

OREGON EMERALD

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STAFF FOR THIS ISSUE.

Theta Sigma Phi Annual Woman's Edition.
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Greetings.

THETA CHAPTER of Theta Sigma Phi, women's journalistic fraternity, extends greetings. Welcome to the preppers within our gates, felicitations to the hero-athletes and the job-blessed seniors, and condolences to those who sleep this week-end on the piano benches and in the pantries.

Official greetings are permitted us through an exchange of courtesies with the Women's League,—it being willing to let us get out the annual women's edition of *The Emerald*, and we being to let it.

Theta Sigma Phi as editors would appear modestly. We would wish that our frills might be unshaded news and our flights pleasant attractiveness. But consider us kindly: we are very young.

Thank You.

THETA SIGMA PHI makes her official debut into the newspaper world with this issue. Its faults may be many, its virtues may be few—be that as it may. Suffice it to say, that whatever good qualities it may possess is due, in no small degree, to the kindness and co-operation of Dean Allen and Mr. Dymont. They have been long-suffering and forbearing in our attempts at would-be journalism.

We appreciate the assistance we have received from Floyd Westerfield, business manager of the Oregon Emerald.

Let Our Literary Lights Shine.

SINCE THE decease of the old Oregon Monthly, due to lack of support, the University has had no publication devoted to literature. For several years there was not enough interest displayed to warrant one. Now, however, the situation seems to have changed.

Verse and short stories are being written, some of which are good enough to be accepted by eastern magazines. Why should we not encourage our literary fellows and get some pleasure out of it ourselves by publishing the students' work here on the campus? It would not be necessary to revive the monthly—a page in *The Emerald* once a week, or even once a month, would probably meet the need.

What's the Matter With The Co-eds?

GIRLS! THIS is the woman's edition of *The Oregon Emerald*, but as the regular staff of *The Emerald* will not criticize co-ed spirit it's up to us to do it ourselves.

There is about \$6820, student body tax money paid into the student treasury every year. Boys' athletics and other activities receive \$4000 of this. The girls pay about \$3160 of this student body tax, and this year girls' activities received \$250 from the student body for hockey team, field meet and glee club. This looks as though Oregon was trying to keep up with Stanford in ostracizing co-ed student affairs.

Whose fault is it? The girls!

How many Oregon girls attended the Oregon-O. A. C. football and baseball games this year. Nine tenths of them. How many girls went to the Oregon-O. A. C. hockey game? Twenty! How many girls attended the boys' doughnut league and basketball games? Fifty per cent of them. The co-ed doughnut baseball games are now on. About twenty girl spectators at each game!

Can we expect the men to support womens' activities when we do not support them ourselves?

There's going to be a co-ed field day May 27, with a tennis and golf tournament, a track and aquatic meet, and a baseball game. Come out girls, and show people that we are not altogether men chasers! Lead and perhaps the boys will follow.

By taking an interest in co-ed sports ourselves we can at least have the courage to ask the student body to support women's activities next year. Let's put a girls' hockey, tennis, basketball, track and baseball team on the University of Oregon's map next year!

Let's Always be Clean!

THIS IS Clean-Up week in Eugene.

It's Clean-Up week at the University, too.

For days every frosh and upperclassman, too, for that matter, has been scrubbing, dusting and polishing—and, oh, what a spotless front every fraternity house presents to the prepper visiting here for the week-end.

Not that houses and lawns haven't been clean and well-kept

before! But they are just a little cleaner and better kept now. The girls have put on their prettiest dresses and everybody is on his best behavior. It may be that some of the freshmen will have to sleep in the coal bins and the sophs will have to go to the roof, and perhaps the juniors will have to sleep three in a bed, but it makes no difference, for this is Junior week-end. We have shown what we can do; we clean up, and smile, and are friends with everybody when the preppers and guests are here. The political battles and class scraps are all forgotten, so let us surprise the faculty and have ideal harmony and cleanliness all the rest of the year.

The Parliamentary Co-ed.

THERE IS one gentle art in which it is lovely to see a co-ed shine—the practice of parliamentary ruling. But if the co-ed shines in this respect at Oregon, perhaps we weren't there the time it happened.

Still, why lay stress on the matter? A woman can acquire a husband and order meals without knowing a motion from a committee. What if she does distrust Roberts' publicly on amending amendments. Roberts may have got it twisted.

That way she has of adding a sixth motion to those being entertained simultaneously before the house, is just a little naive of hers, a little whim. And anyhow there is much greater efficiency in entertaining in plural numbers, whether prospective pledges or motions. Permit her that "charming curiosity" about "what the little hammer is for." Probably she never sat far enough up to see what Lamar does with it; and besides everything else, if her card club ten years hence gets hard put to amend its by-laws governing eats, she can always write to *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and in a week or two learn how to get out of the swirling parliamentary rapids.

So, we move you—how she loves to say it—we move all you who would rise to protest, that we lay the matter on the table.

Here Is Real Worth.

THE WOMEN of the University, of which Theta Sigma Phi is here the official voice, desire to take this opportunity to express their appreciation of the action taken by the senior class in regard to a senior memorial.

Class fountains may come, and senior benches may go, but \$500.00 pledged by the class of 1916 toward the Woman's building will go on forever.

Instead of leaving a mere mark upon the campus, the class of 1916 has given to the University the means by which it may come a step nearer an improvement. The class has shown its interest in the further development of the University.

Moreover a fineness of feeling was displayed in the dedication of their tablet in the Woman's building to the memory of Owen Whallon their friend and classmate. The act, in itself, brings out the feeling of sympathy and fellowship of the entire class toward the one who had so nearly completed his college course, and would have been ready, with them, to step out into the world.

Why We Can Exist.

THE EMERALD, according to the little statement on the first page, is the official organ of the Oregon student body and is, supposedly, put out by the students. True it is that the news and editorials are written by the students—but what about the other half—the half that makes the whole possible—the advertising section? During this last week it fell to the lot of three of the girls on the campus to go down town getting ads. These girls found in their door-to-door canvas many, many evidences of the hard times which are so foreign to the students as a whole. There were numerous empty stores and in some of the open shops an obvious, but suggestive quiet. Yet the girls found the majority of the merchants very courteous and willing to give ads in which they have in reality little business faith. So let us do our little toward helping the Eugene business men who make possible the "official organ" by taking advertising space in *The Emerald*. Let us justify these ads by patronizing Emerald advertisers.

How would it be to start a sentiment on the campus this Spring in favor of choosing the candidate for office who is best qualified for the position?

J. W. QUACKENBUSH & SON
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160 9th AVE. EAST.

CARTER'S

The place where you buy the famous

Fisk Hat

We are especially showing dressy hats for commencement.

Room 22 Over First National Bank

Lyrics of Oregon Campus

THE DREAMER.

(By JUANITA WILKINS)

Oh little girl with the dark blue eyes,
 Tell me what do you see—
 Your thots I can only half surmise,
 As you sit there dreamily.

Your gaze is afar mid the apple bloom
 Where the birds swing to and fro,
 And I like to watch the color loom
 In your cheeks and swiftly go.

Oh little maid with the dreamy eyes
 Tell me the thots of your heart
 Now as the night wind softly dies
 And the troubles of day depart.

Are you building a castle in far off Spain
 Where the daisies grow green and gold,
 Where the fairies dance to a sweet refrain
 Of a song that's never old?

Are you waiting here at the end of the day
 For the lad you have worshipped long
 Who will come to you from the sunny way
 With the lilt of a merry song?

The night is falling, dear dreamy eyes
 Yet you sit and gaze afar
 While another day so slowly dies
 And comes the evening star.

A dreamer you sit by the garden gate
 And I think as I watch the scene
 That none of this world have reached the heights
 Who had not first a Dream.

CHILDREN OF AMERICA

By Lillian Porter.

He was a man of America.
 The heavy overalls and the coarse shirt
 Covered a body that radiated strength.
 By his stout hand great clods of earth
 were moved and the cultivating of the
 universe begun.

Yet a stranger in garments not of the soil
 Pressed something hard and metallic
 into the toiler's hand,
 And the shovel fell to the earth with a
 clang!

She was a woman of America.
 The bright robe and the soft curve of
 her cheek
 Proclaimed a knowledge of the joy and
 harmony of life
 Of the touch of a child's grimy fist
 And the strong love of a husband.
 Yet a stranger in robes not of joy
 Pressed into her hand the price of wealth
 And she went forth from the fireside
 While her children bitterly wailed!

They were the children of America.
 In their hands they held the rich, dark
 soil.
 They laughed as the sun fell and warmed
 the earth.
 But far beyond shone a coin in the dust
 And I saw the glitter in a child's eyes.
 Silent, I turned to the great heavens and
 the broad, open sky.

AND OF MOTHERS THE LEAST.

(By LILLIAN PORTER)

Out from the forest, echoing, echoing
 The call of the lion for her young.

Out from the tree tops, waving, waving
 The call of a bird for its young.
 Out from a woman's heart, breaking,
 breaking
 The call of a Mother for her-children.

I see Mothers everywhere with out-
 stretched hands,
 Standing, when their sons go forth to
 battle.

I see Mothers grieving, grieving,
 And I see the strong joy
 Of a Father when he knows
 His manchild has gone forth into the
 world!

I hear the Indian Mother singing,
 "Ayah! Ayah. My son! My son!
 The birch bark cradle is rocking rock-
 ing.

Ayah Ayah! My son! My son!
 The birch bark cradle is rocking, rock-
 ing."

I hear the Christian Mother praying,
 "O God! keep close my son, my son!
 My arms are aching, aching
 O God! keep close my son, my son!
 My arms are aching, aching
 For the one who was my life."

I see a great thread stretching, stretch-
 ing

All over the world and uniting ever close,
 Binding, binding close together
 Mothers in love for their children.
 Out from the smoke of battle
 Showing faintly, faintly

I see faces, peering, peering.
 Faces not of the sons gone forth to bat-
 tle

Put faces of the Mothers,
 Anxiously, silently, waiting, waiting!

MILD PHILOSOPHY.

(Anonymous)

Curious it is that I am I;
 There seems to be no special reason why
 In this body sits my soul
 Over it to wield control
 Till I leave.

What sort of person might I not have
 been
 If other body housed my soul within!
 And other parents gave to me
 This me that folks recalling see
 When I am named!

Suppose this body that I stay inside
 Were, when I came to live, unoccupied,
 And quite at random was assigned
 To me, and not all designed
 Especially.

A name and family to it were attached.
 A time and place were likewise neatly
 matched,
 And this were it that I can touch;
 It's mine, I say, and yet how much
 Mine is it?

But If I am but merely renting me,
 As one might say,—I'm quite at home
 I'd be
 At loss in any other frame,
 To my own hands and face and name
 I'm too attached.

And if I am but I by happy chance,
 At pride in me I must look down
 askance,
 And vanity of place or gens;
 For aught that matter to me lends
 Is only lent.

A NEW ONE

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