

# Oregon Daily Emerald

University of Oregon, Eugene

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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. Residence phone, editor, 1220; manager, 721. Business office phone, 1895.

## Of Interest to All Seniors

The University of Washington Daily comments approvingly on the disposal of senior class funds in a manner that will be of genuine assistance to the University. Perhaps Oregon seniors will be inspired to a similar action.

### Rally to the Support

Nothing concrete and tangible, on the campus, is to be left to the University this year by the men and women who are to be graduated in June. This year there will be no sun dial; no plate glass window; no stone bench graven with numerals; no row of trees; no pillar of Memorial arch.

By none of these, the usual and accustomed type of things, is the class of 1926 to be remembered. Instead, the Washingtonians who are to leave via Commencement platform aspire to pay tribute to Alma Mater by one hundred per cent membership in the Washington Alumni association.

In this departure the seniors plan something more than a gesture; something more than a changeless pillar or bench to take a passive part in the decoration of the campus. That it indeed may be a pillar is their aim; but it is to be a pillar of that staunch support beyond the academic walls of which the University is now in such dire need.

To the undergraduate the work and importance of the Alumni association not always is fully apparent. Yet it is correct to say that, lacking its support, the University could not continue on its present basis. This association affords the binding links and the working medium for that scattered University of Washington—greater in numbers than the University upon the campus—which has gone on into outside life.

This greater University of Washington is no longer in position to take part in campus pleasures; to enthrone over this or the other campus event. It cannot join, bare-headed, in the tribute of "Alma Mater." It cannot mouth the magic words, "working for Washington," as they are popular here.

Yet it is this greater Washington which is making possible the presence of 5,555 students here this spring. It is this group of devoted men and women who themselves and through their representatives drove on to win the bitter struggle in the Legislature last fall. It is this group, keeping a ceaseless watch, which is mobilizing and manning the defense now. It is this group, constantly gaining in position and influence, which will be in future as now the mightiest champion of the University.

By setting as its goal one hundred per cent membership in the Alumni association, the class of '26 is sowing the seed for a memorial that can grow and flower increasingly with the years.

In this pledge of loyalty is the realest tribute to Washington.

## The Science of Art Criticism

A recent issue of the Spectator, weekly journal of comment published in Portland edited by Hugh Hume contributes an interesting article on the "Science of Art Criticism." The Emerald is taking the liberty of reprinting the article.

### The Science of Art Criticism

In a recent issue, the ably conducted Emerald, published for and by the students at the University of Oregon, said that hereafter it would "carry no criticisms of musical and dramatic productions that appear in any connection with the University." That is an interesting announcement, because by youth the science of criticizing is pursued much more indifferently than is

the art of furnishing matter for criticism. To many who assiduously practice it, criticism is considered an art, but it is really a science. Music, paintings, the drama, and literature are placed among the arts, because they are subject to no definitive rules or regulations. But as criticism is a science, with rules and methods clearly defined, it can not be literature; and as it is not literature, it can not be an art.

To be an artist in, for instance, literature, all one needs are pencil and paper, and imagination and ability to express it. It is quite easy; indeed, so easy that many persons who, with careful training as apprentices might achieve something useful in the ditch-digging or track-laying line, start writing, and after years devoted to the art, never become more than mere literateurs.

On the other hand, criticism of the arts is not easy at all, although we find everybody setting up as a critic. As criticism is one of the most exacting of sciences, one must devote a life-time to its study before exhausting its merely elementary principles; and so fascinating and enthralling is the work of research and investigation, that hardly a single person who has seriously taken it up has ever abandoned his labors as a student to assume the obligations of a critic.

It will be readily admitted by all but the critics, that those who write criticisms must know all about the thing criticized, for the critic is not only a scientist but a teacher.

Take music, for instance: The critic who would practice his profession on music, must know all about music—its history, its literature, its instruments, the methods and manner of its production, its expressions, suppressions, and impressions. And in writing his criticism—which is comparison, elucidation, interpretation, and instruction—he must scientifically follow certain clear and well-defined rules and laws that are as unalterable as the enactments of the Medes and Persians.

These things the editor of the Emerald knows when he tells us he will print no more criticisms of dramatic and musical performances at the University, but there is one thing he did not know when he added the following to his announcement:

"For a number of years the Emerald has endeavored to provide honest criticism of dramatic and musical productions of professional and amateur talent, and has succeeded only in one sense—that no one has been pleased."

The critics were pleased, and if that is not the sole object of the criticism of the arts, I should like to know what it is.

### CAMPUS Bulletin



Temendis meeting Thursday 7:15 at Craftsmen club. Unusually important.

All student body officers, new and retiring, to meet on stage in the auditorium of the Woman's building before assembly, today. Walter Malcolm.

Samara meeting, today at 5:00 Room 303 Deady.

Daly Club meet Thursday at 7:30 in Woman's building.

W. A. A. council meeting tonight (Thursday) at 7:00 in the physical education library.

Play Day general committee, meet at 7:45 tonight (Thursday) in the physical education library.

Crossroads meet tonight at usual time and place.

O. N. S. Club business meeting at Y. M. 7:15 Thursday. Urgent that all members come.

Meeting of Educational Club at Education building Thursday at 7:30 p. m.



## The Lay of the Sardine Box

By MARY KESSI

"IF YOU WANT A THING DONE WELL, DO IT YOURSELF."  
—TOM MURRAY.

### Dr. Frank Pain's Health Hints

**Corn Remedy**  
Toast small pieces of cheese until nicely crisp and brown. Rub cheese over corns and retire immediately. Let feet hang out of bed during night, so mice can nibble corns off.

### A Sure Cold Cure

Mix and drink one full glass of lemon soda water. Then sit on stove until it boils.

\* Drink our Block and Tackle Whisky  
\* One swallow and you'll walk a block and tackle anything.

Use the words "Pall Mall" in a sentence.  
"If I don't get in early, Pall Mall me."

The present day social uplifter's idea of a clean movie would be one of Moses in the Bullrushes. Our idea, on the other hand, is one full of bathing girls.

### For Those Seeking Matrimony

Don't ever marry your dream girl. You may find out after two weeks of married life that you have been walking in your sleep.

Olaf Darnu says that the above item is unnecessary, as the majority of the campus are past helping where matrimony is concerned, and that those who aren't susceptible don't read the column.

### What's Wrong With This Sentence?

Although he was ragged and peniless the Eugene Police Force treated him with courtesy.

### First Undertaker: "How's business?"

Second Planter: "It sure is the burriest!"

A kitchenette is a place where a home economics major opens cans—and cans—and cans.

No, dearies, that hungry look doesn't prove her to be a sorority girl; she may get that way from hard study.

### TABLE TALK

Rice: "If a goat ate a rabbit, what would happen?"

Curry: "There'd be a hare in the butter."

"Just hanging a rounder gets me down," said the disheartened executioner as he pulled the trap.

### BE CIDER?

"We should have been more careful when we were out in that apple orchard last night, Cora."

"Why, nobody seed us, did they?"

"I dunno, but maybe the apple sauce."

### HEN FRUIT IN JEWISH IN ONE LETTER . . . X.

EGGSI!

### SEVEN SEERS

## Communications

### COMMUNICATION

To the Emerald:  
The following statement may correct a rather widespread misunderstanding on the campus. At the present time there is in the University rather more than the usual amount of sickness for this time of year. The type of gripe that is prevalent now seems to have a special predilection for the gastro-intestinal tract. That this is highly infectious, although not extremely severe, is shown by the way in which rather large numbers in different living groups have been affected.

A few students have wrongly attributed their trouble to the food eaten at the campus luncheon. There is absolutely no reason to believe that this food was spoiled, and inasmuch as this trouble was started before the luncheon and in many cases began two or more days after the luncheon, it is evident that something else is the cause. In fact two students were so severely attacked that they went home before junior week-end and one of these girls was told by her local physician that he had many other cases of the same sort. Undoubtedly the cold weather of Friday and Saturday when many were inactive for hours and became quite chilly, aggravated this condition. On the other hand, so far as I know there were no serious effects of the freshman mix though we rather expected some trouble.

That this condition though extremely annoying is not serious, is shown by the fact that this has been one of the lightest weeks for the University infirmary, and for a while there was only one patient.

FRED N. MILLER, M. D.

University Physician.

## The Lay of the Sardine Box

By MARY KESSI

Go button your boots with a tiger's tail:  
Comb down your golden hair:  
And live for a week upon bubble and squeak  
On the steps of a winding stair.

And if you ever feel like a Conger eel,  
Or as hard as an old split pea,  
Just lift the lid, like the hedgehog did,  
And come and listen to me:

It happened one day when the sun was high  
And the wind blew fresh and free,  
And a bottle-nosed whale was lurching  
On shale  
And washing it down with the sea.  
It was close by the edge of a lonely stream  
That foamed on a desolate strand,  
And a lady fair was sitting there,  
And a box was in her hand.

She lifted the box and gave it a shake,  
And smiled when she found it was full:  
She played on a fife with the edge of a  
knife,  
Keeping time with a three-foot rule.  
And this was the song that the lady sang:  
"Come open this box for me!  
For I love sardines, when they're boiled  
with beans,  
And mixed with the sands of the sea."

Now the sound of her voice, it was sweet  
to hear,  
And was wafted o'er many a wave,  
Till at last it fell, like a siren's spell,  
On the heart of a merman brave.  
He listened awhile and then smiled a  
smile  
As he looked at himself in the glass:  
And dressed with all speed in an ulster of  
weed  
And trousers of tangle and grass.

He came to where the lady sat,  
And heard what she had gone to say:  
But when he learned the dish was sardine-fish,  
He bolted straight away.  
For his brother-in-law was of kin to the  
skate,  
And the skate is of high degree,  
And as everyone knows 'tis perfectly true  
Sardines are the cousins of he.

He frowned as he dived straight down  
To the depths of the ocean green,  
And his trousers he tore, and his ulster,  
and swore  
That they'd never again be seen.  
But the lady sang on as she'd sung before:  
"Come open this box for me!  
For I love sardines, when they're boiled  
with beans,  
And mixed with the sands of the sea!"

She sang the same, but as nobody came,  
She thought it was well to try:  
So down on the rocks she hammered the  
box,  
And then she began to cry:  
"Oh, I love sardines when they're boiled  
with beans  
And mixed with the sands of the sea!  
I'm dying for some! Won't somebody come  
And open this box for me?"

Now, all alone close under a stone,  
A lobster was lying asleep,  
At the sound of her cries, he opened his  
eyes  
And picked himself up for a peep.  
He could open that box without any  
knocks,  
So he came and offered his claw.  
At the sight of the beast, her misery ceased,  
And she asked for a shake of his paw.

He gave her his claw, on that desolate  
strand,  
But he never would let her go.  
"My lady," said he, "you'll come with me  
To the regions down below."  
He took the lady straight away  
To the depths of the ocean blue;  
And whatever became of that beautiful  
dame  
Nobody ever knew.

But some folks say, on the first of May  
She is seen with a glass in her hand:  
And that she was sold to the merman bold  
Who came to that desolate strand.  
And every night, when the moon shines  
bright,  
The ghost of that lady is seen,  
All dressed at her need in an ulster of  
weed.

And her hair is a bright sea-green.  
And the ghost of a great big sardine box  
Goes stalking along the shore,  
And the ghosts of little sardine-fish  
Go rollicking on before.

And fishermen hear the sound of knocks,  
And "Come open this box for me!  
For I love sardines, when they're boiled  
with beans  
And mixed with the sands of the sea!"

MORAL:  
Now ladies all, both short and tall,  
Who love to eat sardines,  
If you ever eat any, don't let it be many,  
And never with sand and beans.

All members of Amphibian club  
and those on probation report at  
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