

Oregon Daily Emerald

University of Oregon, Eugene

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Day Editor This Issue—Bec Harden
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Unsigned comment in this column is written by the editor. Full responsibility is assumed by the editor for all editorial opinion.

The strongest man in the world is he who stands most alone.—Ibsen.

Out of the Air, All Things!

WHETHER there be a veritable "wave" of college suicides or no must be answered by a more detailed and interpretive examination of the data than has so far been made by any of the howlers who have raised the cry. For instance, an intelligent answer would necessarily take into consideration the ratio of college suicides to suicides generally,—past and present.

Howsoever, there is no escaping the fact of a tidal wave of shouts, pratings, waggings of heads and wise finalities ament the cause of the phenomenon. Pick up a newspaper or a magazine almost any where or any time and the chances are even that you will find some fresh opinion on the matter.

The assigned causes have long since out-numbered the famous fifty-seven varieties. They range from "modern philosophy and psychology" to the weather. Over-education and under-education; cowardice and boldness; extroversion and introversion; all these and many other easy guesses have been fastened upon as the source of the suicidal "fad." Every man from high priest to country editor consults his particular religious or social prejudices and reads the writ and pronounces.

The latest and the funniest comes from no less a dignitary than the erudite head of a neighboring university—President W. W. Campbell of the University of California. Unless it be that some embryo reporter on the worthy "Daily Californian" has bungled an assignment, Mr. Campbell is responsible for the following:

"Many students have a hard time over the winter, and a state of mental depression is a natural result. In California, where there is a mild climate, and where conditions are better generally, we have no such contributing causes, and consequently no student tragedies."

Now that a scholar has spoken we hope the matter is settled. But alas, there arises this more stupendous problem: How can we get the regents and legislatures of the forty-seven remaining states to act in time? For no one, being properly in-

formed of the dire discovery, will, of course, fail to see the social necessity of making haste to transplant our universities en masse to beaming California where the realities of philosophy, psychology, and such-like truths are rendered wholesome in soft breezes and roseate glows.—B. J.

What Next, Harvard?

(McGill Daily)

TO EXPRESS surprise at anything a modern university may undertake to teach nowadays is to confess lack of sympathy with modernity. This may be a very good thing to confess and defend at times, however. The proposal to add a course of lectures on the moving picture industry to the curriculum of the Harvard graduate school seems to provide a case in point. While it is obvious that many people are engaged in this industry who know little or nothing about it, this after all is a matter of business, not of education in a university.

The youth of a nation, and this should apply to the students to the south of us, are sent to its universities not to learn how to make dollars and cents, but to learn how to live. In precise proportion to the success it attains in aiding them to this knowledge is the university fulfilling its proper function. When it begins to offer courses in the fine arts of managing a peanut-stand at a street corner or producing pictures for the edification of the public, then the university might as well abrogate its present proud position as the source of inspiration and guidance to young men and women of today. To add purely commercial training in one special business to the course of any university is ethically wrong and a practical error of the first magnitude.

We Greet Our Peers

"**F**ELLOW editors," we call them in this brief welcome. And it's so pleasant to call them that, because in a few months the best claim we'll have will be "fellow human being." In the meantime, though, we are equals, and as we say "welcome, fellow editors," we feel mighty important. Even though we know the inevitable tomorrow is just around the corner, we'll try to be on our dignity and avoid an air of patronage.

the communicant's sentiments are too precious for the editor alone.

For the Many or the Few?

To the Editor:
 From reliable sources comes to me the news that members of the Executive Council have been provided with complimentary tickets for the Coast Conference games. Not only with one ticket but with several, in order that they might invite several dear friends. Under these conditions the rumored gate crashes have my wholehearted endorsement and more power to them. Of course there has been a great deal of wrangling over what to Mr. Benefield is a small matter and to the degree of what one correspondent calls the corruption of Oregon spirit over the "mere trifle" of a fifty cent charge. Don't worry, we'll still have that old Oregon Spirit—we're not forgetting it at all. And furthermore we all know the games or any part of a game is going to be worth fifty cents. What we are moaning about is the principle of the thing. And why should the Executive Council members be shown any more favoritism than anyone else? Why should they receive more than one ticket? Don't worry—if a person can't judge how anxious we are to see the Green and Yellow emerge victorious by the remonstrances of the past week over a mere fifty cent charge which the majority of the students think



JOURNALISTS ARE BORN NOT PAID.

New Yorkers are paying as high as \$1 a box for hothouse strawberries. That's nothing. Think what Browning is paying for peaches.
 —Los Angeles Record

Twenty-three students have committed suicide now. When I think about term papers the number almost leaps to twenty-four.

Object as you may but we take off our hat to the Delt frosh who got into the game free by carrying a Corona case.

CAMPUS STROLLING
 The first of the state editors arriving on the campus for the press convention. It would be just our luck to have a nice scandal break while they are here on the spot. Few of them have ink under their nails, however. As many students as possible should make an effort to carry a copy of College Humor under their arm while they are here. It is expected of us.

FOLKS WE COULD CONSCIENTIOUSLY KILL
 The guy at the theater who walks through the row of seats behind us dragging his overcoat across our head.

GRETCHEN WONDERS IF THE SWEEPING CHANGES AT THE UNIVERSITY WHICH THE OREGONIAN MENTIONS WILL AFFECT THE JANITORS.

First editor: "Do you follow the policy of nothing but the truth?"
 Second editor: "Well, no; we print weather forecasts."



Joe Copydesk, art editor of the Oregonian classified ad section, who will address the editors' convention being held this week-end. His topic for tonight is "Snow-shoes for the Linotype Operator," and tomorrow he will speak on "Canvas Gloves as an Aid in Copyreading." Prior to coming to Eugene, Mr. Copydesk was art critic of the Police Gazette but failing eye-sight caused by the terrific strain forced him to resign. He came west just at the time the Oregon Journal was completely baffled by the problem of printing square papers with its new rotary presses. Joe made a study of the matter and found that by running the presses in the dark the conventional paper could be produced. As a token of appreciation Joe received a genuine cow hide pocket flask.

We hear that Margaret Munsey doesn't know what it's all about.
 *See Doc Osborne or any Theta or Fiji.

The time for handshaking is getting

unfair—well—early to bed with him on those three nights! And, if it comes to putting one over on the students we sure give up to our "big butter and egg man."
 One of 3500

Seeks Enlightenment

To the Editor:
 Careful reading of the student body ticket should do much to clear up the misunderstanding in regard to the payment of admission fees to the games. Final intercollegiate contests are there differentiated from other campus activities or events. The expenses of the visiting team must be paid whether the game is played in Eugene, or, as last year, in California.
 The whole trouble could be cleared up once and for all if the financial status of the A. S. U. O. were printed, not merely read at a meeting. Where does the money from the games go? Is it true that we have made large sums of money from them? What are the salaries of some of the officials and the expenses of the teams? The atmosphere of secrecy or indifference to student opinion has done more harm than good to the affairs of the A. S. U. O. Print a financial statement once in a while. It won't hurt us.
 W. L.



Girls in charge of tickets for W. A. A. banquet must turn in money to Nellie Johns today.
 Teminids: Meet at Craftsman's club 7:15 tonight to go to district convention of O. E. S. in mass. Bring 1926 receipts.

ting shorter every day. I imagine that had something to do with La Wanda Fenlason hastening to overtake her history prof the other day.

Rumor has it that the boat being constructed down on 11th near Willamette is going to be used to patrol the race this season.

She'd better use a bottle of Root Beer to christen it. The Eugene home brew would eat a hole in the hull.

Whatever troubles Adam had When he and Eve cut capers He never had to stay up nights Writing on term papers.

HAVE YOUR TICKETS READY!

Polo as an official sport has made its debut at the University of Washington.

REX
 NEW SHOW TODAY
TOM TYLER
 in
"LIGHTNING LARIATS"
 A whirlwind drama of lightning action romance and adventure
 OTHER FEATURES

New Things at DeNeffe's
 Two express shipments of Tudor Hall and Langham Suits
Castle Hats
 In smart new shapes and colors. Priced \$6.50
Shirts
 Collar attached in the new spring fabrics, very good looking.
DeNeffe's
 Young Men's Wear
 McDonald Theatre Bldg.

Paul D. Green's STORE & MEN 713 WILLAMETTE



Stein Bloch

Our "Smartone" group of suits was specifically created for young men who demand authentic fashion without eccentric crudities. The "Londoner" has slim-and-trim London lines.

TAILORED IN OUR OWN EXCLUSIVE PATTERN—WEAVES BY MESSRS. STEIN-BLOCH, INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED



LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTES
 "IT'S TOASTED"

LUCKY STRIKES are smooth and mellow—the finest cigarettes you ever smoked.

They are kind to your throat.

Why? All because they are made of the finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos, properly aged and blended with great skill, and there is an extra process in treating the tobacco.

"It's toasted"
 Your Throat Protection

DeNeffe's
 Young Men's Wear
 McDonald Theatre Bldg.

Communications

Eugene Bible University
 Eugene, Ore.

Dear Editor:
 We girls of Rehm hall wish to thank you for the publicity you gave us in the Emerald of March 2. We are sorry, however, to say that "Bethemy" is now over-stocked with dates and can use no more.
 Some time ago Paul Lay (or one of the Seven Seers) made a plea to the cooks in the fraternity houses to save the empty coffee cans for the "Rheams Hall girls" to start geranium slips in. We thank you for the cans, but we would appreciate it more if you would get the geranium plants for us. But still better if you could get a door bell for us so we could always know when the sheiks call on us late at night.
 I saw your notice in this morning's paper about not printing any letter that had no name. I am not asking you to print this.
 I thank you once again for your kindness.
 Yours very truly,
 "One of the Rheams Hall girls."
 Editor's note: This anonymous contribution is published because