

INTENTIONS, PLEASE.

A Question Fit for Candidates for the Position of Graduate Managers.



THE UNIVERSITY has had the graduate manager system two years. Two managers have worked hard filling the position, and the prospects are that the Executive Committee will have to elect a new one next week. The Emerald-Bulletin takes it for settled that the system is here to stay,—although it has heard considerable comment on the way it has worked out,—but it objects to the abuse to which the new plan of managing student activity has been put.

The intentions of candidates for this office are as important as their qualifications. The students pay their manager enough to warrant the serious consideration of the office as a position of respect and worth. It should not be a mere stepping stone for college graduates, nor should it be merely an easy berth for one year, or a makeshift until the holder finds his level out in the business world.

Managers for student activities are born, seldom made. It is a knack that can be developed, and experience is as valuable an asset in this business as in any other. The student body has a right to expect conscientious service of its servants, and who can put their best efforts into their work when they know that it is but a temporary position?

GO AHEAD, GIRLS.

THAT editorial in the Women's Edition of The Emerald, labeled "The High Cost of Escorts," was fine. It undoubtedly expressed accurately a bad case of sour grapes, and it was admirably done. The complaint, with its double-headed meaning—that the Oregon men threaten to import girls and that the co-eds don't care if they do, because men are expensive, with the final thrust that the men won't have such an easy time of it—was well founded.

So well, in fact, that The Emerald-Bulletin desires to tell the co-eds—and postgraduates—to go ahead. Girls, refuse to spend your money feeding the Oregon man. It is a shame that you must do it, so stop. Follow up your threat with action. "Refuse to salute the flag," refuse to pay your \$1, refuse to be slaves to the masculine greed.

Go ahead, we say. But don't forget the picnics, the millrace suppers, the theatre parties, the dances and flowers and auto rides that men provide. Would you rather have your college without them? Then go ahead.

AN OPPORTUNITY.

UNIVERSITY students owe it to themselves to support the Lincoln High School operetta tonight. Nothing except the intervention of Providence or the faculty posting system should prevent the hearty reception on the part of the student body that is due these young people.

It has become a custom on the part of the managers of football to ask the Portland high schools for encouragement at Varsity games in the metropolis. Offers of rooting assistance, bands, and assistance in advertising from the high school students have been accepted. All of this has made the University a debtor of these Portland schools, Lincoln High School especially.

The young people believe in the University. They want to see the institution and judge its merits for themselves. The student body has a chance here to present its case to these future "Oregon" men and women, and it should take the fullest advantage of its opportunity.

BE CALM!

PERHAPS it is because The Emerald-Bulletin has no enterprising staff of co-ed press agents; perhaps it was not under the benign influence of the journalism department; or perhaps it was because there was nobody who thought it would do any good if we did, that The Emerald-Bulletin is not able editorially to announce that it has been "implored" to "roast" anybody.

However, if you should happen to find yourself mentioned in any connection in this paper, be calm. Don't take it too seriously, for it was undoubtedly due to one of the misfortunes of being great. And it may happen again next year.

A HAPPY ENDING FOR A COLLEGE YEAR AT OREGON

(By Earl Blackaby)

Tremblingly he arose to his feet. He had proposed to her for the seventh time, and now had been amply rewarded. Bending over close to her, he felt her warm breath on his cheek, then the flood gates of passion broke loose.

"Lucy, I love you," was his gasping remark, as he claimed his first kiss, then his second, and so on. His Delta Omicron stick pin nearly fell out of his tie, as he lifted "his own" from off the sofa and walked slowly with her to the porch, where the large June moon bathed the Kappa Gamma house in its bright light. Alder street was deserted. The last strains of "In My Bungalow" were dying from the Beta Sigma house just across the street. The swinging chair, hung behind the thick clematis vine that covered the front of the house, was Arthur's retreat. Silently Lucy took her place beside him. She gave one long sigh. A wonderful day was done.

"My, if I had only known about that horrid party this afternoon," came the tired little voice from some region close to him. "Dear, you know I went to Coiller Hall this afternoon in my plain white dress, not once thinking what was going on there. I went to say goodbye, and there was a big crowd of faculty women, in a receiving line."

Lucy had graduated that day, and had stepped out of her idealistic world of dreams, where she had been for the past four years, into the beautiful valley of love.

"Well, I did have to laugh," was Arthur's confession, "but you must realize that to any sane minded person, dress makes no difference—perhaps at least not when you are mine, and you and I are the sole judges. Isn't that so?"

"Yes, but that isn't what the Kappa Gamma girls think. I have always been taught that I must dress at my very best—"

"When I am around, yes," was Arthur's interjection. "Of course you must realize what your sorority has always been accused of fostering—matrimony."

"Why, Arthur, you horrid thing. You know that Kappa girls have not that reputation. Instead we have turned to the serious minded, studious type, and we do not care if our girls are only elected by four or five votes, which—"

"All of which goes to prove that the pretty attractive co-eds are going—what is that? I do believe those are the Theta Omega boys celebrating commencement, for they asked me if I wouldn't like to go on a "bust" tonight, as an alumnaus, but you know I would not."

"Certainly, Arthur. I know you agree with some of the girls that when two people are engaged, it is the girls' duty and rare privilege to try to reform the man for his own good. That's what Miss Watkin's thinks, and most of the engaged girls in the class thought so too, except one."

"Yes, yes I know. That is classroom talk, Lucy. Soon you will realize that pretty theories that are worked out in the class-room are very different from the actualities of life. For instance, take Professor Lowe. His practice is not in conformity with his teaching, and—"

But Arthur did not finish. Beside him was Lucy sitting straight up for the first time that evening. As a spark of militancy was aflame in her heaving breast, it was with difficulty that she spoke.

"I am surprised. I had no idea that there was ever a man graduated from the University who did not think the world of Professor Lowe. He has his peculiarities, I must admit, but then look at his son, and his own lovely thoughts about love."

The last car turned down Alder street from Thirtieth avenue. The neighborhood was deserted. Even the last light was turned low in the Phi Nu house, which was followed by the last in the Gamma Gamma

WAYS OF THE WORLD

Oregon Gentlemen: Why Are the Co-eds Inconsistent On This Subject?

URING bygone days certain liberties have been extended to University men on the ground that they are "Oregon gentlemen." Whether the future should see a continuation of this practice unless there are certain very obvious defects remedied, is a question, and we can't help but observe a very serious question. This query as to the present status of this "gentleman" is mixed up considerably with several questions upon which we shall not stop to comment.

The quality of being a student "gentleman" is obviously a hard one to define. Being a student implies to some, certain liberties that a "gentleman" would not sanction. That is a hard fact to understand, but nevertheless true, and an open secret to one who is on the inside of student life.

On the other hand one is inclined to wonder whether being a student should really not impose higher obligations of conduct and character on a man, than the hollow claim or bestowed title of being by nature a "gentleman."

At numerous times, Oregon co-eds have stood up for the "gentlemanly" spirit in the University man. They have defended it in the press, on the platform and in some of their actions. But how far? For some unknown reason college gentlemen must be off from the race by dark, if he is with a self respecting University woman. He must not keep his lady away from her sorority house later than specified hours. He can not take a co-ed off for an all day picnic unless the couple is chaperoned, or there are four in the party. These restrictions on the liberty of University women were imposed by the women for what reason?

Coming down to hard facts, it looks as though it was on account

Procrastination—a word so long is sometimes spelled and pronounced quite wrong; Of its derivation, we need not talk, But at its meaning, some people balk.

II.

Procrastination—means but a word; But as people use it, it sounds absurd. To procrastinate—Well, that means to delay. And to keep putting off from day to day.

III.

Procrastination—this word is not shocking. But to say it, sets our tongues a rocking. To procrastinate—that means to postpone. Either by letter or over the phone.

IV.

Procrastination—to us is a bore, And some people it makes pretty sore; It is putting off, some people say, Till tomorrow, what should be done today.

Reah house across the way. Tomorrow Lucy and Arthur, who had graduated just a year before, would be on their way home, there to live over again their happy college days.

of fear of the "Oregon gentleman." It is nothing to his credit that these useless rules are passed. And if they are passed for the protection of the women, that appears to be a pitiful confession that the women at a state University must make such rules to live by.

Fear of a person never makes that person better. On glories in their own strength. A person is apt to have contempt for one who is afraid, not any inclination to reform himself. Human nature does not change the moment a man sets his foot on the campus, or hears of the Pan-Hellenic house rules. He is instead confronted with a strange situation. He finds that on one hand he is immediately accepted into the best society. He is a student and hence a "gentleman". Then again he finds that women are admitted to all of

his athletic contests, his activities, and that there is no feature of his campus life that is carried on behind closed doors and barred windows.

Then the other side. All the men are accepted everywhere. He is free, he has no binding rules. He is on his own responsibility, and he is glad of it. Then suddenly he is awakened. He finds that the trust is all moonshine. Just a phosphorous glimmer, a translucent thing, that really is not there.

For he has bumped into some of the numerous rules. He finds that after all, the cover of darkness clothes him with a certain dread and unwholesomeness. He finds that the women say he is a "gentleman" but that they really don't believe it.



ABOLISH THE ONE-STEP

The movement among many of the thinking students to put a stop to the vulgar, ugly, immoral, and ungraceful dancing of the one-step, is deserving of the hearty cooperation of all upright, high-minded, and virtuous students. The fact that this is published in the scandal edition is no apology for uncovering the truth, but there is necessity, for immediate and drastic action.

The student council ought to assemble at once and put its stamp of unqualified disapproval on the indulgence of his insidious rag at all future dances.

At the recent Junior Prom, at which Governor and Mrs. West were present, anyone would have thought that we were trying to outdo and put into insignificance the performances of Frisco's Barbary Coast or New York's Mulberry Bend, where

the fish-worm wige, the Lame Duck, and the Bunn-Tango are run in full blast.

The movement for purity and decency in the enjoyable and uplifting institution of proper dancing, is receiving nation-wide support,—the women of Stanford and Radcliffe having buried the one-step in the crepe of disgrace. The University of Wisconsin Daily says: "We see a great deal more in the waltzing to a good musical waltz and mixing the dancing with laughter and an occasional good natured bump against one's neighbor than we do to this hugging in silence, carting a pained look toward heaven—in ecstasy. Get the gun."

The writers are not looking down from a high pinnacle of righteousness and condemning their fellow-students but are finding themselves equally quilty under the above indictment. Let us all stop!

TWO STUDENTS.

Hot Weather Togs ... FOR ... College Men CHESTERFIELD CLOTHES SHOP McMoran & Washburne Inc.