University And College Happenings

University of Oregon

Eugene, Or., March 3.—With a $2,000 total as the goal, a campaign is on at the university to raise funds for the relief of sufferers in the war prison camps of Europe. The movement is receiving support from both students and faculty. One girl who is working her way through college gave $4 to the fund.

Thanks to the big home audience which greeted the organization at its concert in Eugene, the University Glee club has reduced its debt from $200, the legacy of last season, to $29.25. The club is managed by Bothwell Avison, of Oregon City.

Figures just given out show an enrollment of 847 in classes conducted by the extension division of the university. This is an increase of 36 over the enrollment of last year. Education has the greatest number of extension students, 186, closely followed by English with 160.

Professor John F. Bovard, head of the zoology department of the university, will spend six weeks this summer as a member of the faculty at the Puget Sound marine station at Friday Harbor.

A committee of students of dramatic interpretation has been named to handle the management of "The Admirable Crichton," the play to be put on by students in the Guild hall on the campus March 30 and 31.

The Campus Players will meet Monday night to select the cast for "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy," to be presented in the spring.

H. A. Whitney, William G. Holford, Alfred H. Smith, and W. C. Knighton, architects of Portland, were guests of the Architectural club of the University Tuesday night at a banquet held at the Hotel Osburn. These architects were the judges of an architectural exhibit here, and a feature of their visit was the awarding of prizes in the contests in the various classes.

Mrs. J. Frederic Thorne, instructor in the department of public speaking, has returned to her work in the university after 10 weeks of serious illness. She is assisting Professor A. F. Reddie in coaching plays to be staged by classes in dramatics.

Reed College.

Dr. Joseph K. Hart, Dr. William F. Ogburn, and Robert D. Leigh will give a series of extension lectures at the Sellwood community house, beginning March 9. There will be five lectures and they will be given on alternate Fridays. They will be as follows:

Friday, March 9, "The American Ideal of Education," Dr. Hart.

Friday, March 23, "The Causes of the War," Dr. Ogburn.

Friday, April 6, "The Political Problem of Permanent Peace," Mr. Leigh, Reed college.

Friday, April 20, "The World-Peace Problem, and America's Part In It," Dr. Hart.

Friday, May 4, "The Prejudices of Democratic Government," Mr. Leigh.

Dr. Joseph K. Hart spoke before the teachers' convention at Kelso last Tuesday and Wednesday. Dr. E. H. Lindley spoke before the convention on Tuesday afternoon and evening. Professor Norman F. Coleman spoke on the same day at the Clarke Teachers' Institute at Vancouver.

The Scientific Monthly for January has an article by Professor Harry B. Torrey on "Instinct and the Rational Life." President William T. Foster has an article in the Educational Review for March under the title, "Should Specialists Specialize?"

Dr. William F. Ogburn will be a member of the faculty of the summer school of the University of Washington this summer.

President Foster will speak on "America and the World Crisis" at the public forum in Tacoma on March 11.

John Spargo will be the speaker at the assembly of students and faculty in the college chapel on March 15.

Dr. E. H. Lindley will give the sermon at the vesper service in the chapel this afternoon at 4 o'clock. His subject will be "The Plateau of Despond." The public is invited.

University of Washington.

Seattle, March 3.—Beginning next fall, the department of journalism will require a minimum of 68 hours of college work for admittance to journalism studies.

The work of the first two years will be under direction of the department. It will be principally in language, science, English, political and social science and psychology. One of these subjects the department expects the student to pursue intensively, so that upon arrival at junior standing he can come to his journalism studies with a goodly background of general information and a mind disciplined by the specialized study he has pursued.

Two mere men have ventured to enroll for courses in the department of home economics of the University of Washington to study the composition of textiles. They are George A. Cuddy and Angus L. O'Neill, both registered in the commercial division of the college of liberal arts, and both taking courses in advertising.

The fourth annual open house of the engineering colleges of the University of Washington will be held in the afternoon and evening of March 29. The colleges of mines, forestry, civil, mechanical, and electrical engineering have charge of the affairs.

Electricity is generated by a windmill so successfully at a German technical school that it is estimated a similar plant could supply light and water for 100 persons at a cost of $125 a year.

SUNK AT SEA IN DEAD OF NIGHT

Laconia's Destruction Off the Irish Coast Reckoned as Victory for U-Boat Warfare

Queenstown, March 3.—(I. N. S.)—From quivering lips of pale faced men and women came, piece by piece, the full story of the Laconia disaster. Queenstown, hardened by many a tale of horror lived through by countless souls a few miles off shore, Queenstown, the first piece of land, the first warm refuge for the victims of scores of sea catastrophes in two years and a half, stood aghast at the narrative of the Laconia's sinking by two torpedoes off Fastnet last Sunday night.

Even the horrors of the Lusitania were mild, compared with those suffered by the 350 men, women and children aboard the Laconia. For the Lusitania was sent to the bottom in broad daylight. The Laconia's passengers and crew drifted aimlessly for five hours in eight boats tossed by violent swells 12 feet high—and all around was deep darkness in which flares and rockets seemed ridiculous mockery.

Three Outstanding Features.

Three things stand out in the disaster.

The death from exposure of two American women, Mrs. and Miss Hoy—"buried at sea" as the laconic official telegram from the American consul puts it.

The bravery of Mrs. Frank Harris, an American woman, who will go down in the history of marine disasters as the heroine of the Laconia.

The conduct of the liner's two wireless operators who stuck to the ship until the radio room was almost on a level with the sea as it greedily swallowed up the ocean giant—imperturbably they kept sending the fateful "S. O. S." signal.

Prepared for Disaster.

At a speed of 17 knots, the Laconia was gliding through the waters of the Irish sea Sunday night, on the last lap of her voyage from New York to Liverpool. If there had been any fear among her passengers it had been pretty well dispelled by the proximity of the liner's destination and of the British navy. But every man, woman and child was ready for any eventuality. Under the cautious direction of her master, Captain Irvine, the ship's passengers and crew had drilled every day from the time they had left the Statue of Liberty behind. Everything was prepared to the minutest detail.

The great majority of the passengers had gone to bed. Isolated couples still walked to and fro on the decks. In the saloons men smoked, played cards or told stories. Of all those on board probably only the captain, patrolling the bridge on 24 hour vigil, knew that the waters through which the liner was just then speeding were favorite hunting grounds of the U-boats, that the Laconia was approaching the Lusitania's grave.

Ship Is Shattered.

The bridge clock had just sounded the first of the two bells announcing 11:30. The second was drowned in a crash that shook the sea leviathan as if it were a skeleton. A torpedo had struck on the starboard abaft the engine room, penetrating the ship's vitals, the engines. A second later the huge vessel, now a helpless monster and a tool of the sea, stood edgewise, listing heavily to starboard, sinking inch by inch into its grave whence the wreck of the proud Lusitania beckoned welcome.

What followed was a classic of discipline and presence of mind. Under the direction of Captain Irvine and his officers the disembarking of passengers began. There was no panic, no mad trampling down of fellow passengers, no violent pushing aside.

Through the darkness of the night rang sharp, clear commands, responded to by an almost uncannily measured shuffling of feet toward the starboard side, for it was there that most of the lifeboats were launched. Only the cries of children rudely awakened from their slumber indicated that all was not well. Glaring rockets shot skyward, illuminating the waters all around. There was no sign of the sinister assailant. In the wireless room two youths—Donnes and Taylor, by name,—quietly, persistently ticked away on their apparatus: S. O. S.—S. O. S. Not a worry in the world seemed theirs, teeth set with grim determination, their eyes calmly gazing out of the window where fear haunted faces passed by like shadows, they stuck to their jobs.

"Closest call I ever had," said one of them upon his arrival here. "I was jolly well happy that the old apparatus stuck to us."

One Boat Overturned.

Meanwhile, the rescue work went on in an orderly, systematic fashion. As the big liner leaned lower and lower toward starboard the launching of boats on that side became more and more menacing. One of them overturned in the launching. Twenty minutes had elapsed after the first torpedo. Most of the boats were clear by this time but there was increasing difficulty in getting the remainder off. Then a Godsend almost, in the circumstances, a second missile hit the liner, this time striking the engines on the port side. Again the big ship shook to its foundation, then staggered from one side to another for a few seconds, clumsily regaining its balance, and finally stood upright again, sinking lower and lower all the while.

American Woman Heroine.

All this time, Mrs. Frank E. Harris, who is the wife of an American army officer, Colonel Harris, stationed at Fort Dupont, and the granddaughter of a former governor of Pennsylvania, had been quietly doing what from the first she had conceived her "duty." To her perhaps is due the fact that the death roll of the Laconia did not run into scores. Immediately after the first torpedo had struck the ship, she had hastened to the captain's side and there she remained until every other passenger had left the boat. She checked up every woman and child as they were placed in the boats. Here and there, where hysteria threatened to overcome a passenger, she spoke a few soothing words and where a child seemed too thinly covered, she lent a helping hand.

Finally, after all except two had left the liner, she took the arm gallantly held out by Captain Irvine and with him stepped into the last boat to leave the sinking ship.

Even then there came from the radio room the methodical "tick, tick, tick" of the wireless apparatus. Donnes and Taylor were still on their jobs. Not until they had made certain that all were safe did they emerge from their "office," waving their hands to the occupants of the lifeboats as if to tell them they need not worry. Donnes and Taylor jumped overboard. It was not a big jump—they could almost step into the water, for the sea was already licking the upper deck.

U-Boat Is Sighted.

Meanwhile, the U-boat had been heard from—personally.

The lifeboats had been dangling on the swells for nearly half an hour, sometimes dangerously near each other, until it was possible for the oarsmen to scatter widely so as to avoid collisions when the author of all the misery suddenly bobbed up on the surface. It came nearer and nearer its victim until the commander on the bridge could be clearly discerned.

The Laconia sank about 45 minutes after the first torpedo. Where she had been, pieces of wreckage were floating now, while all around survivors of the 18,000 ton vessel were being tossed about in their lifeboats. Carefully skirting the waters that had swallowed the liner, so as to avoid ramming her remnants and thus being dragged down to its victim's grave, the U-boat drew near a group of lifeboats, one of which contained the Laconia's second officer. Then the submarine commander offered this bit of consolation:

A Grim Greeting.

"You are only a short distance from shore," he shouted in clear English. "The patrol (British) will save you."

It was a grim illustration of the capacity of U-boats for "listening in" on the radio messages between their victims and prospective rescuers.

Mrs. and Miss Hoy were in boat No. 8. It had been swamped, its occupants being thrown into the icy waters suffering terribly from the exposure. The two American women died as a result.

The rescue work was not completed until after daybreak.

Farmers at Last Are Thoroughly Awake To the Dignity of Their Own Calling

Realization Is at Hand That Through Cooperation Full Fruits of Labor Can Be Enjoyed—Landcraftman's Creed Is Optimistic.

By Fred Lockley.

Vancouver, Wash., March 3. — In many ways we of the United States are behind the older countries of Europe. This is particularly true of the lack of cooperation among the farmers of this country. In a recent issue of the International Review of Agricultural Economics, published by the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome, there is a most interesting discussion of the work that has been accomplished by the cooperative societies of Germany in the collective sale and purchase of goods used by the members of the societies. Not only do these societies see that their members in purchasing supplies, secure goods of irreproachable character, but they see that in the sale of cereals and livestock their members secure fair dealings and top prices. In the purchase of fertilizer, for example, the cooperative societies have proved their value not only to the individual but to the country at large.

Cooperative Societies Many.

There are in Germany 97 central cooperative societies. There are 2833 cooperative societies for collective sale and purchase and 3588 dairy societies. There are 4353 other cooperative societies for various other purposes and 17,781 saving and loan banks.

The farmers of this country have not in the past correlated their efforts along the lines of securing better articles at less cost and securing better prices for their products but they are beginning to realize the need of working together and putting aside inconsequential differences of opinion and working for the common advancement and interests of all. You need but to attend a few sessions of the grange or any other organization in which farmers are interested to see that they are beginning to take a deep and vital interest in legislation and in securing a more equitable return for their products.

Taxation on Improved Land.

At a recent meeting of the Pomona grange in Clarke county I listened with great interest to the discussion of the members. Here is a resolution that caused much discussion and was finally passed almost unanimously: "Whereas, we believe our present system of taxation is wrong and unjust inasmuch as we are taxed for improving the land though we spend our life's best effort to do so, hence we believe we should be encouraged in our efforts to improve our farms and whereas we believe a lower rate of assessment on improved lands with an increased rate of assessment on unimproved lands would have a tendency to develop our country more rapidly, therefore be it resolved that Columbia Pomona Grange No. 1 favors an adjustment of assessment in this manner and that a copy of this resolution be sent to the county assessor."

Some of the arguments used in urging the passage of this resolution were logical and convincing. One speaker told how in Alberta the man on the land was encouraged to put up substantial buildings, to plant orchards and to get his land into cultivation by having no higher assessment made upon the highly improved land than was placed on the unused land of the non-resident owner. He showed how here in Clarke county every new barn, every bit of draining or tiling or clearing done by a farmer resulted in raising the assessment, the thrifty man being penalized for his industry while the land speculator who let his land grow up to weeds while waiting for his neighbors' work to make his holdings more valuable was let off with a low assessment.

Farmers Are Awakened.

The farmers are beginning to ask questions and to demand that the taxeaters give some service for the public money expended in their behalf. Leaving municipal taxes out of consideration the Taxpayers' league of Clarke county in its recent report shows that the volume of taxes against county property has increased since Washington became a state two and a half times more in proportion than has the population, four times as compared with the assessed valuation of real estate and nearly three times as compared with the assessed valuation of all property, including public service property.

The establishment of more cooperative societies such as the cooperative cheese factory at Battle Ground, will prove to the farmers that they can secure larger returns from their products and that in cooperative buying they can secure better quality goods at less cost than under the present system. To show how deeply the farmers are thinking over these problems I quote herewith a part of the Landcrafters' creed written by Bert Huffman, a wheat raiser and practical farmer born in Union county and now farming a section of land near Langdon.

A Landcraftsman's Creed.

He says: "Landcraft is the science of knowing, trusting and understanding Mother Earth. It is the science of growing things, of building homes, of producing the miracle of the harvest.

"Landcraft comprises within its magic brotherhood more members of the human family than any other science, profession, art or craft. It is as wide as the confines of the earth and so vital that the human family would perish within a tragically short period withtout its golden stores. Its business stature is so gigantic that but for its products railroads and ocean liners would rot in idleness.

"So I'm proud to be a landcrafter, a farmer.

"And as this is my destiny, my occupation, my profession, I am going to love it. I am going to make my profession both pleasant and profitable. I am not going to run slip-shod over my work, thinking I will some day leave the farm. I am going to make my work attractive and beautiful. I have all the forces of nature at my command. I have all the seasons to render me their homage, their service. I have the soil, the air, the streams, the sunlight, the freshening rains to serve me. So I have a retinue of servants such as no king can boast of.

"This farm is my workshop, my studio, my sanctum. I am going to strive to be an artist in my profession. I am proud that I am able to take a spot of the earth's surface, savage, raw and untamed, and convert it into a place of beauty, profit and delight.

"Since life is a business, I am going to be skillful, intelligent, thoughtful in my calling. I am going to study my farm. Every acre of it I am going to scrutinize and control. I will fondle it, pamper it, and caress it; but it must work for me—it must give me its richest dower, its most splendid riches.

Dedicated to Study.

"If there is a barren or non-productive spot on it I will study to improve and strengthen it. I will study to understand it as an engineer knows and loves his smoothly running engine. I will study its chemical composition, so that I may plant the seed that will be most thrifty, most productive, most profitable for such soil. Am I not a scientist, an artisan? Am I not closer to nature than any other worker? Then why not use the marvelous knowledge nature holds out to me? Do I not tread the dirt roads, travel the bridle paths, live, work and walk upon the earth's bosom constantly? Then why should I not know it better than any other?

"I expect to pass my life upon the land, for farming is my work, my play, my religion. So I am going to strive to make my farm pleasant, comfortable and enjoyable. I will pass through this life but once, so I am going to gather about me all the comforts, advantages and conveniences within my reach. Life is short at best, so I am going to use all my intelligence and skill to get the most out of it, as I go through.

"It is said by the thoughtless that the agricultural class—the landcrafter—is ignorant; that he drudges and sweats and lives a dull, unthinking life while shrewd manipulators exploit his labor and take the cream from his harvest.

"So I am going to be a student as well as a farmer. I am going to know what conditions surround me, what dangers threaten my interests, what enemies lie in wait for me. All the libraries of the world are open to me. All the schools, colleges, universities, books, newspapers and magazines are within my reach, so I am going to educate myself and remove the stigma of ignorance with which I am branded.

A Worthy Calling.

"There is no more worthy or sublime calling than mine. There is no more divine art than that of living upon and intelligently cultivating a spot of the earth. What artisan deserves better of humanity than he who takes a parcel of raw land, wild and stubborn with ages of idleness and disuse, and who by skill, patience and intelligence makes that parcel of land support himself and family, yield profits, year after year, and which, being transmitted from father to son, generation after generation, returning the same bountiful harvests, furnishing the same shelter, support and pleasure, age upon age!

"So I am proud that I belong to the landcraft. I am going to try to be an ornament to the brotherhood. I will strive to so live and work among my fellows that friends will be plentiful and faithful as harvests are bountiful and unfailing."

Pretty Lamp Shades.

While the simple shirred silk shade (with apologies to "she sells sea shells") and that of cretonne cannot be criticised if they harmonize with the furnishing scheme of a room, they are inclined to become tiresome if one has them to every room in the house.

One of the prettiest of styles to vary the monotony is the paper shade made perfectly plain and round from a circular piece of heavy Japanese paper or board. These paper shades are simply painted to match the bowl or vase of the lampstand, and are usually used with the pottery base. Occasionally they appear with a wooden standard, and are in good taste when thus used. Brass or bronze bowl lamps are also provided with these paper shades. When the shade is left in the natural parchment color the light diffused therefrom is apt to be mellow and inviting.

The girl who stencils will recognize in her oiled stencil paper a possibility for making one of these shades. The oiling of the board or paper makes it translucent. They can be painted in designs and stripes to match the general decorative scheme. Used in the natural old gold color, they are equally lovely, especially if the base of the lamp is of a solid bright color.

Another way to treat the paper shade is to paste cut-out designs from cretonne on the paper and paint in the background with black enamel thinned out as much as possible. This method makes the light shine through the colored designs and leaves the background opaque.

Celery and Beetroot Salad.

One head of celery, one small beetroot, two small potatoes, a quarter cupful cream, one tablespoonful of vinegar, seasoning.

Boil the potatoes in their skins. When cooked peel them and allow them to get cold. Wash the celery thoroughly and cut it up quite small, using only the white part. Cut the beetroot into thick slices, and then into dice. Mix all into a salad bowl or into a glass dish. Add the vinegar to the cream, with a saltspoon of made mustard, salt and pepper and a tablespoonful of castor sugar. Then pour this over the salad, mixing all well together. This salad is for light luncheon with cheese, brown bread and butter.

Great fog-penetrating power is claimed for a new French incandescent light with greenish-yellow glass in front and backed by a reflector that reflects enough heat to prevent moisture collecting on the glass.