

The Student MIRROR

Well, one man looked in the mirror and saw a terrible sight, and others have seen him too.

Now that the campus has voted for the Bok peace plan, who will start the political fight for student body officers next spring.

Speaking of student politics. How many of last year's "lame ducks"—those students who were run because of their school spirit—are active on the campus today?

Professor Howe brings out the salient fact that college graduates do not understand the needs of civilization. As the twig is bent so the tree made. How about that.

"The Dress Rehearsal" was shown at Guild hall during the past week. The regular student weekly dress rehearsal will be held this afternoon in the library. And we wonder why we don't get more done.

Rumor has it that even dancing is caught in the general slumping of interest in things generally. Can it be?

The girl who asked her "secret sorrow" to the formal is just beginning to wonder if she'll ever see him again.

We have heard that the tux is a direct derivation of the old court jester's suit. Some of the men on the campus look remarkably like the original.

The man who started playing cards at a dance needs a mental examination.

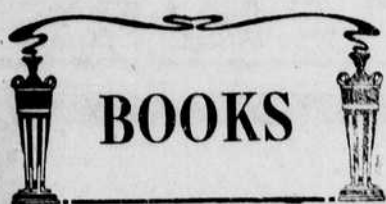
Art Tuck is back in school. Looks as if someone were on the boat after all these years. Those who are getting too cheerful, however, have to remember that Walt Kelsey and several other promising track men have been allowed to quit. Do you suppose our neighboring institutions would have let them quit?

We wonder who gets the credit in the ledger when freshmen work on Saturday morning.

The senior "lawyers" are still "raising cane," but the juniors have very discreetly desisted.

The beautiful day yesterday brought everyone out. Even the missing link was attracted away from his bridge table. The sun made the mirror shine ever so brightly.

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BOOKS

"SILBERMANN," Jacques De Lacretelle.

Not very many of the French novels of recent years have been as widely translated as "Silbermann," Jacques Lacretelle's dramatic tale of race prejudice, which was awarded the important La Prix Femina Vie Hereuse. It has been called by one a novelized "Up Stream," and perhaps it is destined to as wide recognition.

The story concerns itself with the tortuous experiences of a small precocious Jewish lad in a French school. The persecution, which schoolboys know so well how to employ, is only symbolic of the hounding for which the race to which he belongs has been submitted for centuries.

David Silbermann represents all that is finest in his race. He is more than just a Jew. He is a dreamer of glorious dreams. He is a deliver into the literature of the ages and has a rather finely developed critical ability.

The small French boy who is represented as telling the story, gives up the respect of his fellows, gains the Christian disapproval of his mother, and the disgusting and unjust accusation of his father in return for the devotion which he pours upon this persecuted Jew. Their friendship is a well-drawn picture, the careful lines in which are illustrated in one small bit in particular. The two boys have been good friends, and after a school battle they are both sent into coventry by their fellows. The unqualified support and devotion which the French child had felt before was now mixed with a cer-

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tain annoyance as the faults which were not apparent in the crowd became pronounced factors in their isolation.

Tortured on the rack of Christian anti-Semitism the young Jew at last is compelled to leave for America, which he does not so much regard in the light of a land of promise, as a land where he will again be forced in self-defense to live down to his worst instincts and characteristics.

The style of the book is attractive in its utter simplicity and whether this is an actual life story or not the verisimilitude is an achievement for we feel sure that it must have been true. The psychology of the boy who tells the story is quite as well worked out as that of the Jew of whom the story is told.

In the light of recent discussions on race prejudice on this as well as other campuses, it is safe to say that the book will be widely read for its contribution in that field.

"THE HIGH PLACE," By James Branch Cabell.

The High Place is that slumbering land of Nowhere and Notime in which lie guarded our highest ambitions, our utmost desire. Here we may find that wide eyed princess of our dreams, or that golden throne within marble corridors, or that incredible tome which tells the cause and purpose of all things. Surrounded by somnolent chimeras, the high place is to be gained only through great cleverness or great bravery. Pysange, for instance, enlisted the aid of brown Jannicot, ruler of Hell. It must be admitted, however, that Pysange contracted an unpayable debt—a faux pas by no means clever where the devil is concerned. But Pysange's worse mistake was in attempting to gain the high place at all. Cabell shows his foolishness clearly.

This concerns us, for we all strive for merely one object: to achieve our highest aspirations. Now it is a strange thing, but whenever we meet a highly "successful" man, we nearly always find a rather sulky faced, disillusioned chap. Northcliffe was such; so was Charles V. Holy Roman Emperor long ago. Cabell's idea is this: that one must never dare achieve his inmost desire for then one has no more inspiration. Moreover, the priceless object itself becomes familiar, then common place, and lastly disgusting. There remains then merely regret for vain expectations, disillusionment, and the very difficult business of amusing one's self.

Let us not, by all means, take this too seriously. This book is not meant to moralize, and I for one will still seek my secret inspiration in that land of hearts desire, the high place.

The book is keen reading and artistic in detail and conception. Fairy-like, it is changefully mad with unreined glee, sad with gloom tinged humor, and light without the earth-bound clogs of mere mortals.

JOE BRILL.

Two Journalists Leave to Travel

Alexander M. Trachman and Robert F. Lane, two students in the school of journalism, have withdrawn from the University, and left last night for Brookings, Oregon. They have planned, though all plans are rather indefinite at present, to sail for the Philippines some time in the late spring, and perhaps knock about other far eastern countries.

Trachman was a senior in journalism. He served on the Sunday Emerald staff last term, and was active in trade journalism writing. Lane was a junior in the school of journalism, and known quite well on the campus for his writing. He is a member of Sigma Delta Chi, men's national journalism society.

At the Theatres

REX

As a Rex specialty during the three-day presentation of Norma Talmadge's new production, "The Song of Love," starting Monday, a colorful prologue feature has been prepared under the direction of Rosner, Rex music master of the Warlitzer organ. Featuring Johanna James, soloist, in a vocal introduction to the picture, the prologue is announced to be an even more elaborately staged prelude than those thus far presented by the Rex. Appearing in a costume de-

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Freshmen always were ordered around then. For the above order is a message found on one of the numerous posters which continue their existence in huge stacks in the University historian's collection.

And after wading through countless other posters announcing football clashes, debates, and what not, up pops another relic, this time dealing with Junior week-end.

Junior Week-end Epidermis
All Eugene Has Influenza-Origenitis
You'll Like It.

In another box of forgotten valuables, are found the articles of incorporation of the Laurean and Eutaxian societies, the two first organizations on the campus. The articles, framed, are dated November 28, 1877. The Laureans and the Eutaxians were at one time the government of the University, corresponding to our present student body organization.

Programs of a hundred varieties claim their abode in the collection. For the social events of the old days, there is found a program reading "Mary Spiller House, Hallowe'en." And inside the dance programs lists in monotonous order, waltz, barn-dance, one-step and two-step.

Lectures, musicals, graduation recitals, and similar events long forgotten, may be recalled by an hour or so study of the many programs found. On imitation parchment is found the commencement program of the class of '93. This class held its reunion at the last Homecoming. The names of the 12 members of the class were photographed on the program.

The "Reflector," publication of

signed after those worn by Norma Talmadge in the picture, Miss James will render an appropriate vocal number creating the atmosphere of the drama to follow.

ERNEST HAYCOX ON CAMPUS FOR VISIT

Ernest J. Haycox, graduate of the University school of journalism with the class of '23, is a visitor on the campus this week-end. Haycox, known to most of the students at the University as "The Campus Cynic," was one of the founders of the Sunday Emerald, and was its first editor. He is now on the staff of the Portland Oregonian. While on the campus, Haycox is a guest at his fraternity, Delta Tau Delta.

W. S. C. SCRAPPING CENTER IS HEAD OF ELEVEN

Washington State College—Joe Burks, fighting center of the Cougar grid team, has been elected to captain the Washington State team for 1924. Burks has played center position for two years and though light in weight is counted as one of the best centers in the conference because of his fighting spirit. He played for three years on the Walla Walla high school team before coming to W. S. C.

OHIO STUDENTS MAY NOT DRIVE CARS

Ohio State College—Students of toe Ohio State college are forbidden by a recent ruling to drive

the Laurean and Eutaxian societies has several of its copies in the collection. The oldest found was a number for the year 1894, and had in the masthead, the name of Laura E. Beatie, editor-in-chief.

Several hundred pictures of members belonging to honorary organizations at the University have been stored in boxes. The pictures are cut out by the various issues of the Oregonian.

In other parts of the collection are found the volumes of the Emerald, saved during the years of its existence. The weekly semi-weekly, daily volumes, the five-column, and the six-column issues all have their place. Some years from now, there will be a waiting in another corner, the seven-column numbers.

Various views of the campus in its different stages of age are found in large enough numbers to make a huge scrap-book.

Buried among the programs, pictures, etc., appears a small sheet of paper reading, "Commands, promulgated to the Disciples of the University of Oregon, October 31, 1882." Ten in number, there are a few that would bring a smile to today's student. Number six says, "Thou shalt not assemble in great multitudes, either at the entrance or behind the doors of the Tabernacle." Going up and down the list, number two reads, "Neither shalt the ladies any longer continue the use of their regular wine when on the way to and from the Tabernacle."

"Neither shalt thou use tobacco after the manner of the Father," declares command number three. "When thou goest to see thy neighbor thou shalt not tarry at the front gate after eleven o'clock p. m." says another.

Well, it is only a matter of ten years or so, that the "modern sophisticates" will be shaking their wise heads, when looking at an increased historian's collection, over the queer things students did in 1923-24.

their cars to and from classes on the campus. The cars must be parked in a prescribed place and left there until the owner is ready to leave the campus.

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In a presentation of the plays of Stuart Walker and Lord Dunsany, and "The Book of Job."

TUES., Feb. 5—"The Gods of the Mountain" and other plays.

WED., FEB. 6—Young People's Mat. "Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil"; "Sir David Wears a Crown"; "The King's Great Aunt."

WED. NIGHT., Feb. 6—The Beautiful Biblical Drama, "The Book of Job."

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HEILIG

THE PROPHET LINE

There is no doubt that Unitarianism and other forms of Modernism undermine the authority of the Bible and the institution organized as the Church of Christ. Many of those who call themselves Modernists do not realize that yet but the logic of the situation will sooner or later bring them face to face with the facts.

The much abused process of rationalization, however, is not necessarily destructive, as defenders of the old faith usually assume. Rather it enlarges our whole conception of truth and introduces a long line of prophets, instead of limiting the line to those closely related to Judaism and Christian history, we add those who expressed the early monotheism of the ancient Egyptians, the unknown great ones who phrased the Vedic hymns of pre-historic India and that note which sounded throughout Asia. Zaratustra who struck a spiritual We add the marvelous Greeks with their philosophy and the beautiful sanity of the Chinese sages. Jesus but falls in line as, for us because of historical associations largely, the supreme one in all the prophetic line.

Modern days too have had their prophets in scientists devoted to ideal truth-seeking and in those who phrased in philosophy the significance of their enlargement of knowledge. Poets like Browning or Whitman share in the expression of spiritual truth.

There is a man who has lived a long life, many years of it in Eugene, who sought out his prophets among the goodly company of the line I suggested above. He will speak next Sunday from the experience of a life more spiritually based than is common with most of us on the theme: "Whom Trust." I speak of Rev. Stephen Peebles, the Pastor Emeritus of the Unitarian church of Eugene, who will preach the sermon next Sunday.

The soloist at this service will be Gladys Keeney.

The Morning Service begins at 10:45 o'clock.

The church building is located on East Eleventh Avenue at Ferry Street.

It is called "The Little Church of the Human Spirit."
(Paid Advertisement.)

Literary Gossip

by
PAT MORRISSETTE

"What's Wrong With the Movies?" burst out of Los Angeles publishing houses this month to startle the "flicker world" with well known platitudes and evident failings of the "flicker industry." The author decides that the producers are a bunch of fish peddlers, and that the public will buy anything on Friday.

In the meantime, Robert Sheridan in "Life" hails Charles Chaplin as a great producer, and his "Woman of Paris" as an epoch in film history. The Bookman, and a couple other magazines, agree. So be it. Sheridan recommends that the producers study Chaplin's handling of a very common story and find out in what the art of making movies consists. Ditto. Again, everybody agree that the "Hunchback of Notre Dame" has that, well—that hidden something—which sometimes makes a movie a powerful bit of drama.

While in Eugene, Sid Chaplin and young Fairbanks proved conclusively that talent is not inheritable. Sid "stars" in a couple of movies that have the superb puerility of silliness in the absolute—he can't do a one of his brother's tricks. And poor little Fairbanks jumps from roof to roof and U. S. to Turkey in a pitiful imitation of his father. And University students jam "Flaming

Youth," "Anna Christie," "If Winter Comes." And all of a sudden one realizes that "the fish peddlers" are really trying to sell something.

Now that we've gone this far, we might as well talk about "Black Oxen." "This book," conjectures a competent critic, "has been read by more co-eds in the United States than any other of its kind." (Ray! Ray!) And on the campus a young co-ed offered the information that her house "owed about \$5 to the rent collection" just on account of this book. (The little thing was probably fibbing a bit—but we always allow for a margin). And then the movie came to town. And all the co-eds—we don't know whether they attended or not. The most significant thing about "Black Oxen" is the fact that it was a novel in the summer and a movie in the winter, and holds the record for the novel-movie jump. And if you didn't read the thing, and went to the movie instead, why, that's all right. They were both rotten.

H. L. Mencken in the latest Dial goes wild over Thomas Beer's "Stephen Crane"—and here it has been in the library for about three weeks! (Mencken likes it because it hasn't got Steve's picture in it). The book is delightful reading, but as a biographer, Beer emphasizes the quality of Boswell. Under the traditions that surround the memory of Crane, he has dug out as many facts as he could—but there is still enough lacking to make the book a rather

incomplete study (insufficiency de-lights Mr. Mencken). The fault is not in the book itself, but, perhaps, in the problems that inhibited research. (The book is in general circulation—not on the rent shelf).

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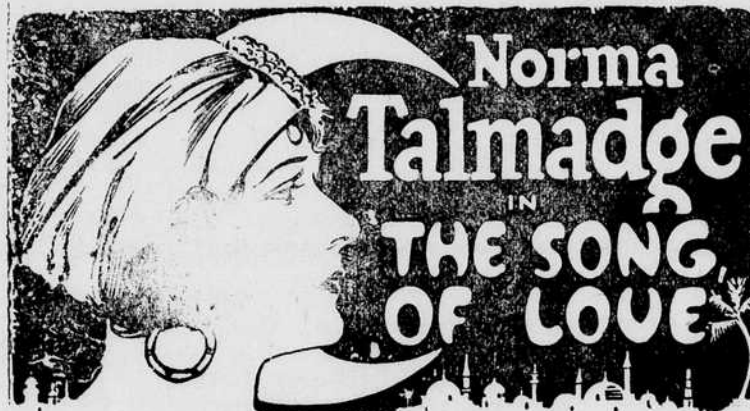
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