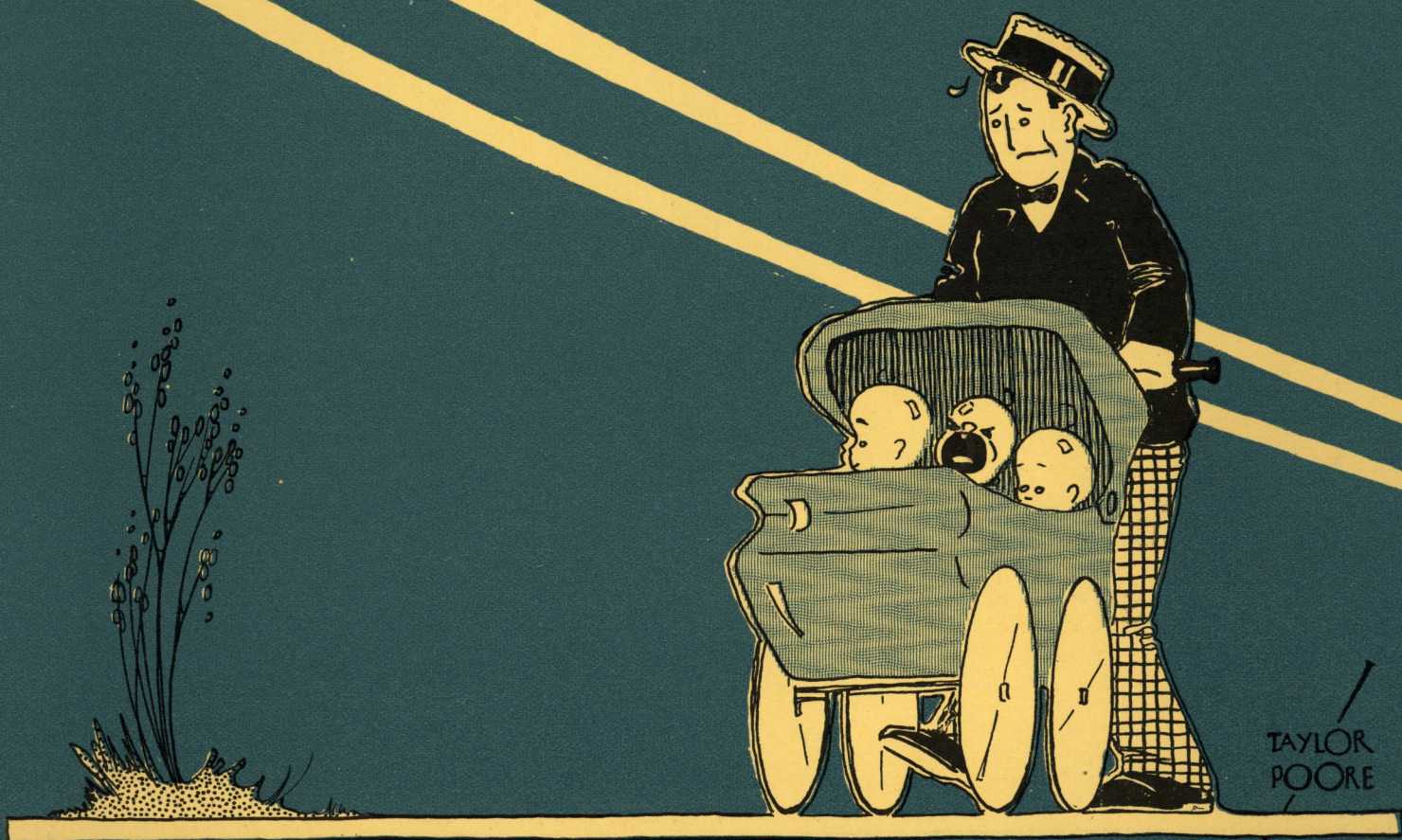
ORANGE OWL

UNLUCKY NUMBER

A Hammer and Coffin Publication ~ April 1924

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The 1925 BEAVER

The annual year book published by the junior class is asking you "eleventh hour" folk to plank down your coin to keep you and the year book in the "good luck" class. Steadily improved from year to year, this issue of the Beaver will prove no exception to the rule.

Purchase your Beaver receipt today from members of the junior class, or call up Henry Whillock at the Beaver office, Shepard hall. Do it now.

**CANNIBALISM**

What was the use of knowing all those people—
Those people I have forgotten who remember
me and call me by name?
There must have been some use in it.
I don't remember all the dinners I have eaten—
Some people do.



The mule stood on the burning deck—
The land he wouldn't tread,
So they put a halter on his neck,
And whanged him on the head.



Soph: "Are you going to take a course in Home
Economics?"

Rookess: "No, I have enough home work to do
now."



In days of old, when nights were cold,
And blankets were not known,
Canoes could not be sold, I'm told,
And girls stayed home alone.



Some people are so dumb they think that the clocks
on your socks are responsible for the ticks in your bed.

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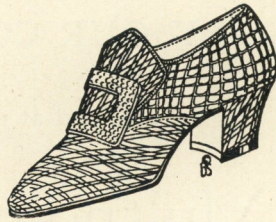
at

THE BOOT SHOP

Stalnaker and Parker

126 Second Street

Corvallis, Oregon



The Orange Owl

Vol. V.

Corvallis, Oregon, April, 1924

No. 5

Entered as second-class matter October 28, 1921, at the postoffice at Corvallis, Oregon, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance for mailing at the special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized November 10, 1921.

On "Mary's" River

Not the least of the advantages of leap year is the idea that co-eds must furnish and paddle their own canoes.



We: "You look kind of battered up this morning?"

He: "I fell for a girl yesterday."

We: "Well?"

He: "It was a three-story building I fell from."



Her (in a canoe): "You try that again and I'll slap your face."

Him: "If you do, I'll paddle you back."

She: "Who do you think you are, my father?"



Archibald (at the zoo; and paying little attention to the remark his companion had just made about her new dress): "That's a lion."

Gertrude: "If you say that again I'll slap you."



Love is the balloon that akes one up to heaven, and marriage is the parachute that brings you back to earth.



If I could only see your face

Flashing like stars in the night—

If I could only catch

The glimmer of the bright firelight

In your coaly hair,

I would still have some trouble in seeing you.



Jack: "Did you hear about my uncle's death?"

Bob: "No did he leave anything?"

Jack: "Yes, three thousand dollars."

Bob: "That's nothing when my father died he left the earth."



Prof: "What did Whitney invent?"

Rook: "The cotton gin."

Prof: "Now, tell us what the cotton gin is."

Rook: "Well, er—ah—it's a by-product of cotton."

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Nabs has been trying to meet this girl for months. Now that he has been introduced to her, she asks him to a leap year dance. Hot hades—he doesn't dance!



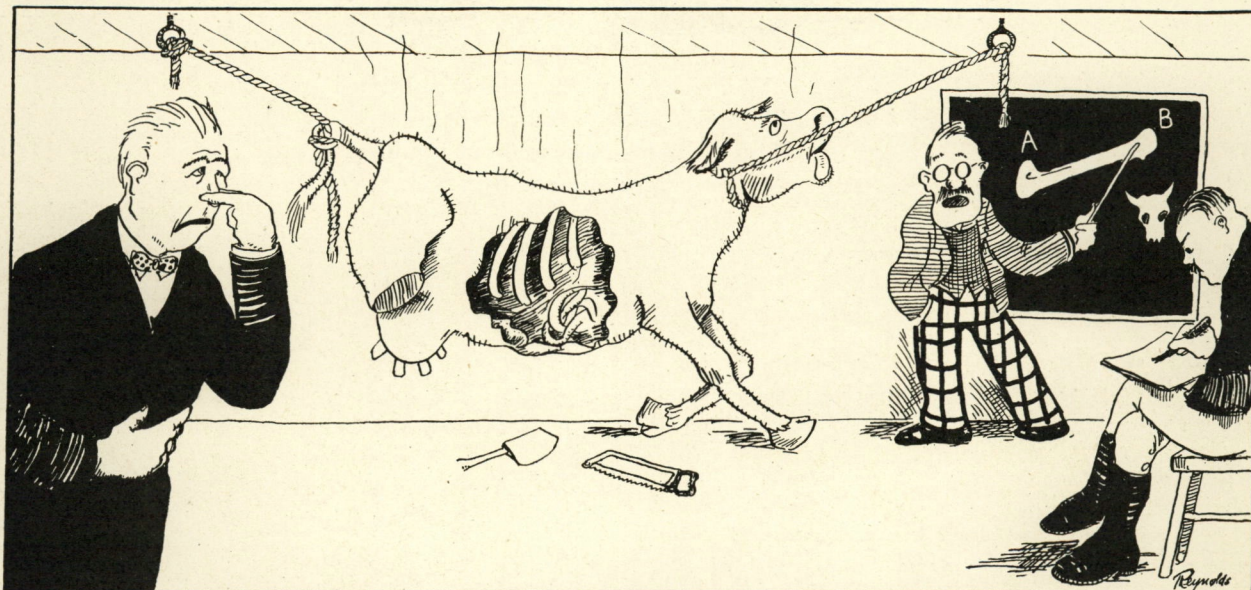
And the worst of all—when the Prof. pulls a mean little 30-minute quiz the morning after the night before.



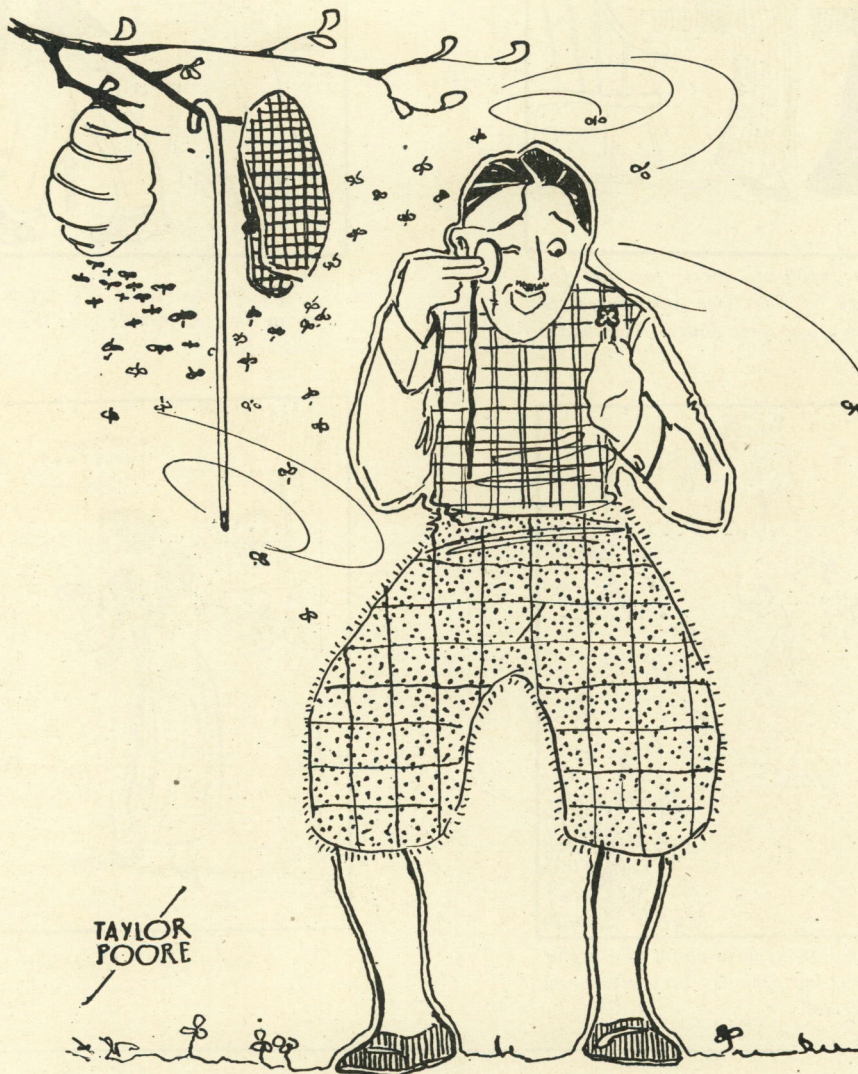
Speaking of hard luck, how about the active young shiek who has lab periods every afternoon during the spring term?



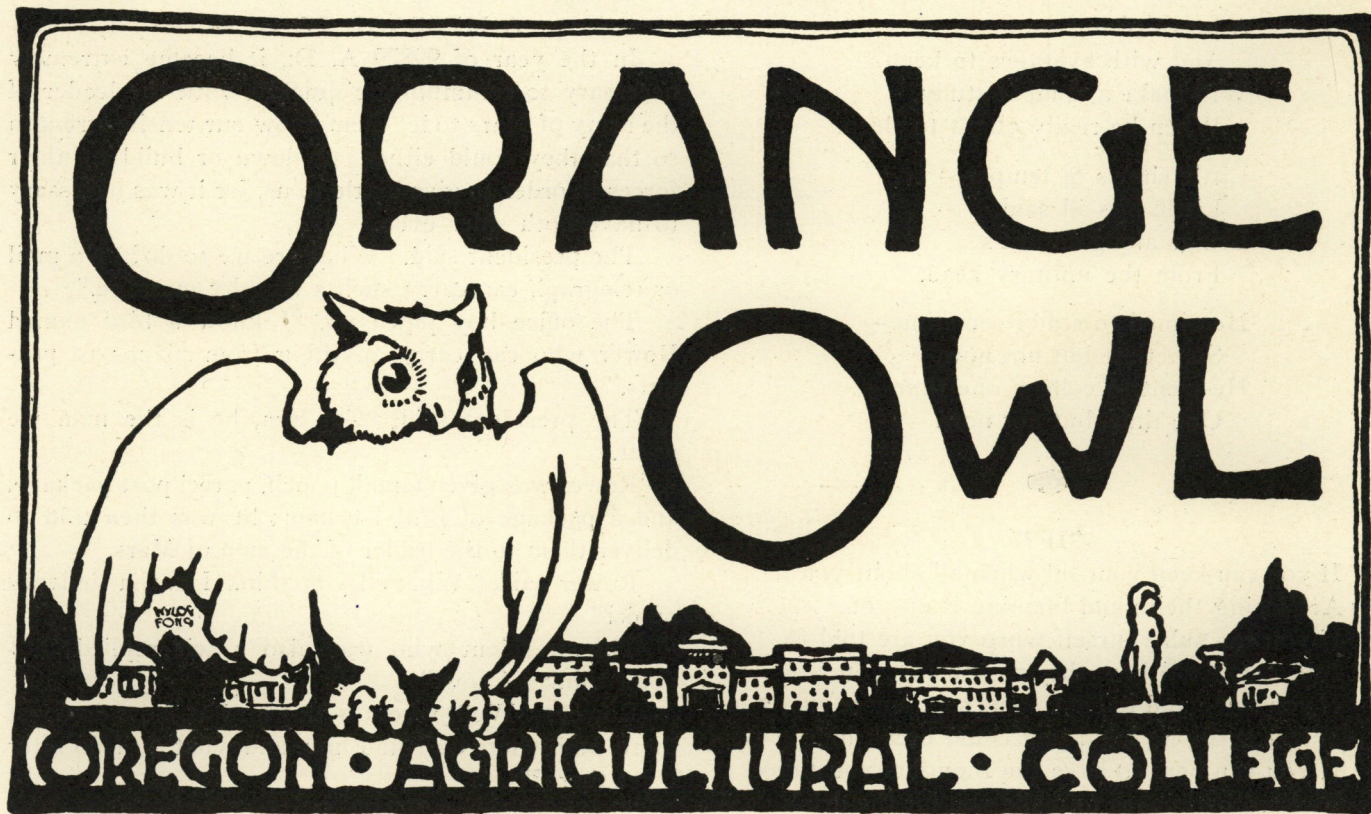
Locked out! How have you felt?



"Getting the inside dope" is giving Wabelias Woods the Willies, so to speak. He never has any luck with his courses any more. He hasn't enjoyed a meal since the beginning of the term.



"What joy, what happiness sublime!
To find a four-leaved clover;
Tho' troubles swarm about my head
My cares are almost over."



EVERY MAN

(A two part play on one street)

Characters:

Good FellowHe LifeHer

Place: Any big street or promenade, in any town.

Time: Any day between 10 a. m. and 12 p. m.

Goodfellow is seen walking down the street listlessly and without purpose, when from a side street or a store comes Life, carefully making her way. Goodfellow falls in step beside her.

Goodfellow: "Life, where goest thou?"

Life: "Down the street, silly knave."

Goodfellow: "What say old thing, we speare a bean?"

Life: "Say it with grub, Goodfellow."

Goodfellow: "As I look into your enchanting eyes, I could say it with anything, any place!"

Life: "Well say it at Delmonico's, they are the closest."

Goodfellow (hastily feeling his lately acquired ten berries): "'Tis as good as any."

Life calls to cousin to come over, and invites him to go to Delmonico's with them.

Cousin accepts.

Goodfellow (looking cousin over): "Methinks I have an important engagement with my broker. See you all later, Pip Pip!"

Life and cousin look in disgust at Goodfellow while Goodfellow caroms off down the street looking for an orphan without relatives.

"Do you know that my father had a fever with a temperature of 107 degrees when he was seven years old?"

"For goodness sakes! Did he live?"



She kissed me in the moonlight,
Into my eyes she looked;
Her arms were tightly around my neck,
But mine were on my cash-book.



He: "Why all the weeps?"

She: "Grandfather is in trouble again. He broke his nose in two places last night, after he had promised to keep out of such places."

He: "That is just about the same as my troubles with my grandmother. She gets rheumatism in the joints, but she absolutely refuses to keep away from those joints."



"That man sure has got a good line," said the fish as he struggled in vain to get away from the fisherman.



Over the Telephone

Voice: "Is this the coal dealer?"

Clerk: "Yes."

Voice: "This is the insane asylum. Will you please send over fifteen tons of nut coal, right away?"

5- 23-28
gab



A lot of trying courses,
And with averages to keep
Will make a student study,
When he really ought to sleep.

Little shows of temper—
Little bits ill said,
Brings along dermitis
From the military head.

He aimed to study sometime—
Sometime but not now,
He went to college one time—
One time, but not now.



"IF?"

If you can keep your lid when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you.
If you can tub yourself when you are told to
And never tell how they're abusing you
If you can stand to have some sophomore cuss you
When with one hand you could break him in two.
If you can bear to have the thoughts you think,
Twisted by knaves to make you hit the drink
You've done what ever has been done before you,
What's more, you'll be a soph some day, my rook.

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling)



Unlucky co-ed, beginning third hour of waiting
for Corvallis power to come on again.

A MESSAGE TO GARCIA

In the year of 99879 A. D., it became extremely necessary to communicate quickly, with the leader of the army of Mars to let them know our tensile strength so that they could either cut down or build up their forces in order to give battle to us, for it was necessary to have both sides even.

The president said, "What are we to do? No mail or telegraph can carry such a lengthy message."

The office boy piped up, "I know a bird named Rower who can carry anything from pianos to peanuts."

The president said, "Get him, he is the man we want."

Rower was given a mail pouch, parcel post package, and a package of Bull Durham; he was then told to deliver them to the leader of the men of Mars.

Rower said, "What'll you think I am, a delivery punk?"

The president who was also a wit replied: "I don't think I know."

Rower: "Well, where is this bird at, how do I get there, and where do I find him, and what do I do after I get there?"

The president: "Don't ask foolish questions and get this to him."

Rower: "All right, boss."

Ten years later, Rower is heard from. He lost the package of parcel post and mail pouch but delivered the Bull.



Before they put
Me in the ground
Please tell me how
Does Puget Sound?



Ashes to ashes—
Dust to dust—
The ladies don't wear them—
But the gentlemen must.



I planted my pin in the spring-time
She wore it until fall,
But when the next term came around
I didn't come back at all.

We'd said our fond farewell
There was no use to tarry.
We had been engaged, of course,
But not engaged to marry.



Many movie fans would appreciate a campaign to have mothers who attend the movies teach their children to be seen and not heard.



SAILING—SAILING

The moon on the dancing water shown like a streak of yellow paint on the top of an automobile, the dusky trees stood on the bank as a group of stags at a formal skid, the peaceful quiet of the great open spaces was suddenly broken by a lulling swish of a paddle that is drawn across the water, gradually the murmur of gentle voices approached like the drum of a marching band, the babble grew louder, words here and there could be defined, the nose of a canoe sneaked its way around the bend like the finger print expert tracking his criminal.

"Shall we park here, Jim?" An Amazonian voice jarred the solitudes.

"Naw, the cop caught me here last week," responded a tenor solo.

The quiet once more settled to its unbroken lapping, the dusky trees continued their line of duskiness, so did the canoe.

Suddenly, without warning, a terrible scream rose and caused the trees to shudder, a scream that tore, jarred, burst, and inflated, a scream much like that of a haughty peacock, a scream that died in a wail much like that of a fishhorn in a jazz band, finally the disturbance died and from the canoe, an Amazonian voice sang out, "Let's beat it, Jim. All this quietness gives me the creeps!"



Speaking of being unlucky, did you ever:

Break your garter when coming out of Convo?

Lean on the doorbell?

Serenade and not get applause?

Have a blind date?

Get back to the canoe house at 11:39?

Have your suitcase come open and spill all your dirty shirts, and B. V. D.'s, and socks?

Call Helen Hazel and Hazel Helen, and both of them noticed it?

Get up too late and find your rook has on his last clean shirt and wear your army shirt instead?

Try to sell more than one Orange Owl in a Greek Meal Trust?

We know just how you feel.



When I've departed from this earth
I want no tears or sighing,
But on my stone I want engraved—
"He's dead, and still he's lying."



Cop (to rook in pool hall): "Look here young man, you are not twenty-one. Didn't you see that sign out there, 'No minors allowed'?"

Dumb Rook: "That's all right. I'm not a miner, I'm a commerce punk."

THE UNLUCKY GENDER

I wish that I could find a guy
Who would not think I'm lazy,
Just because he chanced to see
Me talking to a lady.

I wish that I could find a guy
Who would not scoff at me
Just because I push cookies
And take a sip of tea.

I wish that I could find a guy
Who would not spurn me so,
Just because he chanced to know,
I blanket fussing go.

I wish that I could find a guy
Who would think that I am fine
Just because, by fate you know,
I somehow beat his time.

I wish that I could find a guy
Who would not think I'm tender,
And just because I like the girls,
Call me the neuter gender.

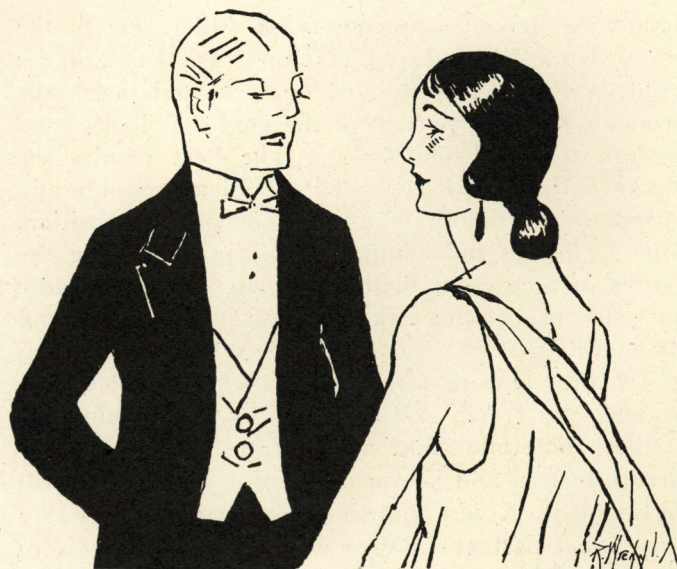
All the men in this old world
Who are noted for their spunk,
Never even look at girls—
"That's a lot of bunk!"



Mary: "Don't use so much powder when you go out with Dick."

Carry: "Why?"

Mary: "He's so funny. You might explode."



She: "You come from the far north?"

He: "I don't understand?"

She: "You dance like you had snowshoes on!"



ETIQUETTE LESSONS Proper Table Manners

On arriving upon the scene of operations, grab a chair and seat yourself as soon as possible, for those who have a slight start have a great advantage over the slower ones. The rag at the side of your plate is a napkin and it should be tucked daintily in between the collar and the Adam's apple, and spread smoothly across the chest.

We are now ready to procede with the use of the dangerous looking implements on either side of the plate. Upon being served, take up the first tool on the right, which in this case is the fork, and insert the prongs under any portion of the food that looks solid enough to stand the strain. The best results are obtained if the fork is loaded as full as possible and raised to the mouth in a north and south position. This facilitates unloading and has proven to be the easiest and quickest method known. A much more universal use of the fork is to use it as a spear and short stiletto.

In the event that such solids as bread, etc., are beyond your reach, grasp the fork by the extreme end of the handle and make a desperate lunge in the desired direction and if you are skilful your wants will be satisfied. A very amusing game can be played by two dinner partners if they will transform the above directions into a competitive drill. In the use of the fork for the stiletto effect, grasp the whole handle of the fork in the left hand and firmly pinning a piece of meat to the plate (keeping the fork in an upright

position) snatch the knife in the right hand and apply a horizontal reciprocating motion across the upper side of the steak, cutting off such a portion that will most comfortably fill the mouth. Individual practice will best train the estimation of the proper amount.

The knife can be used interchangeably with the fork and when in doubt always use the knife as it is sanctioned in the very best society. To avoid any possibility of contagious disease always wipe the tools off on the table cloth before using. It is best to always keep the mouth comfortably filled during the meal as this is economy in time as well as in the labor of masticating, giving more food per chew.

Now we come to the use of that very interesting implement, the spoon. This is a curved bowl soldered on the end of a handle and can be used for various foods but chiefly for soup. To eat soup properly it is necessary to first cool the spoonful of the liquid by applying breath to surface, care being taken that none is blown further than the far edge of the bowl. Then holding the spoon about a quarter of an inch from the lips inhale with great violence and to your delight you will find that you have absorbed the liquid. During this process a very pleasant noise will be produced and it will be found that varying the distance from the mouth to the spoon a succession of notes can be produced.

The spoon is also used in the proper preparation of coffee but in this operation care should be taken to prevent injuries to the eyes and it is best and safest to pour the coffee from the cup into the saucer and apply the same principles of soup-eating to obtain the coffee from the saucer.

In conclusion it might be well to add a few of the principles of eating uncommon foods. Pie should always be taken in the fingers and absorbed in about three mouthfulls per cut while bread should be placed a slice at a time on the table-cloth and liberally spread with butter and eaten by lying a slice flat on the hand and slowly inserting it into the mouth by a lateral motion of the fist. When meat is too tough to cut it is permissible to pick it up in the fingers and tear it apart with the teeth, and if in doing this any gravy is smeared on the fingers, do not hesitate to lick it off with the tongue which is very useful in this respect.

At the close of the meal, that is as soon as you have completed your fodder, drag the napkin off and push your chair from the table with a grating sound to call attention to the fact that you have won, and grabbing a tooth-pick, adjourn to a prominent place and apply a little home dentistry with the last named weapon as it is important that we preserve our teeth.



Judging from some of the beards of the Ag students they sure know their onions on crop production.



A TALE OF THE EYE

Dan June was a persistent youngster. Even as a child he would vainly fight for hours to achieve reward with the galloping dominoes, but always without success.

When he grew old enough to smoke—he was thirteen—he inquisitively peered through the knot hole of a bath house at the beach. Unfortunately, he lost an eye. The end of a parasol had jabbed him.

Dan grew into a handsome youth. When he was twenty, women made over him. He was callous, but very proud. Y'see, a foreign eye merchant had given him the gift of an excellent glass eye, studded with emeralds. The eye was his priceless possession. It was hypnotic, in fact.

One day, in bathing, the eye dropped into eight feet of water. Dan grew frantic.

"What shall I do?" he wailed to his mother. "Without my eye I am lost! The girls won't look at me anymore. I must find it!"

So Dan returned time and again to the bathing beach where his priceless orb had sunk to the bottom. His days, and sometimes his nights, he spent in searching the bottom of the ocean floor.

He began to suffer from earache, probably from too numerous immersions. He lost flesh.

Finally he died. His eye could not be found.

As they carried him to the undertaker, the shaking of the dead wagon jostled from his ear a glass object.

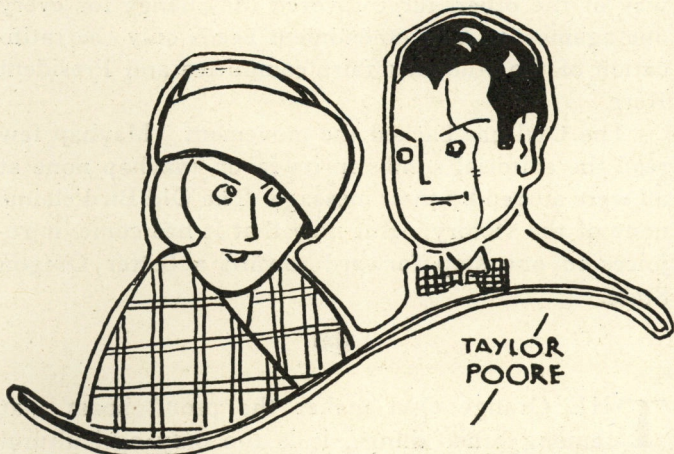
When his body was lifted out, the undertaker lifted the piece of glass, and examined it.

"Funny," he muttered. "That wasn't in there when I went after the body."

It was Dan's eye.



He used to drink real Scotch and beer
Those days passed all to soon,
He now shoves daisies through the sod
From drinking bonded "moon."



Isn't it strange how some women spend all their time wasting somebody else's?



IT FLOATS!



There are men who think they ought to marry you because they have kissed you. There are men who kiss you because they want to marry you. There are men who want to kiss you just to see what you will do. And there are men who want to kiss you; men who think they want to kiss you; and men who don't think and do kiss you.



"IF"

If beer was made from water—
If kittens played with ducks—
If bricks were made of sawdust—
If Fords were five-ton trucks—
If dimes were made from paper—
If rags were circus tents—
If I was any dumber—
I wouldn't have no sense.



"She sure carries a lot of weight with this circus," said the spectator, as he peered over the rail at the fat woman in the circle.



THE ORANGE OWL



Published by the Orange Owl Chapter of the Hammer and Coffin Society
at the Oregon Agricultural College.

VOL. V.

Corvallis, Oregon April, 1924

NO. 5

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SPRING fever has overtaken the Old Bird, and he has been dreaming again. One of his dreams affected him so that, with a great squawking and fluttering, he tumbled from his limb-stub roost, and was saved from a broken neck only by a clump of scrub-oak. His dream ran as follows:

Hidden in the mists of the future, there rose a greater Oregon State, a college that was veritably a "maker of men," an institution where pettiness and littleness of purpose was held in disgust by all. New buildings met the eye, great temples dedicated to the principle that every man and woman of Oregon State has a voice in the destiny of that great undertaking; and erected on the firm foundation of the golden rule.

The men and women, too, were different. They moved about in great crowds, achieving by united effort, rather than the spontaneous struggles of a few; there were leaders, of course, but their following was eager and ready; an athletic contest with a rival was in progress, and their cheers rent the heavens as one mighty voice; they achieved a great victory, and they rallied and sang the songs of the Alma Mater as a chorus; they were defeated, but in defeat, they joined hands and vowed to work to another victory in the next season.

One building was titled—"The Commons of Oregon State" and within its walls, were tables and chairs, and fireplaces about which little groups of men were talking, there was a great dining hall in which all freshmen students were required to eat the midday meal, irrespective of race or creed, prejudice or belief; and in the great assembly were men and women, Greeks and non-affiliated students, engineers and foresters, physical ed majors, and demure home economics co-eds. All class lines were erased or forgot-

ten, and over all was that happy feeling and pleasant atmosphere that can only come from those whose hearts have no place for hatred, and whose minds can appreciate not one, but both sides of every question.

The dream is over, and the Old Bird has come back to the present. But the glory of that fleeting vision still remains, and though to us of 1924, it seems fantastical, in no wise can we set a higher goal towards which Oregon State can work; the fulfillment of the precepts of brotherly love.

The Student Union building will help, but it will only be a start towards the fulfillment of the vision.



THE tuxedo vote has passed the associated students by an overwhelming majority. It is regrettable that only a half of the men voted, but it is decisive that of those who had interest enough one way or the other, three favored the change for every one against it. The amendment needs only the ratification of the student affairs committee and President Kerr.

The Owl has backed the movement. Mayhap few read the editorial squibs in its favor, mayhap none at all were stirred by their message. The Old Bird claims none of the victory. But now that it has come, it rejoices in one step forward toward a better Oregon State.



THE Orange Owl makes the proud boast that among other things, it is the only agricultural publication on the Pacific coast that refuses to run items regarding the hoof and mouth disease.



PAUL JOHN SCHISSLER will take charge of the football squad in the fall of '24. We have seen "P. J." and we like his looks. We have watched him work, and we like his method of achieving his purpose. We have heard him talk and we know that he is all man.

Paul John Schissler has come to make Oregon State football a success. We believe he will—maybe

not next year, for a football team cannot be remodeled in a season, but he will not fail. Coach Schissler has said that he is not in the habit of losing, and is getting too old to change his habits now. We don't consider this a boast, but a challenge—not only to every mother's son that fights against P. J.'s men, but to every Beaver who has it in his power to do his bit. And after all, who cannot help?

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

Literary

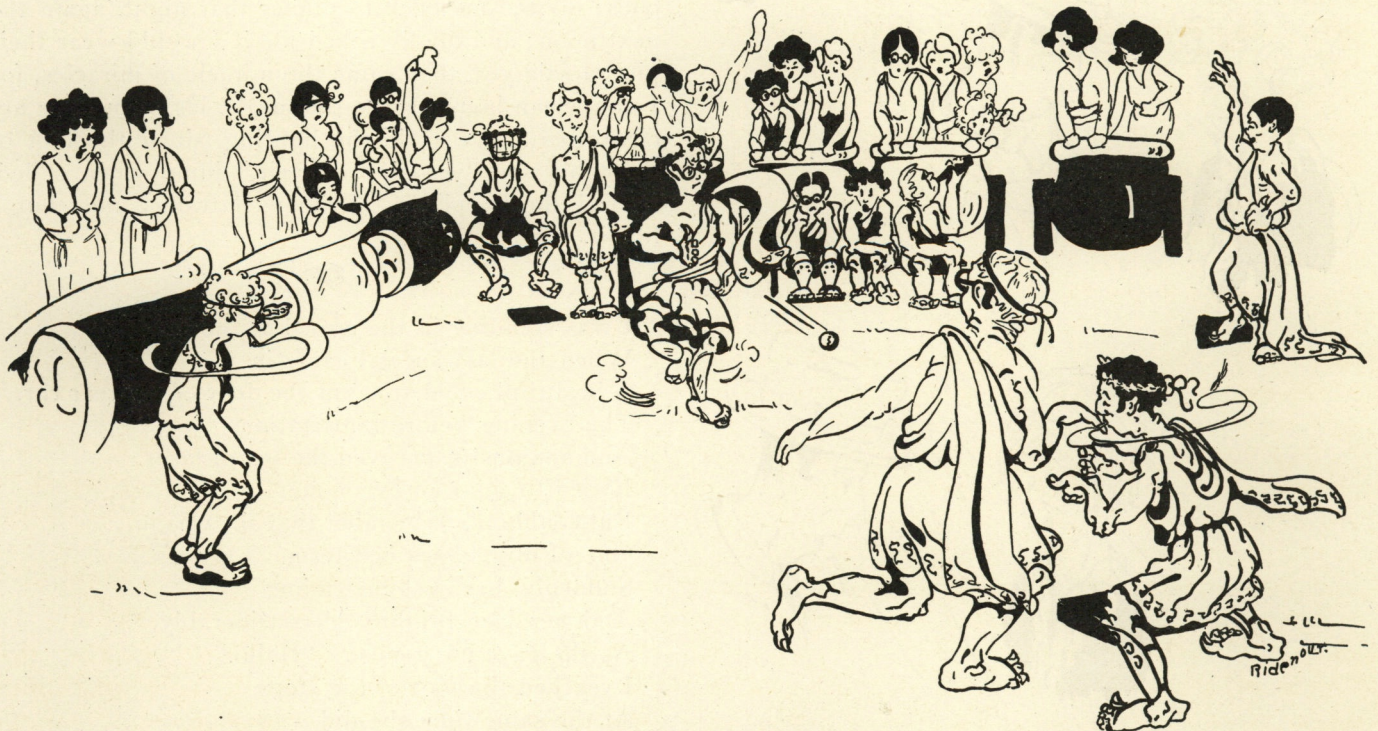
John Cowgill	Leslie Ferris
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Maurice Buchanan	Hugh Parker
"Painless" Parker	

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Frank Briggs	William Bridges
Elvin Hoy	Wendall Heil



ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF GREEK INTRAMURAL BALL, YEAR 234 B. C.



UNLUCKY MEN

Not every man of large affairs,
Goes in for stocks and bonds—
Some, I remark prefer 'em dark,
And some fall hard for blondes.

There are many business men I know,
Who must work 'till late at night—
Some of these like chubby girls,
The others like 'em light.

They have an eye for figures, which
Fully occupy their time,
And soon as the tickets are on sale,
You'll find them there in line.

There are shrewd men, I will confess,
When it comes to making dough;
The chorus girls can pick them out, 'cause
They're right in the front row.

But such is life in this old world
Where business deals are so grim—
While women are a curse to man,
He could not do without them.



Ques. Why are rolled socks like balloons?

Ans. Because they require no supporters to keep them up.



WHAT A DIFFERENCE A FEW DROPS MAKE

I was strolling down the street the other day, when one of these little playful spring zephyrs zephyred along and set my brand new five-dollar katy out into the street. Of course I made the layman's Annette Kellerman for it, only to succeed in rudely knocking down a middle aged Irish woman who very nicely told me in a very few words, you know the kind they have in the so-called humorous cartoons where the words of expression start with a question mark and end with a dollar sign such as this—"?&@@|¢%-||-M!\$". As I was saying after listening to the lady's dialogue I pursued the evasive hat only to bring a murderous look from a very charming young person of the opposite sex. Before I captured the run-away I caused the following happenings: Horse to stand on its ear, policeman to run around in a circle, street car to take the wrong track, four traffic jams, and finally after cornering the beast a burly ruffian picked it up, placed it on his head, told me it was Friday the thirteenth and familiarly but firmly placed his fist against my jaw. Unlucky?



RUSHED

They took me in, placed me in the sofest chair, gave me somebody else's cigarette, lit it for me.

Made conversation so that all I had to say was, "yes" or "no."

Took me in to lunch, sat me beside the president; passed all the food to me, served me first; helped me out of my chair, escorted me into the soft chair.

Made more conversation, passed somebody's cigarettes, laughed at my stale jokes, told still staler ones; invited me back to dinner that night, again the next noon; and finally asked me if I would wear their pin. I said yes, then came the miracle of miracles, for I now clean house, serve the meals, let them have my cigarettes and also do the lighting, sit at the foot of the table say "yes sir," "no sir," jump when called, answer the telephone. I am well trained now but I like it.



I was standing in the crowd at the depot
When the last special came in
A beautiful co-ed stood at the door of the rear car,
The evening before registration.
And anxiously surveyed the sea of faces.
I tried to think of her name,
But could only remember that she was in
One of my classes last term.
Suddenly, her eyes met mine,
And her face brightened considerably,
As she gave me a cheery "Hello."
I reached the foot of the steps
At the same time she did—
The brakeman handed me two heavy suit cases.



Poor Louie! The warden can't remember which lever to pull.

MADDENING MOMENTS

(With apologies to Harold Detje)

When the Prof. arrives, just as the class is departing, three minutes after the whistle.

When you are exempted from a final exam after burning the midnight oil for a week in preparation for it.

When you meet the lemon you drew for a blind date.

When your only collar button rolls underneath the chiffonier and you have but 10 minutes to get to your date.

When your secret sorrow passes by just as the B. K.'s are giving you a ducking.

When you receive a five-dollar check from home when you wrote for fifty.

Teacher, in English, giving spelling: "Spell gambling."

Student: "Which kind do you mean, gambling on the green or gambling with the green?"

TWO GREAT MINDS

Herr Bosch and Herr Klein walked slowly along the corridor. Neither was aware of the other's presence, for they were walking towards each other and a swinging door with pull handles stretched across the corridor.

Herr Bosch and Herr Klein reached the door at precisely the same instant. Simultaneously, two hands grasped two door handles, simultaneously the same amount of energy was exerted toward one another, and the door did not budge. A puzzled frown spread over the placid features of Herr Bosch and a similar expression over the placid features of Herr Klein.

"Vot iss te drouble," muttered Herr Bosch, in such a low tone that Herr Klein, who had at precisely the same moment said the same thing, thought it was his echo. "Te dorr moost be schtuck, I vill gif it a yandk."

The same impulse entered the mind of Herr Klein, and simultaneously, two hands jerked in opposite directions with such force that the handles were nearly pulled loose. The door remained fixed and immovable. Herr Bosch shuffled his feet nervously, but Herr Klein did not hear, for he had also shuffled his feet.

"If te dorr vont pool, maybe it vill poosh," thought Herr Bosch, and the same thought entered the mind of Herr Klein. Immediately, two broad Teutonic shoulders were placed against opposite sides of the door pannel, but the door did not budge.

"Pein Gollies, I vill open te dorr tis time," and Herr Bosch gritted his teeth. Herr Klein, separated from him by only the thickness of the door, did not hear a sound, for at the same moment, he too had said the same thing.

Stepping back three paces, Herr Bosch hurled himself at the obstinate obstacle. Herr Klein hit the door at exactly the same moment from the opposite side. The door quivered and roared, but it was as far from being opened as ever.

Two hours later, the janitor came along the corridor with his broom and pail. On one side of the door lay the exhausted and battered body of Herr Bosch. On the other side lay the battered and exhausted body of Herr Klein. How was the janitor to know that great minds run in the same channels.

"Couple of them dam' Dutch professors, drunk as lords," he muttered, pouring half a bucket of water on the purpled face of Herr Bosch, and the other half of the bucket on the face of Herr Klein.

UNLUCKY NUMBERS

1. 13.....mostly found in taking a chance
2. 63.....from the registrar
3. 16.....when she tells you otherwise
4. 3.....the old man is along
5. —\$5....from the bank



I do not talk
Like mother did.
I do not walk
Like mother did.
I do not glance
Like mother did.
I do not dance
Like mother did.
I do not kiss
Like mother did.
I don't do this
Like mother did.
But after all is said and done,
I know I have a lot more fun
Than mother did.

Women are always trying to imitate something. For example, take their head: First they plaster their hair with staco or stucco or something, then they have it trimmed and shingled; then before they show it to anybody they add a good coat of paint to the front. Exactly like a house, even to the room on the inside.

In the play, "The Clutching Hand," the main part was played by a man but it seems as though the part could be played better by a woman.

THE HEIGHT OF UNLUCKINESS

When a feller drags down to breakfast
And finds all the cream gone
And has to use coffee in its stead
Then finds that he has read the wrong
Notes, and done last Monday's lessons
Instead of next Monday's and
Someone has clipped the little rubber
Bag out of his fountain pen, causing
Numerous pockets to become stained,
And at noon he breaks several speed
Records dashing after the mail to find
A few death announcements and a dentist
Bill, whereupon he decides to break the
Jinx by showing his stuff at the local
Brawl, but when he gets home he finds that
His shirt tail had not been tucked in.
Upon reflection over these matters, one
Is apt to consider he has undergone
His Unlucky Day.

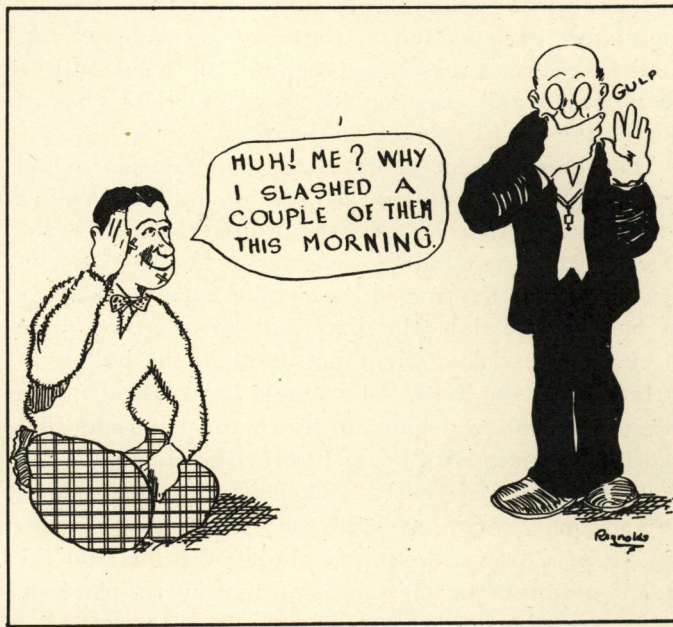
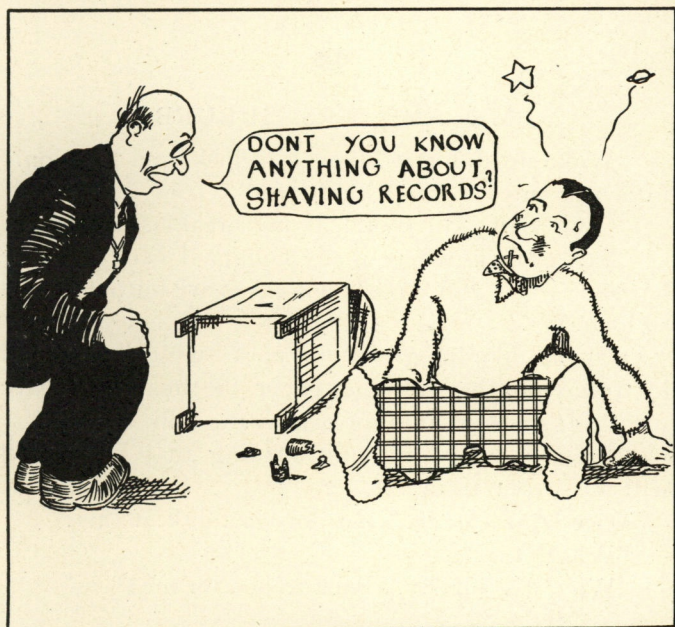
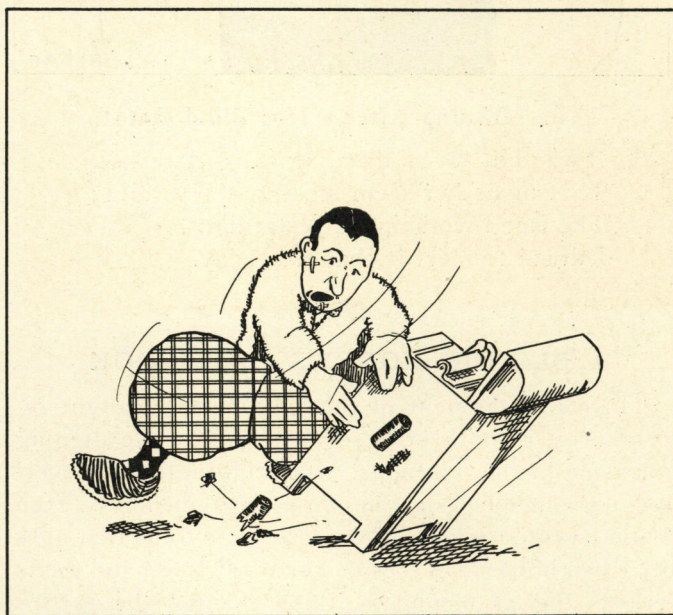
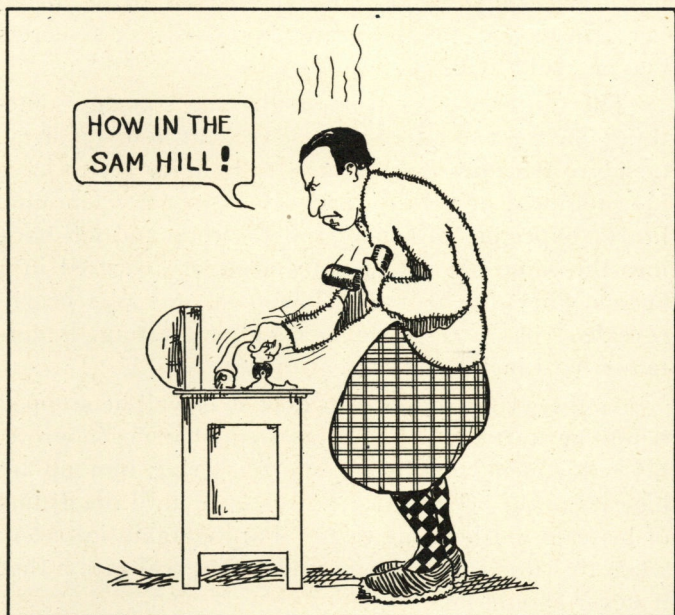
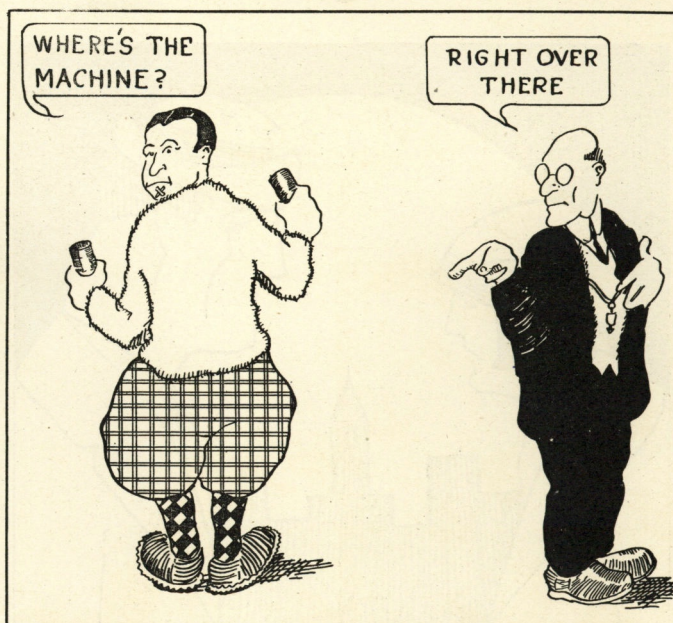
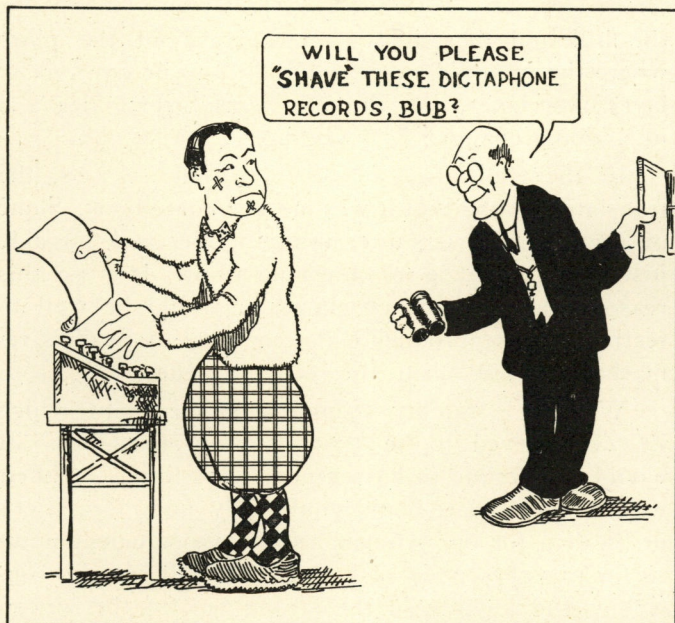
STUDENT DIARY

My books sit in front of me, a cigarette burns by my side, the rain on the outside comes down in sheets. Bum night to go to the library. My books still sit in front of me, they don't need to be afraid, I won't hurt them—it is only nine o'clock, too early to go to bed. I wonder if she is over at the library, she certainly would make a keen date—darn the rain! Still nine o'clock, what in heck is the matter with that clock. I hope we have convo this week—I wonder if she will be in her regular place—I wonder what her name is. Think I will change my course, she might be in some of my classes then—darn the weather—this is only Tuesday. I wonder what it is like to get married—wonder what the folks are doing—wonder what they would think of her? She certainly has wonderful eyes. Time to go to bed.

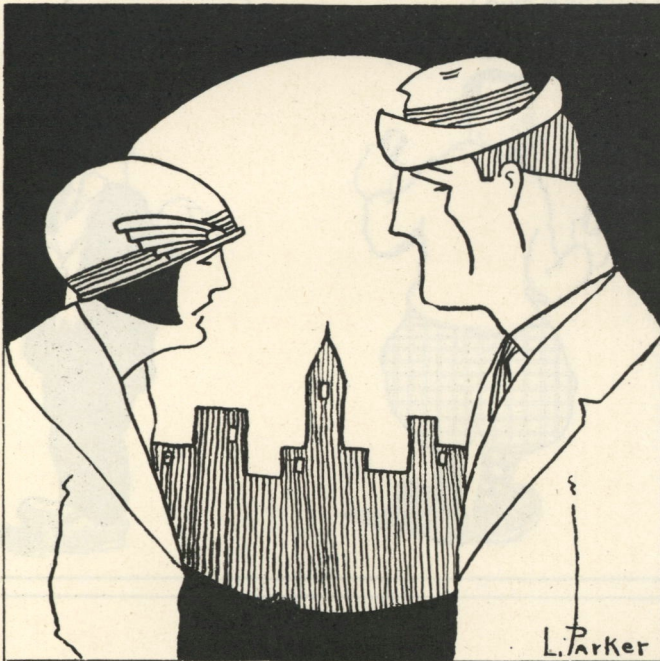
When you rent a Tux,
And send flowers,
And buy a collar,
And a tie,
And get a taxi,
And arrive on time,
And it is Friday,
And the dance is Saturday
—You're unlucky—and that ain't all.

Rook (leaving her house on a very rainy night): "I wonder if I could borrow an umbrella to use over the week-end?"

She: "Certainly, but where else would you use it?"



BUB, THE BASHFUL ROOK, SLASHES A FEW RECORDS HIMSELF.



The Morning After a Hot Blind Date

'Twas but love's dazzling eyes—I say—
That made her seem so strangely bright;
The face I worshipped yesternight,
I dread to meet it changed today.



A BLONDE HONEY'S DATE-BOOK

This is a fragment of the ages, it was caught by mistake by a tooth of a steam shovel while digging under one of the pyramids. Its brightness, its cleverness, its somewhat shadiness, its very elucidness, even its somewhat shocking contents reveals to us that ages ago, when horses had toes and climbed trees, and gnats were as big as elephants, there roamed the earth's surface—blonde honeys (possibly blacks too) who did their stuff even as today, thus causing man to cast aside his sense of reason and leap into oblivion, only to be mourned and cried on by these heartless ones of the gentler sex (?)—even as today.

The reader is no doubt struggling ahead to find out what was dug up beneath the pyramids: Well, it was none else than a dairy, the property of Ze Ze, the black eyed, blonde-haired daughter of Man-o-War evidently not an offspring of the famous race horse). Ze Ze had left the slab (the diary was written on a piece of elephant ear, long since petrified) in the hollow of a tree where she lived. She should have taken it with her when she started to run down the Dinosaur that had been flirting with her pet horned-toad; maybe not though, because if she had taken it with her, today's humans may never have had the opportunity of reading Ze Ze's diary. As it was the flood came, and the tree containing the diary was torn from its place on

the hill and deposited somewhere about the place where the pyramids now stand, only to be covered by layer upon layer of earth as the world grew older, and in so doing changed its topography.

In the translation of this dairy of Ze Ze's, the translators found that it was mostly a date-book. Some of the material is quite unintelligible, and possible justly so, for Ze Ze was no tame affair. It is for this reason that the writer believes it would be well to restrain from reproducing the contents of Ze Ze's remarkable date-book to the readers of the "Owl."

Woman is rapidly approaching the point which Ze Ze believed to be "hot stuff" in existence. It would be a crime to hasten our sweet things on their way—Ze Ze's date-book would only put more tricks in the bag for our women, they have sufficient now; so for this reason Ze Ze's date-book will remain, cobwebby and mouldy in the strong box of the writer, however, if any woman believes herself to be losing her grip on life, let the writer know—Ze Ze's secrets maybe could help.

The writer wishes to apologize for starting something like this; so interesting, so elegant in its mystery, a slab of real life fairly itching to be told, yet to have his judgment arrive late and cause so many feminine hearts, expectant of some dope, to droop and fall back into the same old rut of daily drudgery encased in a bosom where such divine "lowdown" (as was nearly revealed) has little hope of ever penetrating, is certainly hard luck to be sure.

As the writer thinks of it now, it is well he stopped before he started, for had he written what Ze Ze wrote, his fellowmen would very shortly string him up by his ears to the highest tree in existence until the drums of his ears did beat his K. O. Pardon again in order; when this was started there was a faint realization that it never should be.

(The End)



MR. AND MRS. SUBURB

"Wake up, John, it is seven o'clock, you have only fifteen minutes to catch the train."

"O-O-O-Oh—all right! Is my breakfast ready?"

"Say-a-Mary, where is my collar? I can't find my left shoe. Gee whiz! these hot cakes are burned. Well so long."

(Opens door in great hurry, is suddenly stopped by receiving the morning paper in the face). "Gee whiz! It's a good thing it wasn't the milk man!"

"John, if you don't quit reading that paper you will miss your train!"

"Gee whiz! Mary, what do you think of this?"

"What is it?"

"Why, it's Sunday. Back to bed for me!"



FABLE OF THE PAINFULLY POLITE YOUNG MAN

She rushed out of the station door just in time to see the observation car of her train disappearing two blocks down the street.

"Horrors!" she gasped half to herself and half to the back of a shiny black limousine parked by the curb. "What shall I do? That is the last train back to college tonight and I have an eight o'clock tomorrow morning." She sighed in despair.

Suddenly, upon seeing the car, an idea came to her.

"A taxi!" she exclaimed delightedly. "I'm saved!"

"Can you get me to the next station before that train gets there?" she demanded of a somewhat astonished man in the limousine who was reading a newspaper.

"Why, yes, lady, I'll try," he replied after hesitating for a moment. He took her traveling case and threw the machine into gear as she climbed in beside him. In a few moments they were beyond the crowded streets speeding down the highway.

"It is only four miles. The train stops at the junction for water. Do you think we can make it?"

The man did not reply. His eyes were glued to the road. The speedometer registered 66-68-70. Then as they rounded a curve the train came into sight.

"It certainly is lucky for me that I found you and your car," she said gratefully. "I had to call up a friend and central was so long in getting her number

that I missed that train and it was the last one back to the campus tonight.

"And it's lucky for you taxi men that you don't have to drive all your passengers around the country like this. Isn't it?" she asked smilingly.

"Taxi men? Taxi men?" the polite young man echoed interrogatively. "Taxi men?"

He laughed. They had passed the train by now. "Why my dear young lady. I never drove a taxi in my life."

"What! I - - You - - Why, sir, I beg your pardon." The lady registered utter astonishment. "You mean to tell me that you are really not a taxi man? Why your car was there. What do you do?"

"Why that drug store across the street from the depot in the other town belongs to me. I was waiting for my wife. I've never had time to take up taxi driving yet."



Senior: "Rook, a little bird told me this coffee wasn't strained."

Rook: "A little bird?"

Senior: "Yes, a swallow."



"My son certainly is getting on fine in college."

"What now?"

"He's to be chairman of the committee on cow bells and fish horns the night of the tug-of-war."



UNLUCKY

I first stepped out with Mary
But she didn't like my Paige
And then I went with Betty
Till I found she was engaged.
And then I think 'twas Katherine
But one night as I passed by
I saw her sitting on the porch
With another handsome guy.
Well, then I fell for Hazel
But I worked a bit too fast
And I, again, was single
With an unbecoming past.
Still I wasn't brokenhearted
For Helen yet remained
So one day I proposed to her
And damn it all, she accepted me!
Oh, well, I always was unlucky.



Soph: "Are you going to take a course in Home Economics?"

Rookess: "No, I have enough home work to do now."



Son (teasingly): "If you'll give me my allowance for next term now, I'll let you see my grades!"



If you want to get by
With these college chaps.
Instead of saying "no"
You've gotta say "p'haps."

There are a few new books in the library that would make interesting reading, such as: "The Hoover School Girl," "Working His Way Through Waldo," "The Campus Pilot," "Anne of Clean Tables," "Tracing the Word," "For the Last Man," "Grinning His Way," etc.

A student to avoid criticism
For an answer attempted a witticism
The jest was ignored—
The Prof. wrote on the board:
"Your remark is (please look up) a psitticism."

Soph: "What is more useless than a lawn mower on a rock pile?"

Rook: "Must be snowshoes in California."

Soph: "Nope, street cars in Venice."

UNLUCKY CRACKS

"Why do you close your eyes when I kiss you?"

"Come here little girl, I'll give you a penny for a kiss."

"No thank you! Mother gives me a nickle for taking cod liver oil."

John Doe sure is an unlucky man. Just think of all the checks made out to him that he can't cash.

"I met Prof. Jones' wife the other day. She just came over from London and can hardly talk English yet."

"Ma! he's got his arms around me."

"He must have his eyes shut."

"Rotten!" cried the movie director who had just been run over. "Try that over again and see if you can't kill me instantly."

"Which section are you in?"

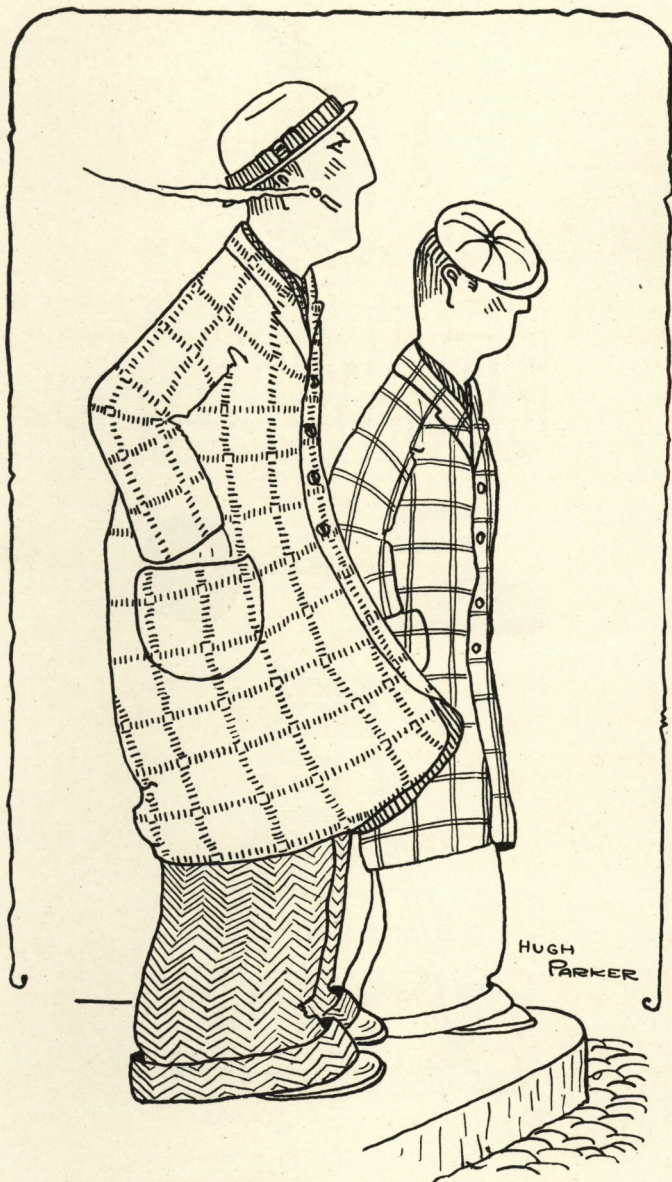
"Yes. The other one."

Wisely, a woman prefers to a lover, a man who neglects her.

The one may love her some day, some day the lover will not.



"'Ods Bodkins! I'd forgotten that I registered in school last term!"



After Open House

First fraternity man: "Did Mary invite you to call again?"

Second fraternity man: "No, she dared me to."



THE UNLUCKY HURDLER

Hurdles is hurdles. But I've seen many a hurdle that was a tumble. When I first went in for the hurdles I thought for a while I was gettin' by big, because they all seemed to fall for me. I am a high jumper, however, and hurdling is slightly out of my line. I made a record high jump once of twenty feet. One night I jumped out of a second story window in my sleep. They say a good hurdler must be able to spread out. I can do that all right, but I don't very often run while I'm asleep, so my ability to spread out don't make me a hurdler.

One time at a track meet, we were in need of a

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hurdler, so they called on me to do the hurdles. We lined up for the start and I managed to jump the gun without getting called back. That gave me a whole stride lead over the rest of the runners. I managed to maintain my lead until we reached the first hurdle. From there on I was still in the lead if we had been going the other way. I gained a little time on the last two hurdles because they started taking the hurdles off the track before I got to them. I didn't think that was quite fair, but I didn't say anything, because, I thought it just as well to keep my advantage. I got a swell aluminum medal because I won fourth place. Only three others ran!



If the women don't stop wearing their dresses so long the men will have to hire a Paige every time they go fussing.



The ladies say that they have but one privilege and that is to change their mind, but they sure make strenuous use of that one.



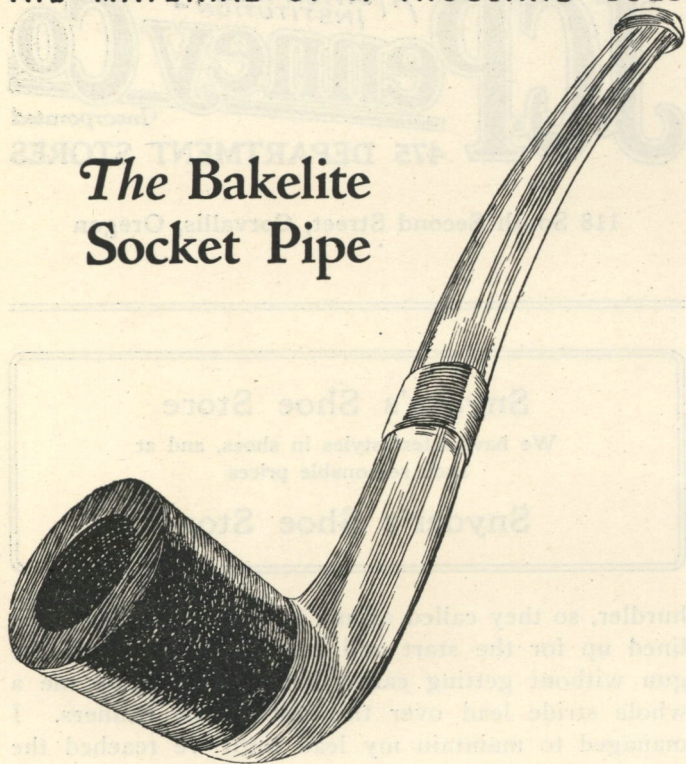
He (poor but persistent): "Looks like rain!"
She: "Tastes like it, too."



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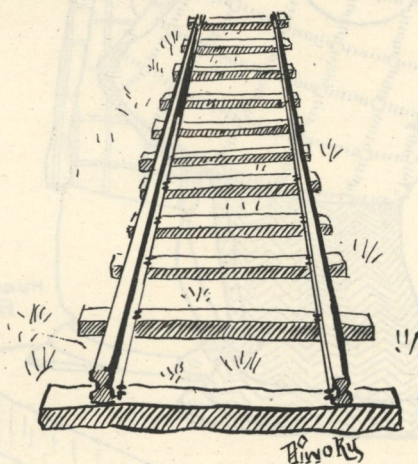
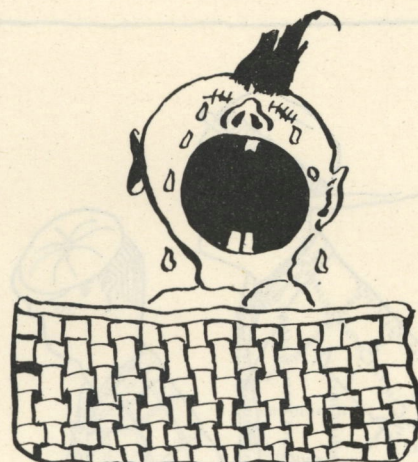
You can always keep it sweet and clean so that the smoke you inhale is both dry and cool.

You can see a full line of Bakelite Socket Pipes made by leading Pipe Manufacturers at the store where you buy your tobacco.

*At your
tobacco dealers!*



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THE THREE MAJOR SPORTS

Imby: "My! hasn't Amarylla a delicate temperament?"

Cyle: "How's that?"

Imby: "Every time she plays a game of draughts, poor girl, she catches cold."

Little Girl: "My mamma said she'd give me a lickin' if I got my hair cut, and I've got a shingle bob."

Little Bobbie: "I think you'd better use a heavier board than that."

Such is Love

Brown was making a visit to a girl who lived in the country, and they were walking through the fields when they noticed a cow and a calf rubbing noses in bovine love. He spoke up: "The sight of that makes me want to do the same thing."

"Go ahead," she replied, "it's father's cow." —Ghost.



LITTLE GIRL

You've a very narrow skirt,
Little Girl.

Are you sure it doesn't hurt,
Little Girl?

That's a mincing little stride
Where the streets are wild and wide,
Are you sure there's room inside,
Little Girl?

What will happen if you slip,
Little Girl?

Aren't you fearful it will rip?
Little Girl.

You had better take a sack,
So if anything should crack,
It would serve you coming back;
Little Girl.

Let the bottom out a bit,
Little Girl.

It is much too tight a fit,
Little Girl.

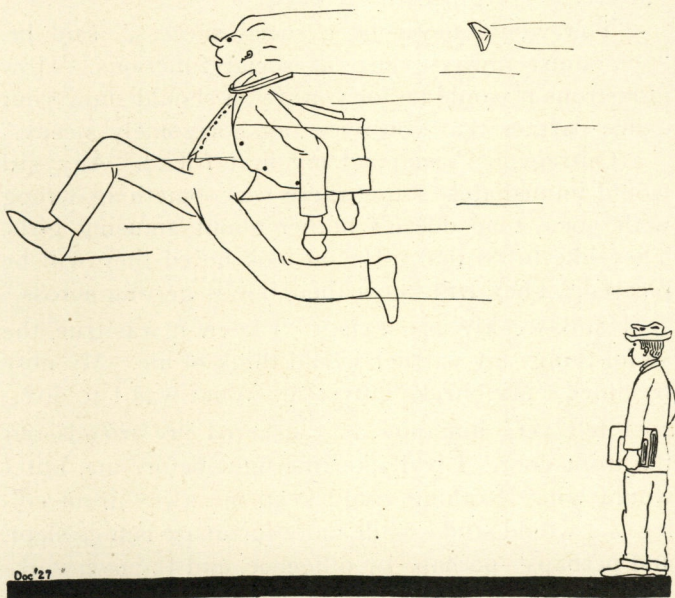
As the matter sadly stands
You'll be walking on your hands
And in that event - - - my lands,
Little Girl.



Out of the Blue

Following his first experience with a paddle, the Frosh was passing his future fraternity home then in the course of construction. Sore and weary he exclaimed, "O, God, I wish I were dead!"

Just then a brick fell off the unfinished wall, hitting him on the head. When he came to, he was heard to mutter, "O God, can't you take a joke?" —Jester.



"Rook rally tonight?"

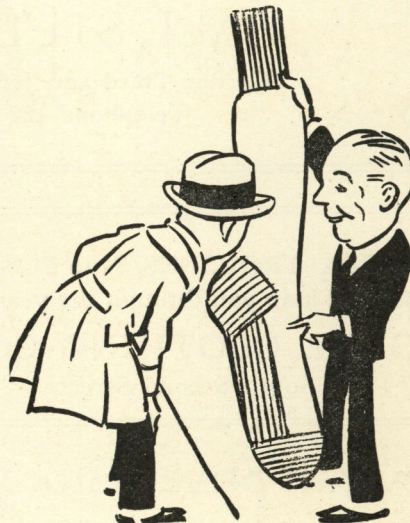
"Yeh, about four blocks behind me!"

A. "What's your son doing now?"

B: "He's with a refining organization."

A: "I suppose there's money in the oil business."

B: "Oh, he's not in business. He's attending the Oregon Agricultural College."



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METAMORPHISM

(With apologies to Mr. Stephen Leacock)

All my life I had been troubled with insomnia. I could not sleep. I was afraid to sleep. I always awakened every five minutes to see how poorly I was sleeping.

"You will never be able to stand the strain of college life," my friends told me.

"Why?" I asked.

"You cannot sleep," they said. I shook my head sadly. "No," I agreed, "I cannot sleep."

There was a silence. Then one of my friends spoke to the other. "He will be unable to go to college." The other friend nodded.

"What," I gasped, "not go to college!"

"No," said my friends, "you cannot sleep."

"True," I whispered through blanched lips, "I have never slept."

"In college," continued my friend, "sleep is a fine art."

"Yes," hissed my other friend.

"College," explained my first friend, "is a life which requires expertness in sleeping. One must sleep through one's classes."

"Impossible!" I cried.

"Yes," he droned. Then a look of horror crept over his face. I knew he must be going through a fearful agony. Cold perspiration stood out upon his brow. He shuddered. I could readily see how horrified he was.

"Think," he said in a hollow voice, "if you did not sleep you might be called on to recite!"

My other friend shook convulsively. "Disgraceful," he muttered. Then a glitter came into his eye. It was a fearful glitter. His face glittered, his hair glittered. He glittered all over.

"You would never be a social success," said he. "One must always sleep at social functions. How monstrous it would be for you if you should show your dance partner that you were not boresomely sleepy."

"Outrageous," snapped my first friend. "Any girl would immediately know there was something wrong with you. One doesn't bother about amusing girls. They like to do that. If you look bored they will be pleased. They will know their line is getting across."

I sank weakly into a chair. I knew it was true, the awful things my partner would think of me. My nose trembled. My cheeks quivered. What was I to do?

I felt very unhappy as I ushered my friends out the front door. I had a terrific fight before me, but I would win. Nothing could keep me away from college. I would study while more fortunate beings slept, and perhaps—perhaps by diligence, and the overworking of my mediocre brain, I would make an honor society.

I arrived at college. The first night passed in



sleeplessness just as I knew I would. The second night was the same. On the third night I had to write my autobiography for English composition. Now, was my chance to prove of what stuff I was made! The first part of the evening I chewed the end of my pencil in deep meditation. Then, all became a blank.

I knew nothing more until someone slapped me on the shoulder. I started to my feet. My room-mate stood before me.

"Fiend," he cried, "you promised to waken me at 7:30." I nodded. I knew it was so. I had promised. The look on my room-mate's face convinced me that I had promised. I trembled before his ferocious scowl.

"It is now," he thundered, "2:00 in afternoon." I stared in amazement. I know I looked amazed. I could feel my eyes bulge. I gave a yell which curdled the blood of my room-mate. I had slept!

I am now the most popular man in college. The professors adore me. I never trouble them in the classroom. They happily pass me by for they know that I would bore them. I am swamped with invitations from co-eds for this dance or that dance. They worship me. I am a perfect bore.

No longer am I troubled with insomnia. The disease which has now grappled me to its thorny bosom is sleeping sickness. In truth, college is a wonderful place!



THE ANCIENT MARINER

"Hic," it is, "hic," an Anshunt Mariner
And, "hic," he tried not to let me be.
"By your long yellow pencil and glittering eye
Whynell you pick on me.

"My cellar doors are open wide
An' I am getting a little gin,
The guests are met, the feast is set:
Kin you hear the merry din?"

He holds him with his glittering eye
"Come see the judge," quoth he.
"Hold off, unhand me crazy loon,"
Handcuffs on his hands dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye,
The imbibor stands stock still
And listens like a three-year child,
The cop hath had his will!

The imbibor stands before the man,
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake out that ancient judge—
"Serve six months to a year."



Shoes are gradually going out of sight.

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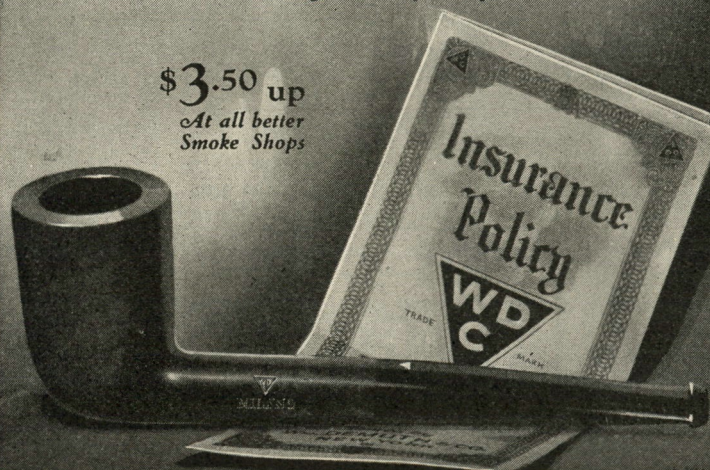
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What Will You Have?

A QUIZ IN MATH—

"Now," said his teacher to the small boy in the rear seat, "if your father gave you seven cents and your mother gave you six more and your uncle gave you four more, what would you have?"

The boy wrinkled up his forehead and went into silence for the period of several minutes.

"Come, come," said the teacher impatiently. "Surely you can solve a simple problem like that."

"It ain't a simple problem at all," replied the boy. "I can't make up my mind whether I'd have a pineapple soda or a chocolate sundae."

YOU will never be in doubt about what you will have if you open a savings account in this bank and keep adding to it regularly. You know you will have satisfaction, security, competence, comfort, and that grand and glorious feelin' which always accompanies the certainty of being prepared for the future. Just try this method of solving life's problem—and **DO IT NOW.**

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Hard (taking forestry exam): "Is that a woodpecker making that noise I hear?"

Wood: "Heck, no, someone's tapping for a violation of the honor code."



Bill: "College life is a 'skin game'."

Ruth: "What makes you think so?"

Bill: "Well, don't we have to work four years for a 'sheepskin'."



The Ag. Prof. told the rook that if he would work hard, he'd get a lot of bees.



Good mixers get along well in different walks of life, even the classified ads show this:

WANTED—Baker, must be good mixer, apply at City Bakery, Fourth and Adams streets.



Rookesses should make good golf players since they practice "putting on the green" every Wednesday.



Gifta: "That man, Perkins, is getting up in the world."

Gab: "What is he doing now?"

Gifta: "He has an office on the 42nd story of the Woolworth building."



The women should not jump at conclusions just because this is leap year.



Dramatic Instructor: "What is a howling success?"

Rook: "A football battle between the Huskies and the Cougars."



Rook: "They tell me that Tom Shim is yellow."

Soph: "That's nothing against him, he is a Chink."



There is many a man, both far and near,
Who would give all he has for a glass of good beer;
But the thing that I long for and know is the best,
Is my little Ford coupe, my girl - - and the rest.



"You will have to walk," was said to the fair co-ed as the umpire called the fourth ball.



"Another soul gone to the dogs," said the night-watchman as he threw his shoe at a passing cur.



MICHAEL FARADAY
1791-1867

Apprentice to an English bookbinder. Attracted the attention of Sir Humphrey Davy, becoming his assistant. "The greatest experimentalist of all times," says one biographer. The electrical unit Farad was named for him.



In 1880 the Edison Electric Illuminating Company, of New York City, installed a generator of 1200 lamps capacity, then considered a giant. By continuous experimentation and research the General Electric Company has developed generators 900 times as powerful as this wonder of forty years ago.

"What's the use of it?"

Michael Faraday saw the real beginning of the age of electricity nearly a century ago when he thrust a bar magnet into a coil of wire connected with a galvanometer and made the needle swing.

Gladstone, watching Faraday at work in his laboratory, asked, "What's the use of it?" The experimenter jestingly replied, "There is every probability that you will soon be able to tax it." The world-wide use of electricity that has followed the Faraday discovery abundantly justifies the retort to Gladstone.

Faraday's theory of lines of force is constantly applied in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company in devising new electrical apparatus of which Faraday never dreamed. Every generator and motor is an elaboration of the simple instruments with which he first discovered and explained induction.

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