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It's American Nature

WOULD a factory owned by workers, worked by owners, and directed by the majority vote of a personnel paid according to family needs be successful and desirable?

Mr. Powers Haggood says "Yes." He is the son of the president of the Columbia Conserve company, soup manufacturers, who, with his two brothers, inherited the factory and for the past 15 years operated it in this manner.

Perhaps this is one example of how an industry may prosper under socialism in its most concrete and satisfactory form. Mr. Haggood does not mention socialism—his action was wise, for the mere utterance of the word evokes an attitude among an American crowd, destroys its reasonableness, and shackles its understanding.

A beautiful picture of satisfied workers who found interest in their industry—who were content to receive the salary—not wage—sufficient to bring a comfortable livelihood, has been painted by the representative of an organization that is different and still successful. Organizers of the soup factory feel little satisfaction in helping only their own fellow workers—they intend to reach out and help other "wage earners" to secure favorable conditions.

But, with all this prettiness, we can see one hitch. American nature is adverse to living on only that which is essential—American youth has dreams of fine cars, palatial homes on flowered heights, and command of industries. A skilled American workman would not consider exercising his genius for \$33 weekly just because he and his wife could have three square meals a day and a comfortable place to live.

What causes the dissatisfaction of the present day? Insecurity of life for the great mass of people, maldistribution of incomes, and lack of employment opportunities are given as reasons—no one can put his finger on a definite and fundamental cause.

Should all civilization be forced to discard luxuries, careers, and possibilities of future riches, dissatisfaction and unrest would spring from every loop-hole—ambition and morale would decay—American civilization could not adjust itself to the new habits.

Education By Installment

UNFORTUNATE habit it is that schools have in dealing in penny's worth of education. One buys eight weeks of schooling at a time—for fall term, eight weeks; for winter term, eight weeks; for spring term, eight weeks. Summer session and post session are appreciably shorter.

Neatly wrapped up in attractive packages, these eight-week parcels of schooling lie on the university bargain counters all ready for student purchasers. They are neat and small enough for any purse. They carry social prestige. They offer opportunity. Ask the man who owns one.

Yet the parcels aren't complete in themselves. Of course half of the value of the package is in the trimmings and wrappings (examinations and registration, if you need to know). The very core of this eight-week education is really about six weeks thick and it takes just one dozen of these packages to make a full-sized education.

Professors don't care a great deal for this installment system—so there can be no quarrel with them if one is disposed to quarrel. Students would scarcely like to blame themselves. The administration is probably influenced by factors beyond its control.

Anyway, while mid-terms are almost here, one can remember that the University of Oregon does as do all good installment sales companies. It retains title to the education until the installments are complete.

Contacts with men who have succeeded and who are succeeding in Oregon business was one of the greatest benefits of the Oregon Press conference. It was a pleasure to entertain them on the campus.

Anyway it was a good feeling while it lasted. Eugene milk producers are having fun with the prices. We don't blame them—we wouldn't build a barn, milk a cow, fiddle around with the milk, run a delivery, and sell it for 10 cents a quart either.

"Today," says Bishop William Lawrence, "as never before, the ways are open to every man to think and believe as he will." Yes, it is even lawful to think about absolutely nothing.

"Oh, give me something to remember you by," crooned Rudy Vallee, and immediately he received three grapefruit and an egg from the balcony above. He should have stuck to the radio.

MARGIN NOTES

By Lester McDonald

Outstanding Winter Books

"The Ring of the Lowenskolds," by Selma Lagerlof. "The Virgin and the Gypsy," by D. H. Lawrence. "Roads to Glory," by Richard Aldington. "Portrait of a Dog," by Mazo De La Roche. "A Man and His Dog," by Thomas Mann. "Whither, Whither, or After Sex What?"

More hopeful signs in the book publishing business are noted in an announcement of forthcoming works. Among the novelists, most important perhaps is the news that Joan Bojer's "The Everlasting Struggle" will be published on February 20. This is the first new work by the famous Scandinavian writer in several years. Struthers Burt, author of "The Delectable Mountains," has written another novel, "Festival," which is being distributed in New York today.

Random House is issuing a bibliography of the works of Eugene O'Neill. Viking Press is issuing "Education of a Princess," by Russia's Grand Duchess Marie. It is said to be an intense and revealing group of memoirs of a woman shielded behind the pompous walls of the Romanoffs and suddenly thrown out into a world gone mad with revolt. Gameliel Bradford, America's most widely read biographer, has finished "The Quick and the Dead," which will include a number of pen portraits of some of the leading figures of contemporary life.

"Lady Chatterly's Lover," suppressed in America, and D. H. Lawrence's most eminent contribution to pornographic literature, is quietly making the rounds of the sanctity of one's room. We have not yet been able to snatch one, but from reports it is an astonishingly bad (no moral meaning intended) book to come from Lawrence.

William Rose Benet, writing in The Saturday Review for January 17, expresses a sincere regard for the work of Howard McKimley Corning, Portland poet, and well known on this campus. Mr. Corning has just published his second volume of verse, "The Mountain in the Sky."

Guessing that Robert Frost is Corning's godfather, the writer says in part: "When Mr. Corning gets to his historical documents he has characteristically western things to tell us... one doesn't have to be an Oregonian, one merely has to be American to get sort of homesick about them..."

Speaking of pornography and bootleg books, the most famous of this tribe, "Ulysses," by James Joyce, has received careful translation (Joyce's English is a little idealistic) at the hands of Stuart Gilbert. The author attempts to interpret for the puzzled reader this massive work which covers the events of a single day among certain Dubliners. It is said that the translation is almost a substitute

Show your spirit. Juniors meet at 107 Villard Tuesday at 7.

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for the book itself with its quotations, footnotes and running commentary.

Publishers of Modern Library editions have announced an impressive list for spring publication. Among them are Boccaccio's "Decameron," Conrad's "Lord Jim," "The Education of Henry Adams," Swift's "Gulliver's Travels," Mansfield's "The Garden Party," "The Counterfeiters" by Andre Gide, "The Lives of the 12 Caesars" by Suetonius, "Sanine," by Michael Artzybashey, and "Parnassus on Wheels," by Christopher Morley.

The WETFOOT

"DO YOU THINK IT'LL EVER RAIN?" AND OTHER DIFFICULT ASK-ME-ANOTHERS WHICH ONLY THE SUPERIOR INTELLECT OF A COLLEGIAN COULD EVER CONCOCT. IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS B. C. BEFORE CAFETERIAS) THE KING OFTEN ASKED THIS SAME QUESTION AS HE STOOD AND GAZED FOR THE FIRST TIME UPON THE NEWEST HEIR.



Oh send no wreaths, To Sylvia Kratz; She said: "you'd look Distinctive in spats."

PERHAPS WE WERE A BIT HASTY. MAYBE SHE SAID SPOTS.

Little Alec showed up today with a beautiful sable orb, fetchingly arrayed in beefsteak. It seems that a Bostonian (Sylvanus Smith, probably) asked him if he 'Hawd a sense of yumah.' Alec replied that "of course he had. He'd lived there for two years."

And what's this we read in the paper the other day about a critical Boston audience greeting the celebrated Rudy Vallee with a shower of cabbages and eggs at his recent appearance there.

Little Oscar, upon hearing this, has made a solemn vow to join the S. P. C. A. and never eat another chicken as long as he lives.

Yes, Jehosphett, you may have your fine tooth combs, but for our part, we'll take dandruff remover.

THAT ISN'T AS SIMPLE AS IT SEEMS, THANK HEAVENS.

EMERALD-KORE CONTEST REPORT

(Editor's Note: As was announced last week, this column, knowing the limitations which are imposed upon the reports of the contest appearing in the news columns of this paper, has taken it upon itself to give the campus the pure unadulterated quill on the programs.)

The first program was given by Susan Campbell Hall. (No relation to Arnold Bennett or Vinton). The main idea seemed to be one of those college dramas (you know the type) with a piano and a trio thrown in. It went off very well but when mention is made of wearing a blue dress and then the piano breaks into "Little Alice Blue Gown," why we demur. It had about the same general effect on us as it would be to have one of the entertainers tell another that he would look well in spectacles and then have the orchestra break into "Them There Eyes." The program, however, was very fair.

The Theta Chi program seemed to be built around Dale Brown, Wilbur Thibault, a five-piece orchestra and Bill McNabb, announcer and crooner extraordinary. McNabb's songs while on the whole of a cheerful motif, had, it must be admitted, its pathetic points. A couple of lines were a bit dashing. Tsk, tsk, William, nassy, nassy! The orchestra had its points, most of them sharp and the rest flat. An extraordinarily good bugling effect was rendered by the trumpet on the selections played, and brought tears to the eyes of the students from southern Oregon, eastern Oregon and Coos Bay as they recalled with a sigh the good old backwoods rat races where everyone takes off his coat and tie and then do their best to dis-

Important dope! Junior class meets Tuesday night at Villard.

Wesley Foundation Head Tells of Work in Japan

T. T. Brumbaugh, leader of Wesley foundation work in Japan, spoke before the Wesley club students Sunday evening at 6:30 on the topic, "Sons of the Rising Sun."

Mr. Brumbaugh is a graduate of Ohio Wesleyan and Boston university, and has had considerable experience in the Orient as a Christian worker. He explained to the Wesley group the nature of his work, and the customs of the Japanese.

The Safety Valve An Outlet for Campus Steam

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ON PUBLICITY

To the Editor: "Tis said a "prophet" is without honor in his own country, but that statement is proved untrue. I, a mere "chronic iconoclast," have gained recognition in the Emerald's longest and (all) most comic column.

I prove the major premise of the above statement with an ultimatum from my employer that "If I were not a 'profit,' I could have the gate."

Because of the "regrettable lack of objects of denunciation," I shall follow the prevalent American iconoclastic custom and bite the hand that "feeds" me. Here is my worst: Some writers mold public opinion while others merely mold.

The Phi Pih picked a rather incongruous motif, considering everything, when they selected the heaven idea. The trio wasn't too bad and everyone enjoyed the various piano solos. But will someone please inform us whether the whistling was meditated or was just the effect of static? The only one who seemed downright displeased with the program was Firpo, the Sigma Chi mascot.

The Phi Sig program was passable but we do object to having the place cluttered up with a bunch of piano movers, a construction boss, 10 or 11 sergeant-at-arms, 15 extra men to help carry the musical instruments, half the house furniture including the parlor rug, and the rest of the available members to bring ice water, and fans to the performers and to turn their music for them. In short they had everything but a private telephone booth for the announcer. It's too bad they didn't have television. We'd like to have had a look at Toby Burris' tonsils.

We object furthermore to having a perfectly good evening ruined by such an unholy depressing plot as a dope fiend, but then, it fitted in well with the long hair and flowing ties. They tried to give an impressive effect by having half the members carry the music cases and the others carry the instruments. Oh yes, and we mustn't forget George Baron's baton. Oh my dear, wouldn't you just know it?

And with this recent "efficiency" and its consequent change of policy goes into the limbo of lost and outworn sentiments an old and traditional privilege. No more can alumni, who in their prime fought and fumbled on gridiron and field for the Lemon-Yellow, crash the gate at McArthur court or Hayward field, sans-cash and sans-ticket. Colleague lettermen must have their tickets; grey-bearded and creaky-jointed lettermen who possess alphabetical symbols after their names must in this complex age shell out the conventional coin at the turnstile or remain shivering outside and listen to the echoing huzzahs of the collegiate multitude from afar.

Sentiment, sweet sentiment.

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"EFFICIENCY, DEAR OLD EFFICIENCY!"

To the Editor: Once again we find our cherished University pioneering the way to new and unblazoned fields of high finance. How delightful to settle back in restful relaxation and be assured that all is ok with the old Alma Mammy and "God's in His heaven."

Before long our library and infirmary building needs should be past tense. We should have funds very soon for a whole flock of fine arts buildings. For Oregon, under the ferreting and probing eye of our present managerial department, has uncovered and tapped a new and "boundless" source of revenue.

And with this recent "efficiency" and its consequent change of policy goes into the limbo of lost and outworn sentiments an old and traditional privilege. No more can alumni, who in their prime fought and fumbled on gridiron and field for the Lemon-Yellow, crash the gate at McArthur court or Hayward field, sans-cash and sans-ticket. Colleague lettermen must have their tickets; grey-bearded and creaky-jointed lettermen who possess alphabetical symbols after their names must in this complex age shell out the conventional coin at the turnstile or remain shivering outside and listen to the echoing huzzahs of the collegiate multitude from afar.

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After all, that's about all the privilege held for the antiquated alumni of the Order of the O. Perhaps most of us can afford the price of a ducat now and then. We wait with interest to see more colleges and universities recognize the merit of this new "efficiency." And in the meantime another avenue of making a little money comes to mind. Why not let the boys who win athletic awards buy their own sweaters? That idea should bring forth "hearty" response. Perhaps the Order of the O could be induced to conduct a series of basket socials, quilting bees, or you call the shots. Yours for progress and thrift, HARRY E. DUTTON.

A Decade Ago

Tuesday, January 25, 1921 Reports have been gathering to the effect that the athletic council is attempting to secure Gil Doble, former coach at Washington and now at Cornell, as Oregon's new football coach.

The Order of the O will start holding "court" on the library steps next Thursday morning before assembly, and mete out punishment to those students evading or not observing Oregon traditions.

Senior Class—Meeting in Professor Howe's room, Villard hall, tonight at 9 o'clock. The meeting is important and all seniors are urged to be present. (Such would be an impossibility at the present day.)

JAPANESE PRINTS ON DISPLAY LAST TIME

(Continued from Page One) art circles, but he has also been a prominent figure in governmental work in Japan, especially where it concerns trade relations and foreign markets. From here he will go to California in the interest of trade, but at the same time keeping an outlook for old prints to add to his collection.

Big things happening at 107 Villard, Juniors. Seven, Tuesday night.

Women's debate squad will meet in 110 Johnson at 7:15 o'clock.

Kwama meeting at 5 o'clock to-day at the College Side.

'EAR AND 'AIR

Today's Query: "What Is Your Idea of Success?"

Well, lemme see. A family, an interesting vocation, and enough money to retire at a fairly early age and really enjoy life. —Art Rolander.

To be at the top of one's profession, to be earning a plentiful income, to be happy, and to never have measles. —Bud Clifton.

An armchair, a pipe, retirement, financial security, and professional recognition. —Sam Van Vactor.

To marry a woman with a lot of dough and then have her die off and will it to me. —Neil Sheeley.

CAMPUS CALENDAR

Motion pictures of India will be shown at Dr. Mez' extension division class in international trade policies at 110 Johnson tonight at 7:15 sharp.

Tuesday 5-o'clocks will be held today at the Y. W. C. A. bungalow. All girls on the campus are welcome.

German club will have a meeting at 7:30 this evening in Susan Campbell hall. Election for vice-presidents will be held. Refreshments.

Westminster Guild will meet jointly with Westminster association this evening at 7:30 o'clock to hear Dr. Elizabeth Grace Lewis, who will speak on India. The guild will not hold a regular meeting this week.

Women's debate squad will meet in 110 Johnson at 7:15 o'clock.

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