

It is his attitude toward truth that distinguishes the ethical from the unethical writer,—Oregon Code of Ethics for Journalism.

The Higher The Better

"A UNIVERSITY should be a centre of taste, of love of beauty, as well as of truth; its concern is with all the large and enduring interests of life, and those who are following the quest of the spirit in any field of endeavor, whether the world calls them artists or architects or musicians, philosophers or historians, biologists or chemists, social workers or statesmen in politics or industry, should feel equally at home within its wall."

Alfred E. Zimmern, British scholar who is coming to the university for a series of lectures, said this out of his coordinated knowledge of university and public life which he would see drawn together in closer relation, see brought to one another across the chasm which has grown up between them.

"Modern life," he finds, "with its sick hurry and divided aims, its ruthless and mechanical 'drive,' is in conflict with the healthy creative instincts of the artist, and with the scholar's sensitive love of accuracy and balance and intellectual justice."

To soften this harshness of modern life is the place of the university, to put into it something of beauty and balance and intellectual justice is also its place.

Four years of college life as it is comprised today does not fit the average student to do more than carve out his own little niche.

But it should do more and the day is coming when it will have to do more to merit support from communities which cry through their very existence for aid and for new and better leaders, which cry and are only half-heartedly answered by those in whom they have placed their trust.

At Oregon they are seeing all this and at Oregon standards are going up: Let them still go up—higher and higher until not a student can go through four years here without acquiring more than he came for, and most of all a knowledge of his responsibilities.

Some Gray June Dawn

SOME Gray June morning we are going to wake up, push our heads from the covers, see the sheepskin on the table, and realize that we're out in the world.

Boys and girls, that morning is coming for some of us this June, for others three years hence, which isn't so very long, and when it does come there are some of us who are going to feel as though we have been pushed out through the front door of the old family homestead into a wintry blizzard and there are others of us who will know the June wind in our nostrils, feel it tingle through our head, and know then that we are ready to BEGIN (Wonderful word that, begin)—and go on and on until—

There's so much for us to learn here, so much that it crowds the hours we have to devote to it and we some times wish—we have all wished it at times—that we could only stretch out the old 24 hours. There is so much for us to learn that we haven't time for it, yet we find time to play around—some of us a little more than we ought even to keep ourselves in condition which is important. We play around and the hours go by and the days and we GET BY and then comes the June day and the gray morning following in right after it.

Did you ever notice how cold even the yellow morning light can some times be. Remember and on that morning look how its rays make drab the cherished old programs, dull the tinsel on the treasured favors, even somehow cut all glow from the album where in those happy but fruitless hours are pictured.

Boys and girls if we all thought NOW as hard as we are going to think THEN we would all feel the June wind tingle in our heads and we would all know that we are were ready then to go on and on until—

One way to "get by" in this University is to study.

The Spirit of Spring



YE TOWNE GOSSIP
not
By K. C. B.

On Sunday afternoon.

LAST WEEK.

A VISITOR came.

TO THE campus.

AND A dog.

BOB-TAILED.

AND YELLOW.

TROTTED NEAR the visitor.

AND THE colored canine.

APPEARED COCKY.

AND WISE.

LOOKING OVER the campus.

AS A frequent visitor.

WHO IS bored.

WITH THE same scenery.

SHOWS HIS disdain.

OF THINGS seen.

EVERYDAY.

AND ON the campus.

THE BRONZE pioneer.

HELD THE pose.

HE HAS held.

FOR MANY years.

AND THE dog.

SUDDENLY NOTICED

THE HUGE man.

OF BRONZE.

WITH RAISED whip.

AND THE pug

RAN BACK under a tree.

AND BARKED loudly.

AT THE Pioneer.

THEN HE stopped.

AND LOOKED foolish.

AS HE walked away.

WITH HIS tail.

AT HALFMAST.

WHILE HIS master laughed.

I THANK you.

The Spectator

Senior Week

They's a few things about this senior week that sure is impressive. In the 1st place ever where you go you go in and dance, that is where ever your a senior. But then they is always a few lifters of the fairy terpsikorean that aint seniors unless'n it would be in a bioler factory. When the Emerald sent me down to cover Sid Wodehouse's Wednesday night formal in my capacity of senior they was a few seniors i didn't know in jersey collars being natully socieable i tried to engage them in the light fantastic but we couldn't toddle good together. In the 2nd place they's a few kids like J. Deedorf that dont look like seniors only in a high school so they wear derby hats so as they can get inside and play with the girls accept when yestday afternoon when same kid undertook to put on some antiseptic dancing which same almost created a riot it was so funny anyways that's what Jay Dee told me Also Roscoe A. Hemenway, who used to be a movie star customer and wear stacombe on his hairs was supposed to sing a song only there wasn't no song because he not only forgot his music on purpose but anywaws he can't sing. I ask Alex Brown did he put on any entertainment and he said he made a hit on the drum but I guess the crowd had all luffed so hard at Deedorf that he didn't get no raise. Only I think the Kappa Koffee Kup was better because I went to that only I didn't have no date for neither one and the bar-keeper wouldn't let me into the Awful Musicales anywaws. That's about all only Lieth Abbot was to all of the foregoing according to him he's got a date to ever dance all week which i aint anyways i don't care I'm just like Spike Leslie only smaller, I dont care only it looks kinda funny that Spike and I don't get no dates. Which reminds me that I heard Floyd Bowles and Ogden Johnson called up a bunch of dames so that no one wouldnt think they was razzberries.

There is reason to believe that the Harvard eleven cannot travel to Pasadena nor the University of Oregon squad to Hawaii without endangering the scholastic accomplishments of the players nor can Centre college or Washington and Jefferson barnstorm the United States without jeopardizing classroom standings. It is in these post-season games that the danger of overdoing football lies.—Albany Herald.

Why not inaugurate a freshman leap week? It would do well to start the freshman women with a poignant knowledge of how it feels to call the third time and hear for the third time, "I'm so sorry, but really I have a date."

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