

OREGON SUNDAY EMERALD

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Live Stuff

Whenever anyone speaks of the spiritual needs of college students we instinctively shrink. It isn't so much that we're afraid of spiritual things, but rather because the men who usually talk of this intangible quality know so little about it and treat it in such a mawkish and forward manner. There's an infinite amount of bunk hurled at us from over the deadlights of the Assembly on Thursday mornings; we are the leaders of tomorrow, and it behooves us to possess strong spiritual qualities; or we must look a stricken world in the face and gird on our righteous armor of truth and moral courage and do battle with the seven sins; or heaven knows only what is wrong and what we must do to right the wrong. Half baked men with half baked philosophy are the ones who are most prominent in expressing themselves this wise.

It is not to be thought that we college students are a bunch of dumb Doras possessing no leaven of "spirituality" (May I be understood in using that term!). In our own manner we struggle after a certain sort of truth and a certain kind of standard of living. To anyone who sincerely drops a hint now and then which eases or clears our path we render gratitude.

But the thing is: we are capable, through some manner, of detecting a fraud as far as we see or hear him. If we have nothing else we have keen ear and eyesight. We judge the men who stand before us, and we can tell whether it is the usual and common uttered platitude or whether it is something better.

After Thursday's assembly there were more men and women commenting favorably on the speaker than has been the case during the last year or more. This is not meant to be a usual kindly puff of a speaker; it is intended to convey, in a certain sense, the distinct appreciation of sincerity when we have the rare opportunity to feel and hear it.

There is an immense amount of bunk in lecturing on the subjects that Mr. Wilson treats of. He, however, seemed to strike the Oregon students fairly and wholly. He—and this is so rare in lectures—made the connection between his subject and his audience vital enough to keep us interested. We have no time for frauds or mediocrities; but we did have time for Mr. Wilson. And we will always have time and attention for any man who actually brings some fresh clear current of thought or emotion into our daily life.

We are not the irreverent and slangy people that some would have us. Only, we detest fraud and pretense and gabble and platitudes. We get enough of that in our day by day living.

Queer, Queer People

Day by day, in every way we grow nuttier and nuttier! When will the Americans quit giving ear and shelter to a flock of English and Continental tinhorn peddlers of shopworn ideas? First it's third rate English novelists and writers of lukewarm critical essays; then it's wild-eyed Russian dancers who tell us we have no soul (thank heaven!); then it's a menagerie of French tigers and wildcats and tame cats, all militarists whose mental clocks stopped ticking when the first gun of the World War boomed; now it's a fellow from a French town about the size of Wendling who wants to sell us on auto-suggestion.

Oh, Chee wiss! They certainly must think we're easy!

We certainly are.

Don't Be Too Refined!

"The scholar's honor, his justice of heart and mind, and his proud shyness are great possessions to carry through life, but they are not a complete equipment for (life). He needs an inner force to drive and create, or some strong influence without, if he is to mold events. Scholarship tends to be barren, or, if it has kittens, it usually eats them out of shyness. It makes minds like clocks, finished pieces of mechanism, but nevertheless useless until they are wound up, and sometimes, perversely, it forgets to provide a keyhole." (Sidotham's essay on Herbert Asquith.)

Philosophy

More and more it seems to us that philosophy as an organized study belongs exclusively to men who have failed to achieve their major interests in life and must have some sort of scaffolding to build up in explanation of that failure. To make it plainer, philosophy belongs to most men over forty years of age. Why then foist it off on young people who still have hopes they may succeed, and who need all their energies to accomplish a few utilitarian and practical things before the age of speculation overtakes them?

If, on registration day, some of our instructors wouldn't keep bankers' hours we'd get registered a lot faster and with infinitely less congestion. It is not fair for a professor to keep twenty people waiting until ten in the morning or until two after lunch.

Poetry

By Wilkie Nelson Collins

STILL, STILL!

By E. B.

I.
She is the light
That announces day;
The dew
That be-jewels night.

She is the joy
The one brief delight;
The star,
The hope's steadfast buoy

II.

Still, still,
I wait for thee.
Still, still,
I wait for thee.
It is your voice that I hear
Your smile that I see
Daily within my heart
And wherever my fancies dart.

But you,
Do you wait too?
"Yes, too!"
For whom? "For you—
And each day I wait a-new
I—for you—for you."
O how within my heart
These ever truant fancies start!

III.

It rains!
Come, let us at once to the brook,
love—
There where the oak trees thirstily
drink their fill
In the dusk and the rain and the air
so still
We will watch this wonder that comes
from above.

And as we watch it—O lovely one—
Bared unto thee shall my heart become;
Soft, soft, like a lute-string's chord
set free.

Ah, hope, that revives with the rain
for thee!

IV.

With sudden abruptness the darkness
is broken;
A livid sheath of the lightning is glow-
ing;
Startled, I check my roaming, and
stand
Where the brook past the oak trees is
flowing.

So from the depths of my deepest be-
ing
Hope startles up with a bound that is
gripping.
I stand in the dusk of mirrored fate
Struck with the pang of my love's
conceiving.

V.

In the vale where you walked today,
In the brook that has quit its play,
Like cloud-groups up in the sky
White mounds of the snow-drift lie.
And high on a mound apart,
In the innermost realm of my heart,
You sit in the drifts of my love
Like a cloud-group there above.

VI.

Still, still,
I wait for thee.
Still, still,
I wait for thee.
It is your voice that I hear
Your smile that I see
Daily within my heart
And wherever my fancies dart.

But you,
Do you wait too?
"Yes, too!"
For whom? "For you—
And each day I wait a-new
I—for you—for you."
O how within my heart
These ever truant fancies start!

THE QUARTERMASTER

From the Nautical Magazine, Glasgow

Keen-eyed to watch the compass—or
the mate,
Slow to pay deference and quick for
pranks,
Capable, careless, smart. His captain's
—cranks;
And mates—old women given to pom-
pous prate.
He checks them all; but holds the bow
in eye,
Nurses the wheel, ignores the lubber-
line,
Checks with light touch "her" swerv-
ings when it's fine,
Or grapples gamely when a gale is high.

He knows how whimsical his ship
can be,
How he must humour her to keep
control—

Anticipates her coming plunge or roll,
Gives her her head but holds the
mastery.

And profiting by wisdom of the sort
Works the same tactics with the girls
in port.

BOB WHITE

Thru the soft stillness of a summer's
eve
A night bird calls, his quaint "bob
white"
Echoing over hill and dale
Till the plowman hearing, knows his
day of toil
Is almost ended, and answering back
into the twilight
With a quaint "bob white"
Turns his weary team toward home, and
rest.

OLD SEA INNS

Walter Evans Kidd

What ancient memories hang about
each rafter
Of ocean-inns that are become as
ghosts,
What thoughts of flapping cards and
seamen's laughter,
What clink of cups in hands of guests
and hosts?
Something remembered from the days
of yore
Returns to haunt them when the dusk-
hour falls,
The clank of swords and crash of
chairs on floor,
The groan of scuttle ships and moan
of gales.
Something remains to make them mind-
ful yet
Of treasure-chests: dim maps, rare
jewels, old coins;
Of tall spars gleaming in the late sun-
set;
Of moonlit surf around the old pier's
loins.
Perchance, John Silver blustering salty
tales
Of secret trips, gold chests and pirate
sails.

Theatres

REX

Appearing in one of the strongest
sea pictures ever screened, Dorothy
Dalton and Jack Holt, featured players,
will be seen in Paramount's "On the
High Seas" at the Rex theater Monday
and Tuesday. The action opens on an
ocean liner, which is wrecked and the
principal players are saved in a leaky
boat when almost dead from thirst and
exhaustion, run upon a derelict which
is deserted save for a black kitten, all
on board having died from a plague.

CASTLE

There's a caution for girls voiced
in "A Daughter of Luxury," Agnes
Ayres new Paramount picture coming
to the Castle theater tomorrow and Tu-
esday. It is to never believe you re-
cognize a gentleman friend on the street
by the set or size or shape of his shoul-
ders. If you do, you are liable to get
fooled as Mary Fenton, the role played
by Miss Ayres, did. Mary sees a man
on the street whose shoulders (he has
his back to her) look familiar. What
happened the picture thrillingly shows.

HEILIG

Twenty-five hundred years ago they
sawed a lady in half and baffled Ionia.
The trick has baffled millions of peo-
ple since then. The stunt will be a
mystery until it is exposed at the Hei-
lig theater, beginning Monday. The
Heilig has secured "The Expose of
Sawing a Lady in Half" for the pur-
pose of satisfying the curiosity of its
patrons, who have all asked the same
question—How is it done?

"Father on His Vacation," the new
comedy with music, based on the ever-
popular comics by George McManus,
will be the next stellar attraction at
the Heilig theater Wednesday, matinee
and night. All the famous characters,
including the beloved Jiggs, Maggie,
his termagent wife; Dinty and the rest
of the Mahoney clan will be seen in the
flesh. A large and capable company
has been engaged and in addition to
innovations and other features not to
be found in the common run of novel-
ties, a number of unsurpassing novel-
ties and original ingredients will be
provided. All in all it is a typical "Fa-
ther" production.

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COMPARE IS TO PROVE TO YOU THAT WE DE-
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