

Oregon Daily Emerald

University of Oregon, Eugene

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Day Editor This Issue—Bob Galloway
 Assistant—Ruth Corey
 Night Editor This Issue—Addison Brockman.
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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 apprehension of the good gives but the greater feel-to the worse.—Shakespeare.

It Won't Be Long Now

"HEY there, Mr. Senior, What you going to do after you graduate?"

Have you heard it too—the ominous voice of the dread world already besetting you from over the cups and on the curbs and from behind the lilacs and everywhere? The world, the world, the inexorable, the unmerciful world which holds you in heavy debt and demands her due? Must you too trudge back like a Carlisle Indian to his reservation?

Huh! Did't think life is eternally like the soft world of the robins after a warm spring shower which raises the ground-smells and the worms like manna to your feet? No, no, my boy, look at the alumni and learn that it is a world of gas-pump handles, of bond-sellers and press agents.

Life cut off at the neck, you say? Ah, but it is the world and it comes—big and black, and sure as cloud shadows on the desert floor. And it is real, they say; and this but the empyrean, a dream which you will forget—for who can rectify a dream?

You must have done with thinking, boy, and begin to do. Anyway, thinking and such like things are well, consider the flowers, how happy they are. And flowers do not think. Yes, you must do. There ends the universal puzzlement.

Unless, unless—no, but you have not the pure and pristine immorality of the master loafers—Ol' Walt and Ol' 'Soe' and all the rest. Only titans and gods can be successful loafers. And really, you must forget "soul" and "idea" and "beautiful" and all such prettinesses. Nonsense! And the birds of the air and the lilies, we have done with all that long, long ago, you remember. It stands to reason, man—you are a man now, you know—you must work, to business now. Let others watch the thin moon dive into cloud pools, and the fat moon do his pranks. Let idlers count dead apples on the leafless limb. You belong to the world now, boy.

China

(Continued from page one)

two countries are not very hard to seek. The favorable geographical position with a group of islands linked together closely along the western side of the Pacific, the fighting spirit inherited rather lately from the old feudal system, the peculiar religious belief of Bushedo found in the devotion of the people to the land, the country and the emperor, the economic fear on part of the nation as a whole for the shortage of food and other material provisions to meet the constant demand of the ever-increasing population, and, most important of all, the constitutional form of government with the bureaucratic type of administration, with the principle of state ownership of certain nationwide undertakings, and with the large, strong and well-equipped military force to guide its national destiny—all these have been responsible for making of Japan a world power, but none of these could be found in China.

During the last few decades, China has also made great progress. The change in the form of government from the absolute to the republic, the introduction and rapidly spreading of modern education, including the modification of the Chinese language, the establishment of the factory system resulting in the increase of the finished products

And what is it the world says?—No, never that—except the moon-struck and the cracked, never. To the contrary, it is this: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise."

Come, boy, the World!—B. J.

A New Wrinkle for An Old Profession

A COURSE in "constructive killing"? Why not? Or does the Dailyowan step beyond the realm of probability in considering such a course for the university of tomorrow?

The Iowan tells of William S. Gilbert whose professional card reads:

WILLIAM S. GILBERT
 Contracting Executioner
 Trenton, N. J.

While a prisoner in the New Jersey penitentiary he won his freedom by springing the trap for an execution after the warden had become unnerved. So Mr. Gilbert is now one of the leaders in a new profession. He has already performed more than forty executions and has, without doubt, proved himself a boon to the same society that decrees killing. There is no reason why the task should not be dignified. Gilbert, for instance, follows his profession with as much interest and zest as the doctor, the engineer, or the lawyer does his. He enjoys his life work,—or death work, if you will.

Just think what a polish the universities could give to such a field of endeavor. Why not a school of constructive killing, with required courses in religion, engineering, dramatics, chemistry and philosophy? Add a little high-powered salesmanship, also available in the universities, and you have work of a technical nature, requiring special training. A boon to humanity in several ways.

It's not hard to contemplate such a profession, neither is there anything horrible about the matter. A travesty on civilization, as the Iowan says? Not at all. We are not far removed from all this. We don't finish the job with the niceties it might have, but we are on our way. Killing, whether by the individual or the commonwealth, is still everyone's business, even in the universities.

Isn't the R. O. T. C. still with us?

and a decrease in the total expenditure of human energy, and the over-night growth of nationalism, extended from a handful group of the young students to the people of all classes bear witness to the difference between the China of today and that of a few decades ago. Though China has not been so aggressive as Japan, the former has been progressing slowly but also steadily.

May 9 Date Named For Men's Screen Test

The scouting unit of the First National Pictures corporation which was scheduled to arrive here May 4, will be on the campus Monday, May 9. This is according to a letter received early in the week. Three movie experts, one cameraman, Ned Connor, a makeup man, Mel Burns, and Ned Holmes, a director, will be here then to conduct the tests.

According to the letter the tests are to be made in private so that each man will have every opportunity to appear at his best. Any men wishing to enter should leave their names on the bulletin board at the Emerald shack very soon, addressed to Dan Cheney, as there is little time left.

All men will meet first in McArthur court and there Ned Holmes will select the ten men to be screened.



One of these days Jack Hempstead, Benoit McCroskey, and Don Beelar are all going to be off the campus at the same time and the Emerald will have to cease publication for lack of news.

FRATERNITY HOUSE—A place where high school delegates sleep and eat every week end.

There's one thing women don't have to practice in gym classes. That's chinning.

TODAY'S SONG HIT
 "YOU MAY BELONG SOMEBODY ELSE, BUT TONIGHT YOU BELONG ME."

POEM
 If the chaperone's very sly,
 She doesn't have to use her eye,
 For from the little smells of baccy,
 And the little whiffs of gin,
 She can draw her own conclusions
 As to where the co-ed's been.

HOUSEHOLD HINT
 The best way to keep pants from getting shiny is to not sit down.

Gosh! That last one sure reflects on the professor with the shiny blue serge suit, doesn't it? Oh well, everything reflects on him, though.

OUR OWN HALL OF FAME



I, Phil Fine, who has just made a million dollar discovery for fountain pen owners. Mr. Fine says that if persons who are bothered with leaky pens, and that surely includes any one who ever owned one, will use invisible ink they will no longer be bothered by smears on their fingers, shirts, lingerie.

MODERN VERSION
 EAT, DRINK, AND BE YOURSELF, MARY.

"How ya feelin' t'day, Crowley?"
 "Oh, I can't kick."

"Who's running the University of Oregon now?"
 "Oh, it's a toss up between A. E. Caswell and Jack Benefiel."

A GRAPEFRUIT IS JUST A LEMON THAT TOOK ADVANTAGE OF A GOOD OPPORTUNITY.

Of all the things I hate to have, When I'm engaged in mirth, Is some wild-eyed professor call My humble self down to earth.
 —J. B.

"Did you know the Alpha Chi's were going to build a new house again?"
 "I didn't know they had built one yet."
 "Oh, they haven't, but they've been going to for a long time."

Gretchen gives us this remedy for torturing that snooty old aunt: Give her a lovely box of peanut brittle, and then hide her false teeth.

YOU CAN ALWAYS TELL WHEN THE SCHOOL YEAR IS DRAWING TO A CLOSE. THE CONVENTIONS GET THICKER AND HICKIER.

"What are those white sweaters with the yellow 'O' that the girls are wearing?"
 "Oh, I suppose they're sister sweaters from the men's Order of the 'O'."

FAMOUS LAST WORDS
 "Take off those glasses, you coward!"
 END OF THE EIGHTH REEL.



McDONALD: Second day: First National pictures present "Men of Steel," with Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon, in a gigantic drama of a man among men, and of a woman who moulded him from a leader of bohunks to a master of men, yet kept him a lamb among women, just for her own benefit—George Fawcett and Mae Allison head the stellar supporting cast of this glowing romance of one of America's greatest industries; on the stage: Sharkey Moore and the "Merry-Macks" featuring "Where D'ya Worka, John?"—tonight at nine; Frank Alexander playing "Dolly Gray," a novelty song car-tune, and in marvelous musical settings on the super-organ; KoKo, "Out of the Inkwell" cartoon and Oregon Pictorial news.

Coming (Monday) — McDonald second Anniversary Week program—first presentation of John Barrymore in "Don Juan," with Mary Astor and ten of the screen's most beautiful women, in the greatest romance of all ages. Special anniversary presentation features, and atmospheric prolog with Harry Scougal. (Soon) Laura LaPlante in "The Love Thrill," with Tom Moore and Bryant Washburn.

REX: First day: Marie Prevost in "Getting Gertie's Garter," a riot of love, laughter and luxury, based on the side-splitting stage farce that tickles the funny bone from every angle, and with Charles Ray and a great cast of farceurs co-featured; more laughs, "Hot Air," a gale of mirth; International News events; John Clifton Emmel at the organ.

Coming (Monday)—E. Phillips Oppenheim's comedy classic, "Millionaires," a wealth of hearty laughter and rollicking romance, with Louise Fazenda in her funniest role since "The Bat," Vera Gordon and George Sidney. (Soon)—Ben Lyon in "High Hat," with Mary Brian.

Red Cross Swimming Test to Be Next Week

The Red Cross annual spring examination will be held Monday and



Congregational students are invited to meet today with Rev. and Mrs. H. W. Davis, for dinner at their home. Those who wish to attend be at the Congregational church at 5 p. m.

Social swim at the Woman's building, Friday night, 7:30 to 9. All students and faculty members invited.

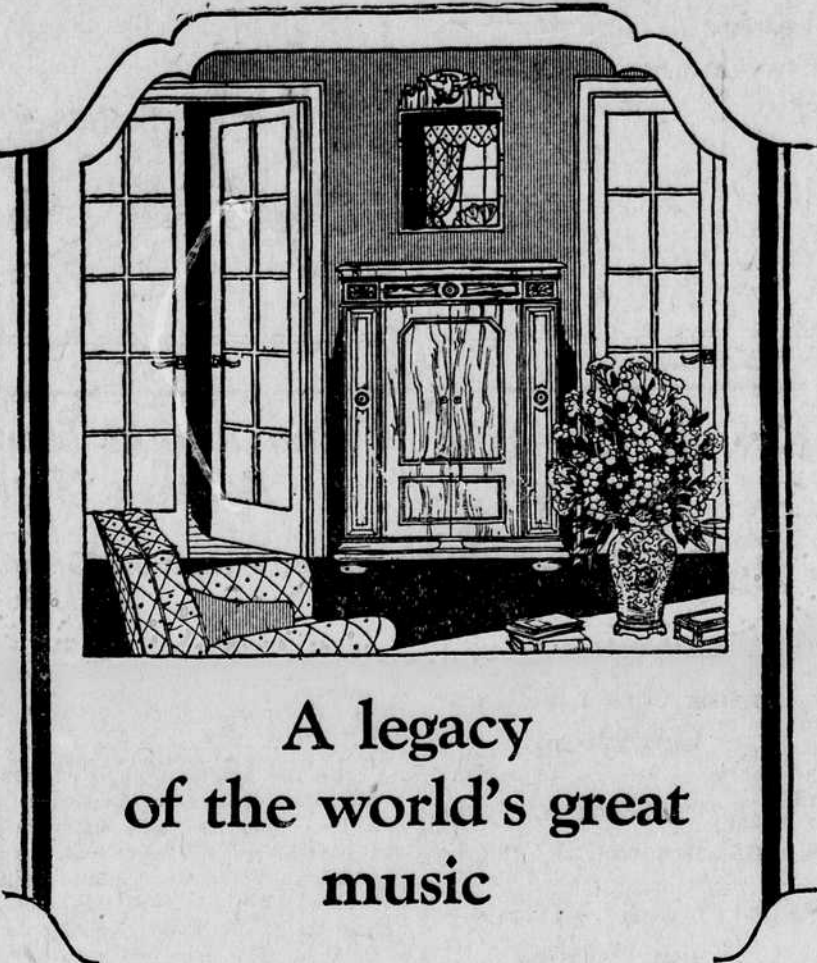
Tuesday of next week, according to Perry Davis, examiner. At four o'clock on those days the men who have been working out for the last few weeks will go through the tests which will give them the coveted red and white badge for their swimming suits. Six hours preparation is the minimum for anyone taking the examination, says Davis.

Two men will take their examiners test, and at least six the Senior Red Cross Life Saving test. James Sharp and John Allen expect to become examiners, while Jack Abele, Joe Young, Hal Harden, Web Haggstrom, Henry Gunderson, and possibly others, will take the lower test.

Drive Up the McKenzie on Saturday or Sunday

Chicken dinners served from 12 to 7 p. m. or later. You are always welcome in front of the big fireplace. Make your reservations for six or seven o'clock dinner while on your way up to the snow line if you cannot reach us by telephone. Telephones—Springfield 32F31 or Eugene Thomson Station.

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WETHERBEE - POWERS

The New Orthophonic Victrola

Senator Watson, noted for his fine voice,

writes:

"Smoking is a great pleasure and diversion to me. I get much enjoyment from Lucky Strikes because I know that I can smoke them at will with no fears of any ill effects upon my voice."

James E. Watson



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

James E. Watson, Republican Whip of the United States Senate, popular and powerful orator of Indiana, smokes Lucky Strikes. You, too, will find that Lucky Strikes are mild and mellow—the finest cigarettes you ever smoked, made of the finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos, properly aged and blended with great skill and there is an extra process—"It's toasted"—no harshness, not a bit of bite.



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