



THE SUNDAY EMERALD

VOLUME XXIV.

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, EUGENE, SUNDAY, MAY 13, 1923

NUMBER 153

Bryan, the Rear-Guard Of a Dying Order

By Van Voorhees

WILLIAM Jennings Bryan was a college student. No university could have produced a man just like him.

I wonder if a university would wish to. For colleges instill within a man a different way of seeing things. While courses cover studies that are similar, the basic attitudes of life and thought are liable to form in different ways.

Dean Sheldon, of the school of education, pointed out, the other day, what are perhaps the causes of the contrast. In colleges, he said, the eyes of nearly every man are fixed, figuratively at least, upon the presidential chair.

He meant by this that in sectarian schools—for nearly all the colleges are such—the emphasis is placed upon debating and upon the sort of thing that makes for leadership in politics. The forebears of our present-day fraternities may still be found as literary and debating clubs upon the college campus. In attitude at least these colleges in living in the atmosphere developed in the universities of Yale and Harvard 90 years ago.

Silver tongues and eloquent gestures played a larger part in politics a century ago. The man who could command the floor and dominate the party got away with nearly everything.

It's not warm words of eloquence

that run the world today, it's pretty much the colder words of science.

Mr. Bryan has written some warm words bearing on the subjects of religious beliefs and science and universities. The addresses was designed for church consumption and is illustrated by hand-tinted slides depicting biblical events and pastoral scenes and Mr. Bryan's photographs. In it he jams the steel into university training and calls aloud for a return of the old time religion.

Certain things exist because he wishes them to, and other things don't because he doesn't. His speech would have been aptly paraphrased had he remarked that the earth can't be revolving because the Bible doesn't say it is.

Mr. Bryan, the great Commoner, silver-tongued orator, is famous for his leadership and for his superlative speaking ability.

He is also not a little famous for having a mind impervious to the facts of modern science.

Two years ago I met Mr. Bryan, and his wife, for many years an invalid. Perhaps you didn't know that is why he hibernates in the tail end of Florida. He has a delightful personality and one cannot but hold him in highest esteem.

But he is the eloquent rear-guard of a dying order.

High Andes Ideal Camp

By Marian Lowry

THERE really is such a thing as an ideal place for a vacation, and it has been found in South America. Tirza Anne Dinsdale, former secretary of the University Y. W. C. A., says she gets up each morning and gazes out over an expanse of some two thousand acres of land, while in the distance the high Andes and a real smoking volcano are seen.

Furthermore, she says in a letter recently received by Dorothy Collier, present secretary of the Y. W. C. A., that she may have all the horses she wants to ride, an abundance of good food, a delightful English family to live with, and an excellent large library to read.

She describes farm life there in further detail, saying it reminds one of the feudal system because of the way the land is rented and farmed. At the time of writing this letter, in February, it was harvest time in Chile, and Miss Dinsdale says she thinks she saw a practical part of internationalism, as the threshing machine was of American make, the engine from an English concern, the manager was a Frenchman, and the laborers were Chileans. Laborers there receive 75 cents an acre for cutting the grain.

"No doubt after the reports you have been reading about the earthquakes, you'll never have any desire to come to Chile," the letter read, "but from what I learn the reports were very much exaggerated, especially as regard to Santiago. There was no damage done, except in the North, where, of course, conditions are terrible."

Miss Dinsdale had just gone to bed when the quakes came, and she at first thought that the rumble and shaking of the passing street cars, and not until the bed began to rock, did she realize that there was an earthquake. "One really becomes quite accustomed to them," she adds. The assistance of the United States was greatly appreciated by the Chileans, and very little aid had reached them until the American ships arrived.

Miss Dinsdale says that the students down there at the school, which is near her office, do not really start work until along in October and November and from then on until examination time in December. Then the students fairly learn the text books by heart, and it is no uncommon sight to see the students walking up and down the buildings studying aloud and paying no attention to what is going on about them. Native girls there have great difficulty in finding positions after they receive their degrees as there are so few professions open to women, and that is one reason, says Miss Dinsdale, why teaching is so popular with the girls.

Miss Dinsdale left the University of Oregon in June 1921 to take up her present work. She said in her letter from all present indications she would remain in South America for some time yet.

New Courses Next Fall

OLD COURSES will be revamped and elaborated and a considerable number of new courses will be offered by the University of Oregon next fall, according to a statement of the new curricula now before the board of higher curricula of the state for approval.

A number of changes and regrouping of studies have been made in the geology department because of the increased interest evident in this line of work. A course in Crystallography designed for those whose work involves an investigation or knowledge of those compounds recognized most readily by their crystal form or crystalline properties is among the new courses offered in this department. Other courses are Mineral Deposits, covering the essential points of most important mineral deposits; Geologic History of Pacific Countries; Regional Geology; Geography of the Pacific and Advanced Geography. Practically all of these courses deal specifically with the geology and geography of the state and Pacific region with one or two universal in scope. They are being offered by Dr. Warren D. Smith, head of the department and Professor W. T. Hodge.

To answer an increased demand for courses in science, the chemistry department has outlined a new course entitled, "Chemistry and its Relationship." It will indicate the context of the field of chemistry together with a portrayal of its problems and the broad relationship of these to human interests. A number of other courses for advanced students are being offered in the chemistry.

Special courses have been arranged in different schools for medical students. Among these is a course in general psychology for medical students given by

the psychology department, a course in quantitative analysis and advanced laboratory courses in the chemistry department.

To the end of laying special stress on courses which lay emphasis upon the manager's problems the school of business administration, one of the largest of the University, proposes to incorporate a series of management courses in its curricula. These courses will not include new fields of work but represent one formerly given with some condensation and some expansion of courses with the central idea of emphasizing the managerial aspects of business.

The school of architecture proposes to open a new five year course of study in the design option in the department, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Architecture. It is expected by this new curriculum to lighten the annual load carried by students in the school of architecture, now held unduly heavy. A more flexible schedule, the gaining of a better relationship of cultural to professional subjects and the giving of a more thorough training in the purely professional work of the school is the aim in view. Two new courses in industrial arts, color and harmony in dress and house furnishing are among the new courses proposed in the school of architecture.

A course entitled "Report Writing" is a proposed innovation in the English department. This would be a service course to be given in segregated sections, as far as possible, for English majors, history majors and science majors in which they may be given instruction and correction in writing papers, book reviews, etc., in their respective fields of study.

(Continued on page two.)

Poetry

"FISHERMAN'S LUCK"

I found an oak tree,
With trunk of monstrous girth—
Its limbs, distorted, flung on high,
Like groping talons sought the sky;
Its roots clutched tight the earth.

I found a trout stream
Within the oak tree's shade—
Its purling waters, bubbling o'er
With circling swish and muffled roar,
Sweet murmuring music made.

I found my heart's ease
Beside that "fishing hole"—
For Nature, angling sly my heart,
Deep in its inmost inner part,
Had lured and caught my soul.

—M. J. B.

LOVE

Alas, another crescent mooned spring
Like this.
I saw a pool, enticing.
(You know that spring moons give a
yellow light

That seems to warm the coldest waters)
I stripped me to the very soul,
And plunged in joyously.
At first the icy waters of the pool
But seemed to mildly cool
My fevered youth.

But soon they froze instead.
(Spring moon's yellow light deceives.)
Thrice I tried to escape
The pool's dark steep walls
And twice slipped back
Into its cold gold depths.

And here I am once more
(To tell those who would but hear)
"All that gleams mellow
Does not warm (ah! no!)"

—Patricia Novlan

SONGS

Sweet rose that drooping stands,
I lift you gently in my hands
And hear the woeful saddened song
That you have chanted the night long.

Sweet rose, I pray you cease that plaint
Hearken to the words I paint—
Lo! When you are faded—dead,
Then my song will live instead.

(After Heine)

II.

Lord, send what e'er thou wilt
Be it of joy or grieving.
I am content that both am I
From thee alone receiving.

But Lord surfeit me not I pray
With thy love or resentment,
For 'twixt the two I know there lies
The realm of man's contentment.

(After Morike)

—A. J.

TERESA

Teresa's hair is primly coiled
And smoothly piled upon her head,
Yet in the curl beside her ear
Another story may be read.
Teresa's eyes of turquoise blue
Are downward in demureness cast—
Could there have been a light in them
When they met mine a moment past?
Teresa dresses modestly
In simple gown of Quaker gray,
But just below her slender throat
A crimson ribbon flutters gay.
Teresa never gives me hope—
She laughs with gentle cruelty.
Yet—when I leave and cross the stile
I see her blow a kiss to me!

—Margaret Skavlan

FANTASY ORAMA

Now here is a theme,
thrilling.
Opaque?
As the lily loves sweet dew?
Dripping.

Two men, or the other end,
Subfusk
The mood.
Ah, well, heroine
Calamistrated
Indigo-eyed.

There is the rest
You may peal them at your leisure.

—A. J.

MUSTALONZIES

She is fair:
For each credit,
Bought and paid for?
Ah, well a debit,
But what is the difference?
Questions, questions
Foolish mummery.

And sold?
Well, that is open.
Open?
Optative.
Even so I may doubt.
But a credit
Well!
But also intromit debit.

Your eyes like lapis lazuli ceilings
Cover me. With astonishment
My blood becomes heavy and nervous,
Hydrasgyrum-like.

—A. J.

WITH APOLOGUES TO K. W.

"When you think—I remember"—
A lonely peak on a silvered night.
Shadows that stretch to the huddled
pines—
Gray mists streaming down the narrow
canyons.
Ontares smouldering in the eastern sky.

—F. S.

Virgil Earl, '06, Chosen Athletic Director

VIRGIL D. EARL, former University of Oregon football and baseball star and since his graduation in 1906 a leader in amateur athletics in the state, today accepted appointment as director of the department of athletics of his alma mater. He will begin his work on the Oregon campus in the fall.

Earl is principal of the Astoria high school. For eleven years he was football coach at Washington high school, Portland, developing three championship elevens and as many other teams that tied for Portland interscholastic honors.

The executive council of the Associated Students approved Earl's appointment by unanimous vote. The post is newly created by the board of regents. An athletic director has been desired for two years to round out the work of the school of physical education, but finances did not permit of the completion of the department until this spring. The post is an administrative one and is in addition to the coaching staff.

Dean John F. Bovard, of the school of physical education, recommended the appointment of Earl because of the latter's keen interest in and grasp of intercollegiate athletics, as well as intramural sports, and his executive talent. Earl's coming to Oregon is expected to give added impetus to all forms of sports, with successful intercollegiate teams the crowning feature of the athletic system.

"I have always been intensely interested in athletics," said Earl, in accepting the appointment, "not so much because of the pure sport of athletics, but

because of the tremendous influence athletics have in the development of character in men. I am strongly in favor of the policy of the University in coordinating the work of the school of physical education and that of the various athletic teams. I favor a unified effort on the part of both the students and the school in furthering the athletic program. The school of physical education has made an invaluable contribution to the athletic spirit of the University in my opinion."

"The appointment of an athletic director is another step in the University's plan to do all possible to build up a splendid type of athletics," said Dean Bovard. "To further athletic development we have undertaken not only to build up a good personnel within the school, but we have undertaken to increase the material facilities for this work. Recently, a thirty-two acre tract southeast of the campus was set aside for fields for the big athletic and recreational program. This will include new varsity baseball fields and stands, four intra-mural baseball fields, two football practice fields, one for ohekey, one for soccer, four outdoor basketball courts, sixteen handball courts, eighteen tennis courts, as well as the completion of the 220 yard straightaway for track.

"The school of physical education thoroughly believes in intercollegiate athletics. It sees athletics as the flower of a program, participation by the whole student body in games and sports. Already 770 individual men are engaged at Oregon in varsity and intramural sports and gymnasium activities."

(Continued on page three.)

Howitzers and the Dove

By Monte Byers

LET'S GET ready for the big splurge, billed for the year 1926. Send in your reservations for box seats and supplies of noise making paraphernalia. A clipping from an Astrology journal, published on the other side of the Atlantic frog pond, states that the excitement billed for that year will make the hectic days of the world war appear as a mere nightmare.

The dope sheet reads that there will be copious gobs of riot, revolution, plague, famine, floods and shipwrecks. We also have a mean hunch that murder will come in for its usual quota of front page advertising, and it may even boost the batting average. Earthquakes and tidal waves ought to get a share of the spoils in that turbulent year.

But that ain't all. Up in the solar system, they are planning on having a grand jubilee—a pig party as a reunion celebration. It is also on the boards that Mars and Mercury will square off in a ten round, no-decision mitt-slinging fray. This ought to be good, as Mars packs a wallop in either mitt, and Mercury sports a mean combination of foot work and overhead jabs. Reserve a telescope for the ring-engagement of the century. It is doubtful if the ticket scalpers will attempt to gobble up the ringside seats.

Ain't we goin' to have fun in that annum. Anything may happen down here on this mortal terrain at that time. Mars may start a left from the shoulder for Mercury's molar rest, the blow resolving into a wild swing, and Mars may lose the five ounce studded glove. This falling to earth might pierce Satan's boiler room, and then it would be

curtains for the whole gang of earthlings.

If the tumult gets too strong, the earth may be shaken so that oil will start spouting in the Willamette valley and the natives will plant derricks instead of asparagus.

But think of it, riot and revolution. If that is the case we can sink a safety razor blade into our neighbor's gullet and get away with it easier than they do today by pleading insanity. Everyone will be too busy killing someone else, that they will forget about chow raising and the famine will ensue, and the universe will be populated by skeletons.

And after all that will come the grand finale. Six annams after the opening act in 1926, the great Armageddon will occupy the space back of the footlights. In this act the good, the bad, and the indifferent get together in a battle royal and the odds are in favor of the good element. Muhammadans, and all other cults, together with their other cousins, the Bolsheviks, are booked in a finish fight with the Anglo-Saxon gang. The slaughter will be great. Blood will cover the fertile valleys and a good many will breeze into the hereafter with a bomb or a scimitar as postage.

Then when the comedy has gone so far that those left are too tired to fight, the curtain will be rung down. At the first encore it will rise again on a scene of universal peace. The valleys will be cleansed of their red mantle. The corner grocery will be the scene of the

(Continued on page three.)

Silken Garbs of East

By Nancy Wilson

THE MODERN American bridegroom does not array himself for his wedding. The word array suggests garments that fold and wrap and flow, and surely there is nothing flowing about the straight lines and prosaic black and white of the conventional dress suit. Perhaps he has a new dress suit for the occasion. Probably not. He wears the one he wore when he sang tenor in the men's glee club. The one he ushered in at his sister's wedding. There is nothing symbolic or characteristic about his wedding clothes. To the casual observer he might be, judging from his apparel, a head waiter or a toastmaster at a banquet or a pallbearer at a state funeral.

Unlike the bride he does not put his wedding garments away in an old trunk or a cedar chest and let the hard white front grow limp and yellow and the coat and trousers grow frayed and rusty. He hangs his dress suit up in the closet and gets it out and dusts it for the next formal dance he attends.

There is a country, however, where the bridegroom's wedding garment is a thing of symbolic beauty. By merely studying a Chinese wedding coat one may know the social position, the intellectual attainments, the character of the bridegroom.

there hangs a Chinese wedding coat. A brilliant garment, encrusted and embroidered with gay colors, with hidden symbols which tell the interested observer that this unknown Chinese bridegroom was a military man, a member of the royal family, gentle in character, and of unusual intellectual attainments.

The embroidered square, known as the mandarin square, with its inevitable sacred white bird, set in the front of the coat shows that the bridegroom was a military man, probably a dashing young officer. The sinuous lengths of the embroidered dragon with its seven toes, symbolic of royalty, tells that the young man was of royal blood. The delicate petals of the full-blown lotus speak of the gentleness of the bridegroom. The rainbow border with its series of colors is symbolic of knowledge. The owner of the gay coat must have been in American vernacular, "a good catch."

The Chinese bridegroom wears his wedding coat but once and then puts it away as carefully as the American bride puts away her lace and satin. For practicality we commend the American wedding suit, but for sentiment we rather like the Chinese.

EDITIN' A COLLEGE SOCIETY COLUMN

Graba Bite Api gave a dance the other day
\$20 garlands of new-mown hay
Were placed about the rooms
In a most effective way.

The hosts were dressed as milking maids
The guests as rustic boys
Madame shrieks as soloist
Produced an awful noise.

The party was a great success
The truly elite were there
By Caesar's royal pajamas
The bust was truly rare.

The awfulest job I can conceive
Through all eternal years
Is to tell the world of social folk
And all their hopes and talks.

SUPPOSED CONVERSATION OF OPPOSITE SEXES ON A COLLEGE CAMPUS

Two girls (both at the same time)
"He _____"
Two men (both at the same time)
"She _____"

STUDENT LIFE

Student life is a sort of mythical affair in colleges. The average high school graduate (and this applies to you and me) has a strange sort of conglomerate idea of what college life will be like. Sometimes if a boy has been away to boarding school for preparatory work, he is "disillusioned" by the time he comes on this campus. However, we are talking about the average.

1. The average youth never distributes the one-half dozen letters of introduction to his father's friends among the faculty, including always the President of the University.

2. Many more youths have planned (and sometimes carried out) to paint certain parts of our campus green than have ever been caught. Any freshmen who have such plans in mind are advised not to pay for their paint with checks, and not to leave tennis shoes spattered with evidence of their "stunt" lying around.

3. We are not sorry to say that there are no such beings as the Henry Barbour type of college man in college. Such a man is 99 44-100 per cent pure myth. The other 64-100 of one per cent of romance will be found in any man, anyway, whether he is in college or in business life.

4. Being a member of the best impromptu fraternity orchestra never hold as much glamour as dreaming that you are a member of such a revered and hard-worked organization.

5. On a college campus a man usually learns for the first time in life that nothing is ever gained suddenly or without a long hard fight. The title of a "college man" does not change anyone's short story plot in the magazines or the movies.

SO — YOUTH WAS ROMANTIC EVEN BEFORE COLLEGES WERE INVENTED

Pyramon on the ground all covered with gore
Thisbe cries because he ain't no more
What a terrible fate o'ertook that boy!
It wiped out all of poor Thisbe's joy.

By the might of his own good sword he fell
Then came back Thisbe, well, ah, well!

By the beast, thought he, perished e'en her lashes
When all that was touched was her pretty pink sashes
And the cape which over her body she threw—

She kissed his lips and bade life adieu

POPULAR MYTHS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

That these philosophy majors are a queer sort of people, anyway.
That C. V. D. is one of these strong silent men that never relaxes.

That Prexy Campbell recites each morning before breakfast, "for the ultimate good of the University" as the motto for the day.

That each sorority has its special "type."

That the majority of the good-looking girls spend their spare time practicing fraternity whistles.

That taking one or two of certain picked courses in the art department is better than reading even a risque magazine.

That when over half a class fail, the instructor is to blame.

—C. N. H.