

# Christmas Greetings

## Sports and Soccer

Basket ball is now, and it is now time to win new fame in new fields. And what field could better be selected than the soccer one? Girls have often been known to express the wish that they could play football. Well, girls, why not soccer instead? You get the same class in kicking the ball, and miss the after-aches of broken bones, for in soccer you can hardly do anything worse than bark your shins or somebody else's. Then if you are good in hockey, you will probably be still better in soccer. For the rudiments of the two games are very much alike. In fact the main differences are that in soccer you use nature's gift of a foot instead of a stick, and that you play with a big light ball instead of a small hard one. One of the biggest assets of the soccer sport is that every member of every class has eleven excellent chances of making the team. With eleven vacant positions on a team anyone who has pep and steam enough to run up and down the field several times should be able to earn a place on the first team. There is even hope for those who can not trot fifty yards without puffing. For them is the position of goal guard. All they have to do is stand between the goal posts and keep the ball from getting by them. Easy as sitting in a rocking chair—don't you think!

Everyone who desires to be one of the lucky forty-four who makes places on the soccer teams must get busy and hustle, because the soccer season will last about three weeks. Come out for soccer. It will be excellent training for hockey which is going to start immediately after the soccer season is over, and truly you will get a huge kick out of it. (That is absolutely guaranteed).

## STATE COLLEGE STUDENTS FAVOR SELF-GOVERNMENT

(Continued From Page One)  
opinions on the question of modification differed sharply. Only 169 Five hundred and sixty-two favored revising the present organization; voted that they were desirous of retaining the present system. One hundred and fifty-eight voted for student government without the honor system, and 890 favored faculty assistance.

## BOOK REVIEW

SWAN SONG  
By John Galsworthy

With this last work, Galsworthy finishes his delineation of the doings of that interesting clan of Forsyte. Old Soames dies and with him passes the vigor and spirit that characterized the family. Fleur Forsyte is perhaps his loveliest woman character. Radiant in beauty, witty and exuberant, she brings personal interest to a rather uninteresting theme. A long discourse on an involved political situation would be unendurable without the force of Michael Fogsarty and his love for Fleur. Galsworthy has, perhaps, the most unique style of any present-day writer. Simplicity is the keynote and there is always some rare, unexpected beauty in a cleverly turned phrase or sentence. Emphasis is always placed on characterization based on elemental feelings of the person. Always the good in any situation dominates the evil and a perusal of any work of his leaves a feeling of cleanliness, of worthwhile endeavor and of purity.

## Delicacy That Wasn't To Elephant's Liking

I remember years ago we had an elephant which became a positive nuisance for stealing people's bags and parcels, says William Blore, in a London paper. This particular elephant was much worse than the average. There was no stopping him. If he saw a handbag or paper parcel anywhere near his walk he had it!

One day there was an old gentleman standing by the side of the board walk with several children. Under his arm he carried a brown paper bag.

The elephant was nearly level with him before he noticed the bag, and before you could say "knife" there was a startled cry from the old gentleman—the elephant had the bag.

His keeper gave him a shout and a sharp tap on the head, but it was no use, the elephant was not letting go, and in a moment had the bag in his mouth!

## Modern Dress Admits Imitation in Plenty

Our grandmothers were sticklers for the "real thing," and the only sham openly permitted in their well-ordered homes was a pillow sham, says the London Daily Mail. Real lace, real linen, real gems—"imitation jewelry, my dear, is only worn by servants"—real silver; the same hard worked adjectives were applied to all their most prized possessions.

And one of the signs of a real lady was that she wore nothing sham; and if she could not afford real lace for her petticoat, she trimmed it with tatting; if she did not own a real gold bracelet, then she put up with silver, but never silver-gilt. Imitations were considered vulgar, the hall-mark of persons lacking in taste and breeding.

But her granddaughter dresses in artificial silk and sparkles with imitation jewelry; the fur on her coat is a sham, so is the fashionable leather of her handbag, and the tortoiseshell of her umbrella handle; she will partake without flinching of coffee that comes out of a bottle, imitation butter and ginger which once was vegetable marrow.

## Ancient Lighthouse

At the most northerly point of Jutland, where the North sea and the Kattegat meet, is an ancient light house. The waters there have a bad reputation among seafaring men, but the men who have named the beacon have just the opposite, most of them having been heroes of a high order. Many centuries ago, says tradition, this lighthouse was built by a peasant, Thorik Skarpa, and his shepherd clan. A fishing village in time grew up around the beacon and King Erik of Pommern, as he was called, though king of Denmark, granted it a town charter in 1413. The shifting dunes have so buried the church of this village that now only the top of the tower is to be seen.—Detroit News.

"Mamma! Mamma! Pappa iss killt!"  
"Ikey! Vot you are sayink!"  
"Hiram choost said de hosses had et up de fodder!"

## JOKES

Soph: "That must have slipped my mind."  
Rat: "What's the trouble. Have too much grease on your hair?"  
—Exchange.

### Siren Stuff

Mrs. Brown: So your husband was lost at sea?  
Mrs. Green: Yes, a bathing beauty got him.

### Reversible

"But don't these billboards you're putting up obscure the view of the forests?"  
"They would, but you see, we're cutting down the forests to make more billboards."

### Sloping Down

Traffic Cop: Say you! What in the hell do you think you are, driving at the rate of sixty miles an hour?

Motorist: I's like this, Officer. I was hurrying to get a couple of tickets to the Police Beach Party before they were sold out.

Traffic Cop: I've just got two tickets left, sir. Here you are, sir. That's right, two dollars, sir. Lovely weather we're having, sir.

Irate Father: What is that stuff on my new car? Where have you been?  
Calm Son: That's only traffic jam.

Teacher: Johnnie, make a sentence using defeat, defence and detail.  
Student: Defeat goes over defence before detail.

Gold Dust Twins: Lux against us.  
Sheik: Could you live on twenty-five dollars a week?  
Flapper: Yes, but no longer!

Teacher: Who was king of France during the Revolution?  
Student: Louis the thirtieth—no—Louis Fifteenth, no—Louis Fourteenth—no—, the—well, well, anyhow he was in his teens.

"They say bread contains alcohol."  
"Is that so? Let's drink a little toast."

Mr. Jones was taking his young son to the zoo. They stopped in front of the monkey cage.

"Son," remarked Mr. Jones, "how many years are you removed from one of these?"  
"Five years," was the reply.  
—Exchange.

Soph: "You want to keep your eyes open around here today."  
Fresh: "What for?"

Soph: "Because people would think you were crazy to go around with them shut."  
—Exchange.

He: "Now sugar—"  
She (excitedly): "Yes, yes!"  
He: "Certainly goes good with coffee."  
—Exchange.



"He sings like a sailor."  
"What do you mean?"  
"Rolls on the high C's."  
—Exchange.

The daughter of a certain strict principled deacon had attended a dance the previous night, much against her father's wishes. When she appeared at breakfast the next morning, he greeted her with these words: "Good morning, daughter of Satan."

To which the maiden respectfully replied: "Good morning, father."  
—Exchange.

"Samson," said a nearby Phillistine, "I see you have a hair-cut."  
"Yes," replied Samson, "that's my weakness now."  
—Exchange.

Miss Lily: Leonora, tell me one or two things about John Milton.  
Ruminating Leonora: Well, he got married and wrote "Paradise Lost." Then his wife died and he wrote "Paradise Regained."

Banker: If I should loan you this money, and you died tomorrow, who would pay it back?  
Irate Farmer: Well, if I go to heaven I'll send it to you. If I go to hell I'll hand it to you.

Scott: "Wha dose ye charge for a hair-cut?"  
Barber: "Eight pence, sir."  
Scott: "An how muckle for a shave?"  
Barber: "Four pence, sir."  
Scott: "Then gie ma head a shave."

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