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PHONES

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High or Low Brow?

The greatest question is this teapot existence of ours is: What is highbrow and what is lowbrow? Forever we are asking ourselves if we have done right or if we have blundered,—by our natural and free nature—into the morass of the irretrievably damned lowbrows.

Perhaps the most acute angle of this problem for us right now is in the domain of literature. There is no mistaking what is highbrow literature, for it is labeled by our instructors in letters a foot high. Not that they have chosen, by themselves, the "worthwhile" from the "junk." The collected opinion of several generations has in most cases done the job for them. Elsewise the job would still be undone.

But where the literary labors of man begin to approach that subtle line which divides good writing from bad writing, the voices of critics assume babbling and quarrelsome tones, and high ethical concepts begin to get battered around in the forum of the erudite. All the while we who only want to get at a good story, stand by and puzzle. Some of us never reach a satisfactory answer. Others go along the road which leads to literature long, long ago written and established. By its very survival it must be fairly decent stuff.

But there still remains a hardy gang of us who pass into another camp and make the night merry with any old thing we get our hands onto. We only ask that the story fulfill the requirements long ago laid down by a master plot weaver, Wilkie Collins. "Make 'em laugh, make 'em cry, make 'em wait."

The that band of individuals the short essay herein printed, by Frank Crane, himself somewhat of a trenchant and glorified lowbrow, will have a definite appeal. To others it will only signify another literary moron sounding off.

High or lowbrow? And in the offing there is always some vigorous MacDuff stirring the argument on with lusty shouts of "lay on!"

Books

FICTION: A LOWBROW CONFESSION

(Copyright 1921 by Frank Crane) The detective or mystery story is the most interesting form of fiction.

There are two divisions of stories: (1) Yarns and (2) other kinds. Yarns are tales told for the telling. All that is supposed to be worth while in them is the story.

All the fat of literature, including descriptions, philosophy and preaching, also character study and atmosphere, is stripped. Nothing is left but the lean meat and the bone of the narrative.

Those who read merely to be diverted like the yarn.

Those who wish to improve their minds, or read what everybody is talking about, read the novels that are other than yarns.

The other kind is supposed to be superior to the yarn. Heaven knows why. They are much commoner, much easier to write, and do not require so high an order of creative ability.

Knut Hamsun's two books, "Hunger" and "The Growth of the Soil," I have just read. Hamsun got the Nobel Prize. The books are a dreadful, dreary expanse of dullness, unlit by plot, humor, or flash of nobility.

Still, people seem to like that sort of stuff. They read "Potterism" and "Main Street," which are equally depressing. The wind in them blows steadily from the east, the throwoid is wet, and it is wash day and the baby is crying.

We turn from such as these to a rattling story, where the author is content to interest us in the people and their doings he describes, and is not continually exhibiting his own Ego, not trying to prove to you how lit'ry he is, and not showing you how many disagreeable things he can think of.

For instance, I am here to confess I saved up the five last numbers of a detective story magazine (I always put by the parts of a serial until it is completed, and never read a yarn I cannot finish at one sitting) and read in them the other night Carolyn Wells' "The Luminous Face."

It was not ponderous literature, but I was puzzled, amused, and had a good time. And it is for that, I read novels.

When I get information, uplift, and the like, I prefer it straight.

But as to fiction, the first and greatest requirement is that it be fiction and not something else.

It should be a tale—that is, begin at one point, A, and proceed to another point, B. The other kind just walks around, loiters, and so to speak.

It does not injure a story to have a purpose. But the purpose must be in the story itself. When the author is constantly explaining and exhorting and reflecting and otherwise impeding the course of the tale by innumerable hurdles of footnotes in the text, his product is neither fish, flesh, nor fowl.

"The Good Samaritan" is good fiction. It has a purpose, but all the preaching is in the cracker at the end: "Go thou and do likewise."—From the New York Globe.

Poems

THE ODYSSEY OF VERDANT GREEN

The Sophies sang true, with the tumultuous mix o'er, And the Senior police had tabled their stars, While the Freshies had sunk into rest, undisturbed By pains and afflictions and Soph-given stars.

When the Freshies lay fearless that night on their bunks, (And the Sophs meekly guarded their innocent slain) In the dead of the night a sweet vision they saw, And thrice ere the morning they dreamed it again.

They thought from the battlefield's dreadful array, Far, far they had roamed on the old beloved track; 'Twas morning and the sunshine arose on the way, To the home of their fathers that welled them back.

"Stay, stay with us, Rest—thou art weary and worn," And faint were the Soph-pestered Freshies to stay; But courage returned with the coming of dawn, While fear in their robust hearts melted away. —Greenkin.

Boomerang!

To K. W.

Poor Kitty! No wonder you were seared! How could you recite Lessons prepared The previous night? Possessor of an elephant— Without Doubt A mahout For professor! Such brass— Riding it to class! Where did he get it? Where did YOU get it? —Linklater.

HONOR SOCIETIES

(Continued from page one.)

French students, men and women, Ralph Poston; Texon Art club, art and architecture students, for men and women, Guy Koopp; Eutaxian, literary, for women, Chloe Thompson; Hermian, physical education, for women, Dorcas Conklin; Samars, botany and bacteriology, for women, Alice Thomas; Tre Nu, women's vocational organization, Velma Farnham; Order of the "O," lettermen, George King.

Class honor organizations, working under a committee, are: Friars, for upper classmen; To-Ko-Lo, for sophomore men; and Kwama, for sophomore women. Scroll and Script is a senior society for women, of which Marian Crary is president.

THIS WEEK

- Lloyd George and Cabinet Resign
National Political Situation Quiet
Col. Owsley New Legion Commander
S. P.-U. P. Controversy Unsettled
Near East Situation Brightened
Two Murders Hold Public Interest
Portland Is Disturbed by I. W. W.

Party politics, and opposition to his Near East policy, are the prime causes of the loss of the vote of confidence which determined the resignation of David Lloyd George, for seven years Prime Minister of Great Britain.

Thus passes one of England's greatest men, a little Welshman who rose through sheer personality and ability to a position in Britain that surpasses even that of the king himself. An outstanding figure of the "big four," which included also Premier Orlando of Italy, President Wilson of the United States, and Clemenceau, the famous French "Tiger," he was the only one who survived the reactionary period following the great world war.

Following the British custom, the entire cabinet at this time tender their resignations simultaneously with Lloyd George. Bonar Law, a leader of the opposition, is slated to be the next prime minister.

The political situation nationally is rather quiet, but in Oregon things are seething, although little has happened that can really be called outstanding. Both the Republicans and the Democrats are thoroughly organized. Walter Pierce, the Democratic nominee, is basing his platform on a revision and reduction of taxes, while Governor Olcott is standing firm on his performance of his present term.

The American Legion, at a five-day session held in New Orleans, elected Col. Alvin O. Owsley as Legion commander, voted to vigorously support the adjusted compensation bill, and to do all in their power to aid those disabled in the war. Enthusiastic receptions were accorded General Pershing and other noted Americans who addressed the convention. The next meeting will be held in San Francisco.

The Southern Pacific-Union Pacific controversy over the Central Pacific railroad, which passes through Eugene, still holds a great deal of interest in Oregon, and along the entire coast. The Southern Pacific has asked for use of the road until the controversy is settled, and points out numerous reasons why the line should be left in their hands. The two lines are so interwoven, they claim, that separation would be almost impossible, and at best a lengthy and wasteful procedure.

The Near East situation brought about by the fracas between the Turks and Greeks, now seems well in hand. The intervention on the part of the allies, although lacking in force, has been more or less effective in quelling what might have been an all-European entanglement, fraught with internal and external trouble.

Two outstanding murder mysteries have gripped the press during the past week. The salacious case of the murdering of a minister, Reverend Edward Hall, and Mrs. Eleanor Mills, a singer in his choir, in New Brunswick, New Jersey, is still unsolved.

In the other case Mrs. Hazel McNally of Hammond, Ind., was accused of murdering her twins. She claimed, however, that the twins never existed, and that she had hoaxed her husband into believing he was a father by using two dolls. Because the state could not prove that the twins were actually dead, the supposed mother was acquitted of the charge of murder.

Portland has been not a little disturbed by an influx of I. W. W.'s, due to the present longshoremen's strike. The situation is well in hand, however, and no serious trouble is contemplated. The Ku Klux Klan has offered its services, and the state militia is in readiness should it be needed.

BUGOLOGISTS, GEOLOGISTS

(Continued from page one.)

but we were not molested by the Cavemen themselves.

The party disbanded after a thorough appreciation of the unsurpassed marble caverns, and each joyously went his way; Dr. Packard to hunt down new fossils in their native haunts, and the rest of us to our various vacation pursuits.

Yes, the Camp is history now, but ever once in a while one of the fellows delves into the box so carefully packed by the curator of invertebrate paleontology and solves the riddle that puzzled him the worst those evenings by the fire.

At last! You surely were a snail! You are complete from head to tail— Now you only need to have a name I'll let some paleontologist Write you up in Latin just Because the poor fool thinks he must But my job's finished just the same!

Read the Classified Ad column.

A Bag o' Nuts

Dusty—You're crazy.
Musty—Me crazy?
Dusty—Yes, you're crazy.
Musty—No, I'm not crazy; are you crazy?
Dusty—No, I'm not crazy; you're crazy.
Musty—So I'm crazy and you're not crazy. Well then, I'll stay like I am.

I walked with her in the moonlight, The sun was blazing blue; We dodged between the hailstones And marveled at the view.

That Junior Dance

Hundreds of cinderellas Awaiting princes.
Hurry! The music begins.
Help! I can't stand on one foot forever! Who's got my slipper? Darn Jimmy Meeks! No, I didn't have rubber heels. Did you think I could wear that? Migosh, I'm no elephant! Yes, that's mine— No, I'll put it on— My, but I'm glad that little fellow didn't have it! Uhuh, Jimmy's so clever.

THE WINDOW

(Room —, School of Business Administration)

Outside this window, Which is tightly closed, in order to keep dangerous drafts from blowing away the professor,

I can see: First, merely a part of the brick wall of the building; Then, many telegraph wires, going rapidly up and down the street; Thirdly, the branches of a tree; And lastly, a considerable amount of blue sky, With clouds wandering about on it. J.-MT

To write poetry

You have to be born A poet. To write prose you have To practise With your pencil, And perhaps your Head. But To write Thisdamstuff All You need is A typewriter. The quick brown fox jumped over the lazy dog.—anon.

"Dusty" hollers: Awake! Awake! The dawn is here! The air is filled With Atmosphere.

GRIM TALES ATTACHED TO DONATED RELICS

Human Blood-Stained War Club and Doll Sporting Toupee Made from White's Head in Collection

A war club stained with human blood and a buckskin doll ornamented with hair that once adorned a white woman's head, so the story goes—grim reminders of the days when the redman waged war against his rivals—are part of the Indian loan collection donated to the University of Oregon by Mrs. Ada B. Millican.

The war club is made of ironwood and was at one time the property of a brave of the Pima tribe, according to the story told to Mrs. Millican. The Pima used the weapon to settle a difficulty with an Apache. Then he buried the club among the rocks near his camp, according to tribal custom, and remained away from the other members of his tribe for seven days until he was considered "purified," following the Apache's death.

The club shows the marks of exposure, bearing out the story that it was hidden for a time by the Pima warrior after his encounter with his rival. A discolored streak is still visible on the head of the weapon.

The buckskin doll is an innocent-looking plaything until the visitor, examining the collection, notices the brown hair on the doll's head. He is prompted to inquire where the hair came from. The story told by the Indian donors is that it was scalped from a white woman, the visitor is informed.

Mrs. Millican has a necklace of turquoise made from stones given to her by the Pimas. The Pimas say they obtained them from the ruins of a prehistoric people called the "Hohocams." The ruins of an ancient civilization were near the Indian school at Saenton, Ariz., where Mrs. Millican taught. Experts from the Smithsonian Institute and scientists from other places have studied the Casa Grande ruins, as they are called, but have remained puzzled regarding the people who built the ancient civilization.

TAKES YEAR TO MAKE PICTURE

The return of D. W. Griffith of the epic picture is the significant film scheduled for the Heilig theatre for four days, starting Monday. Those reports of seven magnificence and tumultuous story of which have come to this city apropos of "Orphans of the Storm" are to be realized in the production's debut locally.

Lillian and Dorothy Gish, together in one film for the first time since "Hearts of the World," play the two orphan roles, both profoundly emotional.

Fashion Park Clothiers

You Don't Wear

a shirt until the board of health gets after you—

My Goodness

Look at that shocking hat!

We have a new Schoble ready for you—come and get it

Green Merrell Co.

men's wear 713 Willamette Street "One of Eugene's best stores"

Eugene Steam Laundry

The place to get your laundering done when you want it done right and with a snap.

Phone 123

ELECTRIC WAFFLES Hot and Crisp from Our New Waffle Irons.



For a good meal any time

The Imperial Lunch

FRED GEROT, Proprietor

Oysters, Steaks and Chops our specialty.

The Varsity SUNDAY DINNER

From 12 to 8 P. M. MUSIC—6:30 to 8 P. M.

ONE DOLLAR

RELISH

Canape of Sardine

SOUP

Chicken with Rice

FISH

Baked Salmon Aux Fine Herbs

ENTREES

Choice of

- Fried Spring Chicken, Maryland Baked Virginia Ham with Sweet Potatoes Roast Prime Ribs of Beef, Au Jus Baked Stuffed Young Chicken

SALAD

Lettuce and Tomato

VEGETABLES

Whipped Potatoes—Cauliflower En Creme

DESSERT

Vanilla Ice Cream with Small Wafers Assorted Pies

Coffee

Tea

Milk