

# The Oregon Spirit

A magazine supplement to the Oregon Emerald; published by the student body with funds gained by the Rabindranath Tagore lecture for the expression of literary effort.

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## THE REASON.

The amount of literary ability in the University undoubtedly calls for some additional means of publication. The plan of issuing a magazine supplement to the Emerald seems to be a good method of trying out the real demand amongst the students for some form of publication. I sincerely hope that the effort may prove in every way successful. I am convinced that there is much literary talent amongst the students which needs only an opportunity of expression to develop rapidly.

—P. L. Campbell.

## THE NAME.

The University of Oregon is not a great educational institution whose influence and power extends over a vast territory. If we are to be more fair than loyal we must admit it.

One of those things for which our University is best known in the college world is its enthusiasm, the fire with which it imbues its students, the fight with which it fills its teams, the loyalty with which it inspires its faculty. It is this thing we call the Spirit. The thing that is coming to be known over the whole country as the Oregon Spirit. Other colleges envy us it. It is one of our most potent strengths—our prestige.

Of late years the fame of this Spirit has spread. We must uphold it. We must keep it before us at all times.

This little supplement has been named the Oregon Spirit in honor of that something which means our Alma Mater to us, which is strength more than the weight of numbers or of brawn. That something which is the soul of our college life.

We know that our little magazine is hopelessly unworthy of the name it bears but we hope you will stand with us in trying to raise it as near that great height as possible—and also in trying to lift the real Oregon Spirit until it is impossible to emulate.

The Speer-ut has noticed signs advertising student meetings and activities of various kinds tacked to the historic tree that stands before the entrance to Deady hall. This tree has long been famous in Oregon tradition as the place where the students gather and pass between classes. It has held the names of all the Friars that have ever been chosen. Beneath it the men and women of Oregon have walked since the University's foundation.

There are bulletin boards for the signs and notices.

## Even as You and I.

(Continued from page one)

him. A long silence ensued—broken only by the croaking of the frogs along the river. Hector feasted his eyes on the fair Cleone. The fair Cleone gazed pensively at the ground.

"How dear and sweet and good she looks," thought Hector the Poet. "She is the most beautiful girl in the world." He leaned toward her, as though drawn by an irresistible spell—

"Stop!" said Hector the Cynic harshly. "She is a woman and therefore full of guile. Even now, as she sits there, she is laughing in secret and wondering how long it will be before you succumb to her pensive pose."

"You are too harsh," protested Hector the Poet, "Perhaps she is really sorry that I am going. Perhaps—"

"Perhaps fiddlesticks!" snapped the Cynic savagely. "Don't take any chances."

Even as he communed thus with himself, his arm—quite accidentally of course—slipped from the back of the seat and rested softly about the shoulders of the fair Cleone. This galvanized her into instant action. She buried her face in his shoulder with a stifled sob. Hector crushed her to him—what else could he do? Even the

Cynic agreed that it was the only thing to do.

Just as she was about to turn her young lips to his—bashfully, trustingly—another couple "hove into view." With lingering and longing they tore themselves apart.

"Suffering cats!" swore the Poet to himself, "The Fates are against us."

"Saved your life," said the Cynic. "Another moment and you would have been lost. Let that be a warning to you."

The other couple hurried by and were lost in the shadows but Hector the Cynic would not allow the old position to be resumed.

"See," begged the poet. "She longs to have me clasp her to my bosom."

"Even so," gloated the Cynic. "She thought she had started something. But we will fool her. She has met her master at last."

The moon climbed high and higher into the sky. The fair Cleone continued to gaze pensively at the ground while they talked "sweet nothing" in whispers. All her art were of no avail. Hector refused to be ensnared again. At last she rose and said softly and sadly:

"It is late. Let us go home."

On the steps of the veranda where the climbing roses hung about her and formed a frame for her wan face and corn-silk hair—Cleone turned to say goodbye. Ah, those wistfully sad goodbyes! Down through all the ages

lovers have met and loved and parted but the goodbyes remain as poignantly sweet as ever. She stood on the step above him so that she was level with his eyes, and said, softly and simply:

"Goodbye, Hector."

He took both her hands in his and her red lips were very close. Hector the Poet would have given the world to have crushed her to him and pressed her smooth cheek against his—but the Cynic was firm:

"Don't kiss her—if you do you are lost. She is only a flirt."

So he lifted his hat and turned away. He had gone but a few steps when Cleone's voice came to him—softly, like an Aeolian harp played from afar. . . "Hector—"

He was back beside her instantly. She was leaning against the veranda post half hidden by the climbing roses. The Poet would have taken her into his arms but the Cynic said firmly:

"Wait—wait, and be on guard for some fresh attempt!"

"Hector," said Cleone, twisting her hands in her dress and blushing a little, while her eyes were like stars. . . "Hector—aren't—aren't you going to kiss me goodbye?"

She fell, an armful of soft loveliness, into his arms. The Cynic was furious:

"You've got to kiss her now, but keep a good grip upon yourself. Don't give way to any foolishness about

## Poetry--(Verse)

### OUR OREGON.

Green of youth and grey of age,  
The crimson of noble blood  
That has flown most straight from  
the ancestor  
First formed of the Eden-mud.

Green of grass and green of leaves,  
Grey of temples showing through,  
Trailing ivy from the eaves,  
Red as blood bled-new.

Oregon is a fostering mother  
Bearing the earth her men.  
The story is old, oft re-written,  
And I tell but the story again.

Hear the singing 'cro. . the lawn,  
Men's voices, loving Oregon.

### THE QUEST.

Soul of the years O where, where,  
where,  
Are the dreams of my childhood  
days?

And the castles I built in innocent  
glee;

And the ships I sailed on an unknown  
sea;

And the joys of life as they seemed  
to be—

O where, where, where!

Soul of the years O where, where,  
where,

Is the love I used to know?

Has it gone with thee to an unknown  
world,

Has the ship of hope its sails enfurled  
Shall I find it waiting on white seas  
curled?

O where, where, where!

—HELEN C. WILSON.

### VILLARD HALL.

"Four grey walls and your grey towers,"

Ivy and the seal.

Memories of long past hours,  
Always that appeal

Which lingers round the steps and  
doors—

Those sounds which still repeat,  
The tread along the halls and floors  
Of a generation's feet.

### THE NEWSPAPER MAN.

He sits engrossed before his evening  
task,

The light of shrouded globes and  
green eye-shade

His face in sickly crescent gloom  
have laid,—

No jester ever wore grotesquer mask.

He sits while night turns out un-  
heeded reels,

No sound but crash of paper vicious  
gripped,

The clack of keys to nervous leaping  
whipped,

And all around the roll of groaning  
wheels.

Released at last, his lonely way is  
made

Past alleys, dark-mouthed, past un-  
lighted shops,

Cafes where waiters on soiled table-  
tops

Loll sleepily against the dying trade.

A prisoner through half his daily  
span,—

By shades drawn down he puts him-  
self away

From all the other mounting, calling  
day,

From luring dawn; to sleep—if so he  
can.

No more to see the splotching of the  
dew

On morning lawns, or hear the nasal  
call

Of early grocery-boys at garden wall,  
Or mass bells breaking far and faintly  
through.

And all for this: that men in business  
gray

And ladies sweetly groomed in negli-  
gee

The news of all the world by quickest  
post

May have at breakfast with their eggs  
and toast.

—GRACE EDGINGTON.

loving her or any of that sentimental  
bosh."

"But I do love her!" protested the  
Poet. "And I'm going to tell her so!"

"You don't love her and you know  
you don't!" said the Cynic savagely—  
but his voice was faint.

"I do—I do!" cried the Poet joy-  
ously. He felt that he was gaining  
the upper hand. "I do love her, and  
I don't care who knows it!"

Hector would have been lost, for  
the Cynic was waging a losing battle.  
Who could have discriminated with  
Cleone in his arms? But someone un-  
latched the French windows behind  
them—it was the house mother and  
the hour was late. . . so he kissed  
her once more and fled.

"Saved!" gloated the Cynic, who  
had revived again. The Poet made  
no reply. He was in a daze.

"Ruth, have you seen my collection  
of photographs?" said Cleone, as she  
and her friend were sunning them-  
selves on the beach. "I have entitled  
it: 'Fools one meets at a co-ed  
school!'"

Ruth sat up suddenly.

"I'll bet you didn't get Hector's."

"He's too wise."

"No, I would have got him to prom-  
ise it only the old lady butted in and  
queered the whole thing. I'll get him  
yet, though—next term, perhaps,"  
and she waved her parasol at a youth  
coming up the beach. . .