

OREGON EMERALD

Theta Sigma Phi

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GREETING!

The national fraternity of High-aspiring journalists "feminina" Endeavors herewith to show The Absolute superfluity of mere man.

So we greet you, and Invite you to accept our efforts Good-naturedly and tolerantly. May we please And entertain—this is our hope.

Pray accept the greeting Hereby given our fellow students In turning out this sheet.

WHY NOT SELECT?

There is a surprising lack of individuality in the University of Oregon girls in spite of their universal opportunity. Their actions are typical of the operation of the mob mind.

Why not select a few things that you take pleasure in doing well and cast aside all the others that you do because somebody has requested you to or because everybody else does it.

DOING OUR BIT

Vacation comes in twenty-seven more days, and it is high time to plan on how to spend "those idle hours." This year there is but one right way for us all, and that is doing our wee bit in the war.

Knitting has been "the go" among University women this year. Yes, knitting brilliant hued sweaters or bug-me-tights for ones self! In our neighbor country, Canada, the girls too are knitting. However, they are not making gayly colored wraps for themselves, but heavy stockings, wristbands, and vests for the men at-the-front.

More strenuous work than either of these, and just as useful, if not more so, is gardening. Surely every University girl could cultivate at least one-half acre this summer!

Healthy girls who live on farms should learn to milk, pitch hay, dig potatoes and do the thousand and one things which a farm demands. Perhaps there will be plenty of help on the farm you go to this summer. But will there be next year, and the next?

Many University girls are planning to work in offices during the holidays, taking mens' places there. It is a fine idea providing it is work no one but a college trained girl could do, but otherwise always be sure before you take such a position that you are not crowding out a more needy girl, who can do nothing else but that kind of work.

Whatever our wee bit is to be, let's prove that not one girl in the University will slack in doing her part for the freedom of humanity!

A COWARD?

Every day one hears some boy say: "If I don't enlist she will think I am a coward." Let us hope she thinks farther than that. In all probability this war will not be a duration of a few weeks, or a few months even, but some years.

If he waits till he is graduated, he is just that much better fitted for use when he does go. Military authorities at Washington have recently discussed the advisability of drafting all college men into the army and forcing them to continue their studies. This proves they are looking a few years ahead to the time when the army must have more new engineers, doctors and other trained men.

So, boys, if you stay here and work hard, the girls will not only give you credit for bravery but foresight, also.

UNHEARD OF EXTRAVAGANCE!

Approximately 200 freshman caps were destroyed in the process of an historic little ceremony held at the campus today. These little pieces of green cloth are worth, or rather they sell at, 50 cents each. Practically speaking \$100 worth of merchandise was ruthlessly burned.

In these times when "save everything" is the cry ringing out from the leaders of the nation, it seems like wanton waste to perform even the touching ceremony of burning the freshman caps. Those head pieces might have been turned over to the Y. M. C. A. for distribution next year to students who could ill afford hats, or they might have been sold to new men. The holes in them would only add to their value because air is good for hair.

Every dollar counts. Pennies are the units that go to make the \$2,000,000,000 liberty loan which the government is floating now.

To keep the old custom alive, and preserve the tradition, three or four green caps might have been burned, but even that seems needless destruction.

CLIMBERS WORTHY

(Continued from page one)

over without this disaster.

Most of the humor of the play was furnished by Eyla Walker in the part of Mrs. Hunter, distinctly the best piece of work which she has done. Miss Walker got all the laughs that were coming to her, and they were many.

Ernest Watkins as Trotter also scored a hit. His monologue and his grin proved irresistible. To be sure he forgot a good many lines, but he was so imperturbable about it that he usually made the audience think some one else was to blame for the mistake.

Warren Edwards endeavored valiantly to look the part of a wise doctor. Finally, Ruth Roche must be mentioned in the little part of Marie. She had practically nothing to do except to look beautiful but she did it very well.

James Mott, director, achieved remarkable success in whipping a play into shape in a short time.



Announcement

Because of the great honor in co-operating with the women's edition and the prestige connected thereof. "The Puff" will appear this evening though quite contrary to its ethics, Saturday evening generally being spent preparing for Monday's classes.

U. GOTTA SHOWEM, Editor

Editorial

We were talking to Prof. Howe the other day about H. C. L. in the U. S. A. and especially in the U. of O. He informed us that the idea of turning the golf links into potatoes this year was one of the best ideas advanced here lately.

So viewing this idea dispassionately we would urge our subscribers not to vote against it if President Jaureguy should bring the matter forward.

N. B. Kerr, Kaiser

The following letter was sent to W. Wilson this morning. Suggestions have been made to drop the note back of the German lines by the flying squadron.

Your letter in regard to our World's Champions as prospective soldiers has been turned over to us.

We cornered Capt. "Jawn" Beckett and got this encouraging answer.

"Well you know what we did to the Penns—Give us a chance at the Germans and Woodrow's trouble will be over. Bring on the Kaiser."

Most Respectfully, The Powder Puff.

Communication

To Pacifists:— If you want to argue with any Sigma Nu, it is recommended that you use the telephone.

To Oregon Tax Payers:— Please kind sirs, our boys are drilling just fine. If you could only see 'em!

To Any Fraternity House:— Why don't you plant weeping willows in your yard? Sparinking the lawn these days is so strenuous.

Local and Personal

The W. K. Soph, P. Wee Edwards, strolled into our office yesterday. When asked about the circus he said he hadn't gone, he didn't like 'em. Well, of course not, P. Wee, who likes rivals?

In the pop, psychology class a week ago, two of our most looked-upto Sophs reacted to the word "woman" with "dress". You see girls, it makes a difference what you wear.

We understand that Prof. Winger's infant is doomed to be a great man. When interviewed the fond father said, he hoped so, for like Edison, fond infant, thought four hours sleep enough for any man.

Yesterday was a great day for our office. A bevy of co-eds swarmed in requesting our approval on their nominations for a fraternity consisting of handsome men.

"What's that Jimmy? Yes, How did you know?"

A. Johnson and C. Tisdale, prominent campus beauties, attended the circus here Wednesday. The weather being windy and the show slow in starting, they didn't wait to see the performance.

Gentle Inquiry

Dear Powder Puff: Is it true that Jack Elliott has been making a noise lately that echoes in Seattle?

Admiringly, Anxious Subscriber.

Dear Anx. Sub:

Not knowing, we can not state, with any degree of certainty, but if it is true we're sorry to have Seattle get even our echo.

Sincerely, Powder Puff.

Criminal Punished

The following "copy" was slipped in yesterday. After valiant efforts we have found and punished the responsible party.

Oregon Book Rack

Prisoners of Hope—Politicians before election; Les Miserables—Some of 'em after; Vanity Fair—Junior Prom; Innocence Abroad—Tracy Boyers; Desert Gold—Junior Week-end Taxes; Far From the Maddening Crowd—Up the

Mill Race; All's Well That End's Well—Final Exams.

Comments

With no offense to any one of 'em, we do hope the women's editorials come up to the scratch.

You'll pardon us, but: This co-ed base ball craze is surely uncovering a multitude of shins.

Speaking of spring, lilacs may come and lilacs may go, but poison oak goes on forever.

On Examinations

Ask a few senior men about the silver lining to the "call from the war department".

Childish Pranks Still With Us "So that was it! This unfortunate man was escorted to the fountain and immersed. And what part did you take of this inexcusable affair?" Green-Cap (meekly) "Left leg, Sir." (Our reporter swears that this is 'the honest to gudnez truth.') Editor

SPRING

(By Harriet Polhemus) Birds sing, telephone poles hum, Worms wriggle and stones crunch under foot. Nature is iridescent—Every atom sends forth its glow of vitality. The sun glistens on the needles of the pine; The wind ripples the silky grass; Bushes and trees are drenched with buds.

It is rather inconsistent that girls found it impossible to take their regular gymnasium work should be the first to take part in the military drill. This exercise given to the girls is very strenuous and only the physically able should be permitted to enter any companies. The calisthenics are intended to harden the girls for military field work, to make them fit to take men's jobs if necessary. Those girls who are not able to stand the rigor of stiff drill do not need to feel that they are useless. There are literally 50 things any girl may do to help her country, and of these, every girl should be able to select something that she can do well.

NIGHT PASSAGE

(By Joy Gross)

In the darkness of the night I hear the wild geese squawking High above the chimney tops, And over swishing, swaying poplars They wing their way to a far country, Like human spirits Wandering on the undiscovered moor Of their own futures, In the blind black nothingness I hear the wild geese squawking.

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THE GOLDEN RULE

DO YOU SUPPOSE SHE COULD MAKE BISCUITS?

She was a co-ed who came rapidly yet quietly into my office.

"Very busy Dr. Read?" "Yes, but what can I do for you?" "Oh, I'll not bother you, Doctor, as you are busy but I'll be in again to see you as I know you will want ad space in the coming co-ed edition of the Emerald."

"There will be no use to see me as I know I will not care for space in it." All the time I was glad to get to help the girls in their efforts. I wanted to try her metal.

"But, Dr. Read," she went on to say. "You know, any one who can make the rousing rally speeches that you can, should make one in our paper in regard to this most beautiful office."

"You wouldn't have to say a word about yourself, just tell the co-eds about that little white retiring room for the ladies, this dainty reception room just off the main common reception room occupied by Dr. Gullion, Harris, and self, with the nurse and lady attendant. Why these mahogany chairs upholstered in tapestry would draw the admiration from any one."

"Those oil paintings and the Japanese print are so restful to ones eyes. There, too, is the picture of your little daughter, I know, Doctor, that she would want you to tell the University people about this sanitary office all in grey and white with mahogany trimmings!"

"No, I don't believe I will take any today."

"Just a moment, Doctor, I would say more, but that young man in the chair will become impatient. Before I go, however, I want to say that my father is a dentist and I know what I am talking about, you have the best equipped office I ever saw. That cabinet is a beautiful piece of furniture, it being mahogany with porcelain sliding shelves, formaldehyde sterilizer to place the instruments in after having been sterilized by steam. That panel with all these electrical appliances make dental operations so much less painful."

"This carpet is so velvety and nice, why Doctor? it doesn't at all seem like a dental office it is so homey."

Just then one of the University professors stepped in and remarked, "Miss S., Dr. Read told me just yesterday that he was going to take an entire page for his ad in your addition. Why shouldn't he with the practice he has among the professors and their families and look at the patronage he gets from the student body. I really think it would be a crime for him not to herald to the world the sanitary effects of his office. I know this is the kind of an office we want. I feel somewhat responsible for Dr. Read putting in this new office. You see I told him that he must fix up or he would lose a lot of the University trade, so he did it. Yes, far better than I ever dreamed of."

Miss S.—"How much space do you want, Doctor?"

"Oh, goodness, give me the whole paper."

"Thank you. I know you will not be sorry for we believe in reciprocity. Good bye, Doctor."

Exit ad-getter.

"Say professor, do you teach stick-to-it-iveness to all your students up there like Miss S. so pleasantly displayed?" "Certainly. That is half of the solution of life."

As the professor turned and passed out of the door I heard him chuckling to himself. The young man in the chair—Doc, that was a long wait but it was worth it. But say do you suppose she could make biscuits?" Telephone 397. 3RD FLOOR, WHITE TEMPLE Corner Oak and Ninth (Paid Advertisement)