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Canned Essays

The University of Chicago is getting its academic work down to a fine point, it seems. A circular appearing there recently disclosed the existence of a firm advertising as its wares prepared term papers, theses, essays, and writings of all kinds particularly adapted to the demands of students.

"Let us do your thinking for you. Give us your subject and \$10—we'll do the rest.

"We relieve you of all annoying details," reads the pamphlet. "Just tell us the subject, the length of the article required, and the credit is received for it. Our work is satisfactory. Many professors have complimented our clients on the masterly way in which they write. We intend no insult, but believe that our work will probably receive better recognition than your own."

Perhaps if the eastern field is successfully exploited, such a firm may establish western offices. But just now the prospects of any such venture locating here are not favorable. The enterprise might be welcomed by those encyclopedic devotees whose originality of composition consists alone in their art of copying.

But there stands a majority on this campus, we would estimate, which measures the value of a higher education by its ability to stimulate thought, and teach one the best processes of thought. "Canned essays" is a parallel problem with cribbing in examinations. The student cannot in the long run be benefited by such gross deception. The way to learn to think is not to have other do your thinking for you, but to make use of mental powers which at times are the source of infinite delight.

Scandal sheets have been going astray by reason of wrong addresses. Students are offered the opportunity of making corrections on the Registrar's mailing list. The line will form at the left. Please do not crowd.

Revelers at Junior Prom to Be Belshezzar's Guests

Ancient Babylon, in all its erstwhile glory, has been chosen as the setting of the Junior Prom. Under the direction of Edgar Bohlman, the colorful decadence of a doomed empire is to be transported to Eugene, where for one brief evening of Junior Week-end, University students may sip of a revelry untasted for many a thousand years. He who enters into Babylon that night will find himself a guest of Belshezzar, the King of the Chaldeans. On one of the seven terraces of Belshezzar's hanging gardens, which are stretched over the royal palaces overlooking Babylon, the reveler will find himself in the temple of Belus amidst a profusion of foliage, Tamarask trees, and Chimerae—strange beasts, as the Sadhuzag with its long flabby neck, and the Scipodes with many antlers from which came enchanted music—creatures peculiar to the Babylon of Belshezzar. Herein, the king is to "make a great feast to a thousand of his lords."

Assyrian slave girls are to serve speed wine chilled with snow from the mountains. And amidst such drinking and feasting in this extravagant oriental spectacle with the Euphrates sparkling in the distance, it was that there appeared the handwriting on the wall. The Chaldean soothsayers could not interpret the "writing that was written, MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN." But this night Belshezzar, the king of the Chaldeans, is to be slain, and Darius, the Median, is to take the kingdom. This spirit of abandon and lavishness is to be that of the Prom. All the best talent of the class has been evoked and is working on the decors which are to be completed in ample time to insure perfection and to eliminate the customary last-minute rush. The feature, not yet announced, is to be of the Babylonian moon goddess, Istar. Special music is being written for the occasion.

U. OF W. COMMENTS ON MEN'S SPRING STYLES

University of Washington—(P. L. N. S.)—National interest in crew publicity is influencing college men's spring styles. No other reason has yet been advanced for the very naval tendencies noted in the styles for trousers coming west this spring. Whatever the cause, trousers are being widened about the bottoms to the circumference of 19 inches in some cases. Between the R. O. T. C. and the new spring styles, it promises to be the "army and navy forever" this spring.

Two Petite Hikers' Courage Just a Continental Jaunt

By Velma Farnham

That across-the-continent hikers must be of husky proportions is far from true in the case of the petite misses, Roberta Davis and Jean Zeller-mayer, graduates of Cornell college, who arrived in Eugene Friday night on the return trip to New York, from where they started nine months ago.

Small in stature, but exceedingly vigorous and healthy looking they appear in their trim hiking suits of twill. They carry very light packs and send their suitcases on to the next stopping place. They left this morning with San Francisco the goal, where they expect to spend about a month. Upon leaving there they will visit Yosemite and go north to Yellowstone and Glacier parks, and return to New York by way of Canada.

It is through "friends of friends of friends" that new people are met in the various cities they visit—very complete address books being kept, indexed by states. They have kept notebooks with a chronological report of the entire trip and have hopes of at some time of compiling a book of their experiences. The happenings recorded in the notebooks while at Eugene will include their first canoe trip up a mill race and attendance at the April Frolic.

A New York syndicate handles special articles for them concerning economic and social conditions of various cities they visit.

HIS COLLEGE BOOKS

His library is filled with costly volumes, Bound in limp leather, scrimed with burnished gold; And there are manuscripts dim scribes once lettered,— Time-fingered parchments, subtly frail and old; And there are first editions that have traveled From age-hushed places far across the sea,— Besides the books that he himself has written, Bright-colored tones on modern history. Yet he regards all these with calm indifference As things he has received for ample pay, As if it would not very greatly matter * If someone came and took them all away.

But I have never seen more human fondness Shown by a man for anything so small As that he shows for one low shelf of booklets, Standing against his rich brocaded wall. These are his college books, old Latin grammars, And "Horace" who has lain these many years Marked in blue pencil, "Sapphic" or "Alcaic." Names that were once the cause of haunting fears. Here "Homer" rests, as tattered as a beggar, Yet master still of Troy and Helen's fate; Here "Poe" conceals a faintly perfumed letter, Its paper and its message out-of-date; While, on the fly-leaf of a Saxon primer, A hand that since has done far better work Has drawn a picture of a gaunt professor, Scolding the sleepy, corpulent class-shirk!

His library is filled with costly volumes, But they are younger, brighter things than he; And there are manuscripts dim scribes once lettered, But they were old before he came to be; And there are first editions, but their pages Harbor the memories of some other men; Then, too, the books that he himself has written, But he was old and disillusioned then.

Always his college books have been his comrades! They were the guides that led him down glad ways! They are the keepers of his boyish secrets And they alone hold youth's long, dream-tinged days. —VIOLET ALLEYN STOREY. (Courtesy Christian Science Monitor.)

Man Tells About April Frolic Visit

(Continued from page one)

that isn't a man.' The first girl left these two and went and got about seven or eight more. I felt like Gulliver among the Lillipupians—and unnecessary.

"One of these seven came and stood near me. I expected her to start stroking my cheek for evidence any minute. Instead, she said, 'It's warm in here.' "Acting by pure reflex, I opened the window. That was a blunder. The place had that tense feeling that probably comes from everybody holding his breath for a minute in anticipation. I held mine, at least.

"I started coughing violently and left; but the first girl came and suggested I get out. I did with as much dignity as the occasion and my masquerade called for. It's a shame they had such detective zeal there; I might have stayed longer and not have had to move around so fast and often. "I rested and had another try.

This time, the girls were so enthused over what was going on in front of them they didn't notice me—or at least didn't seem to. Being the only man as far as you know in a large gathering of women gives you a strange feeling. Of course, I felt a little uneasy besides, thinking of various stories I'd read of men being torn to pieces for trying to attend the rites of Bacchus in disguise—I didn't see any reason why these women should be different from their Greek sisters in the Bacchanals. "I felt conspicuous, like Emma Goldman at a meeting of the Republican party. I look a little like her, dressed this way, anyway. Of course, I didn't notice the stunts much, which was rather inconsistent of me, as that was what I went for."

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BOOKS

LEAVE IT TO PSMITH—By P. G. Wodehouse. George H. Doran and Co. \$2.00 net.

This book will not startle the world with an original philosophy of life; nor does it carry a specific message in a pointedly didactic manner. Nevertheless, this novel has a scope beyond that which Mr. Wodehouse lays claim to where he lightly labels it "a record of the life of the English upper classes."

Mr. Wodehouse does propound a very admirable and reasonable method of living life. In leading us through the intricate and very interesting adventures of Psmith, Wodehouse impresses his system upon us by reinforcing Psmith's example with the similar examples of Freddie Threepwood, Lord Emsworth, and Constance, and so on (excepting the efficient Baxter, of course) all leading lives of exemplary nonchalance and only frivolous worries.

Coming down to definitions, we find that Wodehouse would have us always view life in a slightly flippancy mood; never must we take things too seriously. It is all well and good to excuse ourselves to each other on the grounds that lack of time and money prevent our becoming carefree and liberal in exchanging quibs and foolish repartees for the grave discourse of but acquaintances. But if we are thus serious and efficient, we can only to account to Mr. Wodehouse on the grounds of being congenitally handicapped with a plodding wind.

For no matter what one's position in life is, one can always be so foolishly lightheaded as to immediately raise oneself from the dusty crowd to the merry round of the humorous (if they can't joke, jokes may at least be cracked at their expense) gentle folk of the world. Such a one was Psmith (the P is silent as in psychic and ptarmigan). The heart of the matter is whether it is fair to oneself to remain a wealthy (though respectable) fish merchant when one can become a jolly good fellow by merely dropping the over serious view of life and perhaps also the job of fish merchant.

The humor in the book is that delicate and clear eyed variety which is free from sarcasm and satire. Wodehouse's humor consists of a masterful handling of ludicrous situations, and of a touch in the conversation and attitude of his characters which brings them out in witty by-play. The book is written in flowing and sparkling style. As an exposition of certain sunny aspects in our lives, it is both amusing and of real value. —JOB BRILL.

MOST POPULAR BOOKS IN LIBRARY; FEBRUARY
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