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ORANGE OWL

OREGON
MAY 1928
LIBRARY



MOVIE NUMBER
Price — Thirty Cents

COVER DESIGN BY EDESSA CAMPION

A COMPLETE LINE OF
ATHLETIC
GOODS
BASEBALL, TRACK
and
TENNIS EQUIPMENT

Picnics remind you of
Indian Blankets and Auto Robes
We have them at right prices.

TRY OUR
FOUNTAIN SPECIALTIES
On These Hot Spring Days

O. A. C.
Cooperative
Association

REGISTER ANIMATION

You know as surely as a son sits upon a tack
you'll have your Junior Week-end guests here
and not a sheet of fraternity stationery
in the house!

SUBTITLE:

He Dips His T-Rusty
Typewriter In the Ink Well

No comedy about the time he has gunning for
an old envelope to rip open and write the home
folks about the fine time he has had watching
the rooks of the house take an
enforced bawth.

SUBTITLE:

Oh! Joy!

He is given free range with a large comfortable
looking box of stationery that the house man-
ager ordered just a couple of
weeks ago from the

Corvallis Printing
Company

"Art Work" Lawrence
Printing and
Steel Die Stamping
116 South Third Street



L I S T E N !!

Independents!

Do you know that press work has started on the 1924 Beaver? Do you know that you only have a short time to get your copy? We cannot go to each of you but you can come to us at the office on the second floor of Shepard Hall. You need a Beaver, the perfect memento of a happy year at college.



Buy Your Beaver Now



The Orange Owl

VOL. IV.

Corvallis, Oregon, April, 1923.

NO. 4

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

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

A Small Name
but---
A Large Store

J.H.Harris
THE STORE OF SATISFIED CUSTOMERS

SUITS

There are three times in a man's life when he wants to look his best—when he graduates, gets married, and when Gabriel blows his horn. We can take care of the first two and you should worry about the last.

Drop in at the

COLLEGE
PRESSERY

and look over our full line of samples
before selecting your next suit.

1565 Monroe Street

Telephone 4413

MOTHER SULLIVAN'S

For Home Cooking

Across From Engineering Laboratory

MODEL CLOTHING CO.

MEN'S FURNISHINGS

238 Second Street

Absent-Minded

Absent-minded professor (falling down an elevator shaft): Dear me, I forgot to close the door after me.
—Pelican.

Dare-Devil

He: I jumped out of a four-story building once.
She: Oh, Jack, were you badly hurt?
He: Naw, you see I was on the first floor when I jumped.
—Widow.

Dumb

The other day a man dashed into the Grand Central Station with only a minute to catch the 20th Century limited. He made the ticket window in two jumps.
"Quick! Give me a round trip ticket."
"Where to?"
"Back here, you fool."
—Awgawan.

So!

"Naw—she's not two-faced."
"Zat so?"
"She wouldn't wear that one if she were."
—Penn Froth.

An Awful Scrape

Soph: One of our freshmen did an awful bonehead trick the other day.
Junior: What was that?
Soph: The poor yap shaved twice before he discovered there was no blade in his razor.
—Ski-U-Mah.

Let'er Be

Pete: Got any mail for me?
Postman: What's your name?
Peter: You'll find it on the envelope.
—Ski-U-Mah.

"Is this a second hand store?"

"Yessum."

"Well, I want one for my watch."
—Reel.

"Mabel and Agnes are about the same size, aren't they?"

"Yes, but Agnes is a little rounder."
—Showme.



Immaculately tailored and perfect to the last detail are our lines of ladies' and men's suits and toggery—for our new fashions and styles are just a little different, and will bring compliments on the appearance of their wearers because of their smartness and elegance

MILLER'S GOOD GOODS

Shoes—Suits—Hats—Wearing Apparel and Fabrics
Sport Wear—Street Wear—Every Wear

Pulley's Shoe Shop

118 South Third Street

BIKMAN & POWELL, Inc. Exclusive Ladies' Shop

Everything for Madame's Wardrobe

Once more we greet the Orange Owl. Read it and weep—if possible. You will enjoy a meal at the

EUREKA

With your Owl to read. Fifteenth and Jefferson.

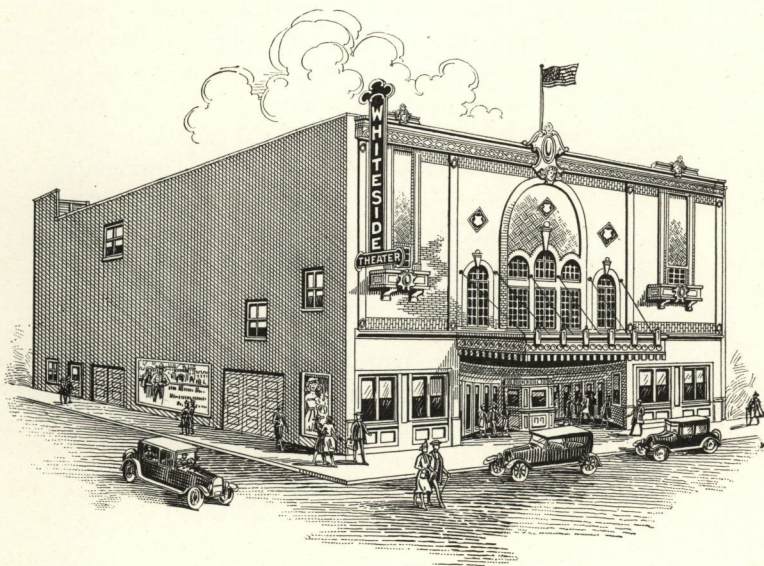
PLEASANT SURPRISES IN STORE FOR FILM FANS IN NEAR FUTURE

Specially reenforced seats with straps for hysterical patrons and doctors in attendance at every show are promised for the Corvallis showing of Harold Lloyd's newest picture "Safety Last," a seven-reel masterpiece by the playboy of the hornrims, coming shortly to the Blue Mouse. Thrills, chills, spills, pills and a thousand laughs are guaranteed and promised those who squeeze in.

When Eugene O'Brien used to burn the midnight oil at the University of Colorado, and pore over his econ, he longed to play just such a role as he has in his latest release, "The Prophet's Paradise," coming to the Blue Mouse April 16 and 17. A secret slave market and the glamour and intrigue of the Orient with Sigrid Holmquist, the "Swedish Mary Pickford," heading a remarkably able supporting cast, are features of the film.

"The most dynamic woman on the screen" declared a famous New York dramatic critic, during the initial showing of "The Flame of Life," coming to the Blue Mouse, April 13 and 14. "For genuine punch, her pictures are unique." It is said that no role she has ever played was so well adapted to her vivid personality as her part in this gripping picture.

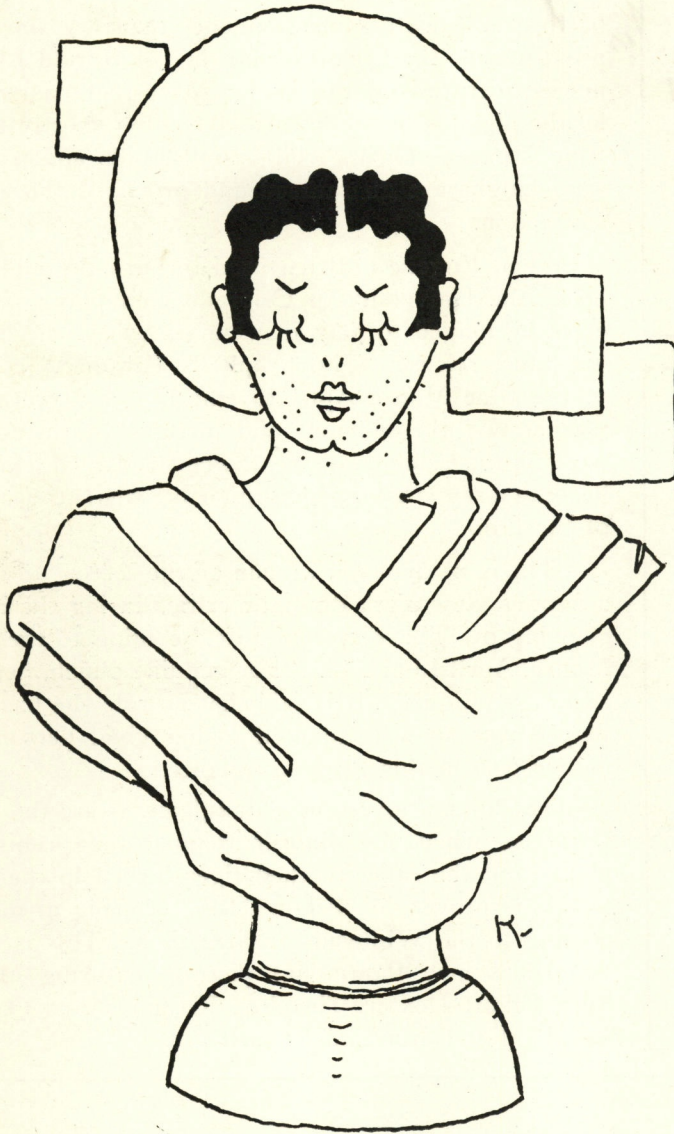
That human loves and entanglements are the same today as when the dinosaur roamed the prehistoric plains and the saber-toothed tiger lurked in the dark woods is proved in "Adam's Rib," the big attraction coming to the Whiteside theatre soon. This is Cecil B. Mille's new Paramount picture featuring Milton Sills, Elliott Dexter, Theodore Kosloff, Anna Q. Nilson, Pauline Garon and Julian Faye.



WHITESIDE

One of Oregon's finest motion picture palaces. Equipped with the second largest organ in the state. Has a seating capacity of eleven hundred and fifty.

5-23-28
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MOVIE IDOL

This charming youth depicts a type
Of pulchritude that really wins
The ladies all. Yet underneath the mask
Are vagaries, and even sins!

The long-faced censors prate about
His ten-foot kiss in "Who's to Blame?"
The tea dansants that he attends
Should paint his petal cheeks with shame!

The wise Old Bird looks down and winks—
He knows the errant whims of youth;
And then, with trusty pen in hand,
He writes a ream of trenchant truth.

An artist, too, he draws a sketch,
His humor quelling pain and strife;
So we present this book to you—
A satire on our movie life.



SECRET SORROW !

I've known her years.
I've seen her
A million times, or more
I swear! each time
I meet her
I love more than before.

My love is like
A flower.
It blooms just for my queen
But I'll not get
Her ever,
For she lives on the screen.



Director: "Too bad the public can't hear her voice."

Producer: "Why, I've heard it's very pastoral."

Director: "Yes, rather harrowing."



We have received a letter from Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle in which he states that his phone number is not Elliot 7743 but Parkplace 9556, that his address is 772 W. Marble St., rather than 414 S. Market, that his watch number is not 98745632, after all we had been led to believe, that he never contemplated a merger, and that he holds no policy with the Undertakers Consolidated Insurance Co.

The birthday cake was heavy—but the candles made it light.



"Shoot the whole works," remarked the director to the new camera man, as he aimed at the factory set.



PRESS AGENT DOPE

The scene of this remarkable production is taken in Egypt on the Muir Glacier. The cast includes such notables as—I. M. Nuts, U. R. Dunn, A. B. Guesswhat, Geraldine Farther, Imabit Closer, Kitty Karr, Ava D'Poy, Benny Fit, Blossom Outt, Ida Justa Soon, Etta Lott, and Willie Soohn De Kay. The director in charge is Ivanhoe G. Rainium.

The story being portrayed is of an old legend called, "The debt that was not paid." It was written by the famous Whiz Bang editor, I. Throwa Bull. It is adapted for the screen by Lena Ona Misholder.

The plot of the play is: I. M. Nuts, U. R. Dunn, and A. B. Guesswhat are men linked in business by the three balls. They are doing a prosperous business until their papers are stolen by Willie Soohn De Kay. For forty years they follow him up and down muddy alleys, and finally spy him in Caved Inn. They rush upon him shrieking loudly, "Give us back them papers."

He cautiously replies: "Meet me on the bridge at midnight, I'll have the papers; you bring the tobacco."



They fill me with wonder, fill me with dreams,
They fill me with pleasure rare.
It's not their faces, nor actions, it seems—
But the filmy things they wear.



Molly: "Did you like *Oliver Twist*?"
"Yes, but I liked '*A Woman in Bronze*' better."
Molly: "Indeed—wonderful cast, what?"



SOULFUL SUBTITLES

Some of the subtitle writers have kicked off the literary and movie lid and are running riot with their unique smiles. Here are a few a bozo gathered for the ORAN JOWL in one brief visit to the metropolis:

"Her lips, quivering like a flivver—"

"His mind, like her face, was made up—"

"John edged nearer and nearer to her, until they were as close as the air in a subway."

"His attention was as anxious as that of a student watching a taxi meter."

"And then it was that David learned that he loved her, loved her with the close affection of a sardine for its mate."

FORE! FOUR!

Liz and Jack were engaged. 'Twas the customary moonlight night.

He kissed her once.

He kissed her twice.

That didn't suffice.

She wanted more.

He was sleepy.

She wasn't.

"Kiss me again, Jack," she begged. "Other men I've been engaged to haven't treated me this way."

He did his duty.

Then he did it some more.

Then he grew sleepy—so sleepy, in fact, that holding his eyes open was an effort comparable with cranking a Ford.

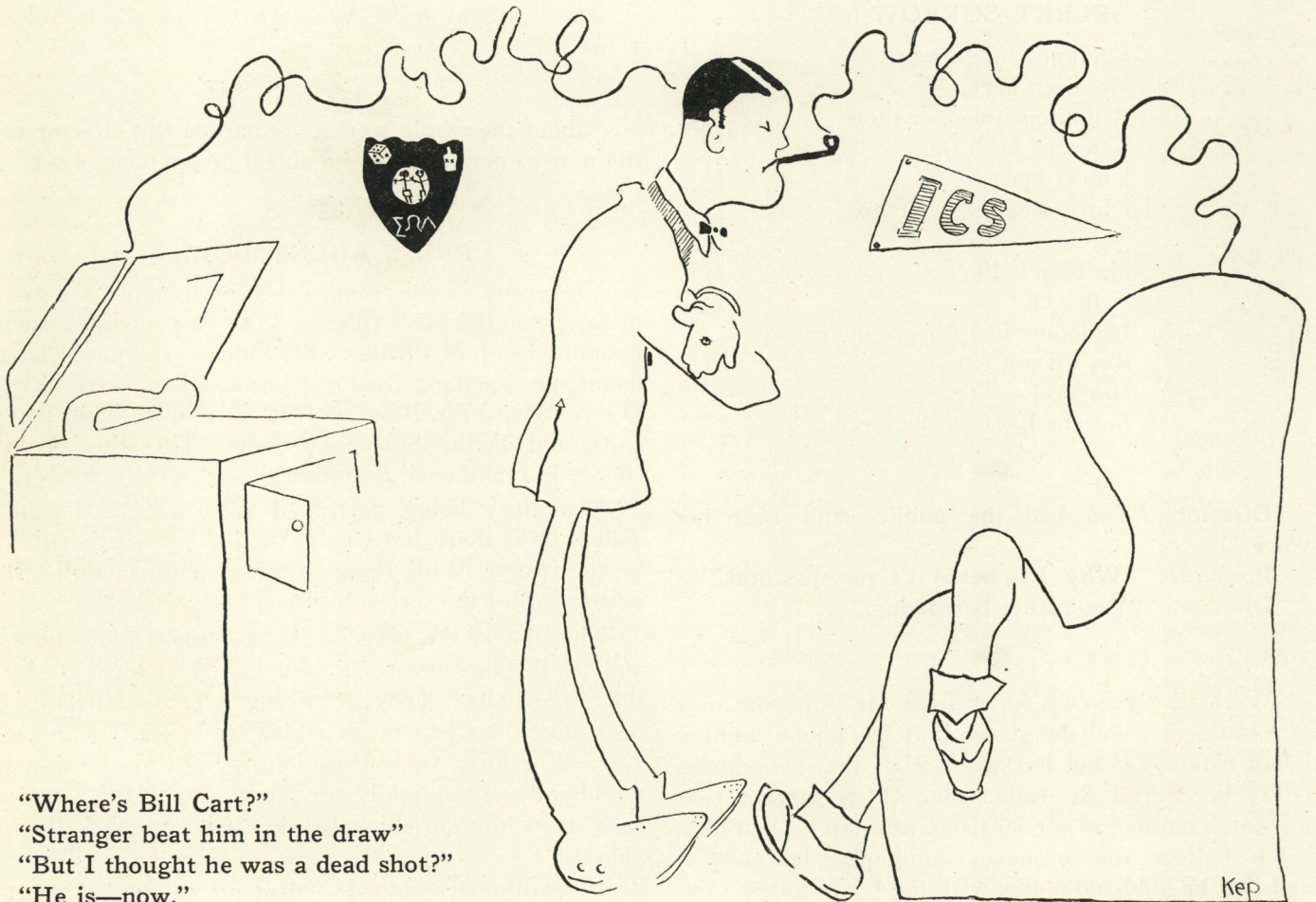
"Jack—why don't you treat me the way the other boys have done? I want some more!"

Jack turned suddenly.

"Say, Liz, what's par on this course, anyhow?"



"I'm learning to shift for myself," remarked the star, when her chauffeur left her.



Kep



Our Prize Winning Scenario, "Why Are Love?"

Scene: Mostly interiors with here and there an exterior.

Characters: All pure and simple—college scene.

Lighting: Corvallis regulation—on and off.

Opening showing the dashing young hero, Wilmot Whiteflannels, in front of his mirror, giving the last lingering touches to his super stacomb pompadour, and powdering his face daintily with a chamois stolen from father's automobile. Fade out showing Wilmot disappearing into a clothes closet. Close up showing him rummaging through the orderly piles of clothes therein. He emerges soon with a stealthy air, and looking carefully from left to right to see that none of his roommates are approaching, slips into a nifty gray top-coat.

Panorama showing Wilmot hurrying along a brilliantly lighted thoroughfare of a large city, where all colleges are pictured as being located. Dashing past a florist's shop, he suddenly remembers his mission and hurries into the shop. Close up showing crafty cunning on Wilmot's face as by a few adroit phrases and expressions, he directs the florist to the rear of his shop, under the pretense that his cat has just dined on his canary bird. As the florist disappears, Wilmot seizes a bunch of hothouse roses from the counter and dashes away.

Fade-in showing parlor of Landa Beau sorority, shaded light, a little fire in the fireplace and the heroine, Lily Paleneck, the one and only, gracefully draped over one corner of the big overstuffed French gray davenport. She looks languidly at the mantel clock, throws a pillow through a side window, and makes a little gesture with her right hand signifying disapproval. At last she mutters in a ravishing whisper: (subtitle) "Oh, my gorilla man, why don't he come to me."

Close-up showing Wilmot's thumb pressed against the doorbell. Lily gives a start, and rushes to the door. Wilmot enters and opens his mouth to pour out sweet nothings into her ears, but she lays her dainty elbow on his chin, signifying silence, and leads him to the davenport. She takes the flowers and smells them carefully one by one, and then notices a ribbon around them which says, "Rest in Peace." Close up showing her knees growing weak, and giving way completely, she sinks to the floor muttering: (subtitle) "S'death, that it should ever come to this." She faints.

Fade-in showing Wilmot with hand cupped to ear, listening to the sickening thud. He rushes to her side,



Our Ghastly Hero

and looks wildly about for some water. He finds none, and shouts in a stentorian voice for help. No answer. He seizes a bowl of goldfish and dashes it upon the face of the prostrate girl. She shows signs of reviving as the house mother, who had been sitting behind the piano, dashes to her side. Close up showing convulsive workings of wrinkles under house-mother's left eye, showing emotion.

Lily comes to completely and rising dizzily to her feet, stretches out her arms to Wilmot, who comes forward with his knock-knees bumping together. As he gathers her up in his arms, she mutters: (subtitle) "Strike me again, my great big, strong hero."

The house-mother comes in again, and seeing the situation, drops the mop, rushes to the telephone, and calls up the confectioner, and orders a 25-pound box of candy.



ORANGE OWL

EDITORIAL



VOL. IV.

Corvallis, Oregon, April, 1923

NO. 4

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

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CHILD OF A MODERN AGE

THE movies, ah, the movies. An industry which twenty years ago was of no more interest to the average American than the death rate among the natives of Indo-China, is today rated as the fourth in financial importance in the entire nation.

The wise Old Bird loves the movies. The gay foibles of Harold Lloyd and the gripping tragedy of Pola Negri impress him with a sense of appreciation for that which started as a plaything and became an art. But, with characteristic candor, and gently subtle satire, the ancient fowl takes his little poke at the slick-haired shiek, the luring ladies of Mack Sennett,

and the whole tribe, from the broadcloth-breeched, pith-helmeted director-in-chief of the super-super film, to the humble extra, elevated to a swashbuckling buccaneer in prop raiment.

And while the reformers are preaching of the sins of the cinema and the horrors of Hollywood, the Old Bird calls your attention to the fact that the movie people are "just folks," often with inflated egos, but with vagaries and idiosyncrasies common to the flesh.

Hence the Orange Owl movie number.

Lights!

Camera!

Action!



OUR CUT SERVICE

THE Old Bird knows that every editor and manager of a high school publication have troubles of their own. And he offers a solution to their problem of properly illustrating a prepper annual or news sheet without the need of a huge bill for engravings.

The exchange editor of the Owl has been filing cuts away for the last three years, and now has over two hundred on hand which are of no immediate use to the college comic. Therefore the Old Bird offers the use of these engravings to the high schools of the state and guarantees that each cut will be of real collegiate art work.

The only stipulations he makes are that the publication gives credit to the college magazine by running a by-line, "Oregon Aggie Orange Owl," in small type under each engraving, and that the cuts be returned within a week after the publication has come off the press. A charge of twenty-five cents to cover postage will be made for each cut.

Ten high school editors have already secured cuts from the exchange editor and several others have signified their intentions of making use of the service in the near future, so it behooves the remainder to make speed if they wish to secure the best pieces of art work.

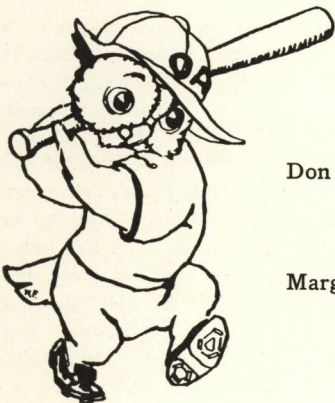
Write your wishes to the Hammer and Coffin Cut Exchange, The Orange Owl, Corvallis, Oregon, editors and managers, and the Old Bird will be more than glad to help you strengthen your publication. And he assures you that you will be given all the help possible immediately on receipt of a letter.



PREPPERS' NUMBER

THE Old Bird has had something on his feathery chest for quite some time. He believes that the high school students read and enjoy the magazine that bears his name—and now he has an offer to make, an offer that will give them an opportunity to contribute art and editorial copy.

When the Old Bird takes his flight again to the campus it will be in the form of a preppers' number—a



CONTRIBUTORS

- Don Wilson
- Taylor Poore
- Ray Price
- Jack Kerrick
- Margaret Goldthwaite
- Dick Benson
- Slim Stewart

number replete with follies of the sub-deb and foibles of the prep youngster, and with, he hopes, a number of contributions from students in the high schools of Oregon.

For the best drawing a prize of \$3 will be given, and the second best, in the opinion of the staff editors and artists, will rate a \$2 stipend. The two best jokes turned in will be rewarded with crisp dollar bills.

Art material will be accepted until April 25th, and the editorial contributions must be in by April 30th. Address all material to Al Koeppen, Delta Kappa house, Corvallis, Oregon.

Preppers, let's hop on the boat with the wise Old Bird for a knock-out number. Atta boy!



THE HONOR SYSTEM

THE Old Bird is heartily pleased to see an effective Honor System placed before the student body. Many movements are initiated on the campus each year. Some are of only passing importance; but others are destined to be of great and lasting benefit to the institution we all love. The Old Bird believes that now, if ever, the time is ripe for introducing this measure before the students of O. A. C. It was with infinite care and patience that the details, even of the minutest, were planned to fit the specific need of the College.

The systems of colleges and universities all over the United States were studied. No one plan would entirely fill the need here, ideas were brought forth, rejected, plans were discussed, and discarded. At last out of the tremendous amount of material gone over, and the variety of ideas suggested, the plan began to shape itself. At first a skeleton, then the details, the flesh and blood of the system were filled in. Then the complete plan as outlined in the Barometer.

Who was behind all this? The administration? Perhaps they were in spirit, but it is to a small, far seeing group of students, members of Forum, that the credit belongs, and to them the Old Bird extends commendation for their splendid work. Difficulties are bound to arise, changes may be necessary but in the end if the students and faculty try to carry out the plan in the spirit it was presented, it must succeed.

CONTRIBUTORS

- U. B. Marr
- Pauline White
- BUSINESS STAFF
- Bob Davis
- Dick Kriesel
- Harold Johnson
- Paul Ginder





The Old Bird's Life Sketches

By A. I. Full, an artist who scents the spirits of the day.



Lizzie Googan, who used to swing a mean slipper in McNulty's Cafe and shout a coon melody with the best them, hasn't lost caste by gaining weight. Not a bit of it! She can't dance or sing any more, but then she's fetching in the robust role of movie dowager. She can weep the requisite bucket of tears when the plebian chauffeur elopes with her fragile daughter, and sweep down a broad stair into a ball room with the imperious air of a Victoria. But she misses the merry minstrels of McNulty's so!



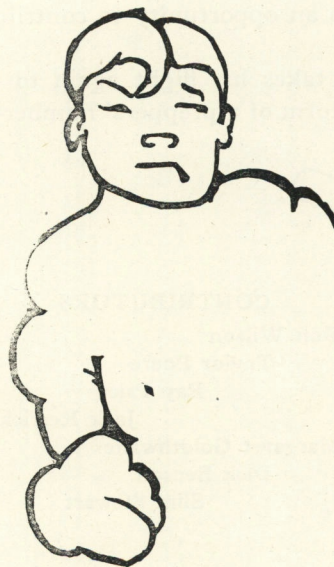
The old Shakespearian actor. Bums around a dozen lots hectoring directors into producing "Hamlet" and "Taming of the Shrew," in the movies. When rebuffed, will accept small extra parts—college professors, and comedy roles—for which he is equally fitted, with a sigh of remorse. Things ain't what they used to be! "Now Booth's Hamlet—"



Bobbie Brentwood, who still does flapper types, wonders, after all, if Hubert, her collich man, is true to her. She just got a ducky letter from him, but Oh, what she read between the lines! The nice things he said about the girl he took to his house formal and she's awfully catty, too. When he motors down to Hollywood next time he'll have to make up for it. She'll use the tapestry davenport, though, and he'll get mat burns.



The movie directors know just how much interest the public has in children. Behold the screen infant, then, posed in characteristic fashion on the floor. After a busy day of cooing in a cradle before the clicking camera, and being held by a former chorline who uses a wrist lock for a baby hold—home and a real mother are darn welcome. But then one has the satisfaction of being temperamental and getting away with it.



When Punchin Bothmitts was world's champion, he nursed the idea that he'd make a screen Valentino of the first water. Now he has been featured in two-reel sport films with a punch, he doesn't know. There is Prudence Lowell, for example, who plays opposite. Her years at Vassar have giver her a polish that even a champ can't penetrate. "She's a swell skoit," avers Bothmitts, "but her line o' chatter don't go one, two, tree, wit me. De dames all fall for de he-man guff, howsomever, and dat's where I shine."



Dollar Discovery Collum

(Editor's Note: We are offering every month in the CELLULOID FILLUM, a dollar to anyone who sends in an acceptable new discovery.)

(This Month's Prize Discovery)

If a fountain pen will not run easily, it can be used as a common pen by dipping it into the ink.

A bill can be rendered practically useless by clipping the numbers out of the corners.

Absent-minded persons can be easily reminded of duties by painting them on a sign three feet square, and carrying the sign out in front of them on a stick.

A novel method of fixing a hole in the plaster was discovered by an enterprising young man, who purchased some lime and water and horsehair, mixed up some more plaster, and after it dried, painted it the same color as the rest of the room.

A three-inch Stilson wrench will be found very handy in removing the balance shaft of a wrist watch.

A cheap efficient method of keeping a tennis racket from warping is to place it upon a flat surface, such as the floor, and then tip the family safe upside down on the racket. It will continue indefinitely in this position without any perceptible twisting of the frame.

A good way to clear the head, if one has a cold, is to place a small portion of dynamite or nitro-glycerine in the rear of the mouth and set off with a short waterproof fuse.

Efficient means of preventing white collars from soiling has always been sought by the average individual. This can readily be accomplished by putting them away in a neat black box with a tightly sealed cover, and borrowing one from time to time from one's associates.

"How to sterilize celluloid toothbrushes," was the topic of discussion at the latest clinic of brush manufacturers and jaw-surgeons. This problem has been solved by Miss Lucas Mohler, who merely placed the germ-infested toothbrush on a red-hot electric toaster, left it there five minutes, and at the end of that time, every trace of germ had disappeared.



Playing on Heart Strings

"I have always found," declared Miss Gush in an exclusive interview with the Movie Mush, "that with the right kind of beau you can always get the high notes."



Here's to the ladies of the screen—
Never are they what they seem—
Take the makeup off their bean—
The sight would make a blind man scream.



Mr. Soundsleep: "Hey! Cut it out! Wake up, you big bum. What d'ya think yer doin'?"

Somnambulist: "O—'scuse me George. I was dreamin' I was ridin' Hottentot."



Rudolph: "Do you like my new tie. It's black crepe, the very latest."

Norma: "So appropriate, too—."



Soap: "Who is that fellow over there?"

Suds: "Oh, that's Joe Ruble, everybody says he doesn't amount to much."



"I'll take a leave of absence," whispered the stude, as he tore out a page from the attendance book.



OUR GRAD COMEDIAN

Phil Sax graduated from an educational institution way back in '93. Phil was an A-1, extra-fancy, choice, select, first-class student, and soon made a success, as all such brainy boys do. Be it sufficient to say that he made great glorious gobs of spondulix, and when he began to get old, he decided to give about \$49,234 to worthy organizations.

So Phil wrote to his old College, inclosing a check for \$10,000, and a request that a fountain be raised on the campus for the beautification of the grounds. Soon afterwards Phil received a letter containing his check and this note:

"Dear Sir: If you want some good advertising, why not buy the county paper? What are you running for?"

A little down-hearted, but not really discouraged, Phil wrote out another check for \$30,000 to his fraternity, and sent it to them with the request that they use it to build a new house. Phil was thrilled to receive in the mail a few days later a letter with the old frat crest on the envelope.

"How pleased the boys will be," thought he, rubbing his horny hands together with a sound like an egg-beater.

The letter read: "I don't know who the practical joker is, but we're not crazy enough to try to cash this."

Now nearly desperate, poor Phil decided to try once again. So he wrote a check for the entire amount

and sent it to the mayor of his home town with the request that it be used for building a new city hall. The next day a cordon of police took him struggling away to the city coop, a famous alienist pronounced him hopelessly insane, and Phil died in the asylum.



A little girl expected
In the movies to go high,
But now she's playing backstop
For the star comedian's pie.



"I didn't know Charlie was a preacher, until I saw 'The Pilgrim.'"

"Oh, yes! In 'Over the Top' he was a Chaplin in the army."



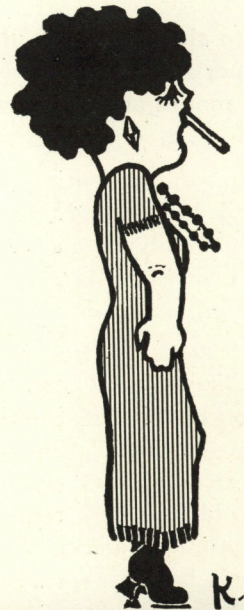
A movie queen is like a frail craft on the sea of life.
The older she gets, the craftier she becomes.



"Remember where you are, John," said wifie, as he stood on his head to adjust the stove pipe.



Woodman, Woodman, spare that tree
Don't cut it down just now.
If you know how to pull a cork
For gosh sakes show me how.



Her name was Castle.
He called her his air castle.
She gave him the air.



The Three K's of the Movie

By BERT MOSES

Editorial Note: Bert Moses, editor of the "Sap and Salt" column of humor and philosophy which appears daily in thousands of newspapers throughout the nation, is a real wit and a credit to Hammer and Coffin. Bert not only scintillates as a real humorist but is a nationally-recognized authority on type. And he, like we poor collegians, gets a definite "kick" out of the silver sheet and its victims.

To become a movie actor or actorine, you have but three things to learn. The first is how to be killed; the second, how to be kissed, and the third, how to be kicked. This also implies that you must know how to kill, kiss or kick others, for these three propositions, you understand, work both ways.

To kill or be killed constitutes tragedy. The plot in this kind of a movie calls for a rough guy with a good aim, or, rather, two good aims—one with a gun and the other with his heart. When he goes into the play he is told how many innocent bystanders, Indians, or bandits he has to kill before he nails the villain and marries the girl. His pay is fixed by the number of his victims. Thus Bill Hart draws down a big roll because he brings down every blokie he shoots at. The hero who puts a bullet through but one victim in a movie play is never prominent enough to have his first wife leave him.

To kiss or be kissed constitutes romance. The movie kiss, however, is noiseless, and you don't get the thrill that goes with the smack. Still the camera catches all the moods and tenses.

Some folks like the mussy, dauby style of kiss, where neither the man nor the girl gets much more out of it than mere contact.

Then there is the chaste kiss, where the participants make a solemn pledge of eternal love. The lips of the twain meet gently, as though a poultice were being applied to a carbuncle. The girl closes her eyes, the fellow keeps his open, and after a short and innocent session of the lips, the hero waves adieu, or auf wieder sehen, and beats it for South Africa or to take charge of a construction gang out somewhere in the desert. The girl struggles with her emotions for a brief spell, say for ten feet of reel, wipes off the glycerine droolings, and goes in to finish up the supper dishes.

We now come to the kiss where they hang on. Hez Heck, my old college chum, says "a kiss ain't no good unless neither of 'em wants to let go." This kiss must occur at least twice in a movie play, or the thing will

not be considered "a masterpiece of the silent drama."

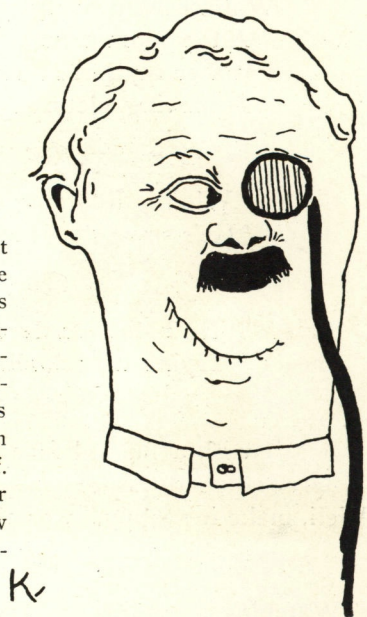
To the public, it seems that actors and actorines who participate in these soul-slobberings have a juicy cinch, but they really don't. Right close to them is a camera man turning a crank and a director yelling at them through a megaphone and telling them to lay on. Most of us like to do our kissing on a park bench or on the parlor sofa, with the lights turned down. Anyhow, we prefer to do the thing according to our own plans and specifications.

To kiss for a living is not the same as kissing for the fun you get out of it. And to be compelled to kiss when the lips are kalsomined and the lights are turned on is well worth all the money the movie people get for it.

Now the kick. All there is to this is opportunity and pose. One of the actors stoops over, extending the os coccyx to the proper horizontal point of the compass, and another actor swiftly applies the foot, so that contact of foot and os coccyx is attained. This is comedy. Charley Chaplin gets more than the union scale for doing it. Kicking os coccyxes for a living pays Charley better than writing dramas for a living paid Shakespeare. Charley is popular, while Shakespeare is simply famous.

So there you are! The three K's constitute the trinity of the movie enterprise's faith. Possibly the silent drama got the idea of its trade mark from the Ku Klux Klan.

Little Ben, the biggest false alarm known to the movies. He is picked as the most logical successor of Rodolpho, the stacom comb star, and is wearing the smoked glass monocle presented him by the Orange Owl staff. Ben's motto is: "Never let your right eye know what your left eye is doing."

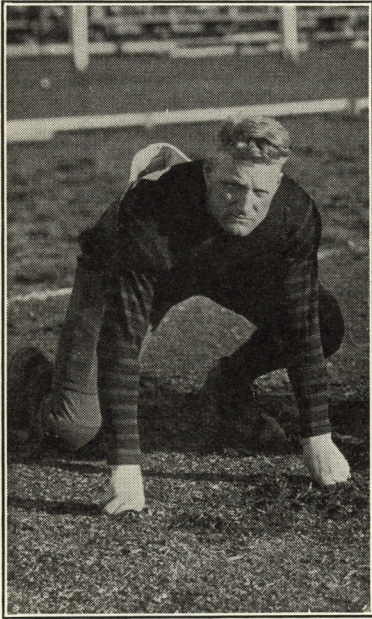


K

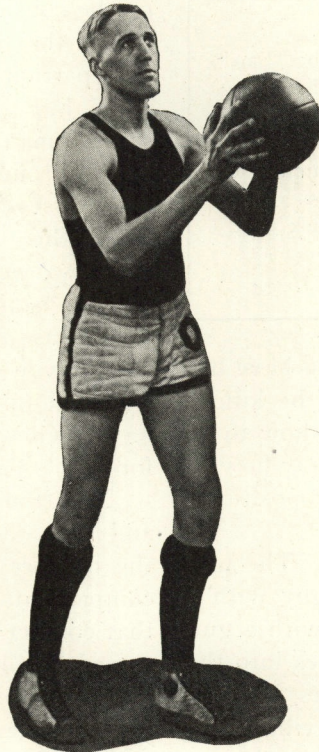


We Pass the Laurel

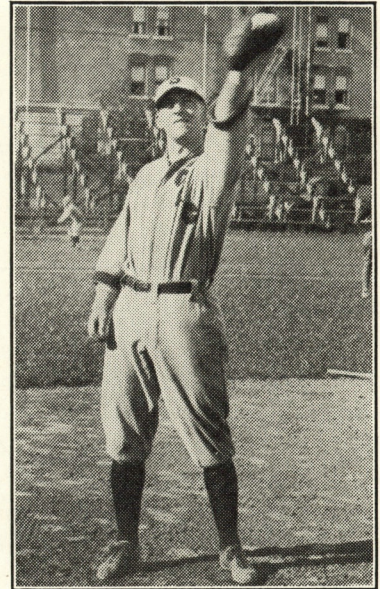
(Never the Buck)



To "Perc" Locey, because he captained this year's varsity football team, and because he found time in addition to wield the gavel of both the Varsity "O" association and Alpha Kappa Psi. And because his honors have been won on both the athletic field and in the class-room. Finally, because he is married—and happy.



To "Mush" Hjelte, the lanky hoop center who was the most guarded man in the coast conference this season. Because he, in addition, played a corking good game on the gridiron as center. Because he, too, rates a Laurel, and now has her!



And to "Husky" McKenna, who has played quarter with the grid squad for three years, who is the skipper of the present varsity baseball team, and who played a bang-up game at short-stop with Rathbun's ball club last year. Who has been elected to Alpha Kappa Psi, and, like his predecessors on this page, has found conjugal felicity most attractive.

Wallace Reid has passed away,
A few more going would make me gay,
For then my girl's room would not be
A moving picture gallery.



Bevo: "What is Ed doing since he graduated."
Rum: "He's smuggling locomotives into Siberia."



Silver: "How did she develop those dimples?"
Sheet: "Trying to look slightly bored."



A girl with a flushed face with one hand holding up her woolen stocking whispered in the Prof.'s ear. "Well, make it snappy," was all he said.



Watching a moving picture show is like listening to a mute trying to teach a parrot to talk.

Sorority rushing life is just one sweet thing after another.



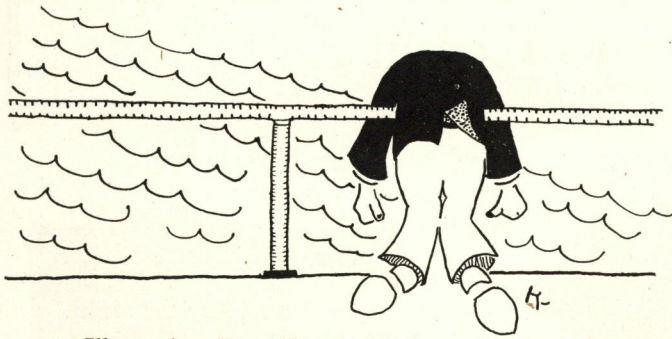
The Anti-Tobacco League had sent a representative to take a bedside statement from a 96-year-old man, whom they had heard had never used any of the "weed that charms." The feeble old man signed the paper and fell back upon his bed, exhausted. Just then the fumes from a very strong pipe caused him to be seized by a fit of coughing. "Darn it," he whispered, "if Paw don't get a new pipe he will be the death of me yet."



Clerk: "Name please, last name first."
Clerked: "Obediah, Dorr U."
Clerk: "Sir!"



To fill up space the staff of the paper partook of a light lunch.



Illustrating That Wonderful Super-Production
"To Have and To Hold."

This talk of filming Shakespeare is just like the idea of teaching deaf mutes grand opera.



Mine Eyes Have Told Me So

Fast: "The Arbuckle case would have come out different if Ben Turpin had been judge."

Slow: "How's that?"

Fast: "It would have been seen from a different angle."



WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED FILM LECTURE

'Twas eight o'clock in Flurry Corners, and the illustrated lecture was about to appear on the screen. Up in the projection booth, the operator was carefully inserting the weekly advertisement film. Dr. Barba-doe Wicks mounted to the platform and rapping on the floor with his pointer began:

"Friends and fellow audience, I will attempt to show you some of the wonders of medicine and surgery and the efforts that are now being made to make the world a better place to live in. First I will show you two of the extremes of affliction."

But instead of the chills-and-fever film, there appeared first a remedy for baldness, and then a bunion cure advertisement. Without looking on the screen, the doctor said, "There, my friends, are the two extremes of affliction."

After straightening out this blunder, the learned M. D. continued. "Medical science has made some marvelous discoveries in the recent year. One of the most important is the discovery of the use of the little flaps that stick up in the human ear. He rapped on the floor, and there appeared a sign, "They keep the lather out of your ears while shaving," and a picture of a pair of rubber ear-muffs.

"Shut off them dam' advertisements," shouted the irate doctor, and hearing him speak so harshly, the good townspeople got up and went home, leaving the seats entirely empty.

Movie in Three Acts

Act I.

Enter: Stude.

Act II.

Enter: Prof. with bevy of blue books.

Act III.

Exit: Stude.



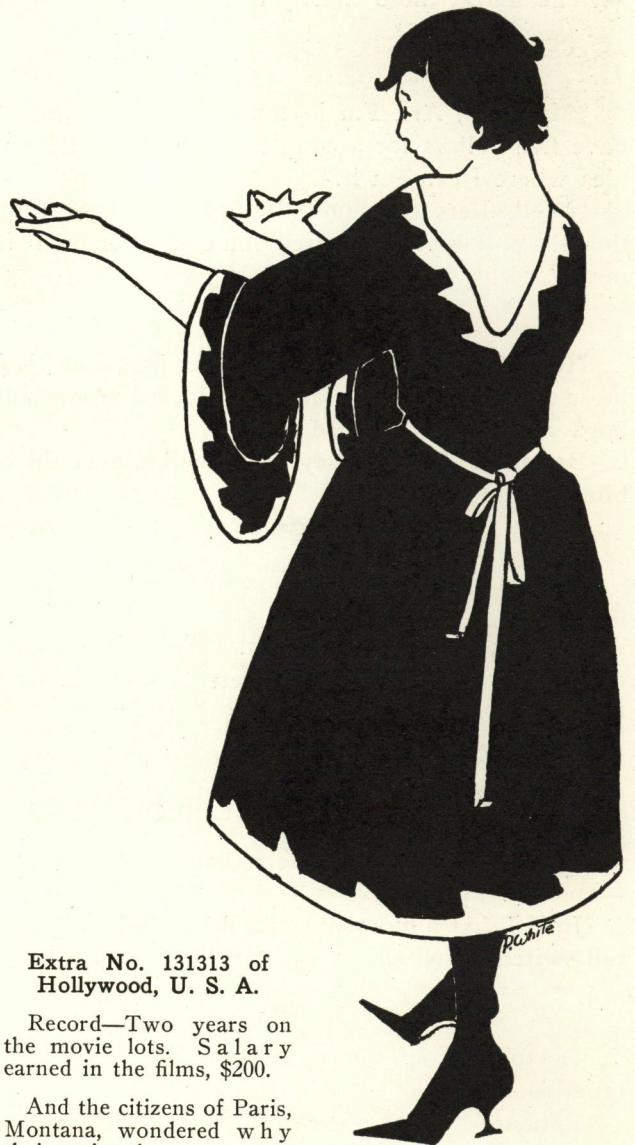
Critic: "How can I say in my review that Agnus Tayre's eyes have a beery look?"

Editor: "Say they look like liquid pools of amber."



Anna: "O dear, he has the most wonderful Valentino hair-cut!"

Hanna: "No, Miss Dill. He is only a famous musician."



Extra No. 131313 of
Hollywood, U. S. A.

Record—Two years on the movie lots. Salary earned in the films, \$200.

And the citizens of Paris, Montana, wondered why their prize beauty came back to work in the town restaurant rather than become a film star.



With the Hammer and Coffin Wits

Sunny Spots from the Sun Dodger

"But is she really as high-brow as the boys say she is?"

"Man, if her brow was very much lower the worms in the street would be using her eyebrows as bridges to keep from getting their feet wet when they cross the gutters."



First Sister: "I'm going to sell kisses at the charity ball tonight. Do you think ten cents a piece is too much to charge for them?"

Second Sister: "No, I guess not. People expect to get cheated at these charity affairs."



"My gosh, Art, I'm in tough straits. I've got to have five dollars for a couple of days, and I have no idea where I can get it."

"Well, Bert old man. I'm glad to hear that. I thought possibly you figured you could borrow it from me."



Hotel Clerk: "Say, did you ever find that 'Not to be used except in case of fire' placard those college boys stole from the third floor?"

Bell-hop: "Sure. They had it nailed over the coal-bin."



"Gee, I spilled a whole box of thumb-tacks on the floor."

"Oh, don't worry, about it. Dad will be coming down in his stocking feet pretty soon. We'll find them."



Drippings From the Lemon Punch

Madam: Julie, bring me ze hair of Madam Le Vol—Queek—Vite.

Julie (after a moment's search): Madam, I can not tell switch is switch.



Doctor—"Your nerves are on edge. Have you a quiet room?"

Patient—"Why, you can hear a pin drop."

Doctor—"Where is it located?"

Patient—"Right over a bowling alley."

There goes a great track man.
He looks like a hobo to me.
He is.



"Helen gave me a rainbow kiss last night."
"Why do you call it that."
"It came after the storm."



Athletic: "I have a chance for the track team."
Pathetic: "Are they going to raffle it off?"



Ed: "I guess you've been out with worse looking fellows than I am, haven't you?"

(No answer).

Ed: "I say, I guess you've been out with worse looking fellows than I am, haven't you?"

Co-ed: "I heard you the first time. I was just trying to think!"



Another case of selfishness
Is Jeremiah Heath
He takes his food in capsules
So he can save his teeth.



Nuts From the Chaparral Bush

He—We have an all American player on our team.
She—Only one? It's terrible the way the foreigners overrun this country.



First Steward—What's the matter with that guy, he keeps running to the lower deck all the time.

Second Steward—Oh he thinks the ship's bell is the call for dinner.



"And will you treat me nice after we are married?" she sighed, her cheek tenderly pressed to his'n.

"Oh, certainly, but not as often as I do now, of course," he responded tenderly.



Snake—C'mon and go to the dance. There'll be a lot of silly asses there.

Ruff—Are you going?



OUR PRIZE FILM—"BOTTLED IN BOND"

Reel One:
After the first quart.

Reel Two:
Hunting the bootlegger.

Reel Three:
Soon after reel two.

Reel Four:
Face down holding tight to mother nature.

Reels Five, Six and Seven:
Up and down the front steps.

Reel Eight:
The one that puts you to bed.

"Exploits of Johnnie Walker," in ten more reels next week.



The man I shall wed
Must have brains in his head
So quoth my lady fair.
Forsooth I felt pain
For this poor foolish dame
Cause men's heads are just there to grow hair.

When a certain director orders hash in a restaurant he says, "Give me some of the weekly review."



My goil
Some goil
My cow
Some cow
My goil, my cow
Twins



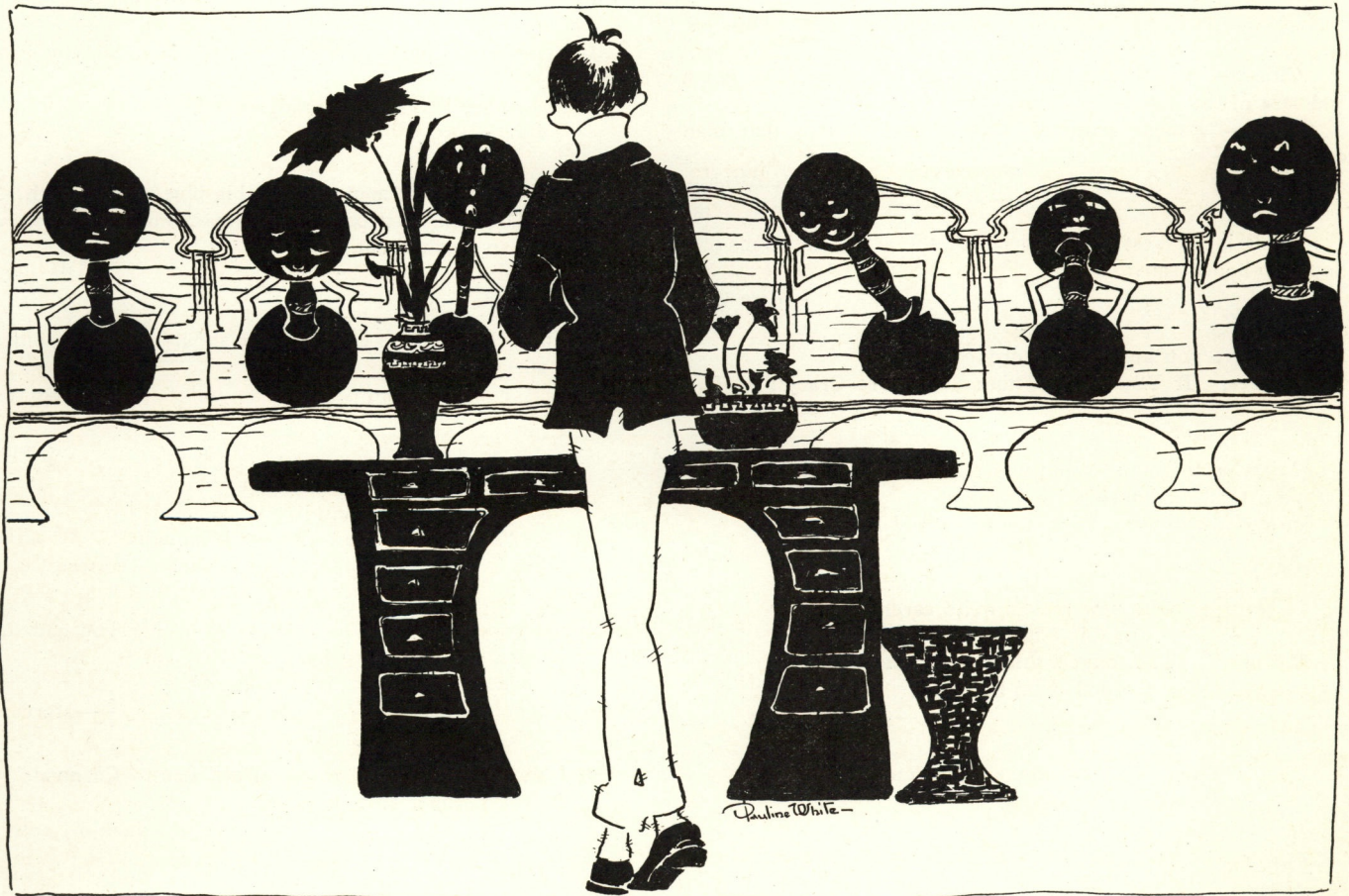
Das Queen Marie is a co-ed girl,
She makes you craze, your brain it whirl.
I tell her for a date, she ask me "no"
I guess I stag it to movie show.



Director: "You are to be the principal in this cast."
Star: "What are my duties?"
Director: "Just create interest, my dear."



The choir will render "The Last Straw," or, "No More Summer Hats in Stock."



"Oh wad some power the Giftie gie us
To see oursel'es as ithers see us."

—Burns



HUMOR from the MORGUE

Boiled

"What ho! me Lord! There's a strange sound without."
"Without what?"
"Without music. It's the orchestra."

—Brown Jug.

They were seated on a little rustic bench. The moon shown through the trees. All at once the girl timidly said, "Jack, dear, I can't understand why you lavish all your affections on me above all the other girls in the world. Why is it?"

"Hanged if I know," he replied, "and all the other fellows down at the house say they can't make it out either."

—Flamingo.

Citizen—"Judge, I'm too sick to do jury duty, I've got a bad case of the itch."

Judge—"Excuse accepted. Clerk, just scratch that man out."

—Widow

"This is my best work," declared the artist, as he made a house-to-house canvass.

—Rice Owl.

"Have you any new records?"
"Yes, 'If You Don't Think So You're Crazy!'"

—Log.

Miss Newmoney: "What was that you just played?"

Artist: "An improvisation, madam."

Miss Newmoney: "Ah, one of my old favorites!"

—Lampoon.

Our new maid's quite careless;
For this I have confessed:
The rouge I told her to remove
I found upon my vest.

—Green Gander.

"I fell down on today's assignment."
"What was it?"
"Snow and ice!"

—Showme.

He—Isn't there a chance of us ever being anything to each other?

She—Oh, yes sir, strangers!

—Yale Record.

Judge—Pat, you must remember that when this woman married you she placed her fate in your hands.

Pat—Not on your loife! She placed 'em agin my back.

—Judge.

She—Joe looks idiotically happy lately. Some one leave him something?

He—Yeah. Somebody left two quarts in his car.

—Jack-o-Lantern.

Barber—How did you like the new razor, sir?

Victim—I hardly knew I was being shaved.

Barber—Why, that's fine, sir; but what could you have imagined?

Victim—That I was being sandpapered.

—Reel.

Frosh—Who is that man with the big pipe in his mouth?

Ditto—Oh, that must be the Freshman Smoker that we've been hearing so much about.

—Beanpot.

"Fadder, teacher says dat everyone should take some interest in financial affairs."

"Dat is right, but no shentleman vill take less dan ten per cent."

—Showme.

"My, this is bumpy road."

"It isn't the road—I have hiccoughs."

—Jack-o-Lantern.

In the good old days you used to say, after you had lost her, "I wonder who's kissing her now?"

But nowadays you don't have to lose her.

—Mercury.

"I thought you were going to ask her to Carnival."
"It was cheaper to marry her."

—Jack-o-Lantern.

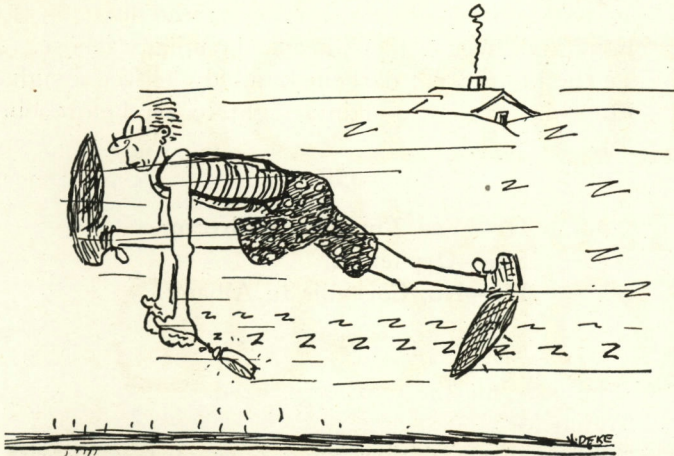
LAST LONG?

Coy-ed—How much does it cost to play pool?

Frosh—Two and a half cents per cue.

Coy-ed—And how long does a cue last?

—Ski-U-Mah.



Petie McDougal Starting Home From California—
He Tried to Bull Montana.

Tut, Tut

Slim: Yes, I'm from Walla Walla.

Mim: I heard you the first time.

—Phoenix

"What's all that noise upstairs, Ethelbert?"

"That's paw draggin' his heavy underwear across the floor."
—Chaparral.

Room: Hey there! Don't spit on the floor.

Mate: 'Smatter. Floor leak? —Chaparral.

3 (Three) 111

Mr. Null—"Isn't your son going back to college?"

Mr. Void—"No. The registrar said he could come back only on one condition."

Mr. Null—"Well?"

Mr. Void—"He got three of 'em." —Sundodger.

"What is a waffle?"

"A waffle is a pancake with cleats."
—Chaparral.

He—I'm going to kiss you.

She—No, that light is too bright.

And then the varsity pitcher almost ruined his arm throwing rocks.

—Lemon Punch.

Fountain Pens Repaired

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With Corvallis Printing Company

LAMAR'S VARIETY STORE

School Supplies

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"The American Beauty"
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Will Help You to Always

LOOK YOUR BEST

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Corvallis, Oregon

For Genuine Cooperation



Quality Printing Plates

WEST COAST ENGRAVING CO.

COMMONWEALTH BLDG. — PORTLAND, ORE.



"The Lord helps those who help themselves." - - - Ben Franklin.

SURELY then, the Lord is with those thoughtful merchants who advertise in the Orange Owl. Owl advertisements not only bring immediate results but are cumulative in nature. The Owl is read from cover to cover and then is left near at hand to show some friend or guest who may chance in.



TO OUR READERS

You can be of material assistance to us if you will mention the fact that you saw the advertiser's announcement when you make a purchase.

"Sing a song of chocolates, eat 'em by the doz.

Four and twenty black-heads on milady's nose.
When the lights were darkened, milady heaved a sigh,
For this was not a dainty sight to set before his eye."



He—Yes, I'm a stage director.

She—Orpheum?

He—No, Corvallis to Albany.



"She gave me the razzberry, Fred."

"What for?"

"They rang a dinner gong over at her sorority house at 11:30 last night, and I tore into the dining room from force of habit."



She whispered that she loved him

He thought it was a lie.

And now he knows it's certain

For she steps with another guy.



New Arrival: "I've been rushed to death!"

St. Peter: "Ambulance?"

N. A.: "No, sorority!"



"Oh, Min!!"

"Min Who"

"Mineral Oil"



I like to see Charlie
With his toes turned out,
I like to see Mae Murray
Give a sweet little pout.

I like to see Tom Mix
On his fiery white steed,
And I like any picture
That stars Wallace Reid.

I like Doug, Tom, and Mary.
In all their different roles,
I like to see the comedians
Fall down the big man holes.

But what I like the best
Of all the shows I see,
Is a Mack Sennett beauty
With a dimple in her knee.



"No, sah! Ah don't like peaches. De seeds done tickle mah throat!"



Milano
Fifth Avenue's Favorite Pipe

"There is something
fine about it"

\$3.50 and up
at the better
smoke shops

WM. DEMUTH & Co.
NEW YORK



THE WIT AND HUMOR OF NATIONS AND IRELAND

A prize of 15,000,000 rubles (twenty cents American) is offered each issue to any resident of a foreign country, including California, who sends in a joke worth reading. A bloomin' bard of Hengland wins the fair fortune this issue and it will soon be sent to him in stamps carefully placed on the outside of an envelope.

Reginald Suffield V. P. Pringer of Waterfront-on-Thames-near-London-and-a-hundred-miles-from-Paris heard this one in a perishin' pub. Read what balmy old R. S. V. P. sent us in the next flight down.

Senile Sop: "I say, old berry, were you troubled by Indians on your trip in the bally American colonies, eh?"

Second Pub. Fiend: "Bah jove, old Lunnoner, one of the beastly brutes did snore most frightly loud in our Pullman. Ghastly annoying, don't y'know."

"Say, this is Paris," just came over our specially leased radio from Joe Busch, the mayor of the city of parasites. "Do you young people know that fifteen American college men are committing suicide here daily because they can't read La Vie Parisienne?"

(Editorial Note: This is our idea of a poor joke.)

Michael Rubenstein of Dublin wins the third prize, a jar of Lydia Pinkham's boon to the world, with his initials engraved on each pink pellet. Yet in this patriotic Irishman's humor we sense a deep feeling of pathos and uncertainty, a desire that conditions might change and that he might know whether he will be able to borrow his Camels from one day to the next.

Pat: "Oim sending to Amerika for Ignatz Mouse. 'Tis dom tired Oi am of throwin' bricks at these free staters all by meself."

Play Ball!
Spalding athletic goods are Official and Standard
Catalog on request
A. G. Spalding & Bros.
Broadway at Alder, Portland, Ore.

You cannot expect other people to think better of you than you think of yourself

Your College Graduation Should Be Told by the **BALL STUDIO** Cap and Gown Portrait

They are correct and speak of your good taste.

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\$2.98 to \$4.98
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ALL WORK GUARANTEED
Next to Whiteside Theatre

The standard of this store is reflected by the high grade merchandise we carry—Phoenix Hosiery, Ide Shirts, Cooper's Underwear, Stratford Shoes, and Kuppenheimer Good Clothes.

Hunter & Malden



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Restaurant
and
Confectionery

Fruits

A's & K's

"You'll Know the Place"

The Home of "Whitman's" Candies

Rich Spring Footwear Styles in Splendid Variety

The most desired new styles in shoes for every use and costume, from sturdy shoe for sports, and plain tailored oxfords, to the classiest style for afternoon and evening wear are here for your choosing.

The Boot Shop

EXPERIENCED FOOT FITTERS

Stalnaker and Parker

126 Second Street

"WELL"

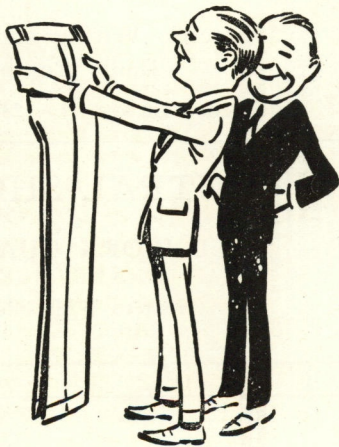
Skirts are worn longer—

and the new wool schedule will cause pants to be worn longer.

"Dutchess Trousers"

(10c a button,
\$1 a rip)

No need to throw the old coat away; stop in, bring the old coat with you. You will be surprised at what good looking trousers we have, both in color and cloth. You can easily find a pair or two that will look good with your coat. And you'll be surprised at the prices that we are offering.



J. M. NOLAN & SON



Young salesman: "I'm independent anyway. I take orders from nobody."



The stairway and the chorus girl
Went out to make their "reps,"
They both reached the top
By the use of polished steps.



Tom—"What does it mean when you find a five dollar bill in your pocket?"

Jerry—"It means that you've got my pants on."



Him: "Why was Adam and Eve so popular at the Majestic last week?"

Her: "A movie on a week night is so much like stolen fruit, anyway, old gumdrop."

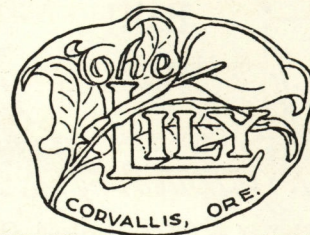


"I hear Ben Turpin walked away with a beauty prize."

"Didn't they have anyone guarding them?"

We are always glad to pack a box of our select

HOME-MADE CANDY



RUSS FIELDS

JACK LYNCH



Green Queen: "What would you do if you fell in love with a wonderful man of the screen?"

Keen Queen: "The same as I do with every other wonderful man, silly. Fall out with him."



The modern movie actress is an artist when she can resist a kiss just long enough not to miss it.



Big man in audience: "Do you see anything funny about this picture?"

Little man behind him: "I should say not!"

Big man: "Well then, just watch me and laugh when I do."



There's somethig wrog aboud by dose,
They say id's mighdy like a rose,
And id requires so mady blows—
Do you subbose my lady dows
I've god a cold.



George: "You say you won at cards last night?"

Georgia: "Yes. I got a hundred visiting cards for my commencement announcements at the Penny Printery for a dollar." adv.

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Pressing, and
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In Our New Building — 251 Madison Street

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Always Fresh

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Resources Over \$1,700,000.00

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BLUE MOUSE

The Theatre That Gave Corvallis Better Pictures.

Owned and managed by ex-O. A. C. Students. We know the kind of programs you want and as far as the market affords we give them to you. We play the Big Programs on week ends so that students can attend.

COMING ATTRACTIONS

April 11 and 12

"MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME"

A race-horse story of the old South.

April 13 and 14

Priscilla Dean in

"THE ETERNAL FLAME"

April 16 and 17

Double Program

Eugene O'Brien in "PROPHET'S PARADISE"

Larry Semon in "HOME SWEET HOME"

April 18 and 19

Hoot Gibson in

"THE GALLOPING KID"

Coming Soon

Harold Lloyd in his greatest picture—
Seven Big Reels

"SAFETY LAST"

Every feature picture will carry an
equally fine additional program.



Ready to Meet Emergency

"There are but two kinds of people in the world — "the Haves" and "the Have Nots."
—Cervantes.

Some day you will need money and need it quickly. When will that day arrive? Tomorrow? Next week? Next month? Next Year? One never knows when the emergency may arrive, but when it does come, a Savings Account will be your best friend.

Be Among "the Haves"

Start Saving Now. Open an account in this bank where your savings are safe, add to it regularly and you will be ready to meet any emergency.

It's Better to Be Safe Than to Be Sorry

Benton County State Bank

THE BANK OF PERSONAL SERVICE

"SAVE and HAVE"

Between a movie and a chorus girl
What difference can you see?
Why, the first, a dimple in her face—
The second, in her knee.



"This is good for the hives," advised the entomology prof., as he varnished the apiary.



Bun Duster: "Have you a back stair at your house?"

One Theta: "No, we are not allowed to wear party gowns."



There once was a fellow named Sacquet
Who wore such a bright yellow jacquet
That most every day
When tennis he'd play
The people could tell by his racquet.



Low: That bird over there is a wonder.

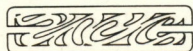
Hi: Yeah?

Low: Yessir, he wears his shirt inside out, so people can't see that there is a button missing.

Stop at

The
Varsity
Sweet Shop
for
DINNER

Fountain Specials



Monroe at King's Road

DIAMONDS
WATCHES
JEWELRY
SPECIAL ORDERS
EYE GLASSES

Staples, The Jeweler

266 Morrison, Street

Portland, Oregon



WALK-OVERS

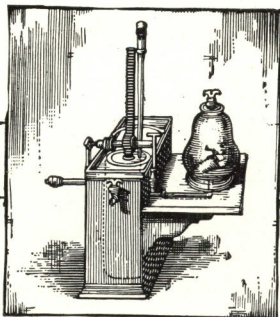
Prove their betterness in style, comfort, service, and durability. Walk Over satisfies the most exacting.

Walk-Over Boot Shop

Broadway at Washington Street

PORTLAND, OREGON

ROBERT BOYLE'S



AIR ~ PUMP

The "PRACTICAL" Alchemist and "THEORETICAL" Robert Boyle

THE alchemists wrote vaguely of "fluids" and "principles." Copper was potentially silver. Rid it of its red color and the "principle" of silver would assert itself, so that silver would remain. With a certain amount of philosopher's stone (itself a mysterious "principle") a base metal could be converted into a quantity of gold a million times as great.

This all sounded so "practical" that Kings listened credulously, but the only tangible result was that they were enriched with much bogus gold.

Scientific theorists like Robert Boyle (1627-1691) proved more "practical" by testing matter, discovering its composition and then drawing scientific conclusions that could thereafter be usefully and honestly applied. Alchemists conjectured and died; he experimented and lived.

Using the air pump Boyle undertook a "theoretical" but sci-

entific experimental study of the atmosphere and discovered that it had a "spring" in it, or in other words that it could expand. He also established the connection between the boiling point of water and atmospheric pressure, a very "theoretical" discovery in his day but one which every steam engineer now applies.

He was the first to use the term "analysis" in the modern chemical sense, the first to define an element as a body which cannot be subdivided and from which compounds can be reconstituted.

Boyle's work has not ended. Today in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company it is being continued. Much light has there been shed on the chemical reactions that occur in a vessel in which a nearly perfect vacuum has been produced. One practical result of this work is the vacuum tube which plays an essential part in radio work and roentgenology.

General  Electric
General Office Company Schenectady, N.Y.

3 to 100
THE LIBRARY — O.A.C. CAMPUS.



A VIEW OF THE COLLEGE CAMPUS, SHOWING AGRICULTURAL BUILDING IN THE CENTER AND GAZEBO IN THE FOREGROUND



THE Oregon Agricultural College is the land-grant institution of Oregon, supported jointly by the Federal and State governments. It was founded to provide a "liberal and practical education" in the several pursuits and professions in life. Accordingly, it offers baccalaureate degrees in Agriculture, Commerce, Engineering, Forestry, Home Economics, Military Science and Tactics, Pharmacy, and Vocational Education, a curriculum as broad and efficient as that of most of the leading state institutions of the country. Its scholarship is thorough; its contact with the leading industries of the Northwest is close and practical, and its ideals are worthy of the great state that it serves.

Student activities are varied and purposeful ranging all the way from intramural and intercollegiate athletics to forensic, dramatic, and musical. Student publications include the daily Barometer, the monthly Oregon Countryman, The Orange Owl, the Student Engineer, The Forest Cruise, the O. A. C. Directory, and The Beaver.

Technical and professional clubs serve the interests of the different schools. Honorary fraternities, as well as social fraternities and sororities, give recognition to ideals of leadership, service and good fellowship.

Student body government has prevailed for twelve years, yet the students invite and welcome faculty interest and guidance in all campus activities. A large percentage of students are wholly or partly self supporting. The professional and industrial courses stimulate interest in real life and practical affairs, while the administrative policy of the institution, through the School of Basic Arts and Sciences, insures to all students the essentials of broad scholarship and general culture.

The dedication of Commerce Hall, in connection with the first annual business show, attracted to the School of Commerce over 6,000 visitors, 400 of whom were students in Oregon high schools.

JUNIOR WEEK-END TO BE HELD MAY 10, 11, 12, 13

will include a program of events of the keenest and most constructive interest to students contemplating going to college. A track meet is a feature of the program. High school students will be guests of the student organizations on the campus, which are extending invitations to all high school seniors.