



JUNIOR WEEK END NUMBER

E. J. ...

ORANGE OWL

HELP

The teacher was talking on Niagara Falls: "The falls are slowly wearing back toward Buffalo, and in the course of some 2,000 years they will wash away Erie."

One of the girls in the class began to cry and the teacher asked what the trouble was. "Oh," wailed the girl, "My sister lives at Erie."

Twenty-five New Pendleton Indian Robes just in this week.
Tub Skirt days are here; their lower prices make it an economical way to dress.

Bathing Suits—for Men and Misses. We are ready for the first call.

Gifts for the Graduates—give them useful presents, such as hosiery, gloves, handkerchiefs, umbrellas, white ivory, silk underwear, neckwear, shirts, hats, suits, shoes, etc; all at reasonable prices.

J. M. NOLAN & SON

Send Dad and Mother to College for FARMERS' WEEK *and the Homemakers' Conference*

Oregon Agricultural College
June Thirteenth to
Eighteenth

One hundred lectures on farming and homemaking practices. You've been in College for eight months and now it's up to you to ask your parents to come.

Q Write a
letter to the
folks today!

Tell 'em to join an excursion from their county and come.

They can bring the kids and camp on the campus. There will be a playground and nurse to watch the youngsters while the folks attend classes.

It will not only be a pleasure trip, but a good investment.

Table Etiquette

First hungry Rook: "What would you do if you saw a plump little chicken croquette sitting in front of you?"

Second hungry Rook: "Treat her rough and tell her nothing."



Once I was a freshman,
Now I am a soph,
Pretty soon I'll graduate,
Then I'll be a prof.



Dave: "There's nothing worse than falling in love and then finding that there's some one you love much better."

Rave: "There is. Falling in love and then finding that there's some one she loves better."



Out in the open, away from the trees,
Here lies the body of Ephraim Pease.
For Pease is not here, but only the pod,
For Pease is shelled out and gone to God.
(Actually seen on a grave stone in New York.)



Irate Mother: "I'll teach you to kiss my daughter."
Insolent Youth: "You're too late. I've learned already."
—Froth.



A tea-kettle sings when it is merely filled with boiling water. But man, unfortunately, is no tea-kettle.
—Jester.



"Is pants singular or plural?"
"If a man wears 'em it's plural."
"Well if he doesn't—?"
"It's singular."
—Lampoon.



"Pauline has a weak back."
"How come?"
"She can't bare much more."
—Wampus.



"May I kiss you?" he whispered.
She pouted.
—Ex.



"This is the last of August," remarked the Bowery gunman as he emptied his Colt into the bolshevik.

'Tis a Wise Old



WHO SPENDS HIS
MONEY WITH THE

Corvallis State Bank

"The Friendly Bank"

The BALL STUDIO

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHERS

For all O. A. C. publications since 1912—is keeping the picture section to a standard that is a credit to the traditions of your College.

Anything you get at the

Model Clothing Co.

Is sold with a guarantee of satisfaction or a refund of your money.



Fuselman & Alexander

The Big Oak Shoe Shop

C. L. SON, Proprietor

QUALITY WORK
GOOD SERVICE

1100 Jefferson St.
Near Campus



We sing the praises of our teams,
Of vict'ries won, of deeds of valor bold.
But now we turn with joyous welcoming
To share the pleasures the glad days hold.

So let us meet and mingle with our friends,
Who, though they wander, return to us
once more.

A truce to care! A health to old King Frolic!
Let fun be paramount, and lightened
spirits soar.





INFRINGING THE BLUE LAWS

It was a night for romance. The pale glow of the full moon, shimmering through the fringe of pine trees, cast a soft rippling radiance over the lake. The cool silence of the evening was broken only by the faint whispering of the breeze and the far-off call of the Whip-poor-will.

Then from far down the lake came the rhythmic splash of a paddle and the soft lapping of water against a canoe. As it passed through the path of quiescent moonlight, the silhouette of a boy and girl merged into the shifting shadows of the shore.

It was their last evening together. The boy paddling slowly and dreamily and the girl thrumming an old love song on a guitar. Neither had spoken since they had sought the friendliness of the lake. The mutual silence was more eloquent than words. It was hard to realize that in a few days they must part, the boy to go his way in the world and the girl to await his return.

Finally the boy stopped paddling and leaned forward.

"Marjorie," he said slowly, "you know how I care for you. You know how long it may be before I return. Marjorie,—won't you? Just this once?"

As if to soften her reply, the moon coasted behind a cloud and a deep twilight overspread the lake.

"Jack, dear," she whispered, "please don't. You know I'd like to, but—it isn't nice."

"But, Marjorie, just this once. No one will see us."

"No Jack, we mustn't. Besides, Mother told me not to."

The boy slowly took up his paddle.

"I'm sorry, Marjorie," he said. "I suppose it is too much to ask, but somehow I thought you would. It would make it so much easier for me to go, but—"

"Oh, Jack," breathed the girl, "I didn't understand. I can't have you go like that, Jack dear. Just this once we'll—play tennis on Sunday."

CO-ED'S COLLEGE CALENDAR

- Oct. 1. Bill meets a rookess at the senior reception.
- Nov. 1. He is going with her "quite steady."
- Dec. 1. He introduces her to his friend, George.
- Jan. 1. George gets half the dates.
- Feb. 1. George introduces her to his friend, Charley.
- Mar. 1. They each get one-third of the dates.
- Apr. 1. Bill gets the cold shoulder.
- May 1. George gets the same.
- June 1. The rookess is engaged to Phil.



'Twas in the balmy month of May,
And the leaves were falling fast,
This is queer, I know you'll say—
My note-book came unclaspt.



MAGNANIMOUS ENGINEER

Open the door and let him in,
This Ag., so meek and low.
We claim him neither as kith nor kin,
Nor yet do we call him foe.

For in the days which are to come,
When tides have turned his way,
We ourselves may have to bum—
Right glad to pitch his hay.



Algie Fussalot wants to know why he can't turn in his gym number for Sunday tulle parties.



Life has its compensations after all. For the red-haired kid grows into "the graceful young thing with an aureole of spun gold."



Q. E. D.

We hear a lot of people rave
About the skirts that women wear;
No wonder all the girls are sore;
It really isn't nearly fair.

For all objections women make—
And they protest with all their might—
Are upheld by each single fact;
Their figures surely prove they're right.

—Ex.



Hall: By eating very little food, one can live 100 years!

Frat: Move into my shack, and you'll live forever.



The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year;
It's much too warm for moonshine
Too cold for dad's near-beer.



A wise duffer never looks behind him when passing
through the library doors.



A moonlight night—a birch canoe—
A rabid suitor—smile or two—
A kiss—a slap—a little spill—
He didn't suitor—never will.

Father (reading a letter from his son at college to mother: "Myopia says he's got a beautiful lamp from boxing.")

Mother: "I just knew he'd win something in his athletics."



Rook—Who is that letter man over there?

Soph—That is not a letter man; that is Jack Bartlett yawning.



"This will be an over-exposure," remarked the photographer, as he photographed the Bathing-Girl.



The fellows had a stag party—not a deer showed up.



Rip: Why does Tommy Golden's bug make so much noise?

Rap: Because the cylinder's hollow.



Be it ever so homely, there's no face like your own.



She: "Are you fond of frogs' legs?"

Returned Doughboy: "Well, yes. They did look rather well in silk stockings."



VERILY! THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR IS A STONY PATH!

NOTE: The following head appeared in a daily paper a few days ago:

COLLEGE AUTHORITIES
PENALIZE STUDENTS

For Unauthorized Cutting of Classes on
Junior Flunk Day.

Next morning the editor found a masterpiece which had been shoved under the office door:

LAMENTATIONS

It came to pass in the land of the seven evils and in the year of the great rain that a frightful spirit of unrest came over the people. For many moons did the smouldering fire of indignation seethe in their guilty hearts. Silent as sphinx the password of Bolshevism did spread among the multitude and in the hush of the morning did they shake the dew from the blanket, gird up the foot with the woolen sock and the leathern boot and sally forth, three hundred strong, to the fair land across the river. They heeded not the cries of the chief who, knowing the great wrong that they were doing,



THE JUNIORS' WEAK-END

came forth in his morning robe and bade them return to their tents. And he threw himself upon the ground and wept, for his was a great love for his people, and well did he know that the wrath of the King would be upon them and great would be the judgment.

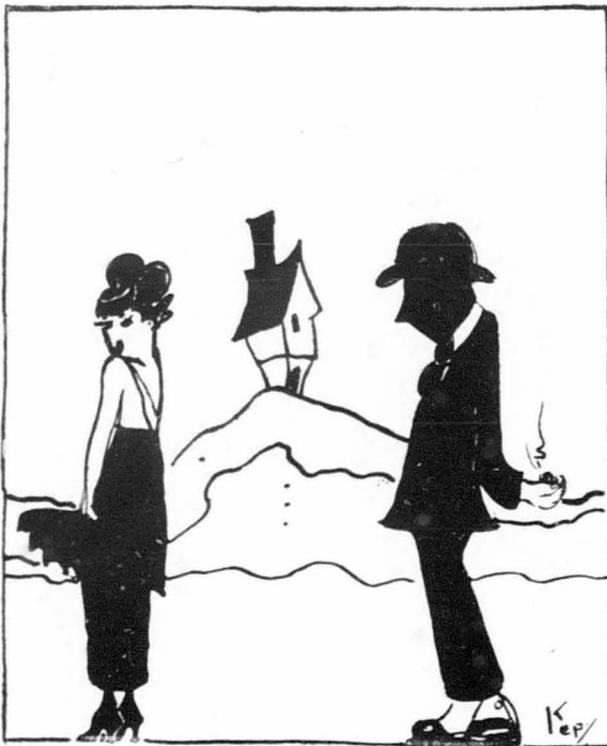
Then a great deluge did fall, for the gods were angry, and Pluvius smote them with many buckets.

Heavily did the guilt of the people weigh upon them as they returned to the land of the rain. Many days did they await the final judgment, for the King was long in consultation with his many chieftains. The day of reckoning drew near and all the multitude did quake in their dwellings. Then came the King from out the council chamber; breathless silence fell over the trembling throng of his people.

Then spake the King these words, "The reward of unlawful pleasure shall be lawful pain." The multitude shuddered and a great fear surged in each guilty breast. "Ye shall be one and all cast into servitude and a great work must ye do for the chieftains of thy domains — he who heeds not these words of justice shall be flogged and cast from the land as a leper." And the King cried, "Weep not, for he weeps in vain who weeps before his own judgment. Ye plead in vain, for the sentence is given."

And the multitude cried in their anguish and beat their breasts with the clenched fist, but the King was as the pyramids in his stand and bade them hither to their punishment.

MORAL: Fly ye the pleasure that will tomorrow bite.



Caro: "When does a co-ed like the lemon-yellow best."

Lina: "When it's Beaver trimmed."



A Perfect Man

I know a man who neither smokes nor chews,
 In fact, I've often known him to refuse
 To quaff a glass of wine or drink of booze.
 This ultra human being does refrain
 From using language which is quite profane,
 And which could only prove to be a bain.
 He does not dance all night upon your feet,
 Nor take up all the sidewalk on the street;
 He's humble as an army in retreat.
 He does not crack jokes which are truly crude,
 Nor does he e'en by sign or word allude
 To things which etiquette now says are rude.
 This man was never known to tell a lie,
 Nor has it been suspected he would try,
 Because he's paralyzed—and that is why.



Thin Stuff

Surveying prodigy (seeing a girl approaching):
 "Set up on her, Bill, and let's get a close-up."
 Follows the process of setting the "gun."
 Bill (disgustedly): It's no use, boys. She is so
 damned thin that the cross-hair hides her."

WAS SHE A SECOND CHOICE?

He: "Mary, this dogtooth violet looks just like you."

She: "How's that?"

What he said: "Because it is so graceful."

What he thought: "Because it has such a long neck."



Earnest Speaker: "And I ask you, are you going to take this lying down?"

Voice from audience: "No, the reporters are doing that."



Instructor in dietetics—Canned milk should never be fed to babies.

Girl (just waking up)—What difference does it make, if you hide the cans from them?



That fifty dollars, being spent, is gone—
 Nor e'en the fact that it was Lent
 Can change that fact, nor all my tears
 Bring back a single cent.



MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY

PHIL FILDGERT

IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT.

There's a newfangled custom come to our school to stay,
 To scare the girls and watch the girls and keep the boys away;
 To spoil our hikes out in the woods, our rides in a canoe,
 And tell us, from the Seniors to the Freshmen, what to do;
 So all we do is mope around and when our work is done,

We try to have a party, just to have a little fun
 Dancing with the co-eds in a way you read about;
 But the Dean will surely get you—

If you
 Don't
 Watch
 Out!

Once there was a little girl who came to school to learn;
 She came to stay, but only lasted just about a term;
 She danced so well and looked so swell, the boys gave her the crown;
 They offered dances, dinners, rides; she couldn't turn them down.
 One Sunday morn, she and her man went out upon a hike,
 But such amazing liberty the Powers did not like,
 So they sent her home from College 'fore she knew what 'twas about;
 For the Dean will surely get you—

If you
 Don't
 Watch
 Out!

Now advice upon this subject is an easy thing to give;
 But you couldn't follow this advice and still expect to live;
 Don't tempt a girl in College to go paddling or to hike,
 Although she be the "only only" one you really like;
 If you fuss her more than once a week, take care what you're about,

The Dean will surely get her—
 If she

Don't
 Watch
 Out!



There's a Difference

There are many ways of planting pins
 And many a different reason,
 Some plant it for eternity,
 Some merely for the season.

A certain young student named Black
 Used to sit on the small of his back,
 But he's different today,
 Thru a classmate's foul play
 The poor dupe sat down on a tack.



A Try for a Field Goal

JILTED

The first sweet kiss
 From that dear thing,
 What joy, what bliss
 My memories bring.
 I can't dismiss
 The thoughts that cling
 To this dear Miss
 And love's light wing.
 She once said "Yis,"
 But—fangs that sting!—
 Now with a hiss
 Returns my ring.



"Tempus fugit," said the Romans,
 Yes, alas, 'tis fleeting on
 Ever coming, ever going,
 Life is short and soon is gone.

When I think of next vacation,
 Ever harder, ever longer,
 Poring o'er these lessons huge,
 All I say is: "Let her fuge."



"This is certainly a spirited case," said the judge,
 as the lid was removed from the box containing 24
 quarts of Old Crow.



If he should see Miss Orange Peel, would Sun
 Dodger?

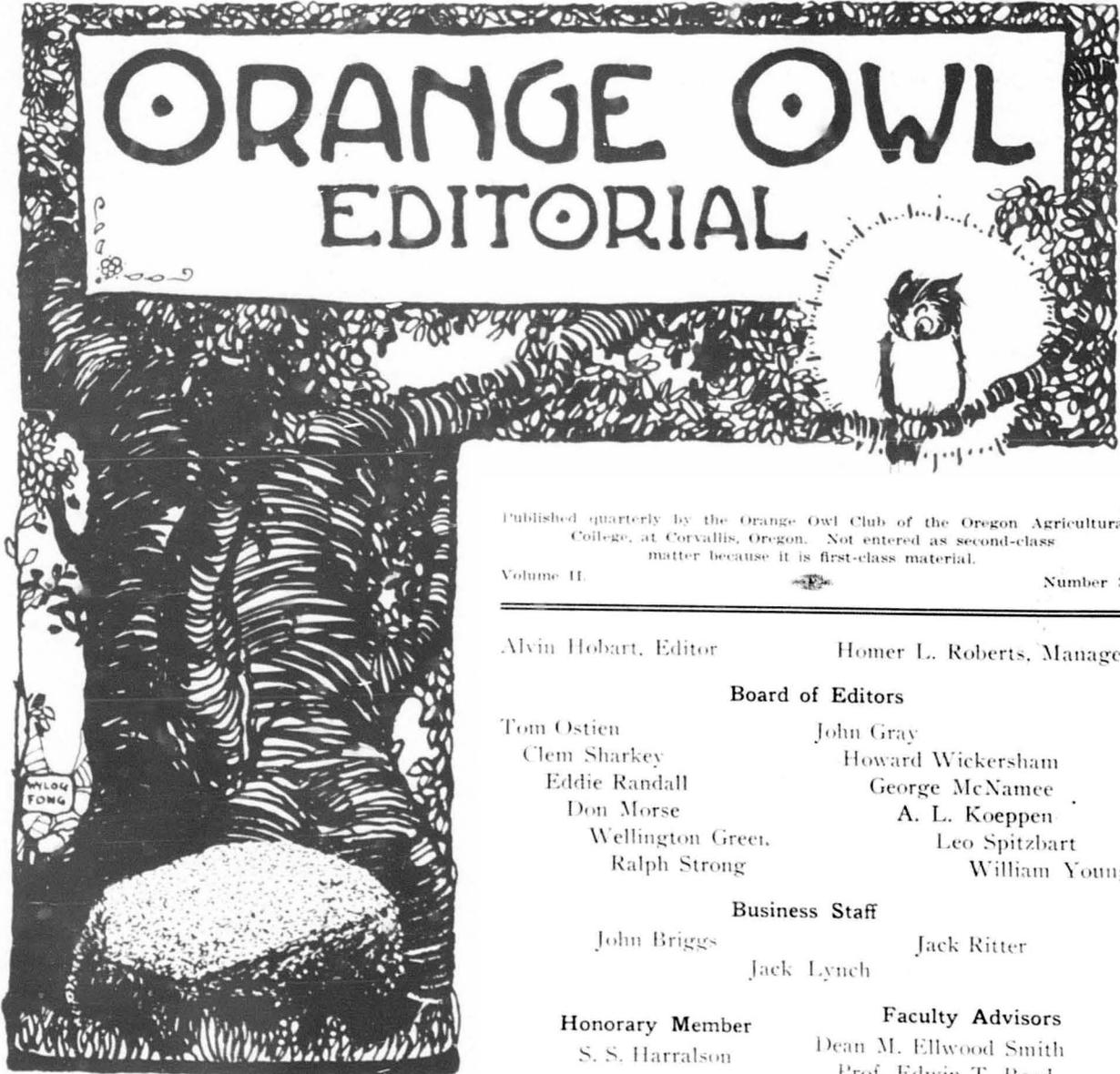


"That's a warm baby," said the doctor as he took
 the temperature of the feverish child.



ORANGE OWL

EDITORIAL



Published quarterly by the Orange Owl Club of the Oregon Agricultural College, at Corvallis, Oregon. Not entered as second-class matter because it is first-class material.

Volume II.

Number 3.

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The Junior Class and the College are this Week-End hosts to high school seniors from all over the state. The Owl wishes to join in giving these young people a hearty welcome and wishing them a pleasant visit.

Junior Week-End has a more serious motive than is at first apparent. On such occasion as this an attractive side of college life is emphasized. The athletic contests and social events help to give a colorful effect to the more serious work and study of college. In this way the high school graduate is attracted not only by the opportunities for study and research but also by a social organization in which he may find a pleasant part.

The Owl wishes once more to impress on the campus that financial support is not the end of the students' interest in the publication. Everyone who withholds his talent for the work the Owl needs is limiting the success of a college institution and is showing questionable loyalty to O. A. C. The Owl is a measure of the humorous, literary, and artistic talent of the college and as such it merits the best effort of all those who owe the college their allegiance. Next year the staff hopes to receive contributions far in excess of its needs—in order that a book which will truly represent the college's potential ability along this line will be possible.



THE OWL SUGGESTS CAMPUS DAY

Junior Flunk Day on the campus has come to mean the unauthorized cutting of a day's classes by juniors, seniors or sophomores. The observance of Flunk Day this year by members of all three classes occasioned drastic punitive measures by the College authorities. To continue to observe Flunk Day in its present form, then, is impossible; and suggestions for a substitute are in order.

Those well versed in the history of the institution describe Flunk Day as it originated as a day which approximates the Campus Day of other colleges and universities. On this day the men of the school rendered good service during the morning in a general clean-up and beautifying of the College premises. At noon the fair ones fed the tired laborers and the afternoon was spent by each class according to a pre-arranged plan. This program is essentially the same as is now carried out on a great number of camps throughout the West with faculty approval. Its adoption here would mean returning to valuable tradition, which has since been perverted and abused. It would mean a better campus and closer cooperation between faculty and students, and would be fraught with none of the objectionable features which brought the old tradition of Junior Flunk Day into disfavor.



This issue is the last of the Owl for the school year. New officers have been elected, new members chosen from the contributors and plans laid for a better magazine for the year 1921-22. The outgoing editor and his assistants wish to take this opportunity to thank the students for the support and approval given the book. Many difficulties have been met in the publication of the Owl but lack of campus support has never been one of them.

The species "little sport" has long been known but has not received the close scrutiny it deserves. According to the approved ideals of sportsmanship the "little sport" has certain well defined characteristics by which he may be at once recognized and placed.

The "little sport" is found at the track meet, where he hisses and catcalls an opponent at the moment he approaches the jump or the starting point. Such action is often the cause of a nervous man getting a poor start and is as unfair as spiking him on the turn.

At the baseball game this same "little sport" baits the opposing coach with remarks that are intended to be insulting in the hope of "getting a rise out of him."

Narrowmindedness is the "little sport's" shortcoming, and he cannot realize the supreme effort of an opponent as apart from mere competition. He believes that unless the referee or umpire in his decisions actually favors the varsity that he is a robber—and tells him so.

He chortles with delight when a member of an opposing team is injured, although a man may be seriously hurt. His desire is to win by fair means or foul and he is first to falter in his support of a varsity team that is fighting and losing.

These and other characteristics show the "little sport" in whatever school or college he may be found. The group having a number of crabs and rowdies in its midst becomes known for that unsavory element, since a few "little sports" may reflect discredit on a student body that is behind its team in a clean, sportsmanlike way.

This undesirable element may be greatly discouraged, however, by the example and active disapproval expressed by his fellows wherever he shows his inclination toward crabbing and rowdiness.

Loyalty may be as deep and tooting as effective without descending to the depths of unsportsmanlike attitude toward the team's opponent.

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DOES IT TAKE A CAVE MAN TO TAME A WILD WOMAN?

Idonia was an athletic girl. She had won her block T at Madame Tingley's Finishing School; she rode well, skated gracefully; she swam like a dolphin, was a whirlwind at tennis, and—she boxed. More,—she boxed with a vengeance. It was a common saying about town that it didn't pay to get fresh with Idonia. More than one flirtatious youth had come home to nurse a black eye as a result of attempting to kiss her. And, as difficulty of attainment is a stimulus to desire, and Idonia had many charms of a gentler nature, she was much sought after by the boys of the town.

But Jackie loved her. And Jackie was the sort of man who, when he wanted a thing, didn't wait for it to come to him by divine beneficence, but went after it. And Jackie wanted Idonia.

They were sitting side by side on the old rustic bench in the garden. It was the most perfect of late spring nights, such as would have caused many a man less bold than Jackie to say, as he did.

"Won't you give me a kiss, Idonia?"

He said it, and the fight was on. Idonia rained blows on him, and he could but cover his face with his arms and wait his chance. Soon it came, and with a



He—Darling, do you love me?

She—Yes.

He—Are you willing to live on my income?

She—Yes, if you get another for yourself.

well-directed jab straight from the shoulder, Jackie caught her full on the point of the chin,—a smashing blow.

And Idonia, murmuring "My hero," sank fainting into his arms.

Smiling slightly, our Jackie removed his brass knuckles, foot-ball pads, and shin-guards, and pressed a soulful kiss to her lips.



THE GIRL OF '23

I saw a little co-ed

As fair as she could be,

She wore a Sophomore sweater vest,

Which showed good taste you see.

She caught my glance and said, "Hello,"

And then I saw her smile,

And just to see her once again

I think I walked a mile.

A campus romance had begun,

I felt a little sting,

For Cupid's little arrow, boys,

Had hit me with a bing.

I'll tell my tale and make it short,

It's plain as it can be,

The girl's that best, will wear the vest

Of Nineteen Twenty-Three.



HE WHO DANCES MUST PAY THE FIDDLER

Imagine this azure inverted bowl

Unblemished by cloud or by fog,

Imagine a fern-bordered babbling stream

Which runs near a moss-covered log,

Imagine a bower of green spreading leaves

Which the warm perfumed breezes sway;

Then imagine my lady and I here at school

"Making up" for Junior Flunk Day.



The girl stood on the burning deck,

Her face as stern as shards;

The villain grasped her by the neck

And saved his playing cards.



A Prayer of Thanks

Now I lay me down to sleep

I hope I always may

For if I never done it,

I wouldn't was today.



ALAS! ALACK! THOSE QUAIN'T SOUTHERN CUSTOMS ARE GONE!

The Colonel's mansion was aglow with lights, and the bustle in the courtyard was noticeable. The Blue Bloods of the Southern Gentry had assembled from miles around. Such familiar names as Spottywood Allens, the Durtt-Gardeners, the Van Drivers, the Koal-Haulers, the Rocanryes, and the Beertrees were found among those assembled at the house. Major Hedache was in fine spirits and was the life of the Party. His animation was contagious and many groups revolved around his cyclic personality. Colonel Gnutt, the genial host, expanded and crackled under the pressure of the many handclasps. Good fellowship fumed everywhere and all were in the best of spirits in his cellar. Southern hospitality was indeed a reality and not a mere breath of departed custom.

Tonight was the occasion of the big hunt, and the negroes were jubilant. The softening influence of the mellow moonshine was psychological. The wailing of a sobbing saxophone in conjunction with the twang of the fiddles, the gentle wail of the banjos, and the deep bass of the Swinette composed a strange melody that made the bottoms of the negroes' feet itch.

Over in the corner of the yard the old witch, Hazel, who was a tonsorial accessory to the household, was holding a seance with some departed spirits. She was crystal-gazing in the limpid moonshine and seemed to be wrapped up in the attentions of some absent spirit. Presently she was seen to shudder, hiccough, and roll her eyes. Rising, she toddled cross the yard to the house. The Rum hounds started to bay and were soon in full cry. Standing in the doorway, she caught the Colonel's eye and was put out. The Colonel held up his hand and nothing was heard but silence. "Gentlemen, the time is ripe. All are prepared, I presume? Then we shall depaht."

The party approached the hunting grounds as cautiously as a revenue officer on a still hunt. Nothing was heard but the sharp "zing" as a tobacco plant expectorated at a cuspidoria bush. Soon here and there could be heard the gentle hiccough of the hops calling to each other. The crooning of a mother hop singing a hoppy lullaby to her offspring made strange melody. The father hops were training the little hoppers on the wires and endeavored to make them into good hopheads. The hunters, creeping up on them, would flash their lights in their eyes and catch them in sacks when they fell off the wires. Soon the hunters reached the end of the field, their backs burdened under the trophies of the chase. Amid much laughter and song the hoppy hunters staggered back to the mansion under their loads.

The negroes were put to work skinning the hops and firing the huge kettles of malt and yeast. When the hops were well stewed, they were poured into huge

casks and rolled into the barn. In the meantime the hunters were being served a luncheon of cheese sandwiches and pretzels. The busy confusion and laughter was contagious and soon all were singing those quaint old Southern songs in the rollicking meter that runs like this:

Hail! Hail! The gang's all here,
Wot-in-'ell do we care?—Etc., etc.

and

It's always fair weather
When good fellows get together—Etc., etc.

Soon daylight showed in the East and the happy party of hunters started to break up and leave for their homes. Off in the distance drifted back those sweet Southern melodies and the famous marching song of:

Glorious, glorious,
Four kegs of beer for the four of us—Etc.

All in all, this scene marks the era of departing custom. Such gatherings as this, binding together neighbor and friend, are rapidly becoming fewer and fewer. Only a few old-timers of the Southern aristocracy continue these laudable customs. Scenes like this long remain in the memory of the initiated, to be oft recalled in the rosy glow of departing years, the autumn of our youth, intoxicating our imagination with the pure joy of reminiscence and recollection.



Ye Goode Olde Daze



DRINK OF WATER CAUSES DIRE FATALITY

ACT I.

Scene 1.

Place: Dense jungle of the Sahara.

Dri Martini, the Jewish explorer, is sitting by a hot spring boiling some ostrich eggs. In the background his two faithful servants, Peruna and Tanlac, are having a game of African golf. Of all the troupe of guides that set out with this redoubtable explorer these two have survived the delirium tremens and snake bite.

Martini gives a dry nicker like a night mare and Tanlac runs down on him.

"Oof—Watta Thoist," he remarks to Tanlac.

Tanlac beats his head with the palm of a tree and then suddenly his face lights up like an African Aurora Borealis. Martini nods his head and Tanlac runs thru the jungles. Peruna then revives himself and glides up to his master's side.

"Oof googly wop sezzee oof googly wop," essays Peruna.

Martini remains motionless gazing at the three ostrich eggs getting hard from being laid in the hot springs.

Curtain.



Movie Sensation

From movie scenario: "The intrepid hero dropped fourteen stories from a sky-scraper and is uninjured."

ACT I.

Scene 4 (percent)

Tanlac breaks noiselessly in the jungle on the boiling scene, his face the picture of a dry New Years' Eve.

"Oof googly wop," he says, falling down and absorbing himself on the ground.

Martini rises, his legs barely able to furnish any kick. His tongue hangs out a foot and he looks so thirsty that it's apt to hang all the way out.

Stalking back and forth, he remarks:

"To think I've searched the sunny shores of Greenland, the lard bound slopes of Greece, the deserts of New Hampshire; I've climbed the icy steppes of Russia at night, swam the Hellespont, seen the burial of the Dead Sea, made the Bering strait; bleached the Black sea, dyed the Red sea, shot the rapids of the Nile and buried them under the Pyramids! Yet never before have I had a task like this! For nine years I've searched for the interests of science and finally found the culmination of the search in view. In the harbor of San Salvadore, Peru, an Esquimaux sailor whispered to me in the shadow of a glass factory that he had seen one in the colony of Hittites, county of Bangor-Bangor, south-northern Sahara. Here I've arrived after countless hardships to find the object of my search has been deaf and dumb all her life and that she died ten years ago. Before I die I shall let the world know it is useless to search, for she is not in the world—the maiden who is consistent, who doesn't change her mind!"

With these words he wrapped his tongue around his neck and took a drink of water, choking to death immediately.



Hot Dog!

Prof.: "Will some one give the class two appropriate values for x and y ?"

Skof: "Seven and eleven."



Queener: "How old is that girl that you were with?"

Snake: "Sixteen."

Q.: "Oh, sweet sixteen and—"

S.: "No; sweet sixteen but—"



There was a wrapping on the door.
The carpenter removed it.



We wonder if a man's hair turns grey because his head is full of grey matter.



PEOPLE WE ALL HAVE MET

Phyllis Phullabull, the dame who, after you've taken her to a dance, and are walking her home, with about two-bits in your jeans, keeps talking about the swell time she had the night before out riding with the bird who pilots the Rolled-Rice.

O. Goliath Downe, the dumb-bell who, whenever you start to relate the latest wheeze, takes the words out of your mouth and grabs the plaudits of the gang for himself.

Miss Helfer-Eaton, the frail young thing, whose order at A's and K's sounds to you like the reading of a casualty list wherein the names of most of your family appear.

Iver E. Dome, the unconscious sap, who got only a "D" in a certain course. "You see it should have been an 'A,' but the Prof. marks low, and had it in for him, anyway.—" etc.

Buster Hart, the shell-shock, whose hobby is pin-planting, and then digging up said pin when he sees a fairer looking "garden" on the horizon.



The prof. posted
The midterm grades—
There was
A rush to see what
They were. "Look
At them, and then pass
Out," remarked the prof.
Everybody did.



Blank Verse

Speaking of blank verse
Reminds us
Of the extremely
Blank expressions
One sees on the campus
And in the classrooms
On Monday
Morning.



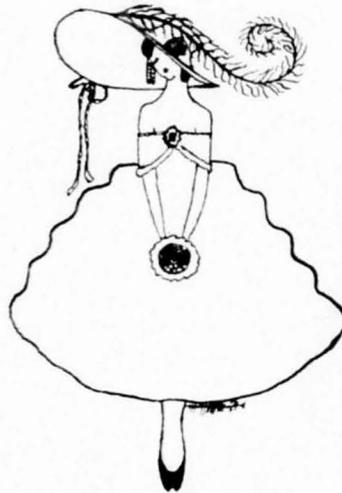
"Sorry," said the stranger to young Bearcat Briggs, of Philomath, "why did you strike your little brother with your fist?"

"Because I didn't have time to hunt up a club."



Prof. Young: "Did you see the beautiful aurora borealis last night in Portland?"

Montmorency: "No, and I thought I saw every cabaret in the city."



There was a young rookess named Ad,
Whose line was not at all bad;
But when after a drink
She fell into the brink,
'Twas a case of subtract, and not add.

WE, US & COMPANY
HEART BROKERS

Love made on short notice.

Tulip salve given away free of charge.

Our kisses and hugs are refreshing and embracing. Words of love extracted without pain, while you wait.

Satisfaction guaranteed, for we are strictly up-to-date. Will you give us a call?

U. Kissem & I. Huggem Co.

State Agents, Next door to Matrimony, City of Happiness, State of Contentment, Office Hours 1 till Won.



Physics?

Federal Boarder No. 1: "Yes, my last term's grades read like an army prescription."

F. B'er No. 2: "How come?"

F. B'er No. 1 encore: "Why, C. C., C. C."



Her lips were like the nectar—
Ineffable and sweet—
But when the big brute nectar
She knocked him off his feet.



Telephone call,
Strange man's voice—
Date.
C. P.
Beaver.
Lamentations!



Another day,
Another date,
Another perfect femme;
And she will say
That I'm her fate,
As have the rest of them.



It is now less dangerous to transport so-called "bonded" hootch than it is to drink it.



What could be sweeter than the privilege of lying in a graceful canoe, the stars appearing as mere iridescent punctures in a hemisphere of blue-black ink, the wind gently sighing through the tall pines that line the Mary's, with one's arm gently encompassing a soft white—pillow, and one's lips warmly, passionately, pressed against—the stem of a well-seasoned briar.



Br-r-r-rh!

Won't you meet our Mary, Mr.
So very sweet we almost kr.
But when she is peeved,
Oh, be not deceived,
That pink little tongue sure can blr.



Tip for Prohibition Officers

Proud Father: Sure, I am in favor of O. A. C.
Didn't the professors make Bud wiser?



Waldo, Waldo, Cauthorn, Dorm,
Catch a girlie if you're for'm,
If she's willing you've a quorum,
Waldo, Waldo, Cauthorn, Dorm.



Origin of the Yodel

A man was whistling and had to yawn, but couldn't
stop the whistle.

A MUSICIAN'S IDEA OF COLLEGE DANCING

Playing for college dances would not be thrilling for a blind man. He would not be able to get the "kick" that we do while watching couples execute the Chicken Scratch, the Turkey Trot, the Fox Trot, the Bunny Hug, the Woggle, the Strangle Hold, the Cheek to Cheek, and the sensational Shimmy. After every dance we find it necessary to console ourselves at home by turning to the thirtieth chapter of Demosthenes which says, "Thou shalt not sling a dirty heel."

I have been tickled pink watching the execution of everything from a Frog Hop and a Punkinsville Shuffle to the New Ethical Movement. The Monotony Brogan Hop is interesting. As the awkward one plants his brogans near the fair one she shuffles in the opposite direction to keep from being stepped on. As the boob sees her departing it is his cue to hop again, so he tries over.

When a fiddler slides into one of these dreamy moonlight heart-sympathizing and heart-rending waltzes that he can play by heart, he likes to meander out among the wobblers and get his ears and eyes full.

Once a little fellow was overheard asking a big stout rook why he wasn't dancing. This rook happened to be about as popular as woolen underwear at a formal.

"I'm merely looking for a concave lady for a partner," responded the rook.



Hefty: "Hi Stepper said if I'd advance him fifty dollars he'd show me a little high life."

Humpty: "Did you?"

"I told him I could see it in the movies for thirty cents."



"There's a destiny that shapes our ends," quoth the philosophical bird. Yes, and from the looks of some of them, he must have been a practical joker.



"This is the last of May," said the undertaker as he poured her ashes into the urn.



Goofette: "John's a mere youngster, isn't he?"

Goofy: "What makes you think so?"

Goofette: "Why, he's only in minor athletics."



Unconscious: "What's a baseball match?"

Subconscious: "Guess one that strikes in the box."



DO WE LEARN "UNITED STATES" OR "ENGLISH" AT OUR COLLEGE?

The astounding feats performed, and the marvelous things which happen in modern fiction move us to a more careful attention to the things going on about us; certainly we are missing something!

Focus your attention on this, for example: "She tripped lightly in thru the open doorway, bringing sunshine into the dingy room." We hope that a fall did not result from her tripping. And a person who can bring sunshine into a dark room without removing the roof or at least a wall or two is certainly in demand.

Again we read: "With a horrified expression, he cast his eyes into the valley below." After doing such a foolish thing as this, it is only natural that he should have a horrified expression. Or does it mean that he cast the expression into the valley along with his eyes? We dare not say.

"Saladine turned his hands outward with a gesture that said, 'You know Bert!'" Where did he turn his

hands? Outward. No doubt, for that is what it said. Wrong side out? Perhaps. Anyway, they were eloquent hands to speak so fluently. We wonder as to his nationality.

At another place we read, "As Helen entered the doorway, she swept the room with a glance." Oh, what a wife she would make! How efficiently she would care for her household duties!

One more: "Mrs. Davidson's ears still rang," seems to us a peculiar thing. Of course, usage has made it common to compare one's ear to a bell, but how it could ring still is beyond us! Further on we read that "It was singular that these two should be together." Was it singular or was it plural? And, "She passed him with her nose high in the air." Ye gods! How on earth do such people keep their anatomy complete?

To writers who insist upon getting action by means of causing their characters to handle themselves in such a reckless manner, we award the Crocheted Shot Gun for shooting Rubber Ducks.

A Rural Tragedy in One Act

Youthful Mary with narrow skirt —
Pretty, petulant, and pert —
Tried to jump across the stream,—
A rip, a dip, a gurgling scream!



Newton, Dean School of Mines,
Face and manner show hard lines.
Fawcett, Dean of co-eds frail,
This year's Beaver, good portrayal.



Disillusionment

When a pretty co-ed is ready for bed,
(We will not breathe her name.)
With fifteen curlers upon her head,
She does not look the same.



He was a caisson corp'ral,
A soldier in his prime;
He had a caisson Mary
That took up all his time.



Prof. (in ancient history): What had Diogenes, Aristophanes, and Demosthenes in common?

Student (in a daze): Could it have been their knees?"



Auto-matically

Multi Millions: "Is your son home from college?"
Well Thye: "I presume so. I haven't seen my car for a week."



Now Spring returns,
And laughing wood
We'll join their mirth
And be as joyful a



with perfume and with bloom,
f-symphs fill the air with song,
y and chase away the gloom,
is the day is long.



THE FIFTY-FIRST BEAN

Sing ho for the jolly fraternity board,
And the masses of grub that within us are stored;
Countless memories assail us of gay college scenes,
But most often the thought of those old frat house
beans.

We'd have Spanish beans, Irish beans, beans boiled
and baked,

Till our poor epiglottis with bean mash was caked;
While poor dad at home had to work all the harder
In order to furnish more beans for the larder.
On Monday we'd fall to, our insides to nourish,
And joyously eat all our beans with a flourish;
But when Saturday came, and we dragged to the scene,
We'd invariably choke on the fifty-first bean.
How often I've heard the house manager say
"Well, boys, for a change we'll have baked beans-to-
day."

And we'd dig in our forks with a deafening clatter,
As the little brown spheres disappeared from the
platter.

Since that day I have learned epicurean care,
And I've lined my interior with delicacies rare,
Till the portion encased by my belt now has come
To bulge out in front like a big kettle drum.
Yes, I've feasted on T-bones with fine wines and beers,
But I've not seen my feet for the last seven years—
And I long for the old college days so serene
When I'd gag and pass out on the fifty-first bean.



Fresh: "What's hurry?"
Fish: "I'm on a fast."

FORD MISSING—ON FOUR

Oh, lovely Springtime!
Traditional ring-time!

Ah, balmy days of flowers and birds and bees;
Invigorating thoughts of streams and roads and trees,
And things that we hold dear,

The co-eds, malted milk, and home-brew beer.
The joyful ways of sparkling days are here,
And all the hikes and picnics in the wood,
But still my days are drear,
I miss my Ford,
Oh, Lord!

Is there no method, none,
By which that mad night ride may be undone,
Returning me my battered little flivver—
Say, what's the matter with my Pa, the Giver?

In vain I grope.
No hope, no hope!
That joy-ride night
Has banished right
My darling little flivver from my pale.
No more shall blow-outs come to mar the frolic,
Cause me to rage as if I had the colic,
Oh, how I wail!
Can naught avail?

A "Chem" Prof. asked a co-ed
In a Home Economics class
If she could change cheese back to milk,
And that he had floored the lass.

She studied hard, quite ill at ease,
Then said, "Why, I know now,
I'd simply take the piece of cheese
And feed it to a cow."

American Princess

And Much Royalty

Arrive at London.

—Journal Headline.

Who pays the royalty? Father?

Indigestion Ode

Oh, pineapple! Luscious fruit!
Essence of nectar—soul of delight!

Fit for the gods—
For Milady's table—
Delicious—delectable—
But—

Thou givest me internal pains—
Oh, Pineapple.



THE FABLE OF THE MAN WHO
THOUGHT HE COULD

He drank the drink, but was not yet drunk. All was still, save the still, which was still distilling. It was night, but not dark, for there was moonshine abundant—moonshine flowing in from without, and moonshine flowing out from within.

Hanging on to his hat, Archie absorbed another glassful, and as he picked himself up from the floor where he had fallen he remarked, "With all thy faults, I love thee, still."

A storm was gathering outside, and so were the revenue officers. Archie had not heard them, for he was quite absorbed in the pleasant business of absorbing the product of his labors. The spirits called him, and his spirits rose as the spirits fell into the waiting glass. This was not an hour-glass, but it seemed hours before it was full again.

Once more he drank, and again he picked himself up. After straightening the kinks from his body, he lighted a Fortunate Blow cigarette, and sat down. His brain staggered. He felt as if he had had an encounter with a steam roller, and the steam roller had been victorious. His expression was that of a Chinese dragon eating coal.

The storm broke loose, and the officers broke in. Archie tried to break loose, but found himself faced with Colts—not of the equestrian variety, but the kind which speak with more persuasive power. This sobered him somewhat, and he abandoned his hasty leave-taking, in favor of a more leisurely sociability.

Dawn found Archie admitted to the bar—not Ivory, nor saloon bar, but the kind which really bar. During the next fortnight he found ample time to quiet and profound meditation.

Moral: "I shall never brew again. When I drink, it shall be Yiddish Beer—my brother, he-brewed it."



The canoe was drifting further out into the middle of Mary's river.

"Oh," cried she, "shouldn't we hug the shore?"

He (waxing interested): "Why the shore?"



Our good friend Al
Went out with a gal
Wading in Mary's river.
The stream ran cold
But Al was bold,
So he plucked the offending sliver.
Now the motto be,
Be not like he
For she might get one in her liver.

Only Himself to Blame

Sign in front of Majestic Theater:

HOBART BOSWORTH, in "His Own Way."



"Vot do dose three balls over your store mean, Ikey?"

"Two to vun you don't get your watch back, Abie."



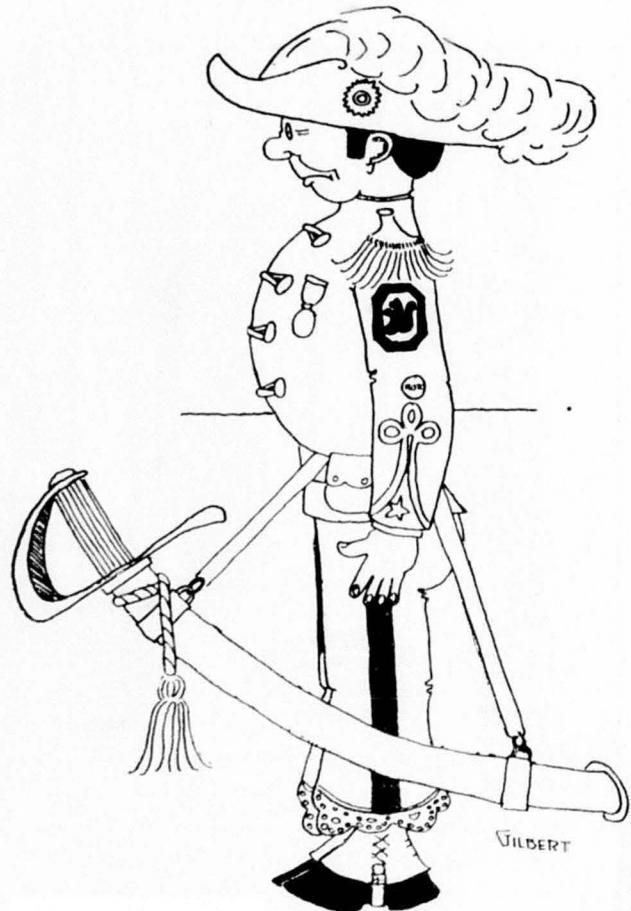
Rook (taking Commerce): Have you heard of the Home Economics girls' latest invention?"

Soph: "No! What is it?"

Rook: "Boiling knives with their clothes, to cut the dirt."



"Oh, look! The Kappa Sigs are all lit up tonight," said the fair rookess to her library date.



News note:

R. O. T. C. Adds Decoration

Ham: "A general?"

And: "No, an O. A. C. cadet in 1925."

DID YOU EVER FEEL THIS WAY
ABOUT IT?

I wear high-heeled shoes and I hate them;
I wear gloves and my hands would be free;
I bow and smile on the fawning crowd,
Though my heart is as sad as can be.

I must bow down to money and mammon;
I must cringe before Power's mighty throne.
I must conform to this custom and that —
And I can't say my soul is my own.

I must walk in the path of convention,
While my feet would follow the way
Untrodden by man, where the wild birds sing,
And watch nature's children at play.

But I follow each fad and fashion,
And carefully conform to each style.
I dress my hair in the last "approved" way
As I stand at my mirror and — smile.

Right to the Point

"Excuse this bit of sarcasm," said Crank to Blank,
"but I must say you are an infamous liar and a scoundrel."

"Pardon this bit of irony," replied Blank to Crank,
as he knocked him down with a poker.



Frank About It, Anyway

A Corvallis second-hand man had an eye to business when he hung out a card inscribed, "Buggy—For Sale," placing it on a second-hand bedstead.



Those Paris silk stockings at \$20.00 a pair ought to be darned good.



"My, but I am getting fat," remarked the man as he swiped a pail of lard from the butcher's counter.



A LITTLE THEATER MOVEMENT



HOW THE OWL STAFF READ PROOF ON THE DEDICATION

Proofreader: "We sing the praises of our teams—
comma—Of vic—pos—tries won—comma—of seeds"
Copyholder: "Thunder! Not seeds—**deeds.**"

"Deeds of valor bold—period—but now—comma"
"Shoot the comma."

"'Tis done. But now we turn with joyous wel-
coming to share—confound Lawrence, he always runs
in a pi line—the pleasures that the glad days hold—
period—so let us beat—"

"Meet."

"So let us meet and mingle with our friends—per-
iod—To hell with old King Frolic—"

"No! No! —a health—"

And that's about the sound of it when poetry is on
deck.



There may be such a thing as love at first sight, but
it usually pays to look twice.



A classy dame is my girl Flo,
She wears 'em high and rolls 'em low.
We went to see Midsummer Night's Dream,
She wore her furs—but not around her neck!

CALVIN WORE WOOL SOCKS

She was a sweet young graduate from the school
of home economics, and she went to teach in a country
school near Philomath. Calvin was a six-foot country
lad who was never known to take a bath. He sat by
the big stove all winter, but when spring came the
odor from the husky student's side of the room became
unbearable.

That evening she sent a note home by Calvin to
his mother, suggesting that the boy be dropped into
the bath tub. The next day Calvin came to school
and presented the fastidious O. A. C. graduate with
this note from his dotting parent:

"Deer teecher. We hire you to teach Calvin—not
to smell him."



THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

With what anguish of mind I remember my childhood,
Recalled in the light of knowledge since gained,
The malarious farm, the wet fungus-grown wildwood,
The chills I contracted that since have remained;
The scum-covered duck pond, the pig sty close by it,
The ditch where the sour-smelling house drainage
fell,

The damp, shaded dwelling, the foul barnyard nigh it;
But worse than all else was that terrible well,
And the old oaken bucket, the mold-crust'd bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hung in the well.

Just think of it! Moss on the vessel that lifted
The water I drank in the days called to mind;
Ere I knew what professors and scientists gifted
In the waters of wells by analysis find;
The rotting wood fiber, the oxide of iron,
The algae, the frog of unusual size,
The water as clear as the verses of Byron,
Are things I remember with tears in my eyes.

Oh, had I but realized in time to avoid them—
The dangers that lurked in that pestilent draught—
I'd have tested for organic germs and destroyed them
With potassic permanganate ere I had quaffed.
Or perchance I'd have boiled and afterward strained it
Through filters of charcoal and gravel combined;
Or, after distilling, condensed and regained it
In potable form with its filth left behind.

How little I knew of the enteric fever
Which lurked in the water I ventured to drink,
But since I've become a devoted believer
In the teachings of science, I shudder to think.
And now, far removed from the scenes I'm describin'
The story of warning to others I tell,
As memory reverts to my youthful imbibing
And I gag at the thought of that horrible well
And the old oaken bucket, the fungus-grown by
In fact, the slop bucket—that hung in the v



ANOTHER CHAPTER

For twenty-eight days the sun it shone,
 All the grass in the state was as dry as a bone.
 On the twenty-ninth day it was shining still,
 You could pick up a rock and light a pill.
 On the thirtieth day the heat goes to your head,
 On the thirty-first day you are apt to be dead.
 All this you will hear from an Oregon pal
 As he tells you the horrors of life down in Cal.



MODERN PRODIGAL

Nice fat girl
 Windy day
 Skirts blown up
 About half way.
 Prodigious son
 Began to laugh
 Because he saw
 The fatted calf.



NOW WE KNOW

Some get their grades
 By "Cramming,"
 Some get their grades
 By "Pull,"
 Some get their grades
 By "Horses,"
 And the rest get theirs
 By "Bull."



Onward he rode thru the blowing fields of wheat,
 In an easy galloping jog.
 A stranger to all he chanced to meet—
 This flea on the back of a dog.



Flip: "Why put soap in a small boy's mouth when
 he makes a slip of the tongue?"
 Flop: "Why not?"
 Flip: "It makes it that much more slippery."



A True Story

"Once there was a Co-ed who was beautiful, modest, and intelligent—," but as this was to be a true story, I cannot continue.



A man may be as old as he feels, but it doesn't follow that he's as big as he feels.

Dollars and Sense

A doctor's viewpoint from the standpoint of finance is "Keep 'em alive, keep 'em alive! Dead men pay no bills."



She: Isn't the clerk in that soda fountain awfully tall.

He: Yes, but I don't think he'll stay long.



Life is Such a Bore

WHAT MEN LIKE
IN WOMEN

1. Looks.
2. Brains.
3. Looks.
4. Money.
5. Looks.
6. Flattery.
7. Looks.
8. Responsiveness.
9. Looks.

—Jester.

VICE

Ah, there's one lust
 No man can tame.
 That is watching
 Some fair dame
 Who sits before him
 Every day
 With silk-clad soup bones
 On display.



Prof. (in Commercial Geog.) to student who is preparing an English assignment: "Name and explain the different zones of the earth."

Stude (caught unawares): "There are two zones, masculine and feminine. The masculine is either temperate or intemperate. The feminine is either torrid or frigid."



A black man fell heir to a library and became well read.

A black man fell into a barrel of paint and became, well, red.

A Russian fell in with a Bolshevik and became, well, Red.



Curious Fact: When a watch is sold it generally changes hands—this may appear odd on the face of it.



MUCKERS' SPECIAL

Five Brothers were riding Brown's Mule on the road to Westover and carrying a Mail Pouch. They saw the King Pin a Horseshoe upon a Star who had played a Masterpiece to the Climax, whereupon Dixie Queen gave a Honey Dip Twist to her lips as the Kismet and finished the Day's Work.



WHY CAN'T PEOPLE BE DEFINITE?

About the most aggravating thing in the World, is the Man who tries to Find out A girl's name from a Description given by A friend. "She's rather Short and dark but Then she is not So dark Either, about like John Doe and She Is kinda Tall too, about Like Jake Smith." A little more of This and you Don't know whether He Is talking about a Hottentot or A Fiji Islander. Why Don't he say the One with the Bump on her Right knee (you may have Seen her on the Campus), Or the one with The mole on her Left shoulder blade (you may Have seen her at a Dance). Why can't people be more Explicit?



Poor Lizzie!

She shrieked, she whined, in vain she plead;
'Twas lost on young O'Connor;
He "choked" her, though she was 'most "dead"
And then—he "stepped upon 'er."

THE DOG ATE FIRST

"Hot dog!" exclaimed the weary hobo in the vernacular of his college days, as he passed through the zone of food-laden odor before the eating joint door.

"Soup bone!" echoed the cur at his heels, "I'm not so particular."



Snake: "Eve, old kid, there's measles in this garden."

Eve: "I don't care, I've adam."



BELLS TELL

Hit or miss
Get this
A little bliss
Co-ed fair
Features bare
Standing there
Waldo Hall
Man's fall
That ain't all.



Prof.: "There was a mistake of one in that problem you copied from the board."

Rook: "Oh! I see now, I added your figure to the rest."



AUTOMOBILE REVIEW—SPRING MODELS FROM DETROIT

Rolls-Rapid. Weak-Six. Warranted against hoof and mouth disease. Just the thing for agriculturists.

Fierce-Sparrow. Will not rip or ravel. All wool and a yard wide.

Overhand Four. Guaranteed not to bark nor bite. \$6.50 f. o. b. Detroit.

Mormon. The family car. It pays to consider the future.

Wild-Knight. With automatic steering gear—leaves both hands free when driving.

Oilsmobile 8. A slick model. Something for the more fastidious.

Locoed-mobile. Will make them crazy about you! Slipps-Loose. Camouflaged so as to park by the roadside inconspicuously.

Kiddie-Kar. Glorified Light Four. \$4.80 delivered. Take one home to the children.



Perfectly Attired



WOND'ROUS WIT GLEANED FROM OTHER HUMOROUS MAGAZINES

IT USED TO BE

It used to be that "camel"
 Meant an animal with humps;
 But now it means a funny dance—
 What goes by skips and jumps.

It used to be that "teddy-bear"
 Meant a clever sort of plaything;
 But now it means just underwear—
 And isn't much of any thing!

It used to be that a good-night kiss
 Meant a peck upon the cheek;
 But now it is tres long, involved—
 And lasts—about a week!

—Lehigh Burr.



"I don't see how any man can put a nasty old pipe
 in his mouth," exclaimed the sweet young girl—and
 then she stooped over and kissed her bull dog.

—Orange Peel.



CHOCOLATE, SHORT AND THICK

Something Wrong Here

He: "Why didn't you answer my letter?"

She: "I never received it."

He: "You didn't?"

She: "No, and besides I didn't like some of the
 things you said in it." —Lehigh Burr.



"From what does the funny bone receive most of
 its nourishment?"

"From the humorous vein, I suppose."

—Lemon Punch.



Guide (taking American tourist through a Polish
 cemetery): "You see that large tomb over there?
 Beneath that were placed all the Polish soldiers who
 died in the great battle which took place three miles
 from here."

American: "Hum! Sort of a Pole vault, eh?"

—Tiger.



"Hm! Leaves of absence," mused the unpopular
 professor, as he turned over the pages of his attend-
 ance book.

—Sun Dial.



Ain't You Right, Mother?

"Mother, what is a dry Martini?"

"Heavens on earth child!"

"Oh!"

—Sun Dodger.



Professor Thinklittle: "Is there any sun as large as
 ours, Miss Blue-eyes?"

—Punch Bowl.



"Are you a mind reader?"

"Yes."

"Can you read my mind?"

"Yes."

"Then why don't you go there?"

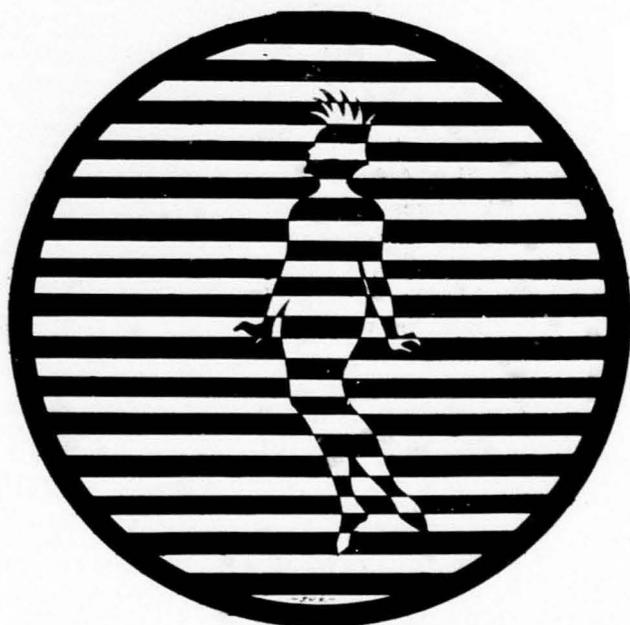
—Ex.



Tempus Fugits

"What causes the flight of time?"

"I don't know, unless it could be the spur of the
 moment!" —Lehigh Burr.



SOME CHICKEN—A BARRED ROCK?

"Say, Mom, do all people go to Heaven?"
 "Why, certainly, Willie."
 "Do cows go to Heaven?"
 "Of course not, how foolish."
 "Then we'll have to go to hell for our milk."
 —The Penn State Froth.



Oh Yoy!

"Ohhhhh! Lemuel, vat you tink? I vas arrested for speedink today."

"Vat, you? Vy you haf no car, haf you?"
 "No, not that. Speedink on the sidewalk!"
 —Lemon Punch.



Rights on the Right of Way

Autoist: "Why does every blamed chicken fly right toward my car?"

Constable: "Well, ain't you drivin' a coop-eh?"
 —American Legion Weekly.



"This is hard drinking," said the old-time booze-fighter, as he sat down upon a rock and quaffed a glass of water.



That jazz hound seems to have nine lives as well as the proverbial feline.

Delicacy

Considerate little girl: "Please, Mr. Keeper, will it hurt the elephant if I gave him a currant out of my bun?"



He—Why do you give me the cold shoulder these days?

She—Well, now, Billy, it's your fault that it's cold.
 —The Penn State Froth.



The doctor's work fills six feet of ground, but the dentist's fills an acher.



"Pioneer Plays 90,000th Game of Checkers"—Oregonian. Old boy must have had a checkered career.



Wiseacre: Lemons were made to squeeze, but I would rather squeeze a peach.



A sporty-looking goof on the seaside makes you sick, but a swell on the sea makes you sicker.

Corvallis Barber Shop

FOR SERVICE
 BEFORE THE HOP

Star Transfer Company

Service for Picnic Crowds
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Julian Hotel Barber Shop

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 SHOE SHOP

FOR SERVICE



To the Juniors:

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A's & K's
IN YOUR HIGHNESS
NEXT YEAR

Graham & Wells

Agents for
ROYAL TYPEWRITERS
BRUNSWICK GRAPHOPHONES
EASTMAN KODAKS AND SUPPLIES



REICHART'S

THE QUALITY CLEANERS AND TAILORS
1444 Jefferson Street Telephone 2527

Teacher: "Willie, if I would give you \$20 what would you do with it?"

Willie: "I'd make a straight run for

J.H.Harris
THE STORE OF SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

and buy a Kirschbaum suit, a pair of Douglas shoes, a Hall-Mark shirt, a new hat, and—and—and, if I had any money left, I'd buy candy with it."

WHOM DO I LIKE?

Jim is very stupid,
Bill is very bright!
Jim always toddles,
Bill reads at night!
Jim likes Aphrodite,
Bill likes Rigoletto!
Jim has a hip-pocket,
And more at home.
Jim likes to "Stutz,"
Bill likes to walk!
Bill thinks Haig and Haig
Is the name of a Scottish town
And uses a prescription
Only when he is ill!

* * * * *

Mother likes Bill!

—Lehigh Burr.



"Why do you seem so fussed?"
"Oh, I always feel self-conscious in an evening gown."

"Sort of all dressed up and no place to go?"

"No. * * * Nothing on for the evening."

—Frivol.



The rooster, like a lot of men,
Can crow to beat the deuce;
But when you crowd him for results,
You find he can't produce. —Puppet.



When Eve passed the luscious fruit
Then clothing came in style.
We'll have to pass the fruit again
In a short, short while. —Sun Dodger.



A mother's heart gives 4th joy at her baby's 1st 2th.

COURTESY QUALITY SERVICE

It will be to your interest
to be as wise as the owl

Visit

THE HOWELL STUDIO

Telephone 2200

Opposite The Julian



THEN FUR FLEW.

"Were you and daddy good boys when I was gone?" asked the mother.

"Oh, yes, mother," replied the child.

"And did you treat nurse respectfully?"

"I should say we did!"

"And did you kiss her good-night every day?"

"I should say we did." —Dirge.



Accuracy.

Editor: "Are you the chump who wrote about the dance Friday?"

Reporter: "Yes."

Editor: "Well, look at this. 'Among the prettiest girls in the room was Frank Newman.' Nice rubbish, that is. Don't you know that Frank is a boy?"

Reporter: "Sure, but that's where he was."

—Lehigh Burr.



We Will—Not

"Let's go to the show tomorrow night."

"We're giving a house dance tomorrow night."

"Alright, we'll go there then."

—Lemon Punch.



True!

Sing a song of sixpence,

A pocket full of rye.

And any man that gets it for that

'S a doggone lucky guy. —Judge.



Mistress: "I saw the milkman kiss you this morning. In the future I will take the milk myself."

Jane: "It would be no use, mum. He's promised never to kiss anybody but me."

—Whiz Bang. Topics of the Day.

For Graduation

Our stock offers hundreds of suggestions. Some of the principal ones are: wrist watches, pearl beads, rings, umbrellas, pins, Eversharp pencils, Waterman pens, etc.

Even at a low price you can find at your Jeweler's gifts that last.

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Go to the

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For home-made candies, ice cream, fountain specials

A First Class Cafe
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Social dancing Private lessons by appointment,
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Class nights every Thursday, 8 to 11 o'clock.
Three hours music, three hours practice. Latest
dances taught. Gentlemen, 75c; ladies free. Legion
Hall.

We are members of the State Association of
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MRS. HOGUE

Telephone 4278

A. B. C.

See the stu-dent. He is in a class-room. Why is
he in the class-room? He does not know. He will tell
the world he does not know. Where is his text-book?
It is still in the book-store. What is a text-book? It
is a book written by a pro-fes-sor and sold to his stu-
dents to keep him from star-ving. This stu-dent has
fooled his pro-fes-sor. He has not bought a book. He
should wor-ry if the pro-fes-sor starves. What is this?
The stu-dent has for-got-ten. The pro-fes-sor is go-
ing to call on him. Will he ans-wer? No, he will not.
Why will he not? Be-cause he is a-sleep.

—Yale Record.



"They seem to be making cigarettes smaller and
smaller."

"Yes. It won't be long before it will be a cinch to
put a camel through the eye of a needle."

—Lord Jeff.



He Came Clean

Mother: "Now, Bobby, was it you who ate all
the white meat off the chicken?"

Bobby: "Well, mother, to make a clean-breast of
it, I did."

—American Legion Weekly.



He—If I should kiss you, er, er, uh—

She—Yes, yes, go on.

(Business of going on.) —Jester, Columbia.



Efficiency

But since she's had it bobbed off short

"Don't muss my hair," she used to cry

As we'd sit in the parlor.

There is no cause ot holler.

—Sun Dodger.

The Place You Eat the Best

We do our utmost to feed you
well and make you feel at home



Sullivan's Quick Lunch

Across Monroe Street from Mechanical Hall



A Sharp Reply

Tourist—What's that beast?

Native—That's a razorback hawg, suh.

Tourist—What's he rubbing himself on the tree for?

Native—Jest stropping hisself, suh, jest stropping hisself.
—Widow.



Jones had unexpectedly come face to face with Green, from whom he often borrowed money. "Er-er, what was the denomination of the bill you loaned me, Green?" he asked.

"Episcopalian, I guess," said Green, "at any rate it keeps lent very well."
—Orange Peel.



"You say Gillis doesn't have much of a line?"

"Naw, why he can't even string a banjo."

—The Penn State Froth.



At Any Fraternity House

Frosh: "Guess you fellows had better go to the phone in a body—I dunno who's wanted."

Several Brothers: "How's that?"

Frosh: "Someone owns 'dearest.'"

—Lehigh Burr.



Very Niggardly

Sam (to wife at show)—Mandy, tell dat niggah to take his ahm away from aroun' yo waist.

Mandy—Tell him yoself. He's a perfect strangah to me.
—Brown Bull.



"There ain't no 'uice" said the Swede motorman disappointedly, as he hung himself from the trolley.

Cummings Electric Store



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WE HAVE IT

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WHY NOT TRY—

The Varsity Sweet Shop

For Ice Cream and Fancy Drinks
Prompt Service Our Specialty
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For first-class work, prompt service, call
We call for and deliver. PHONE 98

BUYING MOST we buy for less
SELLING MOST we sell for less



312 Department Stores

Engineering Students!

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Why corrugated culverts for road work, and Lennon type flume for irrigation, made from "Armco" ingot iron are the best.

Coast Culvert & Flume
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Save **15c** and get

BETTER KODAK WORK

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For Every Wear

THE BOOT SHOP

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126 Second Street

Pastime Malted Milks

Are Famous

CANDIES, CIGARS

SOFT DRINKS

WAGNER BROTHERS

Under the Julian Hotel

HONEY, DO

Last summer
Louise asked me
To a picnic, and
Told me to bring
Some sandwiches along.
She forgot to say what kind, so
I dropped her a postcard, and asked:
"Shall I bring honey
Sandwiches, honey?"
And the next day she replied,
A la mail, saying:
"No, bring HAM sandwiches,
YOU HAM!"

—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.



Recipe for Wealth

"How did Dubbs become a millionaire so quickly?"
"He's an importer."
"From Europe?"
"No, from Canada."

—American Legion Weekly.



Prof. (calling roll)—Smith?

Smith—Here, Sir.

Prof. (to whole class)—Are you all here?

Smith—Practically.

—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.



Ed—I'd rather be a business man than a doctor.

Med—Why?

Ed—Because a business man works, while a doctor
only practices.

—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.



Ode to my lady's lips—My cold.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF CORVALLIS, OREGON

Old and Reliable

Member Federal Reserve System



A Little Service, Please

Wild-eyed Man: For Gawd's sake, call up Annie quick for me."

Spiritualist Medium: "But what am I to ask her?"

W. M.: "Tell her the undertaker's waiting, and I don't know where she hid the five-dollar bill."

—Sun Dodger.



First Flea (on Post Toastie box)—"What's your hurry?"

Second Flea—"Don't you see that sign, 'Tear along this edge.'"

—The Penn State Froth.



SHE PHILOSOPHIZES

What's the use o' livin'?

Ain't no aim.

What's the use o' thinkin'?

Only pain.

What's the use o' kissin'?

He'd just tell.

What's the use o' anythin'?

—O, Hell.

—Goblin.



He saw her, and within a month
Fond hopes began to shoot;
He swore to her his mighty love
And strongly pressed his suit.

No more his heart in joy doth feed
On Love's uncertain fruit;

'Tis true that he to court doth go,
But she doth press the suit!

—Punch Bowl.



There was a young dentist named Snell,
Who was heard to utter a yell—

"I can't wake this youth

For I've yanked the wrong tooth.

If I don't, though—ten bones gone to hell."

—Jester, Columbia.



"Orders Are Orders."

On a 1918 troop train these two orders were pasted on the wall:

Divisional: "No liquor is permitted aboard troop trains."

Regimental: "Don't throw bottles out of the windows."

—American Legion Weekly.

Majestic Theater

COMING ATTRACTIONS
FOR MAY AND JUNE

Monday, May 30; Tuesday, May 31—"Paying the Piper," Paramount Special; "Up in the Air," Comedy.

Wednesday, June 1; Tuesday, June 2—"The Greater Sacrifice," W. M. Farnum; "April Fool," Comedy.

Friday, June 3; Saturday, June 4—"The Jucklins," a Paramount Special; Pathe News and Pollard Comedy.

Monday, June 6; Tuesday, June 7—"Chickens," McLean; "Hands Up," Comedy.

Wednesday, June 8; Thursday, June 9—"The Texan," Tom Mix; "Mr. Fatiwa," Comedy.

Friday, June 10; Saturday, June 11—"Passionate Pilgrim," Paramount Special; Pathe News and Snub Pollard.

Crystal Theater

COMING ATTRACTIONS

Monday, May 30; Tuesday, May 31; Wednesday, June 1—"Lying Lips," a Thomas H. Ince Special.

Thursday, June 2; Friday, June 3; Saturday, June 4—"The Mask," a big Super Special.

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Swimming Suits



Most college men and women who enjoy real swimming wear Jantzens! Be sure to see the original elastic swimming suit—close clinging—made to give with every movement of the body. Pure wool. Most of the world's champion swimmers wear Jantzens. Do you?

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The Corballis Gazette-Times

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OWL

AND BEGS TO BE
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to repair women's shoes. Some women imagine that once the soles wear out, the shoes are wearless—but this is not true. We not only replace soles and heels but bring your shoes back to their original shape and style. Try our work next time your shoes are worn. You'll be surprised.

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Kline's
1864

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student enterprise



The Beaver is the place to eat,
The meals we serve are hard to beat.
Our price is low and the service fine,
The BEAVER is the place to dine.
So eat with us and bring your friend
And we will all our efforts blend
To make you so much at home
To no other cafe you will roam.

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Established 1867
THE QUALITY STORE OF PORTLAND
Fifth, Sixth, Morrison, Alder Sts



THE TOP of THE EVENING

Yes, sir. It is these flowers from you which will bring the light to her eyes and the joy to her heart. You are not likely to forget, but make sure to have just the flowers she likes best. Let us help you to make the evening's bouquet a genuine surprise.

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