

MILL RACE EULOGIZED AND CO-ED WRITES OF AQUATIC SPORTS

KEEN ANALYSIS OF STUDENT
FUN MADE BY FAIR
CRITIC

CANOEING BENEFITS MANY AND VARIOUS

Songs, Books, and Lunches, Inseparable Adjuncts to Aquatic Rides.

Three miles is the length of the mill race, at the Oregon University; for about two miles it affords perhaps a greater variety of pleasure to a greater number of people than any other stretch of equal length in Oregon. This aquatic pleasure ground—or water navigable by "mosquito" fleets—consists of three sections, so to speak, each having character of its own. One extends for about a mile from the mills through town to the headgates, another for nearly a mile and three-quarters above the gates to the famous spot called "Portage," the third between "Portage" and the head of the small island whence the mill race separates from the waters of the Willamette. On fine spring and summer afternoons these sections of the race present spectacles of joyful life.

On the race the life is of two kinds—the life of idle dalliance, and the life of strenuous endeavor. You find people dallying all the way along from the Eugene boat house to the island; you find the strenuously employed afloat on the wider stretch above the headgates.

The canoeing season begins about the first of April and lasts into November; but May and June are the months when the activity is greatest. With a very few privileged exceptions, this part of the race has been kept free from puff-boats, steam and electric launches. The principal exception is the "quarry barge," or an occasional motored flat-bottomed rowboat.

On the race you see the canoe "sport" stripped to a sleeveless jersey, rejoicing in his sunburned arms, racing with reckless disregard among the leisurely. It is a familiar spectacle to see a fleet organize of seven or eight canoes, massed together, and proceed joyously up the race. At such a time the youth who has invited a girl to share his first experiment in a canoe affords rare sport.

The comments seem perhaps unkind; there is certainly nothing unkindly in the behavior of the crowds on this little stream, even if one must withhold the full measure of approbation. They are rollickingly good-natured. To assure yourself of this, you have but to keep eyes and ears open, see the faces and note the repartee. "Say, old man, this is no obstacle race," will be the protest of one whose canoe is rudely bumped by an embarrassed greenhorn. "Don't mind us, come right in," will be extended to you by the pair upon whose shady nook under overhanging maples you have unwittingly intruded. "We have no secrets from the world." And when you withdraw, you are likely to hear some unfavorable comment on your tact.

Canoeing seems to breed a pleasurable vacancy of mind which expresses itself upon the countenance. The principal occupation of canoeists is to stare at other canoeists as they pass. It is an odd thing; in trolley cars and on the street, convention restrains the most mannerless from indulging in the fixed, persistent stare; the moment one steps into a canoe one adopts a different code of etiquette. The girls lying back on her cushions, the man sitting on the thwart and dabbing with the paddle, alike drop into silence and turn their faces toward the passing craft. Always they meet the steady gaze in answer; on neither side is there any flinching; no one is abashed. The boats slowly pass, the heads slowly

turn, the eyes slowly move—until the human anatomy can be seen no more; then it is eyes in the boat again and ready for a dispassionate examination of the next that comes.

The canoe is, in fact, but a means to an end; the mere paddling of it, in quiet waters, to most people, is not very engrossing. And so the occupants of the canoe are really adventurers, ready to follow the first distraction that offers and seems promising. Hence, perhaps, this absorbed attentiveness to those who pass, hence the success of small allurements, upon the race's banks, small lads fishing and wading.

Not only is the canoeist so casual in his purposes, so amenable to the mild charms of temporary distraction, but he furnishes a spectacle that diverts the loiterer on land. Whenever the race is crowded, the small foot-bridges will be peopled also—the bridges and paths along the shore will all be quietly animated with philosophic idlers. They do not expect anything very exciting to repay them for their waiting; an upset is of comparatively rare occurrence, for the canoes let out to the populace are of substantial nature. It is the procession of recumbent figures and uplifted faces, the snatches of dialogue, the color and movement of the picture that prolong the lingering of the man on the bridge. Trivial blemishes are submerged in the richness of color, the variety of change, the grace of motion.

The canoe encourages domesticity as well as romance. After all, domesticity, in well regulated lives, issues out of romance; and the canoe may help to preserve in domesticity the romance which perhaps it aided in promoting. At any rate, it is possible to look upon the canoe, not with cynic eyes, but in spite of its fragility, as a real bulwark of the home. On fine evenings in late spring or early autumn, when the sun is about setting, there may be seen picnic parties on the upper portions of the race bank and across the river, with their canoes drawn part way up on the shore. When the twilight falls and the moon rises big over Judkins', they take to the river or race again. The moonbeams glow among the low-drooping trees and are reflected in the water. A "Caruso" sings dear college songs, and, "Well," says the romantic student, "well, this may not be Venice, but it's pretty nice."

For some distance along the race there are homes whose lawns run down to the water; but farther up the race flows through woodland or shallow pools with outlying reedy marshes, over which the blackbird flies, with banks of wild roses and blackberry vines. Along the way one passes people who have found comfortable, secluded spots under the trees, and are satisfied to remain there, to talk and to read. The number of persons who go out canoeing to read or to be read to, is surprising. They carry magazines, novels, and even portentous books of philosophy and history. It seems to be a theory that one good way to grind for an "ex" is to go off in a canoe and prosecute your studies while drifting with the stream.

The concert "O" on Skinner's Butte was given its fifth annual coat of yellow paint by a special committee of Juniors Friday morning. An anonymous rabble of "frosh" was herded to the scene of activity by the upperclassmen, at which place the first year men were prevailed upon to furnish the principle labor other than overseeing.

Since the construction of the big letter by the 1908 class, it has been a University Day custom for the Juniors to repaint the monogram. The "O" invariably falls a prey to the artistic besmearing of outside collegians during the summer school year. Two years ago the visiting California baseball team transformed the Varsity letter into a "C" by painting out one side of the oval. In the fall of 1902, before the O. A. C. football game, the Aggies besmirched the monogram with a rich coat of range.

The Juniors who posed for the camera on the work Friday were Cash, Grayson, Waite, Bailey, Martin, Bauer, Rolfe, Siglin, Carrol.

MRS. PENNELL TELLS OF DIGNITY AT HOME

Rounded Education Makes Woman
More Efficient—Practical as Well
as Cultural Courses Needed.

(By Mrs. Ellen M. Pennell.)

"To give instruction in art, science and industry best calculated to enable the scholars to acquire an independent livelihood." This was the direction in the will of a sagacious man, who, a few years ago, was giving a goodly sum for the founding of a college for women. Today this institution is one of the foremost of its kind in the country, from which, as it happens, two of our own girls are this summer to be graduated.

This last fact is significant. We have with us both men and women. Many of the women remain the four years, others drop out for one reason or another before the course is completed. Once outside the college, what next? For those who must earn their livelihood, or desire to do so, the usual resource is teaching—teaching those branches in which they have received special training and for which they are presumed to have special aptitude. Other girls remain in the home, German. Why? For the purpose of gaining a proficiency, or having something in particular to do, or of passing away the time? Still others are looking forward to being themselves the mistress of a home.

Now, in the case of many of these women—may we not say the large majority?—one portion of what is justly a part of their college training has, in the main, been omitted. This is the theoretical and practical instruction in home making. And this through no fault of their own. However, the need is fast being recognized and is now fairly well met in the Universities of Ohio, Nebraska, California, Wisconsin and Illinois, while at Columbia and Chicago the equipment is exceptionally complete. Courses are also given in many agricultural colleges, academies and normal schools, besides in the large technical schools, such as Pratt, Drexel and Armour, and in the strictly vocational school, Simmons College, Boston.

And this term, Home Economics, the name of the department that we would have in every university opening its doors to women, and upon equal footing with any other department—what does it include? "Its domain is hardly less circumscribed than that of sociology," observes a college woman now holding the chair of history in a distant institution. Here are some of the courses, not all, taken from a recent catalogue:

1. Chemistry of the household.
2. Household bacteriology.
3. Principles of cookery and their application.
4. Household hygiene.
5. Household management.
6. Home care of the sick.
7. The house—plan, care, decoration.
8. Textiles and clothing.
9. Care of children.

This gives an idea of the scope of the work. The inference must not be drawn that we would have the woman elect so much in this line that her other courses will suffer thereby. Not at all; but we do believe that no work will stand her in better stead than this, and by careful judgment she may so balance her courses that they will include both the cultural and the practical.

"But," protests some winsome Oregon girl more or less seriously, "I know how to keep house. I can wash dishes and sweep and make divinity; yes, and I can paint place-cards, too." Ah, home making, the art of making a home, means far more than this. We older folks know that all it means can never be taught; it must be lived. And yet, because we are older folk and realize the unhappiness resulting from ignorance of household management or distaste for it—the ignorance not infrequently being the cause of the distaste—we are moved to voice our convictions at this time. We do not forget that something is being

done in our own college bearing directly upon this subject, and we are grateful therefor.

After all, although the time is approaching when the Oregon woman may vote, home making must still remain her principal business in life. Not by intuition or by happy accident may a knowledge of this business be acquired; it may come only by special training. Moreover, we must remember that the modern home makes demands far more varied and exacting than were those of a half century ago. We must also remember that the woman just out of college is expected to measure up to these demands. In view of all this, we would foster all that is most helpful and womanly in her, we would give to her the most complete training possible. Surely the most rounded education can be none too good for her.

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