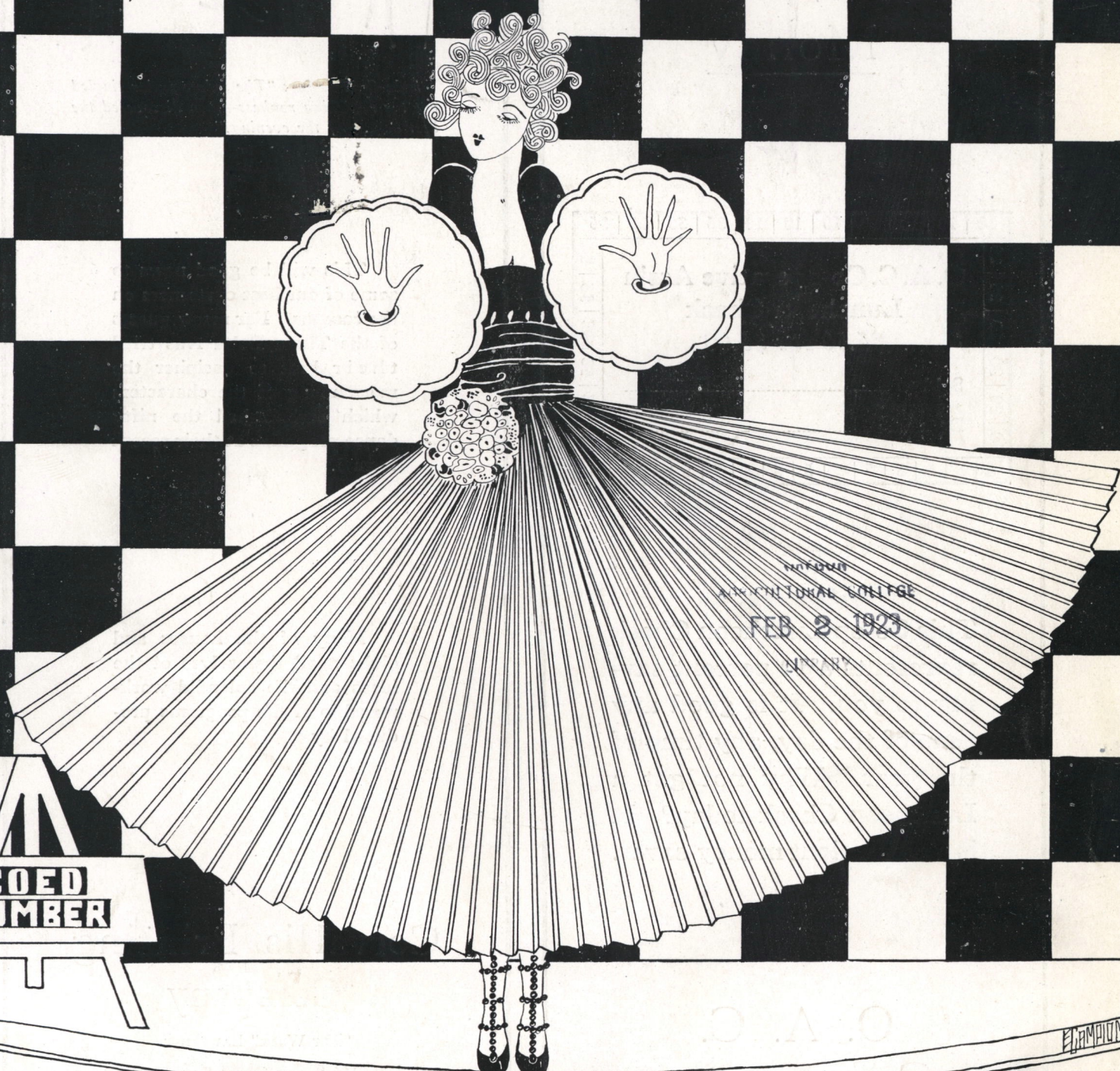


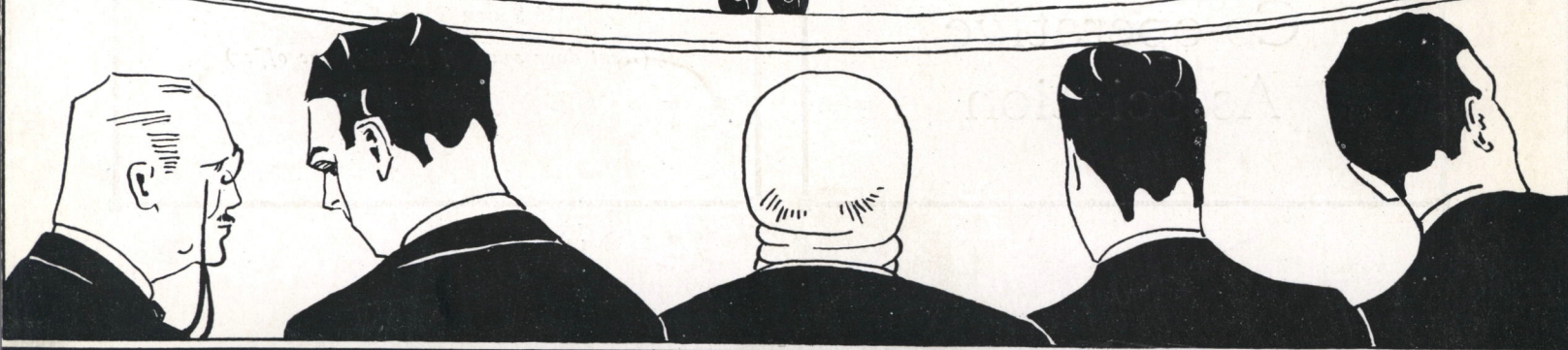
ORANGE OWL

January



HOTEL
ARCHITECTURAL COLLEGE
FEB 8 1923
MAY 1923

COED
NUMBER



This Ticket Will Save You Money

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Indo-Chinese for: "The sedate senior singled out the rollicking rookess—then discovered the best dancer of the evening!"

This will be good news to some of our best customers on the campus. For many guests of the Theta Delta Nus tried their best to decipher the meaning of the characters which embellished the nifty dance programs at their recent formal.

Many of the houses and clubs avail themselves of the ideas and the splendid workmanship of the programs produced by

**Corvallis Printing
Company**

"ART WORK" LAWRENCE

116 SOUTH THIRD STREET

(Next door south of the telephone office)



The Orange Owl

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Men with convictions are numbered—look in the penitentiaries.



She (tearfully): "Why did you take me to this show when you are drunk?"

Prohibition Enthusiast: "That's easy. It's economical. See three shows for two ticke's."



We Copied This

"My son vas in Europe."

"Izzie?"

"No, he vas."



Pass the butter gently, brother,
Pass it lightly through the air—
In the corner by your left hand
You will find a dark black hair.



Fraternity: "Where did you get that new overcoat?"

Brother: "Is it yours?"



An old backwoods mossback is like a good movie—they both have their Climax.



Sorority: "I've quit using face powder."

Sister: "What are you trying to be—a shining example?"

The staff of the co-ed edition of the Orange Owl wishes to thank all those advertisers who helped so materially in making this issue possible.

Day by day, in every way, we learn to serve you better and better.

Our New Line

for spring and summer
bears ample evidence that we utilize
our experience for the betterment of
our service.

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Remington and Winchester Guns
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"What's your room-mate like?" you ask.
I'll tell you, like as not—
For I've discovered that he likes
'Most everything I've got.



The man who claims a broken heart
Will oft, if you'll observe,
Not really have his organ broke—
He's merely lost his nerve!



The men are such a funny lot.
I like 'em.
They peddle such a line of rot.
I like 'em.
They tell you lies, they call you dear,
They drink moonshine and think it's beer—
Yet say the things you wanna hear.
I like 'em.



I hate beans
I hate squashes
But most of all I hate to see
My dream girl
In galoshes!



If you plan on serenading,
It rains.
If you plan pajam-parading,
It rains.
If you plan on going walking,
Just to do a little talking
Where the sisters won't be gawking—
§ § ‡ ‡ † † ! ! !—it rains!



Evolution

The spirit of '76.

The spirits of 1919.

The moonshine of 1923.

First National Bank

of Corvallis, Oregon

Resources Over \$1,700,000.00

Member Federal Reserve System



Heave Ho!

"I'm in love with the ocean"

Declared Miss Marjory Twit.

"And just to prove my devotion
I share all my meals with it."



"I've been trying to think of a word for seven days."

"Why not use 'weak'?"



Sigma Nu: "Why won't you marry me, Mary?"

Tri Delt: "I've told you time and again that our noses simply don't fit. So please don't bother me."



"Tell you what?" exclaimed Marian Nothing, when she found out that her fiance had known something for some time and hadn't told her. "Tell you what—the next time I get engaged I'll get a barber. They dress swell, smell nice, hear everything, and tell it right away!"



God made the bees,
The bees made the honey,
The flapper winks her kidding eye
And then she gets your money.

Coming Attractions

Whiteside and Majestic Theaters

WHITESIDE THEATER

February 5, 6, and 7

"MINNIE"—A big Marshal Nieland production.

February 8, 9, and 10

"THE DANGEROUS AGE"

A John M. Stahl production.

February 12, 13, and 14

"TRIFLING WOMEN"—A big Metro Special.

February 15, 16, and 17

"FURY"—A First National Special.

MAJESTIC THEATER

February 5, 6, and 7

"DAUGHTER OF LUXURY"—Agnes Ayers.

February 8, 9, and 10

"BEAUTIFUL AND DAMNED"

From the book.

February 12, 13, and 14

"MAKING A MAN"—Jack Holt.

February 16, 17, and 18

"NERO"—A Fox Super Special.



It's
toasted

This one
extra
process
gives a
delightful
quality that
cannot be
duplicated

Guaranteed by

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"What a lovely new dress, dear!"
"No new dress. New room mate."



Ways of Women

A lad, a kiss, a fond goodbye—
He's gone!
A glance, a dance, another man—
And so the world goes on.



She: "I'll kiss you once, but never ask me again."
He: "Fine! That'll save me a lot of trouble."



I got a gold in my ed
It was my mean old beau
And now when I wad to kiss im
My nose I ab do bleau.



The Dairyman's Lament

"Every day in my dashing way, I'm getting butter
and butter."



"What's the matter with that brother of yours
over there? Is he blind? Why he just ran into that
tree."

"Naw, he's not blind. He's just planted his pin
again. He's not blind. He just don't give a damn."



She weighed 110 pounds without her clothes and
complexion.

ASK DAD, HE KNOWS

The cork-tipped Turkish cigarette
That I delight to puff,
Whose azure incense veils the world
And hides its edges rough;
The whiff that nightly to my soul
Elysian joy discloses,
Now has its rich perfume enhanced
By being blent with roses.

For when my sweetie rolls the weed
With nimble finger tips,
And sets the finished cigarette
Between her rosy lips—
Before she passes it to me
And thus completes my bliss,
She leaves upon the tiny smoke
The fragrance of her kiss.



She had a chap gallery that contained the auto-
graphed photos of fifty Arrow collar ad youths of the
college. "Ah," said her latest victim, after glancing
at them, "Is this your collection of souvenir spoons?"



"Why do you stick around that nigger cigar store
so much?"

"Oh, I got a drag with the big smoke in there."



Why Are Men?

Margot Asquith and I got something in common—we both know a lot about men. Isn't it the cat's whiskers when you really do stop and think what a simple creature a man is? There are two kinds—with and without. Those with (meaning whether they have a line) belong to the I-Hate-Myself Club and think us wimmin fall for 'em, and those without are Rubber Tires and charter members of the Gimlet Club—motto, Bore Brother Bore. They're like sheep—dress alike, comb their hair alike, and think they're getting by with it. Any man who's a bit different is considered a goof by the rest of the male sex; if he reads or is at all intelligent he's a stick of dead wood; he must conform to the cut and dried pattern. They'll fall for a dab of powder and a smear of rouge and never see the vacuum behind the camouflage. Another thing, most men are blind and those that aren't see too much. When your favorite Pip-Squeak or Blue Serge takes you to a dance, I'll wager two hair nets against a box of Milos, that he can't tell you afterwards what kind or color of dress you had on. But if he gets a new tie and you don't notice it and Oh and Ah girlishly over it, he'll probably sulk. If you've got a Police Dog that sees too much, better get him some blinders. Men are vain—ever notice those cunnin' lil combs they carry around in their pockets or on their watch chains to keep that part just so—or how they train those two hairs over their "high foreheads" if they haven't enough to part—or how peacocky one can get over a scraggly toothbrush effect on his upper lip? Perhaps you're wondering how I know so much about them—to begin with, it doesn't take long to find a man out and besides I went to an agricultural college where there were two and one-half men for every girl, and if you were clever there were more. So you see I got my information first hand. This life of ours is nothing but a gamble after all and either you got a man or you haven't, and if you're going to be in style you might as well pick

one out and tame him before he knows it. There's some things you should always find out before you take one to train:

Is he a hair netter? (If so, you'd better join the Shifters and get a supply of nets.)

Does he shake a wicked hoof?

Does he carry anything in his hip pocket besides a pocket handkerchief? (If so, avoid him like you would poison oak, because Hootch ruins that school girl complexion.)

Has he got a car? (If so, don't hold it against him.)

You can't expect too much at first, but with proper training they sometimes improve. It's always wise to have more than one trainee at a time—keeps 'em guessing. There's lotsa things in this vale of tears that you gotta close your eyes to and men is one of them things, only don't close them too tight when you do your picking, and never take 'em seriously.



"Are you going to see the swimming meet?"

"I should say not! We have salmon every Friday night."



"That twin six knocked me flat" said Hump Kamel, as the dice read 12.



"How did you like your date last night?"

"Awful! He didn't match that new evening gown at all."



"No, Rollo, 'The Maiden's Prayer' is not better known as 'Mendelssohn's Wedding March'."



Verse Libre (as she should be writ)

Boiled lobsters

And half dressed chicken

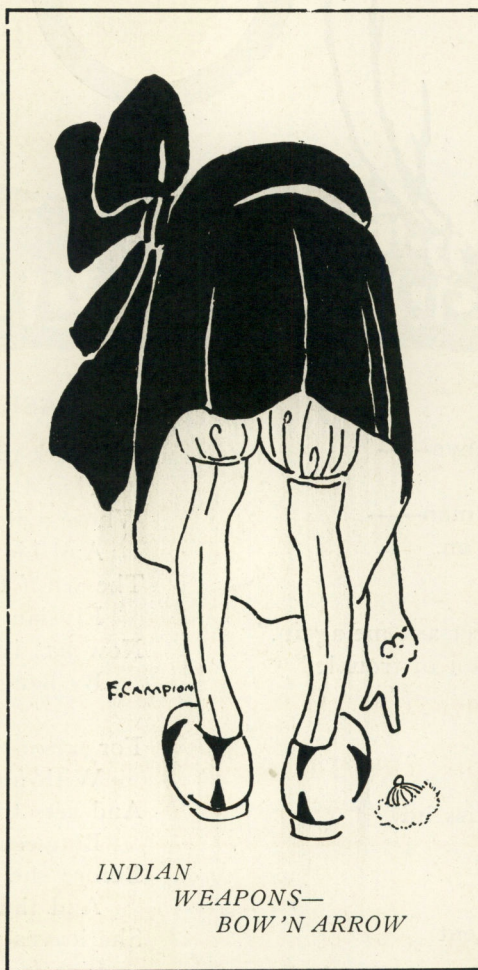
Half-baked loafers

And the divorce courts are full,

Clear full.



They called the show the Ingersoll Revue. It had a cheap movement and even the police couldn't stop it from running.





To that struggling class of creatures known as man, who, though handicapped by nature and unable to reach the pinnacles the fair sisters have attained, are courageously aspiring, the following is respectfully dedicated:

Seniors, Juniors, and Freshmen, lend me your ears.
The Sophs have already pawned theirs for a pittance.
I come to orate briefly, not on the frivolity of woman,
But on the stupidity of man.
You do all know his failings.
So why speak I, even briefly
On a theme that causes so much heart ache?
When God created man,
He made him full of blunders.
The essence of deceit, vainglorious.
Withall, a wonder of wonders.
But when God viewed the creature of his labor,
He grieved; yet spake straightway in this wise:
"Every day in every way I'm making them better
and better."

So he made woman.
And the model was so perfect,
That ever since the multitudes have
Recognized the superiority of woman.

First Dumb Idiot: "Clara and Clarence are pretty thick, aren't they?"

Second Dumbell: "Yes, you bet."

Drunk (in aquarium, chasing fish): "There never was and there never will be."

Attendant: "Never was and never will be what?"

Drunk: "A fish with elbows."

The armless magician was explaining his skilful methods to the audience.

"I have to be clever," he said, "for I can't have anything up my sleeve."



A FINAL EXAM

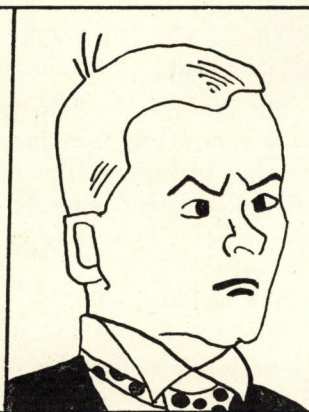
The worms called out
As they crawled in,
This poor old wreck's
So gol-darned thin
We can't find nothin'
But bones and skin.

On his tombstone
Was a nice long name,
But this darn corpse
Is a big skin game!

He went to college for polish, but came home on his vacations without even a shine.



He what I like
what don't
like me.



He what I don't
like what likes
me.



He what I don't
like what don't
like me.

He what I like
what likes
me.



ORANGE OWL

EDITORIAL



VOL. IV.

Corvallis, Oregon, January, 1923.

NO. 3

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"THE female of the species is more witty than the male." Thus has Kipling reached the zenith of paraphrasism.

But her wit profiteth her little. With ennuied, supercilious smirk, man pays tribute to the cracklingest and spiciest of her repartees; while the bitter experience for ages has taught her the wisdom of chortling and trilling long at the moss-eaten or moth-covered crack or jibe exhumed by man.

But she is wise.

She knows the justifications of silence. She knows when to listen; she knows how to listen, and that good listeners are at a premium. She knows also that her ideas on her own personality may not be shared by all others; in silence she shows wisdom.

She is polite.

She knows the idiosyncracies of human nature; she is completely familiar with the thoroughly masculine trait of self-extollment. She appreciates the educational, altruistic motive of the auto-eulogistic male. And in her silence she is charitable, she is kind, she is polite.

She is hospitable.

She both invites and entertains the feeble joke. She is a veritable sanitarium for overworked and collapsed witticisms. Her mind is a ward full of weak puns, too weak to stand. In her hospitality, she turns none away.

But——

She is INEXPRESSIBLY BORED.



BASKETBALL

EVERY season has its game to balance the stress of school life. Games that add to college spirit are important factors in a successful institution. In the spring comes baseball, in the fall football, and in the winter, the rainiest, dreariest term of all, there is basketball, to make us forget quizzes and term papers due.

Our basketball season opened this year with a trip to California during the Christmas holidays. Out of eleven games, eight were won, piling up a total score of 326 points, against 169. With a team composed of men like Hjelte, Ridings, Gill, Ross, and Steele, the season's possibilities are unlimited. Our second team would give most conference teams a race for honors.

Our continued undivided support can be the deciding factor in O. A. C.'s chances for the championship.



PRESERVING THE FLEETING HUNCH

WHAT jewels are lost to the world, what buried treasures remain hidden, because of inability to preserve the fleeting hunch! What freaks and fancies, what whims and vagaries flash through the mind, to be grasped at eagerly, and to be shattered in the very hold that closes over them. With clear intensity the fugitive inspiration catches the fancy—and is gone as quickly with the tiniest attempt at analysis. The world's finest literature, its greatest inventions, and its best art may never develop beyond the stage of potentiality, for the will-o'-the-wisp dream will not pause—it cannot be caught—teasing, elusive, it flutters out of reach.



WE GIVE THANKS

MEN, in the scheme of life, are rather more than unnecessary, yet we are willing to praise a few of the "weaker sex." First, we greatly appreciate the cooperation of the advertisers who helped to make this issue possible. And to Professor Edwin T. Reed we grudgingly give our thanks for his aid in preparing copy. And, last and not least, we have a small amount of admiration for the males of Hammer and Coffin who were willing to give us this chance of inflicting punishment.

PEN PUSHERS

Mary Robinson
Adelaide Richardson
Madge Shearer

USELESS GRADES

GRADES! What are they? Mere numbers, letters, listed and filed in numerous places, to be recorded forever either for or against one. From the beginning it seems students have worked toward the goal of that little mark that goes down representing the worth of their work.

Why do we go on working for grades instead of for the benefit we ourselves derive from a conscientious study of a course? Little good a file of grades will do when we have left the shelter of our Alma Mater, for the ever-critical, busy, work-a-day world; while the development and broadening we have gained from the study of the experiences and wisdom of those who know, may determine our success or failure in life.

In a school of this size it is impossible for an instructor to know personally every student in his classes. To know each one's individual problems and difficulties in a particular course is out of the question. Then how can all grades be fair? Better to have no grades than to have some just and others not. Our instructors are human and few human beings are mechanical enough to deal with a group of people without allowing the personal element to enter in.

Some of our institutions of the highest standards have abolished the grade system and the application of the students may well be called above average. Certainly a few will be content merely to "get by" with the least possible effort; however, it is their loss, so why consider them?

The feeling that we are being driven, and at times asked to do the impossible, is a drawback. We do not always realize that instructors are here for our benefit, not theirs. They know their subjects, and it is for our own good that they drill us and insist upon a certain quality of work.

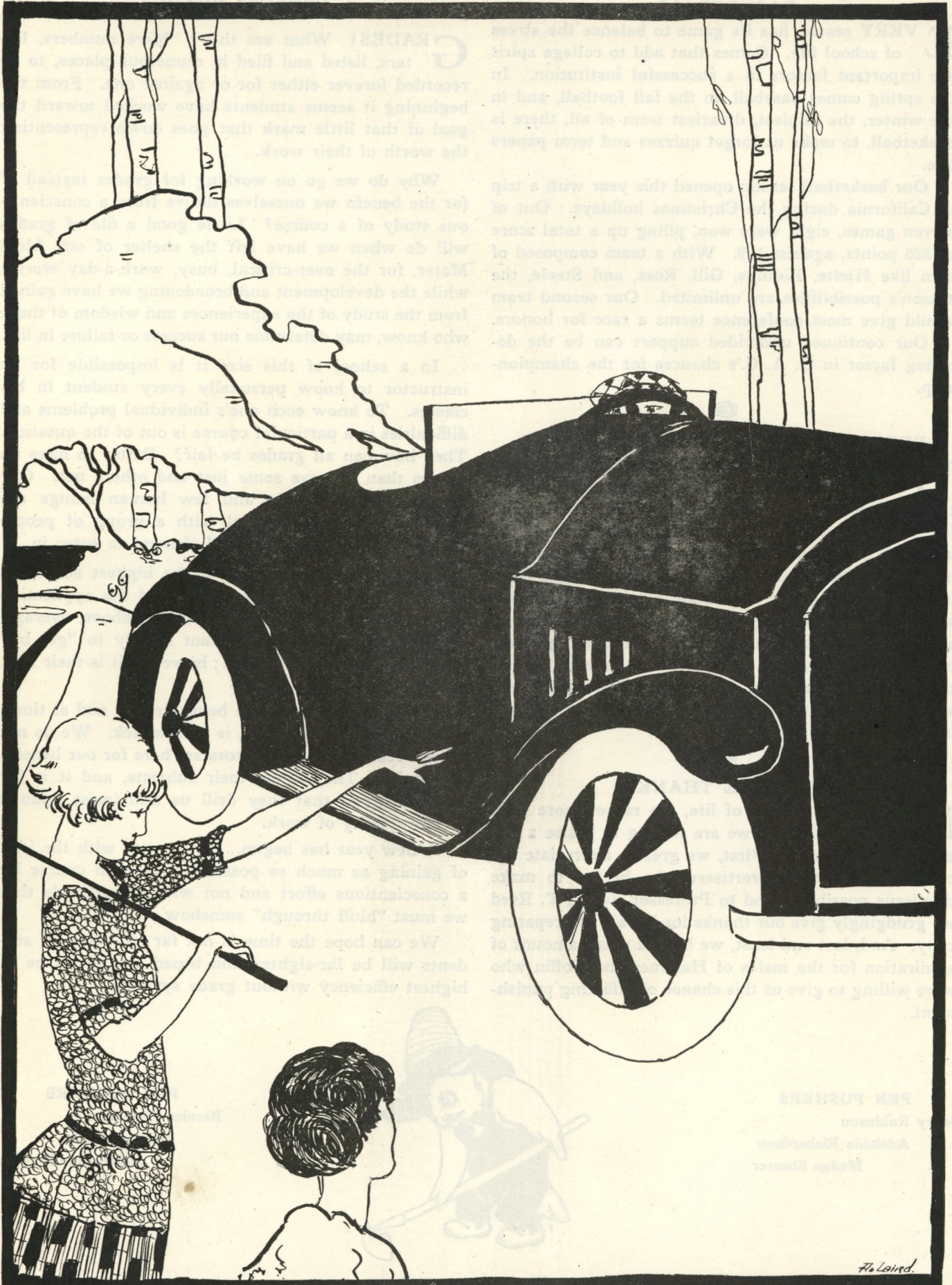
A new year has begun. Let's work with the idea of gaining as much as possible from each course by a conscientious effort and not with the attitude that we must "bluff through" somehow.

We can hope the time is not far off when all students will be far-sighted and broad enough to be of highest efficiency without grade systems.

PEN PUSHERS

Bernice Chambers
Martha Mason
Helen Jane Broyles





A Case of Auto Suggestion



Our Flippy Flapper Shoots a Wail

You know it gets me down sometimes when I read all this junk about flappers and all this dope about how the young girls of the present age are going to the dogs.

Why don't they pick on some of these parlor snakes, the guys that run around all dolled up like a horse race.

Take for instance the birds who slick their hair down and kid themselves that they look like Wallace Reid or maybe I'd better use some other movie punk, say Rudolfo for instance. This aforesaid bird has a one cylinder brain All he thinks about is his clothes and whether his trousers should be cut a few inches shorter or let out.

His main worry is new steps in dancing. Ask him what he thinks of Walter Camp and he'll tell you he doesn't like those inland summer resorts.

He's the cat's meow and he spends most of his time in front of the mirror wondering

a carbolic acid massage. He spends two hours, prettying up and then

of the time in which he "yaups" about what a "killer" he is and what he's done and how his greatest indoor sport is going to dances, walking across the mezzanine and then hiding under the chairs, to watch the looks of disappointment on the "creeps" faces when they can't locate him.

Nothing can phase this egg. He wont go home until HE gets tired.

And he never gets half as tired as the poor daughter does.

After he does leave he visits all the pool halls, clubs, etc., and tells everyone about his new sweet mamma. Can you beat it?

That's why I say, "Why not put the pedal on all this old bunk about flappers and wield the axe amongst some of these oil cans who are listed in the books as YOUNG MEN?"

how he can make his face look better. After taking a straight slant at some of these "wiers" I'd suggest

borrows carfare and calls on some unsuspecting "frill" and after posing for five or six hours at her house, most





"I can't help myself, Helen. I've got to kiss you."
"Paralyzed?"



Them Wise College Guys

By STILLA KIPLING

I've taken my fun where I've found it,
I've stepped out a bit in my time.
And my gent friends—Say, Mame, I can't name 'em,
Variety with me is no crime.
Some of them gents was plain horse thieves;
Some, five-minute eggs born to die.
But take it from me, their rating you'll see
When it comes to this wise college guy.

One of these birds was a rookie,
Hot dog! and he honored the part.
So I says to myself, "Now old dearie,
You teach little Dan to be smart."
So I spends some laborious evenings,
Till the boy shook a most wicked limb,
Then the poor dancin' fool—he cut me off cool
And I learned about gents from him.

Well, I met up with a frat man,
His line was as smooth as his hair.
He passed out the salve and I took it,
When he called me his Lady So Fair.
He dated me up for a struggle,
And I spent a whole day gettin' trim.
But the low, dirty pup didn't even show up
And I learned about gents from him.

And say, Mame, that isn't the half of it,
Another guy gave me his pin,
With a message of love most heart-rending,
Though now it looks purty darn thin.
He said I was his'n forever,
And I couldn't say "Nix" with much vim,
And I gave him a smack as he stole that pin back
And I learned about gents from him.

Then I had an affair with a senior,
He called me up nite after nite.
His voice made me think of Caruso,
And I said, "Here's my hero alrite."
So we fixed up a lovely canoe date,
My heart full of bliss to the brim.
But that whole eight-hour day, he talked Y. M. C. A.
And I learned about gents from him.

Yes, I've taken my fun where I've found it,
And never a cent have I paid.
I've studied the inhuman nature
On the straight, narrow path been waylaid.
But, Mame, take it from me, Kid,
And from this sad ditty I've sung,
Begin to get wise to these smart college guys
And learn about gents e'er you're stung.

"Are those vampires, Mr. Gallagher?"

"No, co-eds, Mr. Shean."

"What in hell, Mr. Gallagher!"

"The same, Mr. Shean."



Turk: "Mustapha Kemal! Mustapha Kemal!"

Fraternity Man: "Try carrying Durham and papers
to break that habit, brother."



"I'm going to sell all my clothes."

"Oh, clothesing out, huh?"

And the Codfish Bawled

"Why are you lazy, Algie dear?

You big and lounging oaf."

"That's easy, mater, for you see
I dined on a meat loaf."



Her act was shocking, so they put her on a short
circuit, but she got lit up and was put out.



Woman is a failure—doesn't she go into the hands
of a receiver?



Interfraternity Skit

"Breatha Whiskey!"

"May I speak to Miss Smith, please?"

"Just a moment, please."

"Hello!"

"Hello, darling."

"Oh! Who is this?"

"Why it's Dick."

"Oh, Dickums dear, I DID want you to call up."

"What are you doing tonight, Janet?"

"I've got to go to that horrid house scud with Rody, dear."

"What about tomorrow night?"

"Oh, I've got a date with Jack, love."

"What about Wednesday night, dearest?"

"One of the girls got up a theater party and a Somthin' Nu senior is taking me. I just have to go, darling."

"Is Thursday evening open?"

"I've a date with the tiresome Pete Roleum, Dickums."

"What about Friday, sweet?"

"Oh, we're having a house dance and I had to invite one of the brothers. I know you know I wouldn't have done it if I didn't have to."

"Saturday night isn't taken, is it?"

"I'm sorry, dearest, but I've had that date since school started. I'm sorry, Dick. Truly I am."

"I'm sorry too, dearest. Good night, dear."

"Good night, darling."

(One minute).

"Betah Bunch."

"May I speak to Miss Jones, please?"



"What's he gotta say, Millie?"

"Aw, he an' some other sheik wanta drag us to their house dance."

"You tell him for me, dearie, that if he's as dry as he was the las' time we saw him, I ain't goin'. I don' like houseboats."



(Reggie is seen sitting on a wicker lounge on the verandah of Lady Wickham-Leed's country home in South Portland. A week-end party is in progress. Algie enters, his seal-like hair disheveled, and the neatness of his flannels quite gone.)

Algie: "Hi theah, Reggie, old deah; how do you find leisuah to do nothing in? I'm bloody neah rushed to death!"

Reggie: "What's up, old onion? You look all wrought up, doncha know? Been playing tiddly winks again, I declah. Eh, what? Haw!"

(Algie falls on the lounge, nearly spent, and is silent.)

Reggie: "Footman, Footman, two Benedictines! Quick!"

Algie (regaining his breath, he sits up, replaces his fallen monocle): "Oh! Reggie deah! I've just had the most frightfully disconcerting adventuah. I'm bally well just revoked from it."

Reggie: "How ventuahsome of you! Do tell, old beast! Aw, aw."

Algie (in such excitement that he drops his Benson Hedges cork-tipped): "I was promenadin' on the avenue when I cmae to a little doah that said 'push' on it. Of course I pushed it, don't you know, since it all was so plain, old fellow. And where do you think it led? Into a dreadfully tiny gahment shop!" (Business of making away with the benedictines.) "Oh, deah, where was I? Oh, yes, thea I found myself in the beastly place, feafully taken aback. Odd, what?"

Reggie: "Dreadfully, boresome. Rummy place, no doubt. Haw!"

Algie: "Aw, thanks, it is jolly well rare. Let's see just where was I. Oh, suah, I bally well recall. Of coahse I was foahsed to use my presence of mind and nimble wit, as one would, old man. And then, as I looked about me, what do you think I saw?"

Reggie: "No ideah, old topper. Jolly well carried off your feet, no doubt, do tell, aw!"

Algie: "I met up with anotheah of the perishin' signs, just like the first, and it said 'Push, bah jove, also. And where do you think I found myself after all these silly tricks?"

Reggie: "No idea, old flappah, haw!"

Algie: "Strike me pink and pearly if I didn't find myself on the perishin' avenue again!"

Reggie: "Aw!"

Algie: "Quite so, old sport."

Reggie: "Haw!"

(Curtain.)



Absent-minded Prof (inspecting the art gallery of the aquarium and looking in a mirror): "My word! A fish with hirsute appendages! My word!"



SHE THREW HIM DOWN

"I'll feed the kitty, even if you did raise it," said one zoo attendant to the other as he started for the lion's cage.



The chorus of the girly show
Was filled with deepest gloom
They could not don their scanty stuff
In any DRESSING room.



"Ah likes these cut-in dances," chortled Rastus, and swung his razor again.



OPEN HOUSE

(By a Lonesome Co-ed)

Oh, may there not be one among the throng
Of "Marxes," "Harts," and "Schaffners," and the
rest

Who loath the day's dull ordeal to prolong,

Give names that dazed co-eds can grasp the best—

Oh, may there not be one, when with blithe tones

I press the proffered palm, and mumble low,

"My name is Smith," and he says, "Mine is Jones,"

Whose eyes with Love at Sight will gleam and
glow?

Unseal his lips, oh kindly Fate—

Spur him to action—get thou me a date!



"There's something dirty on foot," said the senior
as he donned his last week's socks.



Ways of Men

He'd die for her, he did declare,
Scheming the maid's heart to ensnare.

She fell for all the castles rare

He builded for her in the air.

Ah, then began her woe and care,

For not till "forty, fat, and fair"

O'ertook them both, did he prepare

To die for her, and then did dare

Only to dye his fading hair!



He was an original lad
Though his ideas were a fright;
He even stepped a co-ed keen
And didn't kiss her good night.

Dear Effie: You ast me to tell you about Geo. which was but late the owner of my pres. frat pin. Well Effie its a true fact that Geo. is in realty a prize. I woodent of took him only for his Stutz and his bank acct. in the 1st. place but now I have learned just what a spoil he is for the victor of social conquest. Geo. is everything which all the miryads of young lockinvars which has rode into my life prior to this date wasnt and thank Gawd he isnt anything that they was. 1—He isnt rapde up in the good sellars others girls fathers has got. 2—He bears not the slitest resemblance to my erstwile sooter Arther the most striking thing about which was his way of pointing out the new filling in his left lower molar while you grasp your chair to keep from being drug into the vacuum. 3—Effie I dont mind saying he is a vertible modern Apolo besides Sylvester which you remember has weak eyes and anemia and a slight chin and is always dolled up like a plush mule and his mania for lime sherbet being the only passion he was ever guilty of. 4—I have already spolke of how easy the root of all evil slips through his breadhooks and I dont mind saying that this is a welcome release from some birds habits of saying Ive got 18 cents how much have you got lets go down to the co-op, thinking they was making a hit by treating there coed friends like they was a good joke and not objects for shivelry, anyways I always furnished the 22 cents so we could both have choc malts as long as I felt like it was worth while. 5—The other old one about taking you canooing and hiking until you ask him to your house dance and then when his comes around he tells you how keen he is about the woman he is importing for his formal, why that is something that never crossed Geo.'s mind. So you can see Effie that this Geo. is a vertible male paragon and if you could cast your visionaries over his vissige and the crock he uses for transportation and trip the light bombastic with him you can imagine why I didnt hold out only just long enough to sinch the hdw. transplant. and keep him from thinking I'm the kind of coed that holds the sack with mercenary motifs for a him with a bank book.

With love,

GWLADYS.



Green is thy lid above thee,
Rook who'll see better days,
None chase thee but to hose thee,
None catch thee but to haze.



"How do you like Johnny Held?"
"I don't know him by name, but I probably speak
to him when I meet him on the campus."



Page Walter Camp

Modern tackling methods and brilliant passes featured in scoring another victory for "Pinky" Painter, captain of the All-American Stacomb Stars and president of the Data Nu Dame fraternity, when his engagement to Miss Nota Flapper was announced last Sunday. Nota fought bravely, but she was defeated by a man who would have given most movie vamps trouble. In defeat she gained only glory. The little girl went down gallantly with colors flying, for this is the sixth frat pin she has worn this year and Pinky's can't claim being planted more than twice.

The game, which fans describe as being one of the fastest of the season, began when Pinky sent a punted come-hither with his optics across a crowded class room the first of the term. Nota returned with a squelching glare that carried the ball to the center of the field again. Nota was held for downs because, as before stated, the room was crowded and she couldn't move.

Pinky, taking the offensive, began a series of marches down the field. He gained yardage consistently by using freak formations of supper-dancing parties, canoeing picnics and center bucks of dinners followed by passes of candy and roses.

The second half sparkled with individual features. Although most of Nota's vitality was spent in the grinding first half, once near the end of the third quarter she dug her cleats and before her own goal stopped Pinky's crushing offensive. It was the third down and six to go, with two minutes of play. Nota flatly refused Pinky's invitation to his house dance and went out with a rook instead. The play was nullified, however, because the man was only her cousin. Evidently Pinky would have scored then but the whistle blew for the Thanksgiving recess.

In the last quarter Pinky's superior strength began to tell. His heavy line, supported by all the Data Nu Dames, rammed holes through Nota's defense that a truck could have driven through. The touchdown came just before the end. Nota's strength was gone and she flunked two subjects. It was at a dance down town. The Seven Serenaders played and the lights went out. Twice Pinky was penalized for holding but Nota was exhausted and at an unfortunate moment recovering a fumble, Pinky hung his pin.

There was no official referee.

The moon and stars kept time.

"I'm an honest grafter," said the Hort Prof., as he demonstrated pruning to his class.

Once upon a midnight scary,
While I pondered bold and wary,
Over a rare bottle, old and hoar;
Suddenly there came a snicker
Down there where I kept my liquor
Nevermore!

Descended I in hasty flight;
Met my eyes the sparkling sight
Of my vintage store;
While a prohibish inspector,
Fiendishly, my precious nectar
Poured upon the floor.



Whale: "Jonah's a good boy. I brought him up myself."



"Gosh, that's a bunch of chorus girls in that fraternity," said the raving rook. "I says to Mary, says I, let's go down town and get something to eat,' and they all hollered, 'oh, let's'."



"Her lips are like rose petals."
"Ah! Pressed flowers."



HUMOR from the MORGUE

Boiled

Poor Papa!

Mother: "Come, Willie, kiss the lady goodbye."

Willie: "No, she's a naughty lady. If I kiss her, she'll give me a slap, just like she gave papa."

—Mercury.

'Tis Sad but True
Isn't it funny,
But everybody knows,
The better the shape,
The fewer the clothes.
The prettier the face,
The more the rouge.
The cheaper the price
The worse the booze.
The lower the lights,
The greater the fun.
The faster cops chase
The harder you run.
The more you study
The less you know.
This verse is punk,
So let's say "Whoa."

—The Medley.

Be it ever so small
There's no place
Like a parking space.

—Dirge.

There is an old dame in New York
Who has lived all her life upon pork,
So, though she is shrewish,
She cannot be Jewish
As most of 'em are in New York.

—Pitt Panther.

Omar: "How do you rate Bob's latest?"

Aroma: "She's so dumb she thinks Sierra Nevada is a Cheyenne cow girl."

—The Phoenix.

"Excuse the liberty I take," said the convict as he went over the prison wall.

"After you," said the warden.

Origin of Famous Expressions

"Well, I'll be petrified."—Rameses II.

—Awgwan.

Page Father Time

THEN—

beside the Quad they strolled
Her skirts were short, her socks were rolled;
NOW—

her skirts are long, her socks are thin,
But memories cause the roughs to grin.

—Chaparral.

He fell for her, she let him lay,
His head was bowed and bloody,
For she was the star, a movie queen,
And he an understudy.

—Sun Dial.

Dick: "My girl won a loving cup."
Tionary: "I'll say she deserves it."

Lemon Punch.



hap kennedy

KEEPING IN THE PINK OF CONDITION

—Chaparral.



"I wonder if it's sowing one's wild oats to reap a grass-widow."



Jack and Gill went up to town,
Some dainty eats to get;
Upon his razor Jack fell down—
Gillette.



"Being made love to by a brunette is no light matter."



Our poor dog Pansy's getting weak,
He's wobbly on his pins,
A Fliv came rattling by last night,
And Pansy barked his shins.



Me Too

I got a girl and a bulldog too
The girl don't love me
But the bulldog do.



It was the first day of May and the Jones family were moving down the street a few blocks. Rather than take a chance on having their clock, an old heirloom that had come across on the Mayflower, broken by the draymen, Mr. Jones decided to carry it to the new home. He was carrying it down the street, perspiring rather freely, when a young man staggered up to him and tapped him on the shoulder. Glad of a chance to rest, Mr. Jones stopped, set the clock down, and turned to the young man, who stood weaving around on his feet rather unsteadily.

"Well, what can I do for you," asked Mr. Jones?

"Jus' wan' t' ask you one lil' quession, one lil' quession," said the stranger, grinning all the while.

Mr. Jones mopped his brow with his handkerchief and said, rather testily, "Well, what can I tell you?"

The drunk leaned over and whispered, "Shay, Mister, why 'n the devil don' you try carrying a watch?"

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THE LILY

Russ Fields

Jack Lynch

Public sentiment—those playful twosomes in the dark movie theaters.



"Hair tonic, sir?"

"Uhuh. Gimme me glass."



The college man should play eight hours, work eight hours, and sleep eight hours, but, like a telephone girl, he combines the last two.



"She gave me the radio."

"Gave you which?"

"Oh, she broadcasted me, and I went P. D. Q."



"He brushed the cobwebs from his brain and made a vacuum cleaner."



He apologized for a slip—for he delivered the laundry and had lost it.



"If dumbbells made noise, that man's a human set of chimes."



He hung a Williams banner over the shaving mirror and a Colgate pennant over the bathtub.



"I've forgotten my glasses," said the bootlegger. "You'll have to drink out of the bottle."



"I haven't a single thing to wear to the dance tonight."

Housemother: "Then you're not going, my dear."



When she told him he was no athlete, he just had to soccer, and she knocked him for a goal.



The Germans aren't the only ones who have low marks.



"Have you met Mischa Elman?"

"Jascha, I hascha."

Worry is a sure sign of indigestion or trouble. Read the Orange Owl and forget your troubles.

Eat at

The Eureka

and eat what will relieve the indigestion.

CAFETERIA STYLE SERVICE

Corner Fifteenth and Jefferson



I. M. Dumb: "Guess what I sold my house dog for!"

U. R. Crazy: "Ten dollars."

I. M. Dumb: "No, for causing the maid so much trouble."



"I dare you to look at me," said the looking glass.



A Spelling Puzzle

After marriage there is only one "I" for two "ideals."



Returning Grad: "Why are all the students wearing tortoise shell glasses?"

Stude: "They ruined their eyes during short-skirt and rolled-sock season."



Prof in Economics: "Give some example of supply and demand."

Stude: "Average boy's arm, 36 inches; average girl's waist, 36 inches."



English Prof: "How would you punctuate the following sentence: 'I saw a boy and a girl going towards the river with paddles and cushions?'"

Eng. 101 Stude: "Colon at the end, cause it says here in the book that one should always use a colon when something is to follow."



"Don't you come down till I get home," said I to my garter.



"Thought you said this was a jitney dance!"

"Nope, hair nets are two for a quarter."

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Belle: "I suppose because it's a habit."

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Judge: "What excuse have you for your crookedness?"

Thug: "My mother used a corkscrew on my bottle."



Often do I sit and think,
Of how I wish I had a drink,
And to remove this drying kink
I go and get it at the sink.



"I always get the worst end of it," said the chair,
as he sat down.



"Did Mert succeed in losing his latest?"

"Yes and he's been revamped already."

**She Knew Her Stuff**

The Prof was enduring a visit from an indignant mother.

"For my part," babbled the good woman, "I can't deceive what on earth eddification is commin' to! When I was young, if a gal only understood the elements of distraction, provision, replenishing, and the common denominator, and knew all about the rivers and their obituaries, the currents and the dormitories, the provinces and the umpires, they had eddification enough."

**Something in Greek Letters**

"It's the K A T's paw," he said, as he received her well-aimed scratch.

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Says the Volstead Act
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By the street of "By and By"
One arrives at the house of "Nowhere."
—Cervantes.

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She Coon: "Youse is all drunk; there's only one of me."

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PORTRAIT OF J. DALTON



BY JOHN LONSDALE

The Quaker who made Chemistry a Science

CAVENDISH had shown that two volumes of hydrogen and one of oxygen always combine completely to form water and nothing else. Proust, a Frenchman, had proved that natural and artificial carbonates of copper are always constant in composition.

"There must be some law in this," reasoned Dalton (1766-1844), the Quaker mathematician and school teacher. That law he proceeded to discover by weighing and measuring. He found that each element has a combining weight of its own. To explain this, he evolved his atomic theory—the atoms of each element are all alike in size and weight; hence a combination can occur only in definite proportions.

Dalton's theory was published in 1808. In that same year, Na-

poleon made his brother, Joseph, king of Spain. This was considered a political event of tremendous importance. But Joseph left no lasting impression, while Dalton, by his discovery, elevated chemistry from a mass of unclassified observations and recipes into a science.

Modern scientists have gone beyond Dalton. They have found the atom to be composed of electrons, minute electrical particles. In the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company much has been done to make this theory practically applicable so that chemists can actually predict the physical, chemical and electrical properties of compounds yet undiscovered.

In a world of fleeting events the spirit of science and research endures.

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