

# Oregon Daily Emerald

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## Courage, Brother, Courage!

THE EMERALD gratefully bows acknowledgment to the compliment expressed in Friday's issue of the Oregonian, wherein an editorial scribe writes, "the Emerald, that excellent student publication of the University of Oregon." Such generous words incline to reciprocity. We may, and do, refer with little fear of contradiction to the Oregonian as the most excellent morning paper published in the big pond of this Beaver state.

After viewing the Emerald editorial, "Are We Goofy?", which he calls a critical attack on women's habiliments, this kindly fellow artisan sounds a sharp note of warning on the tranquil pool with the flat of his broad tail, and dives for cover. A little later he may be seen felling the "tree of pride" and dragging it downstream, using bits of it here and there to strengthen the male colony's dam against the rushing flood of femininity he feels certain will arise.

The warm blood chills in his veins, and he shivers, visioning the co-eds on the Oregon campus, infuriated, charging the Emerald's editorial sanctum. He imagines them like female Indians, bedecked with brilliant war-paint and brandishing sharp-pointed maniere scissors, pursuing the Emerald editor across the Eugene hills. Sympathetically, he drops a tear while watching the hideous war-dance about the prostrate captive. Chills traverse his spine at sound of the sloshing footgear and crackling fishskin coats. He moans at the ringing shriek of victory as the scalp is taken and elevated in triumph on the point of a long, slender nail file. It is then, he sighs, and congratulates himself that our feet, and not his, are in the editorial galoshes. Pity that his tears should be wasted! He does not know, that like the flabbergasted Numidian lion, the fleeing editor has long legs and is not hampered by either galloping galoshes or a flapping yellow slicker.

We are somewhat chagrined at the Oregonian writer's seeming lack of temerity in these matters concerning the "more deadly" sex. His humble attitude lacks that flavor of chieftainship, generally assumed so essential to maintaining the position, as well as title, of "head of the family." Worse, in the conclusion, he writes, "Moreover, it (women's attire) is really no affair of ours, who are only the hewers of wood and drawers of water." Is it uncourteous to suggest that the subject of feminine raiment is probably very much his affair about the first of the month, when the mail carrier drops those open-faced letters in the box?

Speculation is perhaps unfair, but while we are talking in terms of men, Indians, beavers, Numidian lions and women, we cannot avoid thinking of other species in the evolutionary scale. We see two pictures—first, a large woman, left arm akimbo, right arm not unlike that of the statue at the New York harbor entrance, but with the torch become a rolling pin; second, a distorted perspective of our barnyard. In it a cringing, Lilliputian-like man is dodging about scattering soothing grain in large hand-falls to placate an enormous hen, which is pecking, and pecking, and pecking . . . .

## February Fourteenth

IT WASN'T in the past for our ancestors to ponder on the why of St. Valentine's Day—sufficient for them that it was. But today, left with only the shadow of the thing in our hands, we are looking around for an explanation that will excuse the credulity and sentimentality of an older generation.

The austere Americana Britannica gives credit for the name, St. Valentine, to a martyr Christian saint. But 'tis no holy

father we find practicing the art of worship and healing on the February 14th's of history; instead, the little imp Eros is discovered flitting about in Rome, France, England, and America, on mischief bent.

The day isn't so long past when our sophisticated hearts turned handsprings upon the receipt of a lace-paper and scrap picture folder, which contained honeyed words upon its much bedecked front. We were fed on sentiment and not art in those days. The lady valentines of 1800 were positively thrilled by a bit of highly ornamental paper—not so are the ladies of 1925 to be honored. Anonymous verses and declarations of everlasting affection are shelved in favor of more substantial gifts such as flowers, candy, and things of equal rank.

The love-lorn swain today would think twice before he would despatch a cut paper valentine to the lady of his choice (even though the hand-painted cupids reclining on beds of violets were of superior artistic quality). Fears did not trouble the romantic Duke of Orleans in 1415 when from his prison cell in the Tower of London, he sent forth the following verse to the shrine of his love on February 14th:

"Wilt thou be mine? dear love, reply—  
Sweetly consent, or else deny;  
Whisper softly none shall know—  
Wilt thou be mine, love?—ay or no!"

Yes—it would be cause for mirth should a young lady on the University of Oregon campus receive such a declaration today. No one would dare be so sentimental as to suggest that romance still lives, or that cupid should be reinstated on a throne of lace-paper, instead of a red satin candy box! Ah! Death, where is thy sting?—When we have only the shreds of old and honored customs left?

### COMING EVENTS

**Saturday, February 14**  
3:30 p. m.—Wrestling, O. A. C. Oregon, Men's gymnasium.  
2:00 p. m.—Competition track meet, Hayward field.

**Sunday, February 15**  
2:30 p. m.—Mazama hike, to the Braes. Leave from Administration building.

**Monday, February 16**  
8:15 p. m.—Special women's basketball game, Woman's building.

### Editorially Clipped

#### THE RUSHING PROBLEM

Why does not the interfraternity council come out of their coma and draw up some rules to govern the "rushing" of prospective members by the various organizations?

Is there not someone on that most officious body that has the slightest idea as to what it is all about? Do they not realize that their functions include finding solutions for the problems which confront the fraternities?

This problem of organizing the rushing on the campus is one which affects each fraternity, to say nothing of the effect that this promiscuous "bidding" after a one-hour acquaintance has on the frosh being rushed?

The "rush" cannot know by visiting a house for one meal whether or not he will find in that fraternity the companionship, and friendships he will find of value to him in his college career and afterwards, nor whether the house stands for the ideals that will be of the greatest value to him.

Then, too, he is perhaps anxious to enter the fraternity life while in college, and may be persuaded to join the first house that "bids" him; fearing that no other house will bid him.

Members of the interfraternity council know only too well that rushing, as carried on by some of the fraternities especially, is seriously in need of some supervision. Is it their duty to do something about it? What are they for anyhow?

"The Crab" doesn't propose to offer solutions for the discrepancies, fallacies and etc., he hopes to write about from time to time, but in for the following year also will take this case—why not a "bid" day, say two weeks after the semester starts? No one to be pledged until after the day set by the council. That would give freshmen an opportunity to see all the houses and to know more definitely which one he wants to throw in his lot with.—"The Crab," in the California Aggie.

#### METAMORPHISM

The price of a University education is sometimes the price of the early frost. Entering students are apt to be too believing in the nobility of an education; too abject in their trust of tender ideals to half a dozen professors, and a hundred friends.

For two years, perhaps, these children of the world of Keats and Shelley catch quick breaths in icy waters as they try to reconcile the tolerated cynicism of their elders with what the people at home said college would be like. Then they stop making themselves ridiculous by trying to breathe the old airs, and either succumb to queer clothes, or hibernate with the idea of be-

### Campus Bulletin

Notices will be printed in this column for two issues only. Copy must be in this office by 5:30 on the day before it is to be published, and must be limited to 20 words.

**Varsity Philippiensis**—Will meet Saturday night at 8:30 o'clock, "Y" hut. Important.

**Cadet Officers**—Oregon pictures will be taken immediately after drill Tuesday afternoon.

**B. O. T. C. Band**—Oregon picture will be taken at 4:30 Tuesday afternoon. Everyone in uniform.

**Mazama Hike**—Sunday afternoon to the Braes. Leader, Elsie Dennis. Leave the Administration building promptly at 2:30.

**Tiny Shields Game Tickets**—The few houses that have not paid for Tiny Shields tickets ordered please pay at business office now.

**Meeting of Modern Language and Latin teachers and practice teachers**, room 7, University high school, Monday, February 16, 4:10 p. m.

all, nothing is of much consequence.

Then, all persuaded of the utility of life, they leave college to labor for the Lord. Perhaps it is years before they re-establish their equipoise and the broad philosophy of their youth which made them dream and work and trust.

Fourteen thousand years ago, Aesop said: "College is largely a test of common sense."—Ohio State Lantern.

### SECOND SWIMMING MEET LISTED FOR AFTERNOON

The schedule for Women's doughnut swimming has been slightly altered. Susan Campbell hall II will swim against Alpha Chi Omega this afternoon at 2:30 in the Woman's gymnasium. In League II,

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### Bell Theatre SPRINGFIELD SUNDAY, FEB. 15

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