

The Oregon Statesman

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THE "FORTUNE" OF DR. STEINMETZ

Dr. Charles Steinmetz, "the highest paid electrical engineer in the world," left behind an estate that one of his own linemen might have easily exceeded.

Some books and papers, a 1912 model automobile, a \$1500 insurance policy issued by the General Electric company—that was all.

And to those who take a superficial view of success this may appear a sorry record. To many it will suggest a strange paradox. The highest paid electrical engineer in the world—

And no worldly possessions to show for his years of toil except an obsolete auto and a paltry insurance policy!

And they will be tempted to ask, "What was the matter with him?"

What was the matter with Dr. Charles Steinmetz? As regards his small estate the answer is simple. He was too busy doing and achieving to draw his pay. His brain was too occupied with mighty projects and magnificent visions for the advances of science and for the benefit of humanity to bend itself to the accumulation of personal possessions.

He once said, "If I think of money I will not work as well. Build me a house, if you will, and a laboratory. That is all I want." Money to him was a means, not an end. It might work for him—

He did not want to work for it. There one can put his finger on the success of such extraordinary men as Dr. Steinmetz. He was devoted to the accumulation of the higher wealth to which money was only one contributory factor—

Along with study and zeal and industry, and force and enthusiasm.

Run through the list of what the greatest electrical engineer of this century accomplished—set this list of achievement against the old motor car, the books and papers and the poor, little, cash policy—and the question, "What was the matter with Dr. Steinmetz?" answers itself—

And it suggests the reason why men of near the caliber of Dr. Steinmetz are so few and men of great wealth so many—and why the world remembers the men of the Steinmetz stamp and so soon, on the average, forgets the men of the other stamp—

And it proves again the difficulty a rich man experiences in entering into the kingdom of heaven.

Dr. Steinmetz was the realm of science and he could not risk losing it for the riches that grew outside its gates. The man who could make lightning in his laboratory could have made millions outside of it—

But that would have interfered with the goal he was striving for—

And he knew that for a man with a mission the longest day is too short. Edison finds this true. Burbank knows it is so.

So Dr. Steinmetz simply became "the highest paid electrical engineer in the world" and had no spare time even to draw his salary.

And there is not a multi-millionaire whom the world could so ill afford to lose as this estateless citizen who refused to take any fixed remuneration for his labors—

And there are many people who, if they read the estate of Dr. Steinmetz in dollars and cents and knew nothing else about him, would rate him as another of the world's commonplace failures.

There are others of whom the world is making a similar mistake—that is, the world that takes its rating from Bradstreet. But the record that lives on earth—and some of us are led to believe also in heaven—is not stamped with the dollar mark—

But the number of things done nobly on a lasting scale; or even the number of things done that are useful things brought about through selfless service, according to the abilities of the ones performing them; according to the talents with which they were endowed—

You remember the parable. That is the reason why men like Dr. Steinmetz seldom have to pass through the eye of the needle to enter the kingdom of heaven.

THE STUDENT PLEDGE

The other day Governor Pierce went to Eugene and administered to the student body a pledge which reads as follows:

"As a student in the university which is maintained by the people of Oregon, I heartily acknowledge the obligation I owe. The opportunities open to me here for securing training, ideals and vision for life, I deeply appreciate, and regard as a sacred trust, and do hereby pledge my honor that it shall be my most cherished purpose to render as beautiful a return to the Oregon people and their posterity, in faithful and ardent devotion to the common good as will be in my power. It shall be the aim of my life to labor for the highest good and glory of an ever greater commonwealth."

Just how old a custom this is, we do not know, but it certainly is a mighty fine one. The students are at the state university at practically no expense for their education. The tax payers of Oregon see to it that the best possible instruction is provided for the use of the student and all a student has to do is to improve his opportunities.

Every young man in Oregon had to pay cost for his education the university might have 200 students. That its attendance is several hundred per cent larger

is because the tax payers are giving to every boy and girl in the state a chance for education.

It is fitting that the student body should be dramatically and forcibly informed of its responsibilities, the information must be imparted to them in a way that will take effect, and the authorities have the governor of the state journey there to administer the obligation and see that it is effective. His presence typifies all of the state tax payers and his words are the words of the people.

Oregon taxpayers are happy to provide the opportunity for higher education for the children of the state, happy to know that the educational factory at Eugene is turning out a finished product equal to the best. There is every reason to believe that the students appreciate their opportunity and make the most of it because their attention is directly called there to. It is a very happy custom.

A WRONG IDEA

There is an effort in Spokane to let down on the enforcement of the prohibitory law, in order to accommodate the loggers. Spokane could not make a worse move. A few loggers think more of their liquor than anything else, but even at that, that does not justify the city in entering a partnership with the liquor traffic. However, only a few of the

loggers would put liquor first and they would be so undesirable that Spokane would get the worst of it all along the line.

All the loggers worth while, the men who have, or expect to have families want a decent town to live in. Consorting with liquor is always wrong and the town that does it reaps the whirlwind. Certainly Spokane has hell enough as it is without the city government going into partnership with the bootleggers.

A COMMUNITY CLUB

The Salem Heights community club has been in operation since 1909. It has a very comfortable home, but they are even now planning to enlarge it. The community club has grown out of its present quarters. The community club idea has taken root because it meets a real need. Americans are naturally sociable but the intensity of business life has a tendency to make them selfish and to retire within their shells. This is not true of Salem Heights, however, everybody knows everybody else there. Their methods are thoroughly democratic, we never saw a public meeting in which so many people participated as the one held there Friday night.

The Salem Heights community club is doing a work in its own neighborhood of incalculable value. It is an object lesson that is radiating all over the state.

THE LAFOLETTE APPEAL

Senator LaFollette is back from three months spent in Europe. He does not seem to have much to say about the soviet government of Russia, but he does have a lot to say about the deplorable condition of Germany. He says Germany is about to break down and all the information we have on that subject bears out that conclusion.

It would not be a good thing for the world to have the German government fall and give the Bolsheviks a foothold in Europe. They make no pretence of ruling by majority rule, they are all bad and to have them take away Germany with all of the possibilities of that wonderfully rich empire would shake the governments of the world from their foundations.

EVIL AND THINKING EVIL

It has been a favorite expression of a certain class of sensual artists to say that evil is what we think, and these artists do not hesitate in practice to set themselves apart from the world that is governed by our laws. There is no possible reason why artists should be sensual or vulgar. Art should be the refinement of respectability. The artist who paints a nasty picture does it first because his mind is nasty and secondly because his perverse kind wants to cast off propaganda of evil. We have no patience with those in art who would force their sensuality upon the public.

COVER THEM UP

The city of Portland officially has removed the nude figures which "adorned" the public place, and the sensual minded are disconsolate. One deplorable thing about the sensual mind is that he is always trying to pose, he is everlastingly trying to get his nastiness before the public.

Portland people resent this and public sentiment has won. The nude is not art, the nude is nature, and if it takes a sensuous figure to arouse the enthusiasm of an artist, it shows a deplorable condition of mind.

THE POOR MICROBE

After being driven from pillar to post and lodged in an obscure corner, the microbe is now declared to be nonexistent. It is a terrible pity for an animal to make such a fight for its life and then have it get out that it never had a life.

A famous star, fast becoming notorious, has been arrested in Los Angeles for speeding. It is noticeable that a good many of that class are resorting to speed, in order to get into the newspapers.

AGGIES LOSE BY FOURTEEN TO NONE

(Continued from page 2)
duel with Gill through much of the conflict. Rutherford's men lost a golden opportunity to score in the opening period when Quarterback Price was downed on the Huskies' 22-yard line before he could complete a pass that the crowd of Aggie supporters was praying would result in a touchdown. The Aggies opened up with a dazzling series of passes in the final quarter, three of them from Price to Gill, netting a total of 49 yards. Washington was penalized on numerous occasions for holding.

Book Review

By VERA BRADY SHIPMAN

"THE TEMPTRESS," by V. Blasco Ibanez. Published by E. P. Dutton Company. New York City. Price \$2.00 net.

This Spaniard, Ibanez, writes of Latin folk in a way which grips as it nauseates. You feel the pulses of his lovmaking heroes, the inconstancy of his women and the inconstancy of his women and writes of sunny skies, of passionate dwellers in baronial castles, of love thrilled cottagers and of clandestine meetings of the twain. His newest novel is a story of a vicious woman, a heartless creature to whom affection means lawbreaking infidelity.

The story flits from Paris to the Argentine, giving a fine picture of the land of the Pampas and the coming of irrigation. And even Ibanez has caught the popular trend of moralizing in his pictures. After such scenes as "Enemies of Women," he has brought his heroine to degradation as a direct result of her moral depravity. It is indeed a departure for the Spaniard to point to a moral but it is there, well detailed and bringing the reader to the point of reluctant abandonment of its fiery emphasis. It is a novel of low morale and its subsequent retaliation.

A very fine catalogue of children's books has just been issued by the MacMillan Company, New York City. It contains the seasons new books for youth and classics reread and redressed for the public fancy. If you are a modern parent or teacher who is searching for good child literature, you cannot go far amiss with a MacMillan guaranteed book. Write for the illustrated catalogue of MacMillan books for boys and girls from the publishers. It will be found valuable for Christmas lists as well as everyday child libraries.

Oh—"Oh, Doctor!"



Harry Leon Wilson

Since Harry Leon Wilson wrote that great succession of laughing-novels, "Bunker Bean," "Ruggles of Red Gap," and "Merton of the Movies", people are expecting him to create a new clever character in American life every year. This year it is Rufus Billop, the sanitarian pest in "Oh, Doctor!" who became the strangest go-getter you ever heard of! And already "the Billop touch," which is a Wilson master touch, has become immortal.

(By C. T.)
"OH, DOCTOR," by Harry Leon Wilson. Published by Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, New York. Price 2.00 net. The doctor might be any doctor, the time any time; it is just another of Harry Leon Wilson's flashes of "wit, wisdom and foolishness." If you laughed at "Merton of the Movies" and "Ruggles of Red Gap," you'll not want to pass up his sparkling, "Oh, Doctor."

Rufus Billop inherits the disposition to die young; his mother coddles him, his father worries over him, and both pass out leaving him heir to a good fortune and the conviction that his end is near. The fortune has a string attached which three sanguine old bankers, Rufus himself, and Miss Hicks, the nurse, are anxious to dispense with. Miss Hicks is the buoyant, vivacious type, getting what she wants by appearing not to want it. She leads her patient out of the paths of hypochondria and converts him into a daredevil. Then the bankers throw up their hands and quit and Miss Hicks plays her trump card.

It is an exciting novel, written that all who read may laugh. One of its chief charms is its natural, sprightly conversation as those who know Harry Leon Wilson need not be told.

"THE LAVENDER LAD,"

by Dolf Wyllarde. Published by The St. Botolph Society, Boston.

The lavender Lad begins as a little folk's story, with the vagaries and childish whims of a waif from the London streets who cuddles up in an empty cart and falls asleep. He awakes with London 16 miles behind him and is seeking shelter in a hay-mow on the lavender farm of John Dalish. The two become friends, Charley clinging to Dalish with awe and treachousness of hero-worship, Dalish sheltering Charley in pity and for the place he fills in the emptiness of his bachelor's heart and childless home.

Then, suddenly, the disguise of the waif's story is flung off and a stranger story develops, with love, sorrow, despair to complicate the process of human emotions and make it a novel for older folks to enjoy. Charley, with a background of adventure as the little London vagabond, loses none of his charm in the strangest of metamorphoses. Those who have heard the guttural chanting of "Buoy My Lavender" or "Lavender's Blue" in the market places of London; or who have breathed the perfume of the lavender-scented air, will like particularly well the mold in which "The Lavender Lad" is cast.

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

More beautiful days— But do not call them unusual—

It is unusual when the Willamette valley does not have weeks on end of the finest fall weather in the world.

This is world temperance Sunday, and fits a good thing to repeat a few of the words spoken on June 25 in his Denver speech by Warren G. Harding. Here they are: "The prohibition amendment to the constitution is the basic law of the land. The Volstead act has been passed, providing a code of enforcement. I am convinced that they are a small, and a greatly mistaken, minority who believe the eighteenth amendment will ever be repealed."

In the same speech he said: "I do not see how any citizen who cherishes the protection of law in organized society may feel himself secure when he himself is the example of contempt for the law. Ours must be a law abiding republic, and reverence and obedience must spring from the influential and the leaders among men, as well as obedience from the humblest citizens, else the temple will collapse."

Salem has some of the largest and finest furniture stores in Oregon. The enlarged Stiff furniture store is a show place. Such stores help the whole city, by keeping trade at home and bringing it from long distances.

Last week was apple week; and every Oregonian will help his state and the state of his health by making every week of the 52 an apple week.

And there are no better apples grown on earth than the best of the Willamette valley apples of the varieties in which we excel.

EDITORIALS OF THE PEOPLE

The Income Tax

Editor Statesman: I fear that the press of our state has unjustly criticized Governor Hart for some of his statements during his address at the state house at the time of the jubilee over the completion of some of our main highways.

It was not my privilege to hear him, however, if he was quoted correctly, he dealt with some fundamental facts when he stated that taxes would never come down nor that any candidate elected on such a pledge could deliver or redeem, as the people through their representative and law making bodies will not support him; in fact, the people by their direct vote are largely responsible for present high taxes.

Now we are called upon to vote another tax, disguised as income tax, but in its effect will work as property tax and carries with it another commission which will consume probably one-tenth of the money collected from that source, and thereby increase taxes again by direct vote of the people. A further cause to pause before voting for this new source of supply of money to supply funds for all the schemes for future law making bodies is the fact that to pass this new bill would nullify the present limitation of 6 per cent voted years ago by direct vote of the people and wisely so, for there is no limit then to the amount of appropriation that can be made, hence I think we should go slow and pause before we reach the sky limit.

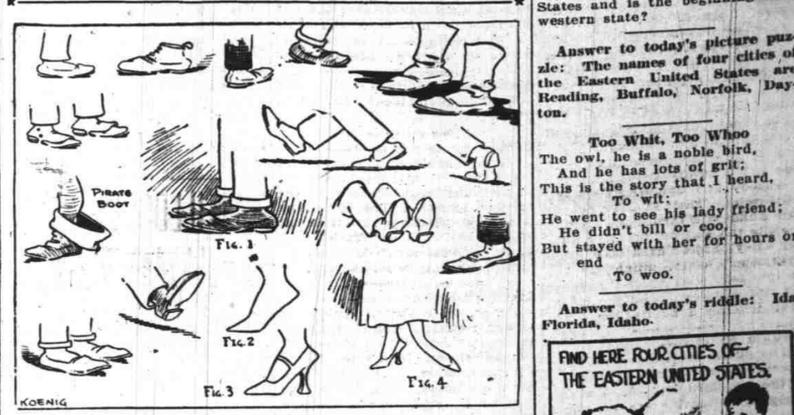
One of Governor Withycombe's hobbies was to give our state schools such liberal support as will make them almost independent from further worry about money, and we all supported the measure so that now students come from other states at a great distance to become graduates in Oregon because it has cheaper tuition, but the Oregon taxpayer foots the bill. Did not Governor Withycombe make the pledge to lower taxes by reducing commissions or carefully consolidating them? But history shows that they multiplied and a very decided increase of state taxes took place. Governor Pierce has not been in office long enough to know what he can do. The test will come about January, 1925. In the meantime I hope the voters will be wise and keep the 6 per cent safeguard in force and let our state develop under its protection.

THE BOYS AND GIRLS NEWSPAPER

The Biggest Little Paper in the World

Copyright, 1923, Associated Editors. Edited by John M. Miller.

HOW TO CARTOON



The best way for the amateur cartoonist to study shoes is to take an old one you have around the house and draw it from different angles. The chart above shows shoes in various positions. I think you will find it best to keep them in outline with little or no shading. If you must shade, however, Figure 1 illustrates a simple method. Figure 2 shows how to draw a woman's high heeled slipper. Figure 3 is the completed drawing. You see, it's very simple if you know how to go at it. Figure 4 illustrates the popular way for a lady to stand—according to cartoonists. Now you are ready to study the figure as used by cartoonists. You will learn about the tricks of drawing it next week.

THE SHORT STORY, JR.

AN EFFECTIVE GHOST STORY
Though Frances got boxes so big, To share them she didn't give a fig!

But Kitty's weird tale Caused Frances to wail And cured her of being a pig.

"It certainly is queer the way Frances Smith gets so many big boxes from home, and yet she never gives any midnight parties," remarked Kitty, who lived across the hall from Frances.

"Yes," agreed Janet, her roommate, "when we get food from home we have a spread and ask everybody on the floor."

Just at this point, Frances stopped in. Janet frowned as she saw crumbs on Frances' mouth.

A moment later, Agnes, from down the hall, came in, and the girls sat on the floor and talked. "I'm hungry," announced Kitty. "Anybody have any food?" Agnes and Janet replied in the negative, while Frances evaded the question.

"Well, if we can't eat, what'll we do?" complained Janet. "I know a good ghost story," suggested Kitty. It was instantly agreed that she should tell it, so the light was turned out.

"Once there were two old women who lived on a rocky farm far from civilization," Kitty began. "They had nothing but the grain they harvested, and all through the year they lived on the summer's yield, and put some away in the garret for the lean year they feared might come. And at last it did come. There was a year when a drought ruined the crop so that year they lived on two meals a day. The next year grasshoppers ate the crop and all that year they lived on one meal a day and grew thin.

"The third year when a flood washed away their crops, the gaunt older sister found that there was only enough food for one to live on during the winter, so she told the feebler one that there was no more food in the attic, and as the younger one was too weak to climb the stairs to see for herself, she went hungry to bed. There she lay starving, while every evening the older sister stole upstairs and ate her fill. The bedridden sister grew thinner and thinner. Finally she died.

"One night as the wretched old woman climbed into her bed after a good meal, a ghostly figure resembling the dead sister entered the room. She drifted to the bedside and lifted a menacing finger. In a hollow voice she said: 'I know you starved me to death. Now I will do to you what should be done to everybody who is selfish,' and with that the ghost clamped bony fingers around the throat in the bed and pressed tighter and tighter and the old woman choked and gasped till finally—

"Stop!" screamed Frances' voice. Kitty jumped up and snatched on the light. "Oh, oh!" moaned Frances. "I hate ghost stories. By the way, I forgot. I have a cake in my room. Let's eat it instead of telling stories."

shortened to 10 minutes each. The Nevadans kept the ball in California territory a fair half of the game but played mainly a safe, defensive game.

Civilization seems to be a matter of multiplying the things that a young girl ought to know.

The chap who wins Mr. Boks peace prize won't have much peace after his relatives find it out.

FUTURE DATES

November 3 and 4, Saturday and Sunday—Annual home-coming at OAO, Corvallis, and football game with University of Washington.
November 3 to 10—Pacific International Livestock exposition, Portland.
November 6, Tuesday—Special election on income tax referendum.
November 9 and 10, Friday and Saturday—First Annual Willamette University Home Coming.
November 10, Saturday—State Meeting of Ku Klux Klan at State fair grounds.
November 10, Saturday—Football, Willamette university vs Whitman college, at Salem.

The World's Greatest Livestock Show

Seems to be taking in a good deal of territory when we say that the Pacific International Livestock Exposition at Portland is the world's greatest—but it's the truth.

—And the Night Horse Show will be the finest in America this year, not even excepting that at Madison Square Garden, New York.

In line with our interest in the development of livestock in the country about us, we want to urge every one of you to see as many days as possible of this wonderful show between Nov. 3rd and 10th.

The United States National Bank Salem, Oregon