

Ye Campus Gossip

by Anna L. Beck
Madeline Slotboom

SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENT
The freshman faced that awful frown,
She trembled in her boots,
"Why do you look me up and down?
I prithee, pray don't shoot!"

Miss Cummings dolefully shook her head
Seizing the poor frock by the collar,
"Report at once," she sadly said,
"Or pay the Registrar a dollar."

The freshman stood in an angel robe
Before the terrible three
Whilst they did carefully pinch and
probe
And chuckle with fiendish glee.

"Chest measure is only seventeen,
One lung is gone, I guess,
Your neck is very long and lean,
Your weight should be much less.

"I fear you have no heart, my dear,
I fail to hear it beat.
Good heavens! what a hideous ear,
And oh, what awful feet!

"And do you ever clean your teeth,
Scrub them six times a day
With formaldehyde and yeast
To take the germs away?"

"Now let us test your only lung,
I fear that it's not strong;
insert this tube beneath your tongue
And blow both loud and long.

"Ah yes, it's just as I had thought:
Yours is a hopeless case,
Good posture you have ne'er been
taught,

Your vertebra is out of place.

"Now here upon this spot please run
Until I tell you cease—
A mile is usually done—
The pulse should not increase."

"Am I quite wrong?" the freshman cried,
And trembled all the while;
Miss Cummings shook her head and
sighed:

"Well—ah—you have a lovely smile."

"Although one foot is in the grave
And you're as good as dead,
Corrective gym your life will save,
While standing on your head.

"Eat sawdust soaked in turpentine,
'Twill surely improve your feet,
While the tender needles of the pine
Will make your figure neat.

"And after six months' practice, dear,
A change you'll surely see:
Your contour will not be so queer—
You'll be as nice as me!"

One Act Tragedies in Our Midst

Why George Swooned at the Switch
Characters:

George Turnbull Heavy Lead
Sweet Girl Copy Reader Ingenue
Child Reporter Juvenile
Chorus of Copy Readers.

Scene: Copy desk in Emerald office.
Enter Child Reporter and flings story
in face of Heavy Lead. H. L. chokes
and disengages story, inspects it and
hands to Sweet Girl Copy Reader.
H. L. to S. G. C. R.—Write headline



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Pearl Craine
Lucile Morrow

over this story about Bob Cosgriff or-
ganizing enthusiastic home guard at
Mable.

S. G. C. R. bites fingernails and gazes
devotedly at copy. Intelligent expres-
sion illuminates face. Business of writ-
ing. Hands headline to H. L.

H. L. (reading): Mable enthusiastic
over Cosgriff.

H. L. falls in faint. Chorus bear
earthly shell of H. L. to corner drug
store.

Quiet. S. G. C. R. searches desk.
S. G. C. R.—Oh d-e-a-r! I've lost my
head about Cosgriff.

Curtain.

REEL STUFF

Could Conklin Camouflage Cop
Scene: D-a-r-k corner on Eleventh.
Time: Late—too late.

Characters:
Wayfarer.
Policeman on beat.

Enter Policeman. Cavorts back and
forth toying with club. Polishes star.

Enter Wayfarer. Gyrations and hesi-
tations. More hesitations. Coquettes
and telephone pole.

P. O. B. (As ever the ser-
vant of the people): What is your name, my good
man?

Wayfarer (follows fence), C-Conklin,
sir.

P. O. B. (Casting his eagle eye): Oh,
a self-filler!

Curtain.

THAT LEFT OVER PUNCH

'Twas goodly punch they did imbibe:
Those stay-at-homes on Christmas tide,
Of flavor mild enough, one thought,
Until one supped, and supped—then
caught

A dim, unsought-for blend of things
That to the Engering palate brings
A memory of mustard pickles

That holds its own spell—they trickles,
Outdone by that spoon of Worcestershire
That by this time seems well the peer,
Until outstripped by sweet and sour

That struggle for some worldly power.
That bright rich color could, I think,
Obtain from draughts of good red ink

Fused through these dashes, chunks, and
sprinkles.

All stirred in a bowl with spoon that
tinkles.

But crowning glory! An oily sheen;
That floats on top with tints of green;
And grainy crumbs—oh, ingenious mor-
tal!

Dredging their way to the gastric portal.
What can it mean? 'Twould raise your
hair!

This final blend—this climax rare!
'Tis simply told: 'Twas gained, I ween,
By adding chalk and kerosene.

BRAINS BIPLANE TO BUNK

'Twas before June exam and I sat at
my table
Cramming on notes 'till no more was
I able;

To think in a manner extremely specific
My head was so crowded with things
scientific,

When all of a sudden I saw a strange
vision

Which spoke to me thus in a tone of
derision:

"You have spent all your time in the gay
social whirl,—
you've walked with a girl;
You've danced, and you've dreamed, and
you've loafed on your job."

Sure, the voice that I heard was the
voice of Dean Straub.

Then I saw on the opposite side of the
room

Professor Barnett standing stiff as a
broom.

Just entering the room was Professor
Cote

Daintily wending his delicate way.
With feet carelessly draped on the top
of my desk

Sat Dean Eric Allen surveying the rest,
While conversing at length in a manner
prophetic

Was Old Socrates and his friend Dr.
Rebec.

I sprang to my feet with a cry of great
wonder

As I heard from above me a voice like
the thunder:

'Twas Professor James Gilbert, whom
most of you know

By his fondness for "P's" and the
mark just below.

Through the window there came in the
fast deepening dusk

The psychical form of Doctor DeBusk
a test

Concerning blond hair and the width of
the chest.

There was A. Fergus Reddie, the cam-
ouflage wonder,

Disguising Prof. Sweetser as a wild
cucumber.

Dr. Edmondson came on a large kan-
garoo

Leading the animals in two by two,
And "Timmy" Cloran, with a blink of
his eye,

Cracked a ladies' Home Journal joke
quite on the sly.

H. C. Howe with a grin both derisive

and slow

Said, "Explain to me clearly, what does
an egg know?"

Librarian Douglass came close to my ear
And hissed through his teeth, "No
talking in here."
But Crockett and Prescott in words
strange and long
Were debating with zest, "Is the world
right or wrong?"

From behind a great desk loaded full
with newspapers

Peered George Turnbull—the shy—
watching all these queer capers.

Prof. Thacher then said in a manner
so proper:

"English ain't spoke round here in the
way that it oughter."

Dr. Sheldon then said, "It's the fault
of the teacher,"

And a quarrel seemed booked as the
next special feature:

But the strains of strange music came
down from the heavens

Lured from the piano by John Stark
Evans.

He banged and he crashed in a musical
way

Executing a classical rag of the day.
Then they all 'gan to dance with a
wied ghostly step

Exhibiting joyful, undignified "pop."
Then slowly these wraiths disappeared
from my view

And their voices came back in a tone
that I knew

Saying: "You've majored entirely in
bunk,

And you haven't a chance, for to-mor-
row you'll flunk!"

YE PARABLE OF YE CAMPUS LUNCHEON

1. And how it came to pass that in
the reign of Prince Campbell the Junior
Week-end was at hand.

2. And the Student Council did rise
up saying: Behold, our people do fight
against the heathen and verily is our
University sorely pressed, therefore
open ye wide the portals of your house-
holds and bid the high school students
come.

3. And some of the women of the
senior household did bestir themselves
and did so go unto other senior women
and say unto them: Lo, give unto us
fifty cents that we may cast it into
the pot and feed the coming multitude
and those that are already at hand.

4. And likewise did the junior women
cast shekels into the pot; and they
didst say to the sophomore and fresh-
men women: Go ye and prepare salads
and sandwiches and see to it that they
contain neither sugar, butter, meat, nor
yet any wheat. And these women did
exclaim and wonder greatly at that
and the Senior Council did rise up and
say unto them: The Lord will provide.

5. And so it came to pass that upon

the appointed day did the multitude, and
those that followed after them, array
themselves in their fine linen and silk
umbrellas, and did betake themselves
in their high-heeled shoes unto the cam-
pus luncheon.

6. And now many men did come out
from the shady places of the campus
and interpret the Scriptures, saying:
Blessed are we that have not worked
for we shall eat.

7. And they ate everything they could
command with their hands and as many
as were not already, made hogs of
themselves.

8. And behold, in the midst of the
feast, certain riotous youths did ap-
proach unto the women who were given
charge over the food, and didst say
unto them: Verily, hath the High Priest
Hoover singled Friday from amongst
the other days of the week and de-
clared it lunchless day What I want
to know is, when do we eat?

9. Whereupon didst the maidens rise
and smite them right soundly with sub-
stitute sandwiches so that they cried
out and were carried from the campus
by their brethren. And for many days
they toiled not, neither did they spin,
nor looked they in the mirror with any
satisfaction.

THE LITTLE GRAY SUIT

(The freedom of verse.)
There are little gray bathing suits
Up in the women's gym—
And they have letters
—Black—
Upon their chests;

And when you put one on
—At first—
It shrinks—like the violet
—And the flannel shirt—
And most chokes you.

And then,
You step into the water,
You freely breathe—
Nay, expand!

Like rubber it has stretched
You know not when;
AND HOW IT CLINGS!

And then from each
—And every—
Little gray bathing suit
They cut
A piece—
And put them all together
And make
Some extra little grays
Amon!

To shrink,
And stretch,
And cling again!!

Loves of Ordnance men remind us
We should never waste our time,
And departing leave behind us
Pins upon white waists to shine.

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