

TIME IS NOT VALUED, SAYS DEAN

By Freda Goodrich

FRIENDLY dark eyes that perceive keenly, a whimsical smile and a disarming, fascinating personality that defies analysis—that in a word is Grace Edgington, acting dean of women on the campus during the present term. It is a difficult task to analyze a personality so delightfully complex and so provocatively baffling, a personality that is itself capable of such keen analysis. But one does not stand, because of this, in awe of Miss Edgington. One has for her a very, very sincere admiration and regard, but it is impossible to be awed by those friendly, smiling eyes. Rather does it inspire one to confidence, to greater efforts and to an earnest endeavor to win their approval.

Miss Edgington is not at all awed by her present position—she would not care to be a dean of women permanently, she says, at least, not the type of dean of women that most college traditions expect—I am afraid that the sort of dean that I should like to be would not conform to generally accepted standards.

Seriously, however, Miss Edgington is more vitally interested in her own professional work than in her deanship. "I am having to neglect some of the things that mean the very most to me, because I can not find time for them," she says.

Miss Edgington has not been to the campus merely a social mentor—she has tried in her brief period of office to get at the heart of University women—to understand their peculiar problems and to discuss with them other things than social usages.

On the other hand, the dean believes that there is such a thing as giving too little attention to the finer things of life, and observed that this may be one criticism of the Oregon campus as a whole.

"We are young and a little awkward; we give too little attention to social poise, but we have a vigorous spirit, and I believe that this exterior brusqueness will be rubbed off in time. Our student body comes from the great middle group, I should say. We have but few on the campus that come from families that run to "class" socially, and we have no inferior race problem. We come from pioneer stock in a great new state and our University, as compared with the institutions of the south and east, is also new. We are so vit-

ally interested in building up our foundations as a social unit that we are often neglectful of the niceties. But underneath it all," the dean continued, with her nice smile, "I believe there is a great deal more satisfaction in working toward a goal than in having the goal already attained. It is the old thrill of pioneering, I think."

Speaking of her observations regarding the Oregon student body during her period of office, Miss Edgington says that she finds students very frank and honest.

"If they intend to deceive you, they tell you about it first," she says. "The greatest fault I have to find with the Oregon student is that he is too free with his time—anyone or anything may have it. He places too little value upon it and consequently he can not expect others to value it. In the line of activities I should say that there is a tendency to emphasize quantity at the great expense of quality. We are so eager to get into things—to know people—that we accept a thousand petty duties and responsibilities rather than concentrating our efforts upon the one thing in which we are really interested. We tear madly to meetings and teas during our underclass years until by the time we are seniors and there might be a definite work for us to do on the campus we are too physically tired to accomplish it."

"I believe the campus is gradually becoming more significantly organized, and that gradually the organizations that do not contribute definitely to the culture or progress of the institution will dissolve," says the dean.

Dean Edgington is pleased on the whole with the student body as she has found it, and especially with the women, she has said.

"Our women are more wholesome, I believe, than the average women of the eastern institutions."

Those who consult Grace Edgington on any perplexity that may confront them will never have cause for regret. They will find her beautifully sympathetic of youth—she is not so unparadonably old that she can not still see the point of view of youth—ready to assist in any manner in her power one who needs her assistance and always so delightfully friendly and cordial that it is a real pleasure to steal away from the troubles and cares that haunt daily living and enjoy a few minutes of companionship with her.

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Yrs truly,
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Not The Best Sellers Perhaps

From "The Antigony" of Sophocles to "Babbit," by Sinclair Lewis there lies a large gap in time, and treatment of subject matter. Two such works when incorporated in a list of what one reader considers the ten best books he has read, showing a reading range of considerable broadness, and a diversion from a one way track in the realm of literature.

Dean Colin V. Dyment, dean of the college of literature, science and arts, when asked to name what in his estimation were the ten best books that he had read replied:

"That is quite a task for the spur of the moment," then paused and slowly considered the matter before attempting to answer, he continued, "May I answer in part in a general way?" Given permission to do so, for Deans must be respected, he first named the books of Charles Dickens.

A lapse of several seconds, deathly silence.

"Next I should say Sven Nadeen's account of his trip in Tibet." Quickly followed Babbit by Sinclair Lewis. Another silent intermission which ended with the naming of Well's Outline of History. And then came the book we were afraid the Dean was going to overlook, Huckleberry Finn.

Walter Lipman's Public Opinion and Mind in the Making by James Harvey Robinson were next named. Silence again. Then,

"How many does that make?" "Seven." "Hm."

Silence. Shakespeare. Now we were satisfied. The Antigony of Sophocles followed.

And there is a little novel recently written by a French author, the name I have forgotten." More silence while the Dean endeavored to recall the title. It turned out that the book was Maria Chapdelaine by Louis Hemon.

"I include it," said the Dean, "because it is a good story well done and in a simple style."

Skippers and Mates

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steams by in a tin caliope with the price tag indorsed in his name. Take him in all cases, young lady; you can hook the speed wagon and beat it back to ma at least.

But if he tells you about the little cottage out on the five-cent earline where you can while the day away playfully riling up the garden with a hoe and where you can swing on the front gate and watch him speed homeward from the car after the office grind, call him on it; lead him to the alter if you have to hogtie him.

Poetry

SCIO

And I have sighed when youth was sovereign,
With all youth's yearning and that grey despair
That comes with knowledge that the times are pitched
At discord with that individual nature
To which our fates ordain'd us; coupled with,
Now do I see it, youth's dim perspective which
Adds its sting to melancholy's hour.
For nature had to me ordain'd a bold
And questioning spirit, one to trodden ways

Extraneous, ever asearch for vistas
New paths that were to others all
Unknown; a spirit scarcely ere removed
Which might by slight allusion, word or deed,
Be full aroused; and then ambition rise
Athirst, and peace might woo in vain.

To force the frontier of some untamed land
My alien eyes the first to know its bourn;

To try the trackless wastes of snow where nought
E're moves but creeping ice; to gage a life

Against the desert's subtle mystery
Perhaps to add one's dust unto the sand;

Or, glorious! a ship, the ocean, sun
And stars to hold my ship unto her course,

The stimulating odor of the brine,
The verberating music in my ears,
The curling music on some unknown shore

To charm the eye with varied symmetry;
O pictures of my youth's imagination!

Your freshness still doth keep an inner shrine
Within my memory, although I know
That ye are visions never to be seen
For long ago the shores were tamed; nature

Day by day becomes an open book.
O mind, O intellect, and shall I call
Thee soul? vaguely do I sense your infinite

Horizon. I am content, though shores are known
And sea lanes all are sailed, I feel
As one who wonders at the stars; heavens

Of thought illimitable surround me quite,
My greatest joy to sense a new star's light.

—John Scheffer.

TOILER'S TWILIGHT

Colored, dimming twilight,
Rest craved from the long day's labour

But now the chance has come,
It carries no relaxation
Only sterility, sodden stupefaction;
The memory-sight of the day's long rush,

With its blackening labour,
Calloused palms, bruised knuckles,
grim'd fingers,
Old work pants, stinking shirt, nasty socks,

Scheme-shames, and a rump-steak dinner.

Out here in the park on the hilltop,
The fountain reflects sky-colors.
Colors, blues and pinks, orange shades,
green grass,

Soft sunset lights, a fountain full of mirror water.
Deep blues reflected; reds and blues
and pinks reflected.

No art like this.

Over there in the harbor,
A steamer's smoke lifts into the summer air;
The "Makura" off for Honolulu.

The lovers come.
They sit side by side on green benches,
The rested and the happy come,
And wander about the winding walks.
The starving come. Wretched cattle,
Tonight the soft green lawn will bed them,

And tomorrow?
But the worn day passes,
The sun sets.

—Robert F. Lane.

PALE EMPRESS

Thou art the patient, pallid, futile moon,
Tied in the sky of blazing afternoon,
With none aware that in a little span
Thou shalt be throned, more finely golden than

Any golden queen in legend reigning,
Reigning while all the winy night is waning.

They are not blind who pass thee in the sun.
Consumed with brittle passions as they run.

They chose their day and chose it animate.
But veiled in pallor thou wilt well await

Alchemic night and its unearthly staging
That sends thee out golden, ageless and unaging.

—Grace Edgington.

Student Government

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lapse for every movement where student opinion should have had weight. So long as passing the buck continues these movements will continue to die. Their very birth is meaningful only as the omen of early extinction.

The next school year will be upon us almost before we know it. The question that ought then to be asked is

whether the student voice is then going to be as feeble as it has been this and last year and the year before that. Is there going to be the same buck passing, the same indifference, the same kind of failure as ever?

But next year is capable of the greatest change! Next year student self-government must come to the attention of the students! The errors of the past make it imperative!

Student self-government will require much steady thought. It will require thought to put it across; it will require thought to make the terms and conditions strong; it will require care to give it effect. It is not a dream, but it might become a delirium.

Hash

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overdue books back to the Library. won't the Oregon Knights, Arabian Knights, K. K. K., or some other society please inaugurate a movement to get the missing clothes in the living organizations back to their rightful owners?

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In the Future

Next year, and the years that follow will bring greater success to this University. New faces will appear and older ones will go—so to the departing seniors, and to the freshmen and new students of next year, let us express our heartiest good wishes—as friends with one big thing in common—

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