

OREGON EMERALD

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WOMEN'S EDITION

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ISN'T THIS THE IDEA?

An Alaskan bishop once came down to "the States" to transact business. Upon his return to his diocese, a friend asked him how he had liked a certain Pacific Coast city. "Well," His Reverence replied, "I can only say, in the words of the Master, 'I was a stranger and they took me in.'"

Perhaps we, too, are "taking in" strangers with us rather too figuratively. We don't mean to misrepresent—not at all. We merely want the visitors to realize what a regular college "Oregon" is, and if we make it seem a realized Utopia by our praise and assurances, we are not intentionally telling tangdiddles, because this does seem a mighty good

place to us during Junior Week End. But just a bit of advice to our guests: We are not always thus. We are very festive now, 'tis true, but this is just by way of relaxation for a brief period, and we do like to enjoy our guests and play around a bit.

But our play is not always so elaborate as this, and the prospective Oregon student need not expect any such hilarity, should he decide to attend our college, until another Junior Week End arrives.

We are on a sort of dress parade at this time, and the visiting prepper sees only what is believed to be the aspect of our life here most alluring to him. But let not the innocent high school lad think that we always frivol as at present. We don't.

We really work consistently and seriously most of the time—that is, several of us do so. Wherefore, visitor, when you come to college at the University of Oregon, it were best not to expect any excessive amount of tea-partying.

Athletic joys, too, must not be over-estimated. You'll have to be a bit above the average in scholarship, or your team will be deprived of your active support. In fact, athletics and 90 per cent grade foreheads are inseparable at U. of O.

Accordingly, we beseech you, Freshmen to be, come prepared to work, and to work hard.

FALSE ALARMS

Let us consider now the False Alarm. That is, the individual who is always on the point of doing something some poor, over-worked fellow being has requested.

In fact, the False Alarm is so obliging and so competent that he or she—oh, yes, indeed, there are Lady False Alarms too—sometimes even proffers small courtesies or promises to do something wonderful, without any solicitation at all.

There will be quite a noise about it at the time, and the False Alarm will shout around, of his own capability, and his invincible good nature,

until the innocent by-standers are ready to choke him. And that's exactly all it amounts to.

You don't suppose you are a false alarm, now, do you?

THE NEW LEAGUE

The organization of the women of the University of Oregon into a Women's League for the purpose of unifying and concentrating efforts toward the betterment of student conditions, marks an epoch in the history of the University.

The movement toward definite formation of the League was in response to the growing need of systematic co-operation among the various women's societies and enterprises.

It would be almost impossible to over-estimate the power for good embodied in a Women's League.

The purpose of such an organization is primarily to watch over the welfare of the women, and in a university the size of "Oregon," there is a great scope for the conduct of the many departments of the Women's League.

OH, TUT!

We shouldn't say that a member of the Faculty acted like the devil, but really that is so. It is due to Professor Allen's assistance as printer's devil, copy reader, and head writer, that the issue of the Emerald is out on time.

SUMPTUARY REGULATIONS

It is to be regretted that there is a necessity of passing restrictions regarding women's dress at "Oregon," where Democracy reigns supreme, but the ruling has been made, and it is hoped that next year's Freshmen will obey without protest.

It seems so trivial a matter upon which to take action, but it is significant and we hope that the incoming Freshman girls will heed the warning in time.

"THE UNIVERSITY PAPER"

"In colleges and universities today the college paper is the one institution which cannot be killed. It may be on the verge of bankruptcy, its promoters may be expelled from school, and the editor may have to run to preserve his life, and yet the old paper still comes out on time. The students may not subscribe for it. The advertiser may refuse to give longer, and the paper may be the object of universal ridicule, but there is always some fellow who will work all night, flunk in classes, and give his last cent to keep the paper alive.

"Some times the college paper is even in good repute. Its poetry is endured for a season with no show of violence; its swollen ideas concerning its own importance are charitably received, and its stories of big athletic prospects, increased enrollments, and brainy faculties are received for the truth.

"Perhaps the season for longevity of the college paper is that it has acquired the habit of boosting everything that could withstand a boost. If there are only five faculty members and fifty students at the president's reception, the paper will write of a great throng of happy guests and when the university is defeated in every game, there is no athlete who is not referred to as worthy of a place on the all-star aggregations.

"Whatever may become of the college paper of future years, even though it continues to rustle its pages in the faces of many non-subscribers, it will never lose any of its vigor until all things collegiate pass away."—Columbia Spectator.

PRESCOTT IS PRAISED AS CHAMPIONSHIP COACH

Portland, Oregon.

To the Editor:—I am writing not so much to criticize as to remind, for, having worn the torn and tattered toga of an Emerald editor, I realize the impossibility of doing everything to please everyone and am naturally

sympathetic; but it seems to me, from reading the Emerald, that the students do not realize that they have in their midst a great coach, to whom sufficient honor has not been given. I refer to Bert Prescott, Coach of Oratory and Debate.

Now, without wishing to detract from the honor of the men who debated, I know, from my experience as an Interstate debater, that the great brunt of the work and the skill connected with debate preparation falls on the coach, and, where the teams of a college win the championship of the Pacific states, as Oregon's team did this year, you can put it down with certainty that that institution has a great coach.

Three years ago, when Coach Buchen's men cleaned up the Northwest in debate, we proclaimed him a wonder, and the next year, when he brought home the Coast Championship, we shouted his praises all year long, and well might we, for Buchen was a good coach, but this year, when Prescott, in his initial year at coaching, brings to Oregon an even greater championship, not one word of praise is sounded to his honor—at least I have read none.

This, of course, is an oversight, for never must it be said that Oregon lacks appreciation. Perhaps Mr. Prescott's long sojourn on the campus and his extremely modest mien, have made him inconspicuous to the eye of the Emerald reporter, ever on the lookout for something new and startling, but whatever it is, let now the Portals of Oregon's Hall of Appreciation open to this old "Grad." and professor, who, by hard, consistent, skillful work, during a winter of much trouble and worry outside of his school duties, has produced the most successful debating teams Oregon has ever had.

—Burns Powell.

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