

Oregon Daily Emerald

Member of Pacific Intercollegiate Press Association

Official publication of the Associated Students of the University of Oregon, issued daily except Sunday and Monday, during the college year.

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Entered as second class matter at the post office at Eugene, Oregon, under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

The "Lyric Rainbow"

IS EVERYONE happy? If not, everyone should be. Mr. Schlick and those rallying under his crusading flag have enjoyed the public platform for two distinct issues. Mr. Kidd, "the campus poets," their admirers and the editor have enjoyed the same platform for two distinct issues. No one has been slighted and representative letters have been printed. Yet probably few have changed their minds, or have had them changed by all this "to do."

Those of one side still believe that "the poetry printed in the Emerald is usually the most meaningless blah, cheap sentimentalism, rot, bunkum." The editor, speaking for the other contention and himself, holds to his original belief, that he does not agree with the critic's condemnation, except in a very slight degree. As stated before, one does and one does not.

No one will deny that quite often there have been printed bits of verse that were not worthy of comparison with the work of Milton, Dante, and others. In the production of poetry, as in any art, the quality must vary, even for a particular individual. There will be that which is bad, that which is indifferent, and that which is good. Perfection may only be attained through striving. Nevertheless, there has been a considerable amount of worth-while verse written on the campus this year, and much of this has found an outlet through the column conducted in the Emerald by Mr. Kidd.

The editor did not establish the column solely for the pleasure of the readers. He was influenced partly by feeling that, in the absence of any other medium, those having inclination for writing poetry should have some place where they could try themselves and their work. Probability that a number of students with talent for such writing have found and will find stimulation for developing their possibilities makes the column worth-while, even though a number of admittedly poor contributions find their way in as well.

In newspapers, as in almost anything else, one should learn to choose what pleases, remembering that others may not have exactly similar likes and dislikes. There is no absolute right, no absolute wrong, in art. Who shall say? It is a matter of taste.

If all the verse printed in the "Lyric Rainbow" does not please, enjoy what does. If none of the verse printed in the "Lyric Rainbow" pleases, don't bother with it, but enjoy something that does. No one can be expected to like every feature in any newspaper. Who, for instance, reads and gets a laugh from every comic strip and cartoon series, and likes "Love Lorn Answers," cooking recipe columns, society, personals, crossword puzzles, bed time stories, Bible talks, editorials, and all other departments?

The editor, being one of those whose mind remains unchanged, feels just as strongly as ever that the "Lyric Rainbow" is worth printing in the Emerald and as yet, he, knows of no student on the Oregon campus better qualified to edit it than Mr. Kidd.

Communications
 Letters to the EMERALD from students and faculty members are welcomed, but must be signed and worded concisely. If it is desired, the writer's name will be kept out of print. It must be understood that the editor reserves the right to reject communications.

MR. SCHLICK QUALIFIES
 Dear Editor:
 As long as Mr. Schlick is so well qualified, having appeared before

all the crowned heads of Europe and Asia, may I suggest that he be appointed chairman of associated critics for the University of Oregon and put an end to a lot of high school haraigue that has cropped up here, threatening to undermine what little genius is already creeping out on the campus. Genius should not be submerged too severely or it will be discouraged to the point of non-productiveness.

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.

Important Tennis Meeting—Friday noon at 12:45 at the Woman's building, room 121. All teams and managers be there.
Sophomores—Dance at the Campa Shoppe, Friday night at 8:45. No-date affair, campus togs.
Mazama Hike—Old Baldy next Sunday. Leave 8:30 a. m. from the administration building.

COMING EVENTS

Friday, April 24
 12:00 m. — Student Union luncheon, Woman's building.
 8:30 p. m. — "Miss Lulu Bett," Guild hall.
 8:30 p. m. — Upperclass dance, Laraway's.
 8:30 p. m. — Sophomore dance, Campa Shoppe.
 8:30 p. m. — Freshman dance, Woman's building.
Saturday, April 25
 6:00 p. m. — Student Union banquet, Woman's building.

And who is more severe in his critical analysis than a college student?
 Sincerely,
PAUL KRAUSSE.

REPRINTS MIGHT APPEASE

Perhaps the outraged feelings of the negative critics that voice such little sympathy with the campus poets would be appeased with a reprint of poems like TEARS, IDLE TEARS in the Lyric column, since God with his cake of soap failed to create the expected response. The old wheels would then be able to pass along in the same old rhythmic and the same old drowsy way in the same old tracks that were laid in dear old cradle days. Surely the sincerity and initiative expressed in the works of our campus poets merits praise. That portion of it which has captured State and National prizes, as Miss Skavlan's and Mr. Kidd's poetry has done, seems to me highly worthy of our University paper.
RUTH BENSON.

REPLY TO E. D. AND M. C.

Walter Evans Kidd has as much provincial and national fame as any college student could desire. He was recently ranked by recognized critics as the most original poetry-phraser on this side of the Rockies. He is nationally known due to the several poetry prizes he has won and due to the poetry he has placed in national magazines. That isn't so bad, is it now. No doubt, Mr. Schlick would consider himself Shakespeare if he were in Mr. Kidd's place.
 Margaret Skavlan, too, has won several literary awards and has sold poems to several magazines. Indeed, neither is Miss Skavlan's nor Mr. Kidd's literary productions considered amateurish.
H. G. S.

NOT WILD SAVAGES?

To the Editor:
 I suppose Mr. Schlick has failed in past attempts to reform other colleges and now he comes to this little uncultured college to reform it. Really, Mr. Schlick, we are not wild savages. You will discover this after you assimilate a few of our traditions and especially our campus ethics.
MARVEL JOHNSON.

FOLLY TO CRITICISE

To the Editor:
 I see no good reason why Frederick Schlick attacked Lyric Rainbow. He should use better discretion until he becomes acquainted with the campus and with modern trends in poetry. It is foolish folly to criticise a thing without adequate knowledge of what he is criticising. I advise Schlick to study up the modern tendencies in American verse.
BILL.

COLUMN DECLARED SATISFACTORY

To the Editor:
 We always have with us the conservatives and the morons who try to keep literary art stagnant. But they agitate in vain for the literary rebels are always reviving literature and giving vigor and higher forms of expression. Luckily, we have a very limited number of static brained conservatives on this campus.

The Lyric Rainbow column is very satisfactory and commendable. Those who don't appreciate it are probably very poorly grounded in literature, and, thereby no right whatever to throw stones unless they want to make fools of themselves. May Woodward give us a whole page of poetry next time.
L. R.
G. E.
M. G.
K. P.
A. J.

DIFFICULT TO JUDGE

To the Editor:
 Whether the joy of creation experienced by our campus poets

overbalances the agony of the readers of the Lyric Rainbow—that is the question.

Our philosophers tell us that the purpose of art is to communicate its spirit—its message. Something has been communicated but the receiver has received something totally different from that that the giver gave. Some difficulty is met in the transmission of thought and spirit. It is evident that the same feeling is not experienced by creator and reader or we would not have this futile hair pulling in the communications column.

It is difficult to judge poetry now because it has no standards. Advantage is taken of this condition and some pretenders insert lewdness, crudeness, vulgarity, and obscenity in the attempt to attract attention and in the attempt to be shockingly modern. As far as that goes we cannot hope to outdo some of our noble and now respected predecessors. On the other hand, a real advantage is had by the makers and readers of modern poetry in that lifting old bonds and standards, more exactness of thought, more freedom of motion are possible. We are not forced to use an inexact word to complete our image in order to make it rhyme with the preceding line. We are not harnessed by a definite rhythm. As a result we have more beautiful imagery, more dash of motion, more delicacy of feeling because we are permitted the exactness of expression.

Ridicule is one of the most powerful forces of social control and is a keen whip when judiciously used. (Some of the writers in our communications column have used ridicule indiscriminately.) They have the critical sense to see the hot air of some of the poetic production and rightly condemn them but they do not have that finer discrimination which discovers the lines of beauty and originality. We critics condemn our modern stuff wholesale and hold it up for comparison with the past creations. We do not realize that the poetry we read of the past is the very essence of all that has been written. The best has been sifted out and preserved for us. We never saw the riff raff that the period winds have blown away. It is the same today. Few of us have the discrimination that time has and so we condemn all as rot since we are incapable of discriminating any as good.

Incidentally, might I say that some of the penmen of the communications column have stooped to personalities and forgotten the cause—which is the quality of campus poetry and not the personalities of critics and creators.
ELLA G. McCLELLAN.

At the Theatres

HELLIG—Today and Saturday, "The Great Divide," one of the epic photo dramas of the west, and conceded a high place in film drama.

The Greenwich Village follies, with Gallagher and Shean, will be here May 5. This show is meeting with great success in California, and is hailed as one of the best to come to the coast.
THE REX—First day: "As Man Desires," with Milton Sills, Viola Dana, Ruth Clifford, Rosemary Theby, Irving Cummings and cast of favorites, in a stirring adaptation of Gene Wright's novel that sweeps from the luxury of London drawing rooms, across the seven seas, to a forgotten isle, where a south sea siren woos and a man forgets; Mermade comedy, "Wide Awake," with Lige Conley; Oregon's own Webfoot Weekly of state wide news events; LeRoy DeVaney in atmospheric accompaniment on the organ.

Coming: "Sackcloth and Scarlet," from the novel by George Gibbe, with Alice Terry and a Paramount cast.

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MR. SCHLICK EXPLAINS THE AIM OF POETRY

To the Editor:
 In presenting a hurried panorama of Poetry I trust that due allowance will be made in view of the breadth of my subject and that I will be excused for any vagueness which might enter into the paper. The topic is large: I only attempt to present the nucleus.

A great many people believe that the aim of poetry is some kind of teaching, that poetry should at one moment fortify conscience, at another perfect morals, or at any rate prove something useful. Let it be thoroughly understood that poetry can have no other aim but Hersel, that poetry is essentially a rendering of Beauty.

Just as Pousin is assuredly the representative of cartesianism in painting, I believe that Baudelaire can be said to manifest all that is greatest in poetry. George Moore, speaking of "Les Palais Nomades," written by Gustave Kahn, tells us: "For it is in the first place free from those pests, and parasites of artistic work,—ideas." This is the Baudelarian Art-for-Art theory almost word for word. Arthur Machen reminds us of the importance of language for the beauty of its sounds, by its possession of words resonant, by its capacity, when exquisitely arranged, of suggesting wonderful and indefinable impressions. And it is this art of causing delicious sensation by the use of words that Corbiere carries to the highest pitch. Bertrand's whole art is descriptive, his prose poems are pictures, his turn of mind pictorial. Gautier maintained that it was not nature that must be rendered, but the appearance, the physiognomy of nature. Sainte-Beuve believes that one must pierce below the surface of things, try and see the soul lying underneath and understand its mystery; his theory was that of the double aspect of the universe: "Idol and symbol, revelation and deception." Poe introduced into literature the element of artistic horror. La Bruyere criticises Baudelaire for his possession of the analysing spirit in too great a degree. Guy de Maupassant expresses the same. Villiers de L'Isle Adam says that "the universe is the creation of actions according to the unchangeable process

of human nature as existing in the mind of the Creator, which is itself Lemaitre criticises Rodenbach for his melancholy temperament. Ver-

(Continued on page three)

Sunday Night

From 6-8 o'clock
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