Capital Journal

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"Without or with offense to friends or foes
I sketch your world exactly as it goes."
—BYRON.

An Old Story

Prune growers and packers, after reading the survey made by experts of the United States department of agriculture, know almost as much about the prune industry as they did before. Not a single new discovery or a new constructive suggestion is set forth. Every feature dwelt upon has been long known to the grower and packer and frequently discussed in the press. The report is simply repetition of a story told many times and could have been compiled in a few hours by anyone informed about the industry.

The experts declare that "the producer should organize his farm business in such a way that if he produces prunes, they will bring him a profit." Which sounds very simple and fine. Improved methods of merchandizing and standardization, better distribution and increased consumer demand are declared needs and the cooperative organizations are pointed out as the means of salvation, despite their record of failure.

As a matter of fact, the only real need of the prune industry is the "increased consumer demand." Given demand sufficient to absorb the surplus caused by over-production, and the prune will take care of itself, as it has in the past. The law of supply and demand rules in the long run the prune and every other market and cannot be defied without grief.

The salvation of the prune industry lies with the industry itself. Those who thought that the government could wave a magic wand and bring prosperity to the prune, now know better. It is absurd to imagine that salaried bureaucrats can know as much about the industry from their superficial observation as those engaged in it, and there is no greater fallacy than that paternalistic nostrums can save the farmer.

The prune industry can and doubtless will be reorganized on a better basis whenever adversity teaches growers and packers to pool their efforts and unite in an organization strong enough to control both production and marketing, and create by advertising and salesmanship the necessary increased consumer demand.

Gold Diggers

O. R. Sellers in Harper's Magazine has an article on the "Gold Digging Alma Mater" which illustrates the modern tendency of the college and university to go after graduate donations and contributions for endowment. He says:

Never has there been a more severe open season on loyal alumni than the present decade. The statement that Ephraim Biff has given Bump University four million dollars on condition that the institution raise an equal amount from other sources is so common a news item that it is hardly worth a double-deck head. Naturally, part of these other sources must be the alumni.

So three weeks after the first announcement the Bump alumnus receives a neatly printed pamphlet setting forth briefly the achievements of his alma mater in science, philosophy, language and literature. After a decent interval this is followed by another prospectus showing wash drawings and plans of the proposed anatomical labratory, a geological museum, engineering hall and modern language building. Then there comes a questionnaire for the new alumni directory.

Then follows a dinner given by the alumni to the president, then appointment of a soliciting committee. The go-getters will round the old grad up sooner or later, or annoy him to death with circulars, appeals and finally a high-powered solicitor working on commission. The author continues:

The bleeding of alumni now is no haphazard affair, nor is it a matter of sentiment. It is a well-organized and lucrative business. I learned later that three drives conducted simultaneously by three of our alma maters were being directed by an eastern corporation which does nothing but stimulate and fertilize college loyalty. So those of us who have responded to the call of the dear old college are landed suckers, trimmed boobs—high-class ones, of course, but fish nevertheless. Our money, after the commissions are deducted, goes to a reasonably good cause, but the methods by which it is secured are the same as those used by the salesmen of oil stock and unseen real estate.

Through these agents alma mater chases her sons. She no longer is the stately, benevolent lady we used to see in the college annuals. She demands our time, our money, our energy. "She is a go-getting, gold-digging jazz baby. * * * She is modern in every respect but one—she has shown no inclination to reduce.

That is the reason why so large a portion of the time of our go-getter college presidents is taken up in cultivating the alumni and in organizing them for financial and other support. Every village now has its alumni clubs, whose purpose in life is to advance the aims of Alma Mater.

Broken Off

By RUBY M. AYRES

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THE SHADOW.

Some day Diana would live at Lee Waters, but not with him! Some day Diana would wear the bridal dress of which she had told him with such tender pride and happiness, but not for him!

Then he thought of Jean, and cursed himself for a coward.

He had wanted Jean when he believed that she was lost to him; was that his nature, to want only the unattainable?

And he would marry Jean as soon as she was well enough, and he would do his best to make her happy and to forget Diana's bitter little cry which rang ceaselessly in his ears.

"If I didn't love him I wouldn't have minded, but to know it's only the money he wants when I love him so—I couldn't bear it, Daddy—"

Was that how she felt still? Did she ever long for the clasp of his arms around her as he longed for the touch of her hand and the little eager way in which she raised her lips to his?

When he left Jean that night he went out of his way to pass the house where Diana was living. He himself stayed in the little village inn whenever he came to see Jean, but tonight he felt that he could not bear to go back to the small rooms and loniness, so he strolled slowly up the road in the darkness, longing yet dreading to see Diana.

The blinds of one of the windows in her house were undrawn, and as he stood straining his eyes towards it, he saw Diana's slim figure for a moment silhouetted in the light.

And then he saw Bansted—in evening dress, smoking one of old Grantham's expensive cigars—and Mrs. Colman in a dress of bright ruby red—then someone came and drew down the blind, and Rolf was left in the darkness.

He felt like a Pariah, shut out of heaven, as he turned and went back to the little inn.

He lay awake for hours in his tiny bedroom, staring at the shadow of waving tree branches on the cotton blind, listening to the sighing of the wind in the eaves, and thinking always of Diana! Diana!

He got up early and wandered out into the village. The morning was fresh and cool, and yellow leaves kept fluttering down from the trees with a soft sound like a sigh. There was nobody about; the blinds of most of the little houses were still closely drawn; a sleepy cat sat on a wall laboriously cleaning a paw.

The church clock, striking eight, brought him to a standstill.

Only eight o'clock! Hours and hours yet of this time one day to be got through, and then, after that, endless day and endless months and years—all of them without Diana.

Then his heart gave a sudden leap and seemed to stop, as across the little open common where children played, and chickens and ducks wandered about all day long, he saw Diana coming towards him.

Sleep had been impossible for Diana, too, that night.

The sight of Rolf had killed her hard-won indifference and torn open the old wound afresh.

She wanted him; she wanted him more than anything on earth. She for long hours staring into the blackness, seeing no ray of light anywhere.

Her deliberate friendship with Jean had after all only made matters worse; she knew that it had merely added to her torture.

So she got up early and went out; her head ached, and the stillness of the shabby house where she had tried so hard to be happy seemed to stifle her.

She was wearing a knitted woolly frock of russet brown, and had forgotten her hat.

The morning air was sweet and cool, and the soft breeze touched her forehead caressingly.

Diana's heart seemed to stand still when she saw Rolf—she had not thought it possible that she might meet him. Had there been time she would have turned and retraced her steps, but it was too late, and although it was the last thing she expected him to do, Rolf stopped.

"You are out early."

"Yes." The color flew to her cheeks, and it was only with a great effort that she could force herself to meet his eyes. "I couldn't sleep," she told him. "And my head ached, so I came out."

He laughed mirthlessly.

"I couldn't sleep either." His eyes took in every detail of her sweet face.

"Well, if you've no objection I will walk along with you a little way."

"Yes."

He turned and strolled beside her, his hands thrust into his coat pockets.

It was a strange situation. The little quiet village and these two who thought never to be together again walking side by side through the fresh air of an autumn morning.

Tomorrow—The Hand of Fate.

Senior Law Students of Willamette Seek Dues Paid Into Joint Coffers

A controversy that has waged back and forth on the Willamette university campus for several days with rapidly increasing heat is scheduled to come to a head when committees representing the senior liberal arts class and the senior law class appear before the university authorities tonight.

The argument has to do with distribution of class dues. Under the system that has been in force at the university for the past three years all students pay their class dues, amounting to two dollars a semester, with their tuition. Distribution is later made to the classes.

BOTH CLAIM MONEY

The senior law students want the dues they have paid this present semester paid into their own treasury. The liberal arts seniors, on the other hand, want the dues paid by law seniors put into the liberal arts senior treasury. The law class recently effected an organization of its own. The liberal arts class insists that the law class had no right to do this, or at least has no right to ask for its dues.

Suggestions have already been made among the law students that the courts be resorted to in case their money is not forthcoming. If legal action is taken the law class would expect to sue either the student body or the university—probably the latter—for some $240 as money had and received. The senior liberal arts class itself could not very readily be sued, it not being incorporated. The $240 represents the amount paid in by 20 students as class dues during the time the present senior class has been a part of the university. The class enrollment has averaged about 20.

STRATEGY EMPLOYED

The whole thing began coming to a head Saturday when the law class met and appointed a committee with a view to securing official recognition and class dues. The Liberal arts class, hearing of this step, prepared to reject the request, pocket the money and proceed to forget all about it. The request came, however, in the form of an invitation to appoint a committee to go with the law class committee before faculty authorities with a view to getting the matter straightened out. This was for the purpose of getting tacit recognition, since appointment of a liberal arts committee to represent liberal art interests, by the class posing as the whole senior class, would bring out the fact that that class was in reality nothing but the liberal arts class and was only on a par with the law class.

After considerable discussion and with some explanations the liberal arts class appointed this committee, and the two committees will each represent their interests before the university authorities tonight.

The stand taken by the liberal arts seniors is that there is, and should be, only one senior class. Protests by the law students that they are unable to participate in class activities as arranged by the liberal arts class bring expressions of sympathy, but no money, from liberal arts seniors, who admit that practically none of the law seniors has ever received any benefit from class dues and that for the most part law students have never been invited to do so, but insist that nevertheless it is the law students' own fault that they do not step forward and take their places along with the liberal arts seniors.

Court House Happenings

Troy H. Nance of Aumsville reports that his car was struck by a car driven by Hery Tate of Stayton. Nance bracked out from a parking place when the accident occurred, a truck impairing the vision of both drivers. The accident happened on an Aumsville street. Some damage was done to the Nance car.

Charles R. Archerd has filed an action for money against Lous Weis.

The case of Zielinski against Engle set for today in circuit court has gone out of court its decision depending upon the result of the case of Williams against Engle, now being heard.

Vernon Kusel, who has been held on a check charge, has been released from jail, settlement having been made by relatives.

BAT HURTS KNEE

Auburn, April 13.—John Johnson, who had his knee accidentally struck by a ball bat last week, is still confined to his bed, but is resting somewhat easier.

HEALTH WORK 'INSPIRATIONAL' AT SPOKANE

"Seven years ago when we organized the first health division at the annual meeting of the Inland Empire Teachers' association, we had to fight for a place on the program. This year the association not only allowed the health division all the time it wished, but paid the expenses of a main speaker," said Dr. Estella Ford Warner, in describing the progress of the health education work in the northwest. Dr. Warner returned from Spokane late Sunday.

"State superintendents, county superintendents, city superintendents, principals and ordinary teachers, attended the health division meetings," said Dr. Warner, "and the interest shown was nothing less than inspirational." The Inland Empire teachers' group is the largest gathering in the northwest educational circles. More than 1200 teachers and educational leaders were present this year. The Salem group included George W. Hug, city superintendent; C. A. Howard, state superintendent; U. S. Dotson, Park school principal; Miss Anne Simpson, director of health education for the county, and Dr. Warner, director of medical service for the local demonstration.

The program of the health division included a symposium on the "responsibility of the administrator, the teacher and the professional assistant in the child welfare program of the school." Those taking part in the discussion included Dr. Warner, Dr. Edna Bailey, of the University of California, Miss Anne Simpson of Marion county, Miss Elizabeth Soule of the University of Washington, Miss Skinner of the Ellensburg Normal and Miss Taylor of Spokane. The keynote, according to Dr. Warner, was that health is not an extrinsic but an intrinsic part of education and by health is meant not merely the curing of disease but the fundamentals that control healthy living.

At the health council dinner the subject of health in the schools of the northwest was discussed by a state superintendent of schools of Idaho, a city superintendent of schools of Billings, Montana, a member of the school board of Spokane, a mother and a school boy. Each, said Dr. Warner, voiced the need of better educational methods in teaching health and making it a part of the school curricula, and of better training for teachers in giving health instruction.

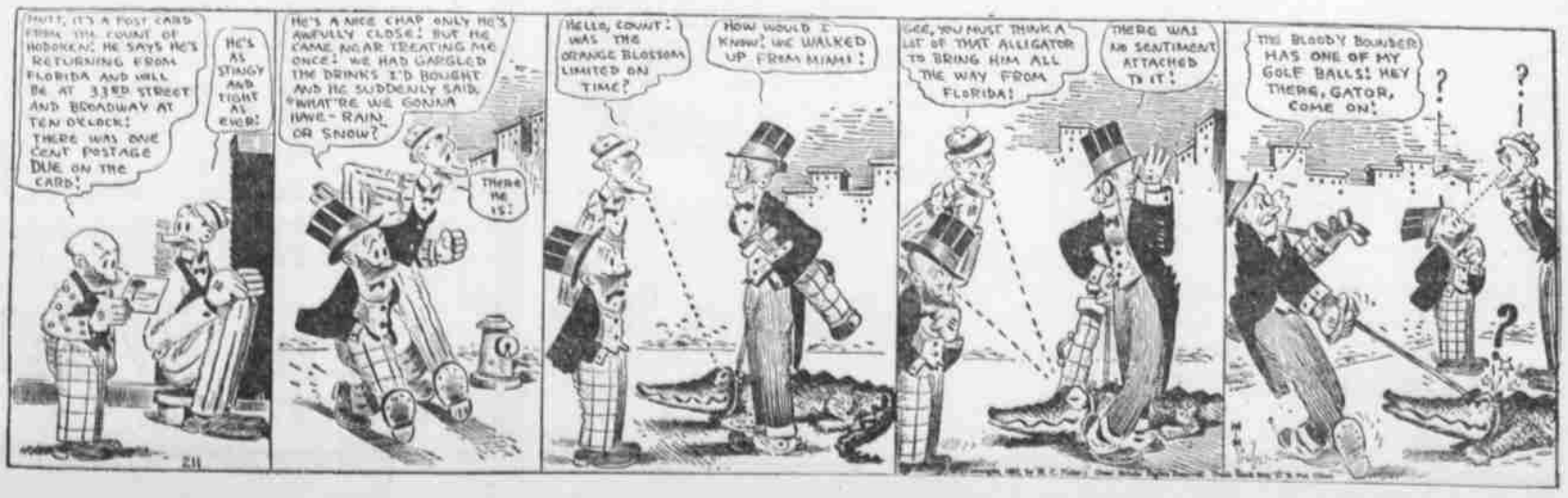
CHOPS WAY OUT OF DALLAS JAIL

Dallas, Or., April 13.—The first jail break in Polk county jail in nearly two months was effected last night when E. A. Stone made a getaway. Stone had been sent to the lower floor to split the wood for the next day while the other prisoners were left upstairs. He chopped both at the wood and at the brick wall and at 9 o'clock when officers came down to investigate they found an old gap in the wall reopened and no trace of Stone. He had a two hour start.

Stone, an Independence man, was serving out a $100 fine on a petty larceny charge.

DUMB DORA — By Chick Young

BRINGING UP FATHER — By George McManus

BARNEY GOOGLE — Be It Ever So Humble, Etc. — By Billy De Beck

MUTT AND JEFF — The Count of Hoboken Returns From Florida, and he's Tighter than Ever — By Bud Fisher