

MANY COLLEGE STUDENTS MISDIRECTED IS CLAIM

EDUCATION IS NOT REAL MOTIVE, SAYS DARTMOUTH HEAD

Dr. Hopkins, President of Dartmouth College. It is so directed because the leading educators feel too many students are entering college for less worthy motives than to secure an education.

"It would be incompatible with all the conceptions of democracy to assume that the privilege of higher education should be restricted to any class defined by the accident of birth or by the fortuitous circumstances of possessing wealth," says Dr. Hopkins.

Unfortunately intellectual hypocrisy and its complement, intellectual smugness are not sufficiently infrequent even within college halls.

Dr. Faunce, president of Brown University, holds that "All the young men who want education ought to have it. But the vast majority of them would profit far more by some other kind of education than that given by the traditional American college."

That university required the passing of two psychological tests before the admittance of any student. It was forced to this stand because of the many who yearly came for other reasons than study.

Breadth of vision and mastery are what students should acquire in college. Vision broad enough to view not only the present but the possible future, mastery of the subject so that it may be carried through to success.

"WEARY FEET" ORGANIZE

College Men who Have Bummed One Thousand Miles Eligible

University of Nevada, Jan. 27.—The Sundowners of the Sagebrush is the appellation of a vagrant society of twelve men organized recently at the University of Nevada.

Two University Deans

By Clinton Howard

Take one-third artist, a third executive, and another third man of vision, sprinkle with hard common sense, add a dash of reason, and you have an ideal college dean.

Double every ingredient in the above recipe, and you have two university leaders—Dean Ellis F. Lawrence of the school of architecture and allied arts of the University of Oregon, and Dean Eric W. Allen of the Oregon school of journalism.

But right here a bit of description of the two deans is in place. Corn-colored but graying hair, mild blue eyes, and the face of a scholar, Dean Lawrence strikes one at first glance as an interesting person, and this first impression is retained.

The Straggler

By E. J. H.

Coming around a sharp curve of the track I found myself near the approach of a long bridge. I stopped and shifted the weight of my pack, wondering if I could make it across before the passenger came along, and half disposed to try.

"Don't try it—you'll be killed—train comin'—wait an' follow it over." I turned and for a moment could see no one; then a slight stir focused my eyes on an insignificant figure crouched, half hidden, behind a gray boulder.

I crossed over, dumped my pack and sat down stiffly. "Hot," I commented. "Any chewin'?" He fumbled in a pocket. "Nawthin' but this here Six Brothers—dunno what sort of chewin' it makes—weak fer smokin'—maybe you kin smoke it—dunno—try—"

"Where y' goin'?" he asked me with a timid curiosity. "Oh, North. Where're you goin'?" "Reedsport—I guess. There's work there—leastwise they says there is—I dunno—hope so—I'm 'bout broke."

"Lord, but she's great today," I said. I was twenty-one and the open road was before me and life seemed filled with nothing but a succession of just such glorious days. I filled my chest with the air. "She's great!"

"Stayed in Marshfield most all winter,"—it was the old man mumbling half-heartedly,—"worked on at th' box factory fer a spell, then she closed down."

"Wish I had a boat and some fishing tackle," said I, looking at the broad lazy river. ". . . Seemed like it was a hard winter. Worked fer m' board 'n room at one place—a dairy—five in th' mornin' t' ten at night—don't seem right somehow that a man should work so hard fer to eat and sleep—but a man has t' live—mebbe there's justice in it—dunno—funny."

The train was roaring around the curve, and I fumbled at the straps of my pack. "It's sure a great day for hiking. I ought to make thirty miles today."

"What's th' hurry?" I laughed and waved my hand toward the bridge. "I—"

"Don't point—don't point," interrupted the old fellow with a gusty panicky whisper.

"What's the matter?" I asked, somewhat startled. "Don't point—bridge tenders might see you doin' it—get suspicious—might not let us across."

I noticed the huge blanket roll by his side; it was almost as large as he.

"Must be pretty heavy carrying that roll," I said.

"Yes. Couldn't stay in Marshfield no more—eatin' up m' money—doin' nothin'—gotta get to Reedsport t' work—'bout broke. Fierce th' way they soak a fellow fer things—'tain't fair."

"Roads pretty blank for the next thirty miles," I said. "Where are you going to get grub?"

He jerked his thumb toward a small paper sack—"There."

I mentally divided the two or three bits of food that it contained into four meals, meagre rations, I thought. But old men don't need much.

The train came rushing down on us and went by with brakes screaming. I rose and pulled on my pack. The old man fumbled about the rope of his huge bundle, slowly and painfully. I looked about me, at the bright blue sky, at the dazzling water, and at the road stretching across the bridge and disappearing around a huge sand dune in the distance.

"Well, so long old scout," I called over my shoulder.

"Don't go too fast fer me—don't go too fast," he said. I looked back and saw him hobbling after me, hopefully, trying to catch up.

"Sorry, dad, but I'm in a hurry. I've got to reach Reedsport tonight. I'll have to step out. So-long."

I hurried on. Once, when nearly across the bridge, I looked again. He had slowed down to an infirm limp. That's the last I saw of him—a bent, lonely figure, receding in the distance—just struggling painfully ahead.

That evening I pulled into Reedsport, dusty, tired, and supremely hungry. Out of curiosity I asked a man I passed if there was any work to be had. Not that I wanted work myself. I was foot loose, free to roam the roads of the earth. I was thinking of the old man.

"Nops," was the answer. "Only one mill runnin'. Course, if you was limber and husky they might put you on."

Books

"The Book Worm is branching out—Having fed on the deep and learned food required for mid-term preparations for the last week, the Book Worm decided to partake of a little lighter repast, and began to browse about magazines noted for their 'lightness.'"

It was an awful shock! But not as you think—the point was, there was no shock there! To be perfectly frank, it made a collection of what looked like the most shocking literature easily obtainable. It began with Breezy and Snappy Stories and went through the whole list down to True Confessions.

The titles were gorgeous. Some of them even sounded right delectable. They ran something like this: "The First Fifty Years Is Easy." "Flames of the Storm."

We finally were convinced that we had made a rare choice, and almost were purring as we were curled before the fire-place for a wild evening. We read, and read, and read, always preparing for the shock—but it never came. For instance "The Hotel Register Wife" sounded inviting, but that was as far as it got. It consisted of about eight pages of rambling words. There was nothing wild, interesting, mysterious, horrible, or even shocking to our extreme sense of propriety. In fact there wasn't much of anything. We had started with an absolutely open and unprejudiced mind, and came out with the impression that it was plain trash.

digging through these things for a wild story. When it comes to thrills a good classic, Dumas or Balzac, even in translation, has it all over the whole bunch of supposedly shocking present-day stories. One doesn't realize just off hand how many of America's most popular names are taken from these French stories. The pictures called "The Eternal Flame," is a splendid example of this, and there are dozens more.

Now do not misunderstand the Book Worm. It is not trying to kill the sale of these magazines, merely to show you that "all is not gold that glitters," and titles are often misleading. Enter the heroine, enter the villain, enter the hero. They're all the same! The editors realize that month after month the attractions are the cover and the table of contents, and month after month they become more brilliant and the material less, but still they sell."—Indiana Daily.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA STILL LARGEST IN COUNTRY

University of California, Jan. 23.—The University at Berkeley has maintained its lead again as the largest University in the United States, having a total enrollment of 17,909 students.

HEALTH SERVICE SETS NEW WEEK-END HOURS

During the recent epidemic of colds on the campus the University Health Service will observe the following hours: On Sunday, at the dispensary, from 10 a. m. to noon. On Saturday and Sunday afternoons, at the infirmary.

SIGMA DELTA PI GIVES NAMES OF NEW PLEDGES

Sigma Delta Pi, honorary Spanish fraternity, elected the following members Saturday afternoon: Esther Dennis, Lois Morthland, Freda Goodrich, Norma Wilson, Leonard Jordan, Miss Florence White, honorary.

CLASSIFIED ADS

Minimum charge, 1 time, 25c; 2 times, 45c; 5 times, \$1. Must be limited to 5 lines, over this limit, 5c per line. Phone 951, or leave copy with Business office of EMERALD, in University Press. Payment in advance. Office hours, 1 to 4 p. m.

For Rent—Room for girls at 1315 13th Ave. E. Phone 1005-L. 163J25-ft.

Room for two students, \$15.00 a month. Board if desired. Mrs. Dunwoody, 1331 High street. 169 J27-30.



Mr. I. M. Right Says:

Believe you me it is no fish story—the reason for many a young man's popularity is that he keeps himself looking neat. The secret is, the Electric Cleaners did it.



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ALREADY!

Eugene's Largest Piece Goods Section Is the Scene Of New Weaves

An air of refinement is pervading Schaefer's Bros. popular priced dress goods department

And So Colorful Are the New Tissue and French Ginghams, yard 45c to 65c

—First glimpse of the spring 1923 ginghams in rare color effects, seemingly more beautiful than shown in any previous season. Indeed a delightful change to see the new arrivals and all are of a wonderfully fine quality.

Alltyme Knitted Silk Crepe Charming Indeed. Only \$2.75 yd.

—A new beautiful knitted fibre silk with a satine finish. Firmly knitted, with a brilliant, lustrous finish and an exquisite fabric for dresses and blouses. Colors are cocoa, Deer, Seal, Navy, also White.

The Biggest Stir Now Is in the Showing of Pretty Cotton Ratine, yard 65c

—You might as well make up your mind this day that your wardrobe is going to contain one or more dresses fashioned of this rough-threaded, soft-draping material, 36 inches wide and such a splendid selection of new shades—nearly a dozen. Already our saleswomen have cut off several lengths.

Dainty New Neckwear That Will Delight the College Miss

—The freshness of a carefully selected collar or an appropriate bit of white at the cuff is oftentimes the determining feature (right now especially, in between seasons) in the costume of the well-dressed miss. Featuring innovations in the popular Bertha style collars, Peter Pan style—and this season's dress styles become doubly charming when allied with softly becoming collar and cuff sets such as we are showing in abundance. Moderately priced at 65c to \$3.00.

A Big Steak---

—juicy, tender, and brown, done to a turn, a dish overflowing with crisp, brown, french fried, sweet, tender petit pois, a big fruit salad with a luring, appetizing, tang, in a quantity that you can't surround, a cup of wonderful coffee that actually satisfies, and then—a big piece of delicious butterscotch pie. It's waiting for you.

The Rainbow

Herm Burgoyne