

OREGON U. PREXY REPORTS NEW PLAN TO AID STUDENTS

Junior Faculty Board Will Advise on Problems of Both Personal and Study Nature.

(Associated Press Leased Wire)
EUGENE, Ore., June 9.—A modern educational venture—the establishment of a group of junior faculty advisors to aid students in their scholastic and personal problems—was announced yesterday by Arnold Bennett Hall, president of the University of Oregon, in his annual report to the board of regents.

In last year's report, President Hall announced establishment of the personnel council and personnel research bureau. The new organization will supplement this work by making the actual contacts with the students.

Complete records, mental, physical and psychological, will be made of every student and filed with the high school record, data on home training and environment and any special recommendations of the dean of men or dean of women.

"Bad habits of study, unfortunate

points of view or certain emotional complexes may be found by the wise advisor," Mr. Hall said, "the correct solution of which may mean the success of a student otherwise doomed to failure or mediocrity."

Object Explained
President Hall recommended to the regents that they pass a resolution abolishing head professorships and authorize him to appoint instead a chairman for each department to serve a one-year term.

"The proposed abolition," Dr. Hall said, "must not be considered a reflection upon the scholarship, teaching ability or general academic merit of existing head professors. It is merely a device whereby men whose main interest is in scholarship and teaching may be relieved of administrative duties."

For financing a research program to include a study of state schools, courts and social conditions, Dr. Hall recommended that the board allocate \$15,000 from the biennial grant.

Budget Not Exceeded
A summary of gifts received during President Hall's three years in office shows a total of \$1,210,758 given to the various divisions of the institution.

The president reported that the university has "faithfully lived within the budget adopted by the board of regents at the January meeting and has a balance sufficient to carry through the remainder of the year."

A gain of 18 per cent is shown in the number receiving degrees at the June commencement exercises.

the glow from hers. "All part of her scheme, you think? She has a scene with the chauffeur, carefully staged so that it will be overheard, discharges him, so that he can have an excuse for leaving?"

"Attahoy!" Nan applauded gleefully. "The row and the dismissal were clever, weren't they? If anybody's interested a year or two from now, it might be enlightening to look up Mr. and Mrs. Bassett. The only way to explain it all is on the assumption that the chauffeur and Nina were lovers and plotted together to kill the old man for his money and her freedom."

"Now that that's settled," Morgan laughed, "suppose the firm of Morgan & Morgan goes to call on the fair murderers."

Nan was sorely tempted, but she shook her head. "No, no. You go alone. If Nina's the arson I think she is, she's a real little slave driver."

"I must say you're anxious to get rid of me," Morgan protested indignantly. "I'm not going to leave you—you're a real little slave driver!" And he put an arm about her shoulders and hugged her close.

"Oh, yes, you are!" Nan assured him, pushing him away with mock severity, when every nerve in her body clamored to have him hold her closer and closer. "I suppose the junior partner of this firm has some say-so? Go along! I'm crazy to find out if our theory has any basis in fact."

"Oh! All right," Morgan agreed abruptly, turning sharply away from her. For once previous moment Nan thought he was hurt and angry with her for sending him away from her on their wedding night.

But she reminded herself—she had touched bottom, leaving her far behind. Of course, for very decency, he had had to pretend.

But hope had not been so completely shattered as Nan had believed. After her husband had gone, Nan sat quite still for many minutes, staring at her hands, like little pink cups, holding something infinitely precious. A kiss in the palm of each.

The house was very silent. Estelle had left at 8. By this time the O'Briens—Big Pat, Little Pat and Maude—were cozily talking over the wedding in their pleasant apartment over the garage. Curly was sound asleep in his own small room. What was that terrible thing he had said, in his appalling innocence? "Won't my other mother be surprised when she comes home? I'll have two mothers at home, and you'll have two wives, won't you, Father?"

Nan shivered. Her hands clenched convulsively. She had the life out of those two precious kisses. She was being foolishly neurotic, she told herself in disgust. Iris Morgan had left of her own accord, because she did not love her husband and did love another man. It was ridiculous of her to let a child's innocent words upset her so. But—what if those words were prophetic?

With sudden determination Nan rose from the little sofa and ran into the library. She would read until her husband came home. Instantly her hand reached for a large book, but although it contained summaries of some of the most famous and fascinating murder trials in the annals of American criminal jurisprudence, the girl's tormented mind could not take in a page of it. She returned it to its shelf, selected instead a thin volume of poetry, an incongruous interloper among heavy legal tomes. Nan opened the book, volume where a scrap of paper, with a penciled memorandum, served as a marker. The scribbled words betrayed the fact that John Curtis Morgan had been reading the poem after working on an appeal of the Nolan case—less than a week ago. Her hands trembled so that she could hardly hold the book, but her eyes swept up the first stanza:

"Your hands, my dear, adorable,
Your lips of tenderness—
Oh, I've loved you faithfully and well,
Three years, or a bit less.
It wasn't a success."

Faintly, in pencil, in the margin opposite "three years" was written in the hand she knew so well, "nine years." Iris, always Iris! Nan's frantic eyes leaped down the page, raced to the next. In his heartbreak, had he thought of her at all? The last lines of the poem answered her question:

"And I shall find some girl, perhaps,
And a better one than you,
With eyes as wise, but kinder,
And lips as soft, but true,
And I darest say she will do,
Nan dropped the book to the floor with a gesture of loathing.

"And I darest say she will do," she thought. "And I darest say she will do," she thought. "And I darest say she will do," she thought.

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MYSTERY MAN HOOVER'S FRIEND

Ex-Congressman James F. Burke, Former G. O. P. Whip, Now President's Confidential Adviser; Cannot Be Induced to Accept Any Appointment.

BY JAMES L. WEST
(Associated Press Leased Wire)
WASHINGTON, June 9.—Since Herbert Hoover entered the White House, political Washington vainly has sought the answer to the question of the status of James Francis Burke in this administration.

Although holding no title and without even the remotest official connection with the government, Burke is known to be a member of congress in almost daily contact with the executive offices, maintaining intimate contact with the president; conferring with politicians of high and low degrees and apparently engaging upon a multitude of other tasks.

His activities are carried on quietly, almost unobtrusively. Under such circumstances it has been natural that "Jim" Burke has been moulded into the pattern of the "mystery man" of the Hoover regime.

Only Personal Friend
But take it from Mr. Burke, there is nothing mysterious about him or his work. He represents being called a Colonel House or a Frank Stearns—as some writers have made the comparison. He is the personal friend and one of the president's closest advisers and to his mind that's the answer to whatever question there is about his presence at the White House.

It's an answer, however, that requires some elaboration. Burke is a handy man to have about. When there are republicans, from Cape Cod to California, there "Jim" Burke is known as he has been one of the party trainees since 1925 for 35 years or more.

Early Hoover Booster
For years he has been general

his address to the graduating class of Willamette here today. Piper was graduated from Willamette in 1889.

President Doney has taken warmly to the suggestion. May said that as far as the necessary fund is concerned a group of Portland men will see that it is brought about. It is understood that enough money already has been raised to finance the chair for two years.

POLICE CHIEF FOR 15 YEARS COMITS SUICIDE
(Associated Press Leased Wire)
CLOUDESTON CITY, N. J., June 8.—Charles J. Van Meter, 60, chief of police here for sixteen years, shot himself to death today, fearing, according to Mayor David Anderson, that he would be indicted without cause in connection with a grand jury investigation of bootlegging and vice in this city. He had been called before the grand jury twice recently.

THE DAY'S DEAD
BROWNSVILLE, Tex., June 8. Col. W. T. Johnston, 65, commanding officer at Fort Brown near here and a veteran of the Philippine expedition and Mexican border troubles, died here yesterday. He was to have been retired June 30 after serving 42 years.

NEW CANAAN, Conn., June 8.—Bliss Carma, internationally known poet, dropped dead of heart disease at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Tunney here today. He was 66 years old.

PHILADELPHIA, June 8.—Ernest J. Cozens, graduate manager of the athletics at the University of Pennsylvania, died today in his office on the university campus. Cozens, who was 40, was captain of the Pennsylvania football team in 1910 and was picked by many as the all-American center of that year.

CHINESE BANDITS TAKE BRITISH MISSIONARIES
HANKOW, China, June 8.—The China inland mission here has received word from Shekichen, in southeast Honan, that five of its missionaries have been captured by bandits.

Those captured were Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Weller and Mr. and Mrs. John Walker and child, members of the Shekichen station, and Miss J. P. Brook of the Kaiteng mission station.

The missionaries were said to be British subjects.

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CHAIR OF JOURNALISM AT WILLAMETTE U. PLANNED
(Associated Press Leased Wire)
SALEM, Ore., June 10.—Creation of a chair of journalism and political economy at Willamette university, and dedicated to the late Edgar B. Piper, editor of the Oregonian, was suggested by Walter W. R. May of the Oregonian in

MOTORCYCLE COP SLAIN IN CHICAGO

(Associated Press Leased Wire)
CHICAGO, June 10.—Earl Leonard, a motorcycle policeman, was shot dead last night by a man he had arrested for running by a red light. The slayer and his companions—three men and four women—fled. Later all surrendered except Patrick Joyce, the one named as the killer.

Joyce, a hoodlum with a court and jail record, made threats as soon as the officer overtook the car, the others stated.

When the officer had herded his prisoners to a call box, Joyce yanked loose from the others, they said, and fired one shot into Leonard's head.

PRIEST BROTHER OF FOCH PASSES
(Associated Press Leased Wire)
PARIS, June 10.—Father Germain Foch, Jesuit priest and younger brother of the late Marshal Ferdinand Foch, died today, less than three months after his soldier brother passed away.

Father Germain died quietly in the hospital of the Brothers of Saint John of God, where he has been ever since he was brought to Paris from his home in Montpeller on March 21, arriving on the same day the marshal died.

He was 80 ill from a long standing heart affection he was not informed of his brother's death until the next day. He was 75 years old.

COYOTES SMELL CARCASS UNDER 10 FEET OF SNOW
GLACIER PARK, Mont., June 10.—Superintendent Eakin of Glacier national park recently discovered the coyote has a sense of smell that is equally as "penetrating" as the X-ray itself.

While on a snowshoe patrol in the park, United States Ranger Whitaker, one of Supt. Eakin's staff, found a dead moose buried under a mountain snow slide.

Coyotes had dug through ten feet of snow to reach the carcass. "Coyotes have always been known for their cunning and keen scent, but it seems almost incredible that any animal could scent food through ten feet of densely packed snow," Supt. Eakin declared. "The first soft weather, usually about March, brings down terrific avalanches, and during this period our rangers avoid patrolling near mountainsides; consequently this dead moose would not have been found had it not been for the coyotes' tracks which the ranger followed. It is questionable if there is an instance recorded where a wild animal ever showed such scent as this."

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