

Oregon Daily Emerald
University of Oregon, Eugene

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Women Smoking

WOMEN smoke. That's not news. College women smoke. That's news. Any paper in the country would run a two-column story about a co-ed who was expelled for smoking in a dormitory.

Walk down the aisle in a cafe. If a college woman is smoking in one of the booths, the world gasps "How wicked!" Take the sorority pin off her bosom and the world might notice her smoking. Probably not.

American folkways are funny that way. Any number of mothers would hesitate in sending their daughters to a college where they knew girls smoked. How do they know girls smoke there? They read it in the papers.

College women all over the nation are objecting. Forty per cent, a conservative estimate, of the co-eds in every institution of higher learning in the United States smoke. How many schools will admit it?

At Penn State the co-eds rose up in arms against the restrictions against smoking. They disliked the hypocrisy. They did not want to "sneak" their cigarettes. They were honest and morally upright, and being forced to act in an underhanded way to gain their own personal rights was not their method of doing things.

It is time that the nation is waking up to the fact that more women are smoking every day—and college women like to eat candy, or ride in automobiles, or smoke cigarettes just as well as anyone and have just as much right to do it openly and in public.

Youth looks at society and laughs at its backwardness. But after all, maybe it is a good thing it is slow in making changes; that it gives them time to prove their true nature. Hasty judgments are often disastrous.

Outspoken Collegians

WHAT They Tell Us They Said:
"Say, Stoddard, what's the idea of paying Spears so much money?"

"Really, your lectures would be better, professor, if you forgot to come. I don't deserve an F on this paper. I copied off of Jones and he got a II!"

"If you really want my opinion, Reinhardt, I think you were all wet for putting that guy in!"

"You're right, Agnes, kissing is unsanitary."
"Who was that awful crock you had at the house dance last night?"

What They Really Said:
"Yep, Stoddard, I guess we showed 'em this old University's got money!"

"To my mind, professor, your lectures are extremely well planned. I like the fair manner in which you grade our papers."

"Sure tough losing that game, Billy. Yes, sir, five around the floor, sir?"

"You're right, Agnes, kissing is unsanitary. What of it?"

"Who was that awful crock you had at the house dance last night?"

Who Is Authority?

NOW THAT another embarrassing question has been apparently settled concerning the class to which a student belongs, the problem is not settled.

Last spring a still more important, though not as public, decision was reached. Tomorrow there may be another. The question will be with the students always.

But unlike the question, the problem need not. That problem is to find some authority to decide those technical questions. Last spring two sets of authorities were appealed to, and this last time another set gave its opinion. No definite code can grow unless there is some definite soil for it to root.

If the constitution is rewritten this term or next, and present plans point to that reform, either a definite code ought to be formulated or a permanent authority and procedure fixed.

There are those on the campus who condemned the Emerald the other day for publishing pictures of Hawaii on days like these.

The ice age is upon us.

Will there be anything on library steps this morning besides ice? Have the Friday noon frosh parties been discontinued?

"Spring must be near, the first robin is here," proclaims the Oklahoma Daily. It must be out west too, but the kind of "robin" out here is different. Washington, O. S. C., and Oregon fraternities have all been "nicked."

With 51 students flunking from the University for fall term the Filipino correspondent who says that laziness marks Americans too seems about right.

A professor of English at Syracuse university claims that bigger and better words are the crying need of the nation today. Personally, we're for the more silent type of the weeps.

"Smoke and Din Called Enemies of Health"—headline. When we were in grammar school they told us it was Smokes and Gin.

Oreganized Dementia

TO THE EDITOR OF GOLDEN BOOK MAGAZINE: If you ever print one of our highbrow poems as you did Socks from Socrates' Arabian translation "Earth" in your January issue, we'll make your office look like the futuristic design of a chinese print shop.

OKOO PULS FAUX PAS

Story of How a Young Lover Puts Skids Under Villain.

(Tense Drama in Three Parts.)

SYNOPSIS: The first third of this serial was printed yesterday and told of how Toitus, the hideous heroine, sent Okoo, whom she called a cur and coward, to prove his valor by killing Buvo, who had insulted her when he said she wasn't a lady.

Okoo goes, but Buvo is in such ill humor when he approaches him that Okoo loses his speech and waits before the massive villain. The characters have all been dead for over a million years.

Our head literary butcher says this story is about the best ever printed, so good, in fact, that it should be set to music and immortalized.

PART II

Buvo bent slowly over to one side, screwing his face into fearful grimaces. He broke into such a vicious sneer as he snapped erect that his feet left the ground.

EATS BUZZARDS

"I need a slave," he said. "You are no good, but I can whip out of you what little work I want done. Polish 'at club. Skin 'at leopard. Sharpen 'at axe. Cook them two buzzards— Or I'll beat you to death!"

"Toitus—" croaked Okoo. But the piggish red eyes of Buvo stopped him. "Ohooo," he wailed. "Dear master, I start."



SLAVES SCARCE

After a week of servitude, Okoo felt clutches of shame. He was the only slave in the community. In fact, the only slave he knew of anywhere. Was that not awful? Was that not terrible? And Toitus. Oh, the dear thing! Even she spat down on him. When he sought to lick her foot, she kicked his face. Cruel world. Hideous world.

OKOO BUM PHILOSOPHER

Sometimes things came out all right. But Okoo didn't know that. He began to lose confidence in himself.

"Oh!" he said aloud unthinkingly one day where Buvo could hear him. "This is fierce."

Pow! The slave-whip descended to his raw back. He fainted—

"I've got to act. I've got to act. I've got to act." This howled through Okoo's head as he came to. He looked about. Nothing met his gaze. (Be sure to read the smashing conclusion of this drama tomorrow. It will tear your attention out by the roots.)

Do You Know?

That the Curtis Publishing company does not allow cigarette advertising in its publications for fear that it might lead to the demoralization of the younger generation that sells the magazines?

That there is an icicle two stories long hanging from the roof of the White Temple building at 9th and Oak streets in Eugene? And that it is fenced about so that when it falls no one will be hurt?

That according to the A. S. U. O. constitution there has been no editor of the Emerald this year? (The constitution still states that the editor of the Emerald is elected by a vote of the students.)

Annual Directory Number of Oregon Exchanges Off Press

The Oregon Newspaper Directory number of Oregon Exchanges, monthly journalism magazine edited by Prof. George S. Turnbull of the school of journalism, was released yesterday by the University Press.

The directory lists 284 periodicals, with the complete personnel of each publication. The official program for the Oregon Press conference, to be held on the University campus February 6, 7, and 8, is also included in the January number.

A report by Professor Turnbull on the past year in Oregon journalism shows that there are 31 daily newspapers, 185 weeklies, and 6 semi-weeklies in the state at the present time. Two more publications are now running than were in existence at this time last year, according to the data compiled.

Listening In
On Lectures

There are many more than seven wonders of the world, and nature-made wonders are often more wonderful than the man-made ones. The three most wonderful sights in the world, I believe to be the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, the Yellowstone geysers, and Crater Lake.

—Warren D. Smith.

We have carried on New England strictness in some cases where the New Englanders themselves wouldn't.

The average American will agree to anything which he thinks is democratic.

—Verne Blue.

Every new invention, discovery, and product of literature is a product of creative imagination.

—Harold S. Tuttle.

FORUM

To the Editor:

In spite of the fact that the long list of officials that Mr. Foster submitted as believing in the eligibility of Mr. Udall to hold a senior position while apparently being registered as a junior, are people that should be informed on such matters before coming to a conclusion, I believe that they could not have investigated too closely as to the exact situation. In view of that fact, I am once more raising my feeble voice in opposition to such principles and am asking that Mr. Udall be removed from the position of manager of ticket sales of the Senior Ball.

The reason for this request is, that upon further investigation of the case I find that Mr. Udall paid the usual one dollar class assessment of the junior class for the fall term, and that if there had been a winter term assessment placed on the same class that he would have been required by the comptroller to have paid it to the junior class fund.

Now since the senior class is responsible for the deficit that is likely to occur, not because of Mr. Foster and Mr. Udall, but in spite of them, I feel that it is in the just province of a member of the class that has to stand a share of the loss to protest such an appointment.

There is more justice in my esti-

Next Sunday
11:00 A. M.

"Moral Chaos Today—
Cause and Cure"

What is our moral authority?
When do we find moral freedom?
Is the younger generation becoming more moral?

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Adults 25c Kiddies 10c

LAST TIMES TODAY
"BIG TIME"

mation in allowing fifth year students the privilege of participation than in pushing juniors ahead of their class. Again I say, since this particular office is considered so important, let it be managed by a senior who is unquestionably a member of the class.

—The Same Interested Senior.

DISLIKES "COLYUM"

To the Editor:

Because some people cry for the moon and can't get it, they say it is made of green cheese, and who likes green cheese, ugh! Now the moon is really a lovely lyrical lady, (notice the "lovely alliterative swing" to it), if not looked at through green specs.

The Fable III in yesterday's Emerald in that doughty column called One Fr'a Penny (no doubt because there isn't a soul who would give a cent more for it) reminds me of two small boys who cried, perhaps, oh so hard for the shiny moon, but she sailed majestically on, so what do they do but stand by in their slightly lower position and take feeble shots at it with the clumsy bows and arrows of would-be sophistication and scorn. Take, for instance, those sentences, "The house is not a bad house. It shows signs of dissipa-

A new \$380,000 infirmary is rapidly nearing completion at the University of California.

tion, but all in all it's not such a bad house." What "Portias come to judgment" are the instigators of this column! "God, what wit!" expresses their frothing aptly.

In a column of this sort, cheap as they do admit it is, why does petty gossip about fraternities, that is equally true of one as another, have to enter in?

The Ambler

YESTERDAY WE SAW
HARRIET KIBBEE showing her brand new Chi Omega pin to all and sundry . . . the S. A. E.'s flooding their tennis court . . . HARRY SCHENK, black-face wag, MILT GROSSING over KORE . . . EMILY BABBIDGE doing chauffeur duty for the Tri Deltis . . . the great RED DECKER with his hands in his pockets . . . Edmond EDGE and his brief case . . . PAUL WONACOTT, sans coat, braving the humidity . . . BOB RIORDAN lighting a cigar . . . AILEEN MONAHAN dreaming of California, blue skies, and poppy fields.

A new \$380,000 infirmary is rapidly nearing completion at the University of California.

COMING OVER . . .

Toward the Campus this week-end? Even after the game we will be ready to serve a good hot meal or even drop in and have a chat with us for we are always glad to see any of the college folks.

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PATHE NEWS and VITAPHONE'S VAUDEVILLE of the Screen

The Sigma Nus at Oklahoma Agricultural college were nicked \$300 recently when a defective fine flared up.

A Detroit specialist says that the average college professor is 15 per cent more brainy than the average co-ed.

CLASSIFIED ADS

PIANO JAZZ—Popular songs immediately; beginners or advanced; twelve-lesson course. Waterman System. Leonard J. Edgerton, manager. Call Studio 1672-W over Laraway's Music Store, 972 Willamette St. if

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COMING—DOLORES COSTELLO in "THE GLAD RAG DOLL"