

# State Is High in News Rank

## Oregon Average Far Ahead of Others

## Pacific Coast Leads

## Percent of Magazine Readers Gauged

The Pacific states are far in advance of the national average in percentage of inhabitants who read daily newspapers and magazines, according to findings made by Prof. George S. Turnbull, of the school of journalism, in the University. Mr. Turnbull based his investigation on the latest statistics given in the International Year Book of Editor and Publisher.

Forty-three states rank below Oregon in percentage of newspaper-reading and only four above. These four, in order, are Massachusetts, California, New York (51.5 per cent), Missouri (47 per cent). Oregon's percentage is 42.

The New England states and New York-New Jersey are the only groups to surpass the Pacific coast in percentage of newspaper readers, and in magazine-reading the Pacific coast group stands first in the United States.

Oregon distances its northern and eastern neighbors in newspaper circulation. Washington has a daily newspaper circulation to 36 per cent of the population. Oregon's showing is 42 per cent, 6 per cent better than that of Washington. Idaho makes approximately one-third as favorable a showing as does Oregon.

Only one state, California, of the 10 included in the western group—California, Washington, Colorado, Oregon, Montana, Utah, Idaho, Arizona, Wyoming and Nevada—surpasses Oregon's record in daily newspaper-reading. And California is second in the nation, headed only by Massachusetts, which steps far in advance of every other New England state. California's showing is approximately 53 per cent. Massachusetts, home of Harvard university, surpasses this record by one per cent.

The statistics indicate that Oregon's magazine-reading is far in advance of the average of the United States as a whole. This state, with its 783,389 population (1920 census) includes within its borders 74-hundredths of one per cent of the population. These Oregonians, however, read an average of close to 1.4 per cent of the number of copies of magazines circulated in the country—or nearly twice the total for the nation at large.

# Life of American in Orient Told

(Continued from page one)

ially in Shanghai, she continued. The English concession of land, and that of the French, are very beautiful, with their large residences, public buildings, country clubs and theaters.

"It is really quite thrilling," was the manner in which she expressed it. An English atmosphere prevails. After one has been there a month he feels that he can't live without his tea.

"I really like China much better than Japan," Miss McMurry continued. "There are many foreigners residing in the concessions, or touring the country, and lots of dances and social affairs. One is not behind the time in Shanghai, indeed really ahead of America there, whereas in Japan one always has the feeling that he is behind."

Many college men, who have graduated and are on three or four year contracts with foreign importing or exporting companies, may be seen in the Orient, and occasionally she mentioned familiar names of former Oregon students she had met on her trip, among whom are Carl Newberry, holding a responsible position with the Admiral Oriental Steamship company in Shanghai; Mr. and Mrs. Stan Anderson on a trip to Shanghai, and Harold Newton, who is the American vice-consul in Kobe, Japan. Miss McMurry was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. V. G. Madden, her sister and brother-in-law, also former Oregon students, at Tokyo, where she remained for four months.

The return trip by way of Honolulu took fourteen days. The sunset on the beach at Waikiki is as perfect as it is pictured to be in her opinion. "We saw hula dances (modified,

# Dr. Charles Forster Smith Professor, Reader, Scholar

By Marion Playter

"Learn to choose and to read the best books." This is the advice of Dr. Charles Forster Smith, professor emeritus of Greek in the University of Wisconsin, who arrived here Thursday to visit his son, Warren D. Smith, head of the geology department in the University.

Dr. Smith, who has taught Greek in the University of Wisconsin for 30 years, believes the reading of the "great books" to be the best training for all, no matter what their line of work may be.

Dr. Smith himself has read "twenty volumes" during the last two months. Reading novels he finds tremendously "tempting." Just now, for the joy of it, for he finds reading his greatest recreation, he is lost in Charlotte Bronte's "Jane Eyre," which, he says, he read when he was a boy.

No definite list of books can be set forth for students, Dr. Smith believes, for those that will help some will be of little value to others. But he prescribes general reading, which will lead toward culture, in this order: biography, history, poetry and essays by great men.

Quoting Carlyle, the professor says, "History is an infinite series of biographies." So, he explains, from biographies of really "great men," such as "Abraham Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson, who is one of my heroes," he adds with a sincere smile, "one leads naturally into history."

And the value in biography, he feels, is that the story of a great life inspires one—perhaps unconsciously—to fashion his own life in that way. Perhaps it is the white beard flecked with black or the steady look out of his brown eyes that seem to add a final authority to his words.

Concerning poetry, Dr. Smith quotes Matthew Arnold, "Poetry is thought touched with emotion." The professor thinks that it should be read aloud because of the music in it, and, he adds, "music is a great means of culture."

The populace of Greece, in the fifth century before Christ, had a higher state of culture, is Dr. Smith's belief, than any "state of society" since then. The small number of population was one reason for this higher development.

"Mr. Gladstone of England," said the teacher, "has talked in the open air to as many as twenty

thousand people." Then, he explained; the "mass of the people" could be reached through the voice of one speaker in the Greek open-air theaters.

The general trend of development, he feels, is a sort of leveling process. "General education" is more widespread in this country than anywhere else in the world in the present time. But, he adds, "certainly, there has been no progress in culture."

The trend toward specialization has decreased the teaching of Greek and Latin, but Dr. Smith is confident that there will be a reaction, perhaps not in state universities where there is so much specializing, but in the smaller colleges. Harvard, "as it used to be," when it was much smaller, is his ideal of a college. He was pleased with Stanford university, too, where he has spent the last two months visiting his brother who has been a professor there for 32 years. By limiting the number of students allowed to enter, the students may be "picked," and the best and the most capable minds trained to lead. "I believe in training leaders," he asserted.

Dr. Smith received his A.B. degree from Wafford, a college in South Carolina, his home state. From there he went to Harvard and then to Leipzig, Germany, where he received his Ph.D. degree.

It is his hope that after the effects of the war have worn away students will begin to go back to German colleges. A foreign language, Dr. Smith thinks, is essential to broaden one's horizon.

"Matthew Arnold expresses it," he said, "it is this, 'to see your own language and people through other eyes.'" To know thoroughly another language means to "make your horizon twice as broad." It also opens up another nation's field of literature. In his eyes, the literature of Germany is next only to English literature.

"If you are like me," the professor says, "you like to climb a hill where you can see a wider view." Dr. Smith not only means this figuratively. While he is visiting here—he expects to be here for about three months before going back to Wisconsin—he walks, both morning and afternoon, in the woods and the country.

# Lilies and Dead Minds

By M. E.

The poppies bloom on Flanders field. They keep silent watch over the many dead souls who bled and died there. In the south sea islands the lotus blossom blooms over the graves of dead warriors. In Greece the laurel droops over the crypts of dead heroes. Out on the great wastes of cattle-land, the weeping willow drowns mournfully over the resting place of some poor cowboy.

The lily, symbolic of death, a beautiful flower, wastes its beauty and fragrance in the torpid atmosphere of the correspondence room in the journalism shack. The lily nods knowingly. Death stalks abroad in the correspondence room. Someone is dead in the correspondence room, mentally, not physically. The great minds of some prolific journalists have ceased to function.

however), the real hula as originally danced is no longer allowed, and listened to the music boys' serenades which were very enjoyable."

A delightful custom of the island is perpetuated. Huge wreaths of flowers are put around one's neck by a remaining friend, as the boat leaves the wharf, which if thrown in the ocean when the steamer is about ten minutes out of port is said to bring good luck to the tourist and insure his return to Hawaii, declared Miss McMurry, who followed the custom by casting her beautiful wreath of carnations on the waves.

"The boat arrived in San Francisco and the trip was over." Miss McMurry brought a number of lovely articles from the Orient. "You know the natives there always ask twice what the article is worth, and the tourists are always supposed to 'jew' them down to half the price asked," said the little lady in a confidential and humorous tone. "And so used to doing that were we that when I

# Night of April Frolic Approaches

(Continued from page one)

curious men strolled in to the sun parlor of the Woman's building to give the seething mass of women the once-over. They crowded the parlor and were prepared to burst through the doors of the gymnasium, when lo, there walked forth from the scene of activity one of the older and well-known head residents, decked in a breathless style. The men gave one hasty look and forth they leaped from all the windows of the place. They say she had donned the brightest of canary yellow stockings, and wore a dress, oh, so short for one of her years.

Sometimes there come letters from old alums who think the passing years have made it safe to tell of their night-at April Frolic. Cautiously they had to dress, and snoop onto the scene. For their guilty conscience told them the dean of women and all their feminine classmates had their eyes on the guilty ones. Yet we have not heard of a man taking the prize, that's an accomplishment for the future.

The masculine folks who plan on seeing the 1924 April Frolic will see a sight long to be remembered, judging from the stunts listed.

Let's make our guess as to the stunts to be shown next Saturday night. "Peppy Patters" is the name for one. Some more dancing and soft shoe shuffle, we reckon. "Library Dates"—in other words, ladies and gentlemen of the campus, see yourselves as others see you. "So This Is College"—a revelation on campus life, graveyard scenes, class life, and library scenes, probably.

"Characters in Bamboo Land." It will be a change from college land, anyway. "Mother Goose at April Frolic"—a new on-looker. Maybe Jack Horner, Simple Simon, Humpty Dumpty, or the Old Lady who lived in a shoe.

"When the Clock Strikes Twelve." It may be on Cinderella, but it ought to be by campus time. "When the Clock Finds Twelvetwenty." "Tantalizing Terpsichore," a take-off, we guess, on Ziegfeld Follies. "The Carnival," with all its hand organs, and side-shows. "Inside Out," another burlesque on college (we guess). "King's Holiday," another brain twister. "Cheese Dream," some have such subtle names.

Clowns, Old Dutch Cleanser, Rudolph Valentino, nymphs, fairies, the Dutch twins, coy southern belles, bathing beauties, Maggie and Jiggs, Gold Dust twins, Campbell twins, all variety of dancers, and so many

others in individual costumes will be there. Yes, it will be worth seeing.

# Varsity Swimmers Best O. A. C. Men

(Continued from page one)

Dives—Burrhoughs, O. A. C.; Horsfall, O.; McCabe, O.

100 yard breaststroke—Cramer, O. A. C.; Sinclair, O.; Van Dyke, O. A. C.; time 1.24.

220 yard free style—Horsfall, O.; Hodeker, O. A. C.; Herron, O.; time 2.53.

Plunge—Turner, O. A. C.; Wisvall, O.; Smith, O. A. C.; 60 feet. 100 yard dash—Palmer, O.; Carpenter, O. A. C.; Hodeker, O. A. C.; time 1.04.

Relay won by Oregon—Herron, Stoddard, McCabe, and Horsfall; time 1.28.

A return meet will be held at O. A. C. on April 19.

The officials were—Referee, Fahlg; timers, Foster, Lombard and Boggs; judges at turns, Widmer and Reinhardt; scorer, Laurs.

# Yearbook Is Sent to the Publishers

(Continued from page one)

ook is being printed, has declared that in his opinion the Oregonian of his year will be the most harmonious and beautiful from an artistic standpoint of any book published by the University.

Those who have failed to subscribe or the Oregonian and are desirous of doing so are requested to get in touch with Myron Shannon, business manager, or Gibson Wright, circulation manager, as orders in advance are necessary.

# Examinations Are Discussed by Writer

(Continued from page one)

sons, he could not help but make the honor roll.

In summing up, it seems impos-

sible that the student could look on examinations with other than the utmost approbation. In fact, their merits are so many and their faults are so few that they should be classed as blessings and remembered in our daily prayers.

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They are still. They have deteriorated. Never again will they do good upon this earth.

The journalists in question wagged on and on in their little rendezvous. They waxed fluently and foolishly. Some one heard them, doubted them, and without further adieu called the florist and ordered lilies.

The journalists are dead and the beautiful lily looks over them. The poppies bloom on Flanders field. The lotus flower blooms in the south. The weeping willow droops. The laurel watches. Dead souls. Dead journalists. Their pens are idle.

In death the journalists in question wish to thank the kind donors of the lily. It is beautiful. We love lilies. We are gone, and the lily watches while the typewriters go click-clack and other journalists wag merrily on.

shop here I almost begin the old Oriental bargaining system."

Miss McMurry has registered for the new term as a junior in the University.

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