



Secret of Popularity Recalled

WINNING upstairs to be sure her trunk was locked and ready. Patsy was astonished to see her roommate, Marion Blaine, flung face down on the bed weeping stormily. Patsy paused in astonishment, for Marion had always seemed so self-contained and distant and had kept so strictly to herself that Patsy could not imagine her crying. "Did you have bad news?" she said breathlessly, bending over Marion. "No," mumbled Marion, burying her head in the pillows. "But I'm never coming back here—I hate it. No one ever includes me in anything or cares whether I have a good time or not." "Why," gasped Patsy, "we didn't think you wanted to play round with us; you always seemed to be studying and—"



The Latest Experiment of Solomon T. Wise

SIR Solomon Tremendous Wise Has queer ideas concerning size. He thinks that little bugs should be as large as you, or maybe me. Small animals and insects would be happier and twice as good if they were just the size of man—So Solomon thinks out a plan. To stretch 'em up and out, to boot. For why should they be underfoot And we on top, he'd like to know? They've never had a chance to grow Or take up music and the arts And travel 'round in foreign parts. Three days and seven nights, he thought, And then, a dark brown mixture wrought Of chemicals and herbs and yeast, 'Twould make a man of any beast!

The Paws and Claws Club

NOT long ago I said that we should find another name for our animal column, 'cause the goldfish and ponies and turtles got to complaining that they had neither paws nor claws—and yet were just as much pets and animals as any one else. I'm afraid we'd have to call it Hair, Hoof, Feather, Scale and Flipper society if we wanted to include them all. But one of our members has given me an idea. "My suggestion for a new name for the column is 'Ark Write,' Bonney Winslow." Now, really, that is a very clever notion—or we might call it Mr. Noah's club, 'cause every animal that ever was or is came out of the Ark, so to satisfy all hands we'll call it Faww and Claww half of the time and Noah's Ark Post the other half. The Forgetful Poet just stuck his head in and asked why a tom cat was like a man. I gave it up right away and what do you 'spos he said? "Because he's a purr-son!" Now what he keeps making puns? We'll make him a member of Ark, that's what we'll do. The animals have many things to be thankful for just at present. They don't wear clothes or shoes, so the H. C. of L. does not worry them. Not many of them require houses of any sort, and I don't believe nests or holes in the trees or burrows or mouse tenements will go up for a long time. Dog houses may advance and barns and such—but the wood and field folk need not worry just yet. I heard a little bumblebee A-buzzing 'tother day "It's almost half past June, you know, And more than half past May." (And I should say it was.) My Happiest Memory "Tell us a story, Grandma," begged the twins. "Well," said Grandma, settling down in an easy chair. "What shall it be about?" "Have it a true story," suggested Ruth. "Yes," agreed Martha. "Your happiest memory." "My happiest memory," began Grandma, taking out her knitting, "was in the year 1818. Your father had been fighting the Germans, and I was afraid that any minute I might get a letter saying that he was wounded or killed; but every two or three weeks I would get a letter from him saying that he was safe, although in the midst of danger, and then, on November 11, the

Reed College Notes

The week's activities were strenuous ones at Reed, with studies out of the way, and commencement activities on the boards for all students and faculty members. Monday began the week's happenings with the chorus' annual spring concert in the chapel. Directed by Hans Hoerlein, the chorus gave a creditable program of music appropriate to the spring season, and commencement time. Howard Barlow, who in Reed's first class organized the chorus, was a visitor at Reed the night of the concert. Tuesday was River day, and every detail of arrangement was correct for a long day of celebration. The J. N. Teal carried all of Reed up the Columbia to Moffatt springs, where students hiked back into the hills. The return trip was made late in the evening. The Reed "jazz" orchestra furnished good music for dancing, and the evening's sunset and brilliant view of Mount Hood were also strong attractions. Howard McGowan, chairman of the day, managed finances so that the boat expense of \$300 and cost of two meals was exactly met by ticket sales and student body appropriations. Wednesday Professor Lucius E. Becker gave a program of America's best music, including as a special concession to the gay commencement season a number of American folk tunes transcribed with modern melodies. The program included the work of Milligan, Stoughton, Klein, Sowerby, Barstielet, Nevin and Kroeger, all of which were heartily enjoyed by seniors and their guests. The Reed college annual made its appearance Wednesday and several hundred students eagerly scanned its pages for mention of themselves and friends. Practically every student at Reed appeared in individual or group pictures in the annual, and there is written reference to about 100 of the students who have been most active in student doings. James Hamilton, business manager and photographic editor,

Toytown Parade



THEY had a great meeting in Toytown last night. The high cost of clothing. They said, was not right. "Down with clothes and with bows," Cried a Teddy Bear cub. "Let's form here and now Our own overall club." So they did, and each Teddy And doll and small clown In a neat pair of overalls Strolls about town.

The Green Apple Pirate

THE apple pie was on the shelf, When with an awful shout The crust was split and through the slit A pirate man burst out. He jumped into a bowl of soup, And, mounted on a bone, Ran up his flag and in his jooop Bought fortunes of his own. He captured seven carrots, a Potato and a bean, And would have taken more I 'spos, Had he not been so green. He was an apple pirate, loves The soupy sea, did togi! The pirate man fell in and now I guess he's apple sauce.

Mr. Orang Outang Is Own Dentist

For some days the orang-outang at the London Zoo has been restive. Usually he tells the keeper his needs by signs or guttural noises. Nobody could discover what was the matter until he was observed by two witnesses to have discovered—and great was his joy—a stout piece of string in his bedding. One of his dog teeth had evidently become loosened and was giving him pain. He tied the string round the tooth and made several efforts to dislodge it. Finding this task a hard one, he entwined the loose end of the string round the bars of his cage, and by dint of jerking his head back successfully extracted the tooth. It was quite two inches long, and the orang-outang was so pleased with the feat that he refused to allow either of the keepers to touch it. The tooth has since disappeared and it is believed that he has hidden it on a ledge at the top of the cage—some 15 feet high. The notes, written in preparation for the graduation thesis, made a considerable blaze, to the great joy of the students who had spent several months in preparing the thesis, which are now entered as first class reading matter in the college library. With Saturday's commencement exercises over, students began leaving for home in every part of the United States and Alaska. The college office and library will be open for the next week before closing for the summer.

Called by the foremost critics of two continents "the most sensational love story of a generation" and in which Miss Keane has appeared for over five consecutive years in America and England, it is our rare privilege to present to Portland audiences one of the most important releases of the year.

Advertisement for 'ROMANCE' featuring DORIS KEANE and CECIL TEAGUE. Includes text: 'TODAY AND ALL WEEK DORIS KEANE IN EDWARD SHELTON'S CELEBRATED PLAY "ROMANCE" TODAY'S EXCEPTIONAL CONCERT AT 1:30 P. M. PLAYED BY CECIL TEAGUE ON THE WURLITZER'. Also includes a large illustration of a man and a woman in a romantic setting.

High Collars Appear Is the pneumonia blouse doomed? The latest London style show reveals choker collars worn with tailor-made. Three other tendencies are of outstanding interest: The waist-line is creeping up; silk pointed waistcoats are the thing, and pleats abound everywhere.

COME! Sunday and Monday WE OFFER CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG IN "EYES OF YOUTH"



SEE THE EXQUISITE MISS YOUNG IN THIS THUNDERBOLT OF DRAMATIC ACTION COMEDY "All Dressed Up" THE CIRCLE THEATRE

Animal Land

WHY did the worm turn, Mr. Owl? "Why, I suppose," yawned Mr. Owl, "he must have reached the corner." Poor Mr. Worm! To tell the truth, he doesn't know which way to turn these days, with Mr. Robin after him one way and little boys the other. He's always being dug up for breakfast or bait. But then he eats flowers and vegetables and I 'spos it's all for the best in the long run. And a long run it surely is for him to keep out of danger. Every once in a while we read about a giant turtle. One was brought in from the Maine coast recently that scientists declare had lived for 500 years. But after 500 years of freedom at sea it could not accustom itself to captivity and died in five days, which seems a great pity. Eagles, crocodiles, elephants and turtles hold the record for long lives among the animal people. Many, many turtles are captured annually for their oil and shells. They are also used for food and fertilizer, so that not all have an opportunity to enjoy their full 500 years of life. For a time it looked as if the automobile would push man's good friend, the horse, into the far corner, and leave him no way to earn his living. But slowly he is coming back into his own, especially on the farms. The tractors and other farm machinery are fine for large farms, but for the small farms the horse is the most dependable ally. He lasts longer and doesn't need so many tires, doesn't get stuck in the mud and when he is through plowing he can be used for hauling and other odd jobs that the tractor simply could not fit into. Imagine a tractor taking the vegetables to market. For small fields the horse is better than the tractor. So even on large farms horses are kept in reserve for the time when the tractor gets out of order. Another item in favor of the horse is that while he is useful all the year, the tractor, after the plowing, harrowing and cultivating, stands idle and does nothing to help pay its expenses. So the horse is still sure of his comfortable corner in the big farm.

SUNDAY CONCERT NELSON'S COUNCIL GREST CONCERT ORCHESTRA THIS AFTERNOON AT 2:30 P. M. MISSION FREE. HOP A CO CAR FOR COUNCIL CREST PARK