

Oregon Daily Emerald Editorial Page

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News and Editor Phones, 655 Philippa Sherman Feature Editor

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Assembly And The Library

Once a week, when the hour of assembly draws near, all students are requested to betake themselves out of our library, and the doors are locked until noon. This practice seems to be a hold-over from the days when attendance at this weekly convocation was compulsory, the supposition being that if students have no place to go, they will perforce attend assembly.

If attendance at assembly is so much to be desired, for the welfare of the student body we should carry the matter to its logical conclusions. Since fraternity houses and halls of residence are oftentimes congregating places for undergraduates who have nowhere else to go, we should drive them out during this hour and lock their doors. Sundry campus eating places might also be prevailed upon to cease serving during that one hour, once a week, and in the interests of so worthy a cause Mr. McClain would perhaps consent to close the Co-op.

Since there are numerous other places about the campus that serve as gathering places—certain browsing grounds such as exist in the Journalism and Architecture buildings; these also should be cleaned out and locked up.

It is reasonable, is it not, that if this were done, students would flock to assembly rather than wander aimlessly over the campus for this hour.

Oh, well, it might worse—at Yale they are just now trying to do away with compulsory attendance at chapel.

Too Much Parental Ambition

One of the most pitiable of individuals is the student who has been sent here for an education by his parents, who has been sent here for an education by his parents, who is being financed by his parents, and whose career has been mapped out by these same parents. He may want to be a motor mechanic, an aviator or a landscape gardener, but father is paying for it, mother has set her heart upon it, and because father was a lawyer or a doctor, or perhaps because father was not a lawyer or a doctor, son must have the best education that money can buy, and be a lawyer or a doctor. He feels obligated to become a lawyer or a doctor, and never having stood upon his own feet, he sometimes burdens his professors through several years of futile and disheartening work before he finds the courage to jump the parental coral. Is it any wonder that such students find classes irksome, and go to the eternal dogs? Is it strange that they sometimes turn out to be ne'er-do-wells to be pointed out by enemies of higher learning as horrible examples?

According to the statement of Mr. Douglas, University librarian, the circulation of books for home reading is higher per capita at Oregon than at any of 24 leading colleges and universities of the country, except Amherst. Our per capita circulation for the year just past was 33.09, while Amherst, with a student body of 660, ranks first with 34.79.

This is not a bad record. It would be presumptuous to claim, however, that this is altogether due to our superior intellectual capacity. In larger institutions it has been impractical to supply enough books of the more popular type to allow current fiction as free circulation as it is given in our library. The fact that a number of courses have laboratory fees available for the purchase of books has released many volumes for general circulation that would otherwise be confined to the reserve section.

In other words, this report may be interpreted to mean that there are more books per capita available for circulation in our library though this is poor solace for those who are driven to the limit of human endurance in procuring assigned volumes. However, it indicates that ours is not such an inefficient library, as libraries go, after all.

Communications

January 21, 1926.
To the Editor:
Will you please grant me the use of your columns to air my beliefs regarding the foreign language requirement for the B.A. degree? At the outset I would assert that foreign languages have a certain definite cultural value, but so do many other subjects taught in college and we cannot study many of those we would like to because of lack of time. In many instances and for many students a knowledge of certain foreign languages is almost indispensable. This, I think, is especially true of science majors. On the other hand the great majority of our students will probably never have any use for foreign languages after they leave the University.
If I were the benevolent autocrat of the University, I would abolish the B.S. and all other so-called "science" degrees, and perhaps some others. The B.A. would be the only degree conferred by the University college at the end of the undergraduate course. I would not require

any foreign languages as prerequisites to the conferring of the degree, but any major department would be given the authority to require the knowledge of one or two foreign languages to be specified by the department, the manner in which this requirement might be met to be determined by the department.
At present the B.S. degree simply provides a way of escape for those students who refuse to study any foreign language. If we make foreign languages optional except where they are a necessary part of the student's preparation for his chosen career, we put them on an equal footing with other academic subjects and relieve them from the stigma of what to the student appears to be an arbitrary University requirement. Under the proposed plan students would take language for a definite purpose aside from the meeting of requirements or accumulation of credit hours. Probably a great deal of the language work would be done in the junior and senior years after the student has caught a vision of the value of this type of work.
A. E. CASWELL.

SEVEN SEERS

This little thesis which we snatch bald headed from the works of Robert Benchley, well known humorist, we reprint because of the great value that is hidden in its text. We also feel that if there is anything going on that in any way can benefit the students either in adding to their well-being, digestion or happiness we will be only too glad to use this column as a means of putting the idea over.

THE ROMANCE OF INDIGESTION (Apologies to Robt. Benchley)

When you take a bite of that delicious cookie or swallow a morsel of that nourishing bread, do you stop to think of the marvelous and intricate process by means of which Mother Nature is going to convert it into bone and sinew and roses for those pretty cheeks? Probably not, and it is just as well. For if you had to stop to think of it at that time, you would unquestionably not be able to digest that cookie—or that nourishing bread.

But whether you think of it or not this exciting process of digestion is going on day in and day out, sometimes pretty badly, but always with a great show of efficiency. It is, on the whole, probably one of the worst-done jobs in the world.

First you must know that those hard, white edges of bone which you have noticed hundreds of times along the front of your mouth are "teeth," and are put to a very definite purpose. They are the ivory gates to the body. They are nature's tiny sentinels, and if you have ever bitten yourself you will know how sharp they can be, and what efficient little watchmen they are. Just try to slip your finger into your mouth without your teeth's permission, and see how far you get. Or try to get it out, once they have captured it.

Now these thousands of brave little soldiers, the teeth, which we have in our mouths, take the food as it comes through the air (in case you are snapping at a butterfly) or from the fork, and separate it into its component parts (air, land and water). In this process the teeth are aided by the tongue, which is that awful-looking thing back of your teeth. Don't look at it!

The tongue (which we may call the escalator of the mouth or Nature's nobleman for short), and the teeth toss the food back and forth between them until there is nothing left of it, except the little bones which you take out between your thumb and forefinger and lay on your butter-plate. In doing this be careful that the bone is really on the butter-plate and that it does not instead stick to your finger so that you put it back into your mouth again on the next trip, for this would make the little white sentinels very angry and they might all drop out.

And now comes the really wonderful part of the romance which is being enacted right under your very eyes. A chemical reaction on the tongue presses a little button which telegraphs down, down, "way down to the cross old stomach and says: "Please, sir, do you want this food or don't you?" and the Stomach, whom we shall call "Prince Charming" from now on, telegraphs (or more likely writes) back: "Yes, dear!" or "You can do what you like with it for all of me." Just as he happens to feel at the time.

And then, such a hurry and bustle as goes on in the mouth! "Foodie's going to visit Stomach!" all the little teeth cry, and rush about for all the world as if they were going themselves. "All aboard, all aboard!" calls out the tongue, and there is a great ringing of bells and blowing of whistles and bumping of porters and in the midst of it all, the remnants of that delicious cookie seated nervously on the tongue, ready to be taken down on its first journey alone, down to see Prince Charming. For all the joyousness of the occasion, it is a little sad, too. For that bit of cookie is ready to get some terribly rough treatment before it is through. The food is then placed on a con-

veyor, by means of which it is taken to the Drying Room, situated on the third floor, where it is taken apart and washed and dried, preparatory to going through the pressing machines. These pressing machines are operated by one man, who stands by the conveyor as it brings the food along and tosses it into the vats. Here all rock and moss are drawn off by mechanical pickers and the food subjected to treatment in a solution of sulphite, a secret process which is jealously guarded. From here it is taken to the Playground where it plays around for a while with the other children until it is time for it to be folded by the girls in the bindery, packed into neat stacks, and wrapped for shipment into bundles of fifty. Some of these bundles, the proteins, are shipped to the bones of the body, others, the hydrates, go to making muscle, while a third class, the sophomores, contribute to making fatty tissue which nobody wants. The by-products are made into milk-bottle caps, emery wheels, and insurance calendars, and are sold at cost.

Thus we see how wonderfully Nature takes care of us and our little troubles, aided only by soda-mint and bicarbonate.

Theatres

McDONALD—Last day: The world's sweetheart in her latest and greatest picture, Mary Pickford in "Little Annie Rooney," humor and pathos in a wonderful drama. Extra added attraction, "Life's Greatest Thrills," Frank Alexander in special concert, "In Annie Rooney's Own Back Yard," a medley of old favorites.

REX—Last day: "The Midnight Flyer," a dynamic romance of the roaring rails, with Cullen Landis, Dorothy Devore, Barbara Tennant and Little Frankie Darrow; Mermaid comedy, "Licketty Split," with Lige Conley; International news events; J. Clifton Emmel in melodramatic musical setting on the organ. Coming—"The Broadway Lady," with Evelyn Brent.

MANILA DAILY PLACED IN LIBRARY BY CLUB

Filipinos to Have Basketball Team

To promote fellowship among their kinsmen, is the aim of the Varsity Philippinensis, a club for Filipino students of junior and senior standing in the University.
The president of the club, Romula Avila, a senior in the business administration college, announces that the club now receives a Manila daily paper, the Tribune, which has been placed in the new room of the public library. This paper is for the benefit of those who are interested in knowing something of the ideals of the Filipinos, and their views concerning international affairs. The Tribune is edited by natives who have been educated in American universities, and the paper is printed in the English language.
The Varsity Philippinensis holds its meetings the first Friday of every month at the Y. M. C. A. There are 16 active members, one a graduate, Manuel Alcidi, who is working for a Master's degree in the business administration college. Dr. Warren Smith acts as the club's advisor, and Mrs. Charlotte Donnelly is an honorary member of the organization.
A literary or musical program is often included in their meetings and sometimes after business sessions the students hold debates. A basketball team is being organized to compete with the Japanese team and other organization teams on the campus.

Campus Bulletin

Georgia Benson—Requests that all of the girls who were on the committee to sell Christmas cards for the Fine Arts building fund turn their money in to her before the end of this week.

Girls interested in Scouting meet in Susan Campbell hall at 1:00 Saturday afternoon.

Paris of Revolution Hard to Imagine; Says Doctor Clark

(Continued from page one)

France, not for its atmosphere so much as for its people.

Rome, where the doctor and his family spent a week, and in Florence where they were also a short time, attracted the travellers through the beauty of the buildings, and are work, rather than through the people as did Paris.

"The standards of the people and cities of Italy are very low," Dr. Clark said. Agricultural cultivation as well as the development of natural resources is retarded. Large stretches of country are unoccupied. In many places, wooden ploughs are being used, and even the real agricultural districts are not, seemingly, very prosperous," he pointed out. "The vineyards, the main source of agricultural revenue, seem poor and their vines only fair, none of them bearing heavily," he added.

The Clarks, while in Switzerland, were right at the base of the Alps for awhile, Jungfrau Glacier being just above them. They went up into the foothills of the peaks on one of the small railroads that runs clear to the top. In leaving Switzerland, they travelled over the Brenner Pass, through the largest tunnel in the world, which runs through the Alps.

Belgium and Germany showed almost no signs of war, Dr. Clark stated, in referring to Antwerp, Brussels, Cologne, along the Rhine to Heidelberg, the parts of these countries that they touched. Before reaching Belgium, they passed through Amsterdam and Hague in Holland.

There are no signs of occupation except in Cologne where the English soldiers are seen on the streets, but seem not to make themselves obnoxious or even disagreeable, for the people pay no attention to these foreigners. Two Scotch soldiers in their kilts were the only ones Dr. Clark said he saw on actual duty even there.

The ship "Paris" carried the Clarks to Europe the first of July, and they returned to this country the middle of November on the "Minnekahda," and spent several weeks in the East where Dr. Clark attended the American meeting of the Historical Society at the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor.



Fresh-Pure-Milk and Cream

First on the list of essential health-building foods for growing youngsters should be — MILK! Let them have plenty of it with their cereals at breakfast time.

Make sure though, that it is Pure, Pasteurized and Fresh! We'll deliver that kind to your door daily. Just phone 365. We manufacture Gold Butter.

REID'S DAIRY

YEARLINGS TO MEET ALBANY FIVE TONIGHT

This evening the yearling basketball team will receive its formal baptism of intercollegiate basketball when it meets the formidable Albany college quintet at Albany. Ten freshman hoop ringers and Coach Earl "Spike" Leslie will leave for Albany at 4 o'clock this afternoon. In speaking of tonight's game Coach Leslie said, "I'm glad to get this game. We need it badly as we have only one more practice game before the first O. A. C. Rook encounter."

Although Coach Leslie had to start his practice all over again at the beginning of this week, he expects a different brand of basketball exhibited than that of the two Portland high school games. Leslie

emphatically denounced the individualism shown in the two previous tilts. "Tonight," he said, "the men will be instructed to take no long shots. The ball will be worked down past the foul line before a shot is attempted. I want to break up the playing of these individual all-stars."

Coach Leslie will follow the same policy as that of other practice games. All ten men will be given a chance to show their wares. The line-up will find two star players missing. Red Scallon is in bed suffering from an attack of the grippe, and Don McCormick is in a Portland hospital recovering from the spinal meningitis. According to Leslie, he received word yesterday noon that Don had felt better Thursday than any day and is expected to recover. "The absence of McCormick in our line up will be keenly felt," said the yearling coach. "He played a wonderful brand of ball in half of the Franklin high game."

Here Is a New Combination

Ice Cream, always delicious, tastes even better when served in a variety of flavors
Try this brick for tomorrow's dinner—
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Peppermint Stick
Bulk — Cherryanne Ice Cream

Eugene Fruit Growers

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—Which you forgot to have finished—



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