#### OREGON SUNDAY EMERALD

SUNDAY, JANUARY 28, 1923

| 0 | RE | G | ON | SL | JND. | AY | EM | IER | AL |
|---|----|---|----|----|------|----|----|-----|----|
|   |    |   |    |    |      |    |    |     |    |

D

New shael

Where op

**Unce** met

And class Where on

Trod o'er

But ne'er

And be

A leaf fe

Thou see

Once m

In new

Thus did

grow The sar

My

answ

ness

Member of Pacific Intercollegiate Press Association

| Kenneth Youel Lyle Janz<br>Editor Manager  | <b>REFL</b><br>Oh, times I<br>Since once |  |  |  |
|--|--|--|--|--|
| Official publication of the Associated Students of the University of Oregon, issued daily<br>except Monday, during the college year. |  |  |  |  |
| ERNEST HAYCOX, Sunday Editor   |  |  |  |  |

.Marvin Blaha, Associate Editor New co-ed George H. Godfrey, Managing Editor .....

Features: Jessie Thompson, Earl Voorhies, Katherine Watson, Arthur Budd, Edwin Fraser, Ep Hoyt, Margaret Skavlan, Francis Linklater, Katherine Spall.

General Writers: Clinton Howard, Eddie Smith, Rachael Chezem.

### Gumption

There is, at the present time, a heavy attack being made upon I must co It seems activities; this is evidenced by the number of Big Berthas now being when De trained from the parapets of Fort Johnson toward the scores of little Why, he No, no, yo gun pits out on the students' No Man's Land. Now, of course this is all right-we must have conflict or life would get rather monoton-I sang of ous, but we must not allow the roar of the big guns to press out the I sang; an A leaf value of these activities. And fell t

For activities have a value, more of a value than most professors Fell, soon and pedagogues are willing to admit. And the nine-pinned man is, I sang of oft-times, the possessor of more hard, solid gray matter than the prodigy of the laboratory, or the child of the library and the seminar. Then turn The very fact that a man has nine pins indicates, perforce, that he is the possessor of some kind of uncommon ability. What is that It is imme ability?

It is the quality of being a good mixer. It means that the man knows how to get along with others; that he knows how to put an ear to the ground and list to the rumblings; it means that he knows how to express himself; it means that he can bluff, that he can persuade, that he can compromise, that he can get things done. Heaven crown the fellow who can get things done!

Don't let us be understood as disparaging the scholar. He is the chap who is going to keep the small, frail flame of truth alight in a mighty windy, tempestuous world. We need more scholars, no doubt, and anything we may do to produce more scholars is commendable.

But let us never forget that it is not the scholar who is to negotiate the daily transactions of the world. It is not he who is to roll up his sleeves, get out in the middle of the street and deal with ornery people, inexact and prejudiced emotions, erroneous facts, and warped 'Twas then he rent his dream in twain ideals. It is not the scholar who must roughly strike a balance and go forward. The scholar's mind is too delicately tuned, too finely His Unattainable had kissed balanced to compromise or to deal in subterfuges. Above all things he must be exact, he must be faithful to truth, he must forever disregard the clamor of the mob; he must not heed that journalistic spirit of the modern American which cries out for a popular, rough and ready interpretation of all things under the stars-and of the I sit stars themselves.

It is not the scholar, we repeat, who is to rough out the work of the Through its tangle of bronze day. It is not simply because the scholar's nature can rarely ever be robust enough to accept inaccuracy and still progress. And after all, if we wish to get anything practical done while still outside of the small pine box we must base a large part of our work on inaccuracy, misconception, and prejudice. It's a wicked world.

|   | And the second s |  |  |  |
|---|--|--|--|--|
| Poetry  | Wouldn't it<br>and glorious i<br>had happened  |  |  |  |
| LECTION OF A GRAD<br>have changed<br>e we ranged          | the story book<br>ing-or was in<br>bunk. At any<br>pen It sound  |  |  |  |
| sh upon this campus—<br>s of brick                        | story to us.   |  |  |  |
| ing up thick,<br>is seek to vamp us.                      | Oh, girls-<br>Supposing you h  |  |  |  |
| rs abound   | year<br>At college,  |  |  |  |
| en ground   | And there was a  |  |  |  |
| our sight and vision                                      | The big Junior   |  |  |  |
| es meet   | And with your  |  |  |  |
| ce our feet   | You drew a ni  |  |  |  |
| fields Elysian.   | And girls-   |  |  |  |
| 1   | Supposing al the   |  |  |  |
| theless<br>nfess  | college,<br>You had missed   |  |  |  |
| like days of olden  | A big college d  |  |  |  |
| an Straub says,   | Because the man  |  |  |  |
| llo Des—  | For the Sophor   |  |  |  |
| our name is-Bolden?"                                      | Had ditched you  |  |  |  |
| Caller Contraction of the second                          | And the man w  |  |  |  |
| SONG  | you  |  |  |  |
| immortality.  | To the Frosh gl  |  |  |  |
|   | And now you w  |  |  |  |
| there fluttering came                                     | And you had o<br>A nice good loo   |  |  |  |
| o earth, whence it had grown;<br>to lose itself, unknown, | For the big Ju   |  |  |  |
| but earth again.  | And supposing  |  |  |  |
| f greater life to be; and lo!                             | And told you he  |  |  |  |
| Il from a tree to soil below.                             | That he could t  |  |  |  |
|   | And that he cou  |  |  |  |
| ned I to my singing heart;                                | And that he w  |  |  |  |
| est how the separate part                                 | 8:45   |  |  |  |
| ore absorbed must be;                                     | And you were a<br>Because at last  |  |  |  |
| ortal here below  | Big college dan  |  |  |  |
| ife which from earth shall                                | And you had a  |  |  |  |
| ne sufficeth thee."                                       | fixed,   |  |  |  |
| I speak unto my heart. But lo.                            | And he came f  |  |  |  |
| heart, with song unbroken,                                | And you went,  |  |  |  |
| ered, "No!"   | And he was so  |  |  |  |
| - 0 0   | of you   |  |  |  |
|   |  |  |  |  |

SUNLIGHT

You loved the sunelight of a winter day Bright-sharp as the spiteful wind Over the crusted snow. I love the sunlight in brown crimson patches On fine old lace and yellow candles, He said: On the waves of incense that steal

along And lose themselves in the warm dark-

-F. S.

COQUETTE

She touched him lightly with her lips A GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEEL And thought no more of it thereafter. With mocking, soul-disturbing laughter.

Full lightly and without confusion. 'Twas then he thought, "A cynic's an Idealist kissed by Disillusion!" -Margaret Skavlan.

#### IN THE GARDEN In grandmere's garden

And dry my hair in the sun. The world I see Is all a-simmer.

There's a jade like gloss on the cabbage leaves

And the beets are veined with ruby, One of the white potato flowers Is floating away-But no-its a butterfly

rate did it ever hapds like a nice fairy ad reached your junior a lottery for annual dance. number ce man. e time you had been every chance to attend ance, n you drew more dance

have been a Grand feeling if this thing

to you, just like in of the Prince Charm-

t some other line of

who was to have taken ee had excused himself. vere a junior drawn king fraternity man unior dance; he had called you up e was glad, take you, uld take you, vould come for you at so very happy, you were going to a ce, in costume. cute little costume all or you, polite and thoughtful With all the devoted manners Of the ideal college-bred man; And he took trouble to see that you Had the best time You had ever had Since coming to college And when he brought you home "This has been one of the Happiest evenings of my life

And I was surely lucky to draw you For my partner." OH G-I-R-L-S! Supposing all that really had happened? Wouldn't it have been

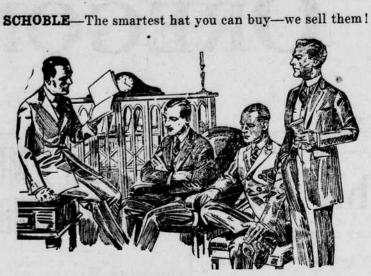
ING?

U. OF W. FROSH HAND OUT STARTLING INFORMATION

Dardenelles are Syncopated, Oliver Twist is Tobacco Brand, and Heifitz is Mistaken for Heifer

U. of Washington, Seattle, Jan. 20 .-There is very little about modern or ancient personages, places or characters that Washington's freshmen do not know, as revealed by answers to a questionnaire recently given the English composition class by W. R. Gundlach.

"Who was William George?" Why, he is "Lloyd George's little brother," ran one of the answers. Equally startling is the fact that Mustapha Kemal Pasha is



## **MORE MEN! MORE VALUES!**

Every purchaser of any article here in 1922 received a good, fair and abundant money's worth.

We are proud of our past record as it stands in the mind of our customers, but for 1923 we are going head-bent for election in an intensive campaign that will give us more men and give the men more values!

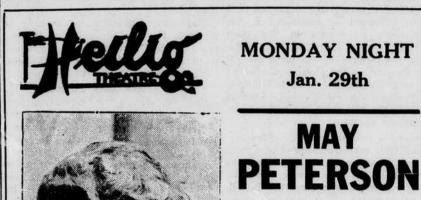
1

In brief-this city is going to see the biggest value spectacle that it has ever witnessed and these figures are going to be quoted on merchandise of the highest type.

We want more men-men who want to save more money!

| Society Brand  | Suits  | <br>\$35 t | to \$55 |
|----------------|--------|------------|---------|
| Earl & Wilson  | Shirts | <br>\$2    | to \$9  |
| Schoble Hats . |        | <br>\$4.50 | to \$9  |
| Lewis Unionsui | its    | <br>\$1.50 | to \$8  |

Green Merrell Co. men's wear "One of Eugene's best stores"



Prima Donna SOPRANO of Metropolitan Opera Co.

Here, then, is the value of honorary societies and of the ten dozen minnow-sized activities of which the school boasts. They school us in Like water eddying the rough, approximate, rule-of-thumb method of procedure. They give us a hard, practical shrewdness of the way to work people, and the way to work with pepole. They knock a lot of silly notions out of a man or woman's head quicker than any formal class could ever do. On grandmere's window ledge.

Once upon a time we Americans prided ourselves upon being a But out in the world shirt-sleeves democracy. We do not hear that term used as much in these late years and perhaps we are not so proud to admit that our Unending. past history is largely the conflict of a raw country upon men in red flannel shirtsleeves. And it is certainly true that the rule-of-thumb solutions which once were sufficient to take care of our problems will no longer suffice; we must have here the scholar and the scientist.

But nevertheless there is a tremendous let of the old, pioneering work to be done. People must still be cajoled and we must still ride rough shod ahead to practical goals. It is here that the activity in college justifies itself; it gives us a fund of common sense that the scholar does not get while adventuring among the stars, or among the test tubes.

Let's not be rabid over a good thing. The world would just as soon go to pot if we were all Newtons or Aristotles.

Now that the tide has once more risen we stand on some isolated hump in the pathway and yelp for the ferry. But no ferry comes. Durn it no ferry comes! We commend that as a next object for a Y. M. C. A. drive. The Y likes to conduct drives anyway. Let's raise enough money to buy a couple small ferries, to be used when the prespring freshets sluice the water around our feet and send us toward the infirmary with the sniffles.

There was supposed to be a hazing party at the University of See the breeze Southern California. A shell-shocked war veteran wouldn't wear the conventional green cap. A party of husky paddlers lined up at the ex-soldier's door. He whipped out a revolver. Four shots were fired, and one of the greedy grinners was carried home, not dangerously injured, however.

Oh, the long while this stone-age act must last!

Ain't nature wonderful! A fellow puts on winter underwear in the gym, runs down the street and goes out to the track ; he's an athlete. A fellow puts on winter underwear and stands out on the porch of his house; he's a lunatic and a menace to the morals of the community. Ain't nature grand!

Against the hazy blue of atmosphere Twist" is a kind of tobacco and Mozart A row of doves on the shed appear And from them issues a liquid gurgle

Into a pipe. Aside from that

It is so still-I can hear the tick-tick-tock-Of the silver Big Ben

All is trading. Wars. But in the garden is Time-And peace In grandmere's garden I sit, in grand mere's chair

And in the sun I dry my hair. -Patricia Novlan.

NIGHT 1 am a tired traveler Riding Time, The minutes, like weary caravans of camels Move so slowly. I grow impatient I beat upon them With impotent hands But their hides are thick They do not heed And still they crawl Into noon Then after noon Bearing me through infinite desert

stretches Towards night And the green oasis

Of your Love.

-Patricia Novlan.

SPRING Is it a daffodil-Swaving

Has snapped it From the plant. It whirls-Around-Around-OH! It is coming down Tired-torn-drooping. It has dropped, Crumpled, still, Shall we pick it up? Why, it was a girl! Dancing! Pavlowa!

head of the Japanese navy; a brand of cigars.

Other samples of freshman intelligence are: Iago, "Japanese rice"; Sir Roger De Coverly, "an old-fashioned square dance"; Becky Sharp, "a music writer" Heifitz, "name of a cow"; Demosthenes, "Russian writer"; Dardenelles, "name of a song"; and Ronald Amundsen, "paint-

Use Emerald

Want Ads

BELL

Theatre

Springfield, Oregon

Sunday, Jan. 28th

First show starts at 6 and

runs continuous

Drummond dead or alive.

one-but did they get him.

See

DRUMMOND"

Action, Thrill, Suspense

At

BELL THEATER

Sunday, Jan. 28th

"BULLDOG

They wanted Bulldog

It was a hundred against



# CONCERT

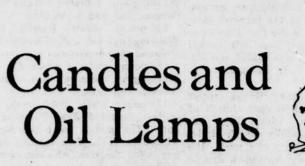
in

Prices \$1.00 to \$2.00. By special arrangement personally with Miss Peterson, all students attending the Universities and public schools will be admitted for \$1.00, any seat. Seat sale now.

FOR LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES AND SLABWOOD The BOOTH-KELLY LUMBER CO. Phone 782 Slabwood—Coal—Cordwood

**PHONE 452** 

ANDERSEN FUEL COMPANY 39 East 7th



IImagine yourself attempting to wade through a few chapters of Taussig under the unsteady glow of a candle, or the dim flickering light of an oil lamp. Modern scholarship has been made easy by the possibility of good lighting.

Are you giving yourself the benefits of all that science has done for you in the way of better lighting? Come in and let us help you "electrify" your room.

White Electric Co. 694 Willamette, Phone 254

-Patricia Novlan.