

## Oregon Daily Emerald Editorial Page

Edward M. Miller ..... Editor SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1925

Sol Abramson ..... Managing Editor Harold Kirk ..... Associate Editor  
Jalmar Johnson .. Associate Managing Editor Webster Jones ..... Sports Editor  
News and Editor Phones, 655 Philippa Sherman ..... Feature Editor

Day Editors Alice Krafft John O'Meara Geneva Drum  
Wilbur Wester Mildred Carr Margaret Vincent Ruth Gregg  
Esther Davis Frances Bourhill

Night Editors Roy Nash Carvel Nelson John Black

Lynn Wykoff Ronald Sellers Paul Lay

Sports Writers: Dick Godfrey and Dick Syring.  
Feature Writers: Bernard Shaw, James De Pauli,  
and Walter Cushman.

The Oregon Daily Emerald, official publication of the Associated Students of the University of Oregon, Eugene, issued daily except Sunday and Monday during the college year. Member of Pacific Intercollegiate Press Association. Entered in the postoffice at Eugene, Oregon, as second-class matter. Subscription rates, \$2.25 per year. Advertising rates upon application. Phones—Editor, 1320; Manager, 721.

Day Editor—Geneva Drum

Night Editor—Bill Haggerty

Frank H. Logan ..... Manager

Wayne Leland ..... Associate Manager  
Business Office Phone 1895

Business Staff

Si Slocum ..... Advertising Manager  
Calvin Horn ..... Advertising Manager  
Advertising Assistants: Milton George, Paul Sleton,  
Emerson Haggerty, Sam Kinley, Vernon McGee, Bob  
Nelson, Ruth McDowell, Dick Hoyt.

John Davis ..... Foreign Advertising Manager  
James Morrison ..... Advertising Manager  
Lorraine Nelson ..... Assistant Circulation Manager  
A. R. Scott ..... Circulation Assistant  
Mary Conn, Mable Franson ..... Specialty Advertising  
Office Administration: Marion Phy, Herbert Lewis,  
Ben Bethens.

Assistant—Ronald Sellers

### The Murray Warner Essay Contest

The announcement has been made that the amount to be given in awards for the best three essays in the Murray Warner contest has been raised from two hundred to three hundred dollars by the donor, Mrs. Gertrude Bass Warner, and that she has also given two hundred dollars to be used as prizes in a second contest, limited to students from the countries of the Orient, the subject to be, "What America has done for my country and what I hope she will do."

The purpose of these contests is to stimulate sympathetic interest in the problems of the Pacific, toward the end that in some small way better understanding may be brought about between the nations that skirt her shores. Those who have kept in touch with the history that is being made in the Far East realize that this mutual understanding is greatly needed. Mrs. Warner is to be commended for the spirit in which she has given these prizes, and it is to be hoped that the contests will bring out a large number of entrants. Even a third prize of fifty dollars is well worth the effort.

Many students will hesitate about entering such contests as these because of a mistaken sense of their own inferiority. They feel that they have no adequate knowledge of the subject and that they stand little chance to win against others presumably more brilliant and conversant with world affairs. They forget that every entrant is thinking the same thing, and that they are on a par with other contestants in that all must conduct their research for material in books and magazines available to everyone rather than from first hand knowledge. If any student has original ideas on any phase of the subject—religious, economic, social or aesthetic and can put them down in a logical manner he has a chance of winning. If he has no such ideas, let him start an argument with some Oriental student on the campus. H. A. K.

### Maxims of A Modernist

By Julia Godman

There is a Gospel of Living as pleasant and sweet as new bread cut with a bright knife or wild cherry bloom dried on river stones. The Credo of which I speak is written in the Code of the Concrete. To interpret it, one must learn the symbolism of a Sun-warmed Hill, the Yellow Dust from a Butterfly's Wing, and a Sheaf of Green Oats after a Rain.

There is only one kind of cleanliness: New Goods remain unstained until used; Soiled fabrics attain purity thru Many Washings.

Going against convention is like butting your head against a Stone Wall. A certain Barrier may need to be torn down but do not try it unless you have a Tough Cranium.

Clean Thoughts and a Steady Job are better Recipes for Virtue than the Precepts in the Bible or the Alkoran.

If you take a Cold Bath every morning and always pay Your Own Bills, you will be able to balance your Accounts in the Business of Life.

Altho the stars look like Gold Coins and her Lips resemble Petals from the Flower of Joy, the Alarm Clock will wake you up the Next Morning just the same.

Prejudices confine more people than Prisons. It is harder to Break a Habit or Cut a Custom than to Unlock a Handcuff or Sever an Iron Bar.

### Communications

#### TO THE EDITOR:

A reporter in Friday's Emerald said the sophomores were conservative. Goodness knows, I had a hard enough time controlling myself, without having the term "conservatism" thrust at me in such a fashion.

We are going to have sweat-shirt jackets—Sure, the color is somewhat conservative. But—

We are like the young fellow who wants to crash heavy with his sweetie, and buy an auto to cart her around. He went around to Hennessy's Second Hand exchange, bought himself an old wreck of a four ton truck for \$250, spent \$55 more for nice conservative extras, and thought he had the world by the tail. He had an old heap on his hands, that, with care, might last the year out.

He didn't seem to know that he could have gone just around the corner and bought a nice looking Ford coupe for an extra \$60 or \$70 that would have served him on all occasions for three or four years.

The sophomores are like that . . .

Gee, somebody will sure think I'm sore, from this letter. Honestly, I'm not, though, only I just can't bear to have that word "Conservative" thrown at me in such a promiscuous fashion. So, Mr. Editor, please tell your reporter not to use that word any more, and oblige.

### 25 Years Ago

OREGON WEEKLY, NOV. 12, 1900

It is really amusing to read such articles as the one recently published in certain valley paper. Perhaps some may have seen the clipping on the bulletin board in Villard Hall last week. When such charges are made, it is customary to substantiate them by authority. Hearsay and random statements are the poorest forms of evidence. As a matter of fact, these charges are untrue. The football men are conforming to strict rules of scholarship. Non are carrying less than twelve hours of class room work. The University records are always open to public inspection, so that those who doubt us have an opportunity for personal investigation. The author of the above mentioned statement is either misinformed or is a contemptible slanderer. We hope that no more such rubbish will be published.—Edit.

\* \* \*

At the next session of the Oregon legislature, which convenes in January, an additional appropriation will be asked for the state university. Now the students of the University can assist materially in the success of this effort by making a personal canvass of the members of the legislature and in acquainting them with the needs and demands of the state university.—Edit.

\* \* \*

The Varsity Glee Club will sing in Villard Hall Tuesday evening, November 27.

### Theatres

THE McDONALD—Third day: Zane Grey's latest novel, a thrilling tale of adventure in the wild horse lands of Arizona, "Wild Horse Mesa," with Jack Holt, Billie Dove, Noah Berry and Doug Fairbanks, Jr. Comedy, Bobby Vernon in "Slippery Feet." Prelude, "An Indian Camp at Night," with Alexander on the Wurlitzer.

REX—Second day: "The Golden Princess," with pretty Betty Bronson, Neil Hamilton, Phyllis Haver, Rockefelle Fellowes and Joseph Dowling in a glowing drama of the gold rush days of California; Lupino Lane Comedy, "Maid in Morocco," and made for mirth; Kinogram news events; Dorothy Wyman, maid o' melody, in atmospheric accompaniment to the picture on the organ.

### "SHINY SHOES"



Everybody Likes Neat Shoes!

Of course Shabby shoes never speak very favorably for the one wearing them. They may be old but we can shine them just the same.

**SHINE 'EM UP**  
"Next to  
Jim the Shoe Doctor"

### "MAN AND THE SEVEN SEAS OF THE UNKNOWN"

Sermon theme of the Rev. Frank Fay Eddy at the Unitarian Church Sunday morning.

The Soloist at This Service Will Be  
**ETHEL WRIGHT, CONTRALTO**

"THE UNITARIAN'S BIBLE" is the subject of a series of talks given in the adult's class in the church school. This class meets immediately at the close of the Morning Service. The Bible is discussed and interpreted in the light of modern knowledge.

University Men and Women Are Invited to  
All of the Services of the  
"Little Church of the Human Spirit"

### SEVEN SEERS

There was a young man they called Pug  
Who got by on the curves of his mug.  
With a smile on his face,  
He won the big race

(Fill in Line)

My Name ..... Phone .....  
Address .....

The Seers' Limerick Contest is enlisting the brightest talent on the campus, if the wealth of contributions is any indication. True, the six admissions to "Bobbed Hair," playing at the McDonald theatre next Monday and Tuesday is a mighty incentive, but the Seers prefer to believe that the majority of contributors are prompted by a love of art—a love of limericking for him's sake, as it were.

Those feeling the urge stirring within them to gain fame and a free show are reminded that earlier contributions stand a better show of winning, but limericks will be accepted until 12 o'clock noon today. About the only other rule is that you attend university classes—you don't even have to be a student; or you may be of that genus homo designated as—that there prof. Simply fill in the missing line in the above limerick with your version of a ribuster, sign your name, address and phone number, and then go home and occupy yourself with some useful occupation, like reciting the Oregon pledge song, and wait for a telephone call or a note from the Seers informing you of your good fortune and good limericking, with the passes as a tangible reward.

First prize entitles the winner to a pass good for three admissions to any performance of "Bobbed Hair," at the McDonald Monday and Tuesday. Second place carries as a prize a pass good for two admissions, and third prize a pass good for one admission. Announcement of the awards will be made as soon after the close of the contest, at noon today (Saturday) as possible.

G. Hosafat is a scientist of some note. Ever since he arrived he has been interested in the Oregon Mist. The other day he made several experiments, from which he concluded the following: Oregon Mist is a dense vapor of descending moisture dephlogisticated by refraction. A few more endiomatic experiments will definitely establish the hydroprocity, which I expect will test at least 103 proof.

There was a monk in Siberia,  
Whose life got wearis and wearis,  
With a hell of a yell,  
He jumped from his cell,  
And eloped with the sister superia.

The poor old Seers' fraternal love has budded out at last. And Sinbad—that most peaceful dove—with them his votus has cast. They tried to join the swimmers' club, and learn the back-hand stroke; to join the club (aye, there's the rub) for these poor bimbos smoke. Who ever saw a mermaid fair who used the filthy weed? "Join our club?" They wouldn't dare! No, we guess not indeed!" Twas thus the fair amphibia spoke, and thereupon each Seer was heard to make a mournful croak, that hurt the listener's ear. "Oh, listen to our humble plea," on bended knee they cried; but those amphibia did not see, they never even tried. So now the Seers are on the peck, they wouldn't join the swimmers; 'cause if they did each dog-gone Seer would have to wear his dimmers. "We'll never try another club," was what they said last night. And from the look of each poor dub, we think they won't all right.

THE SEVEN SEERS.

### RIALTO Theatre

Junction City

SUNDAY

GLORIA

SWANSON

in

The

Coast of Folly

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

■ ■ ■ ■