

Conviction brings a silent, indefinable beauty into faces made of the commonest human clay; the devout worshiper at any shrine reflects something of its golden glow, even as the glory of a noble love shines like a soft of light from a woman's face.—Balzac.

More and More Milk

THE current Salem chamber of commerce bulletin contains these words: "Marion county produces more commercial milk than any county in the state. U. S. census, January 1, 1925, reports: Dairy cows in Marion county, 3495; dairy cows in Polk county, 1410."

That is a good comparative showing, but it is not good enough; it is very far from good enough—

The present dairy herds do not furnish enough milk to keep down a constant struggle for the supply by the creameries and other institutions needing a larger share of it than they can have without costly competition in getting theirs. And there are many outlets for milk products that are not now represented here and would be with an adequate supply assured and its continuance certain.

The increased acreage of Grimm alfalfa, Hungarian vetch, the sweet clovers, etc., etc., is helping to keep up the growth in dairying here—

But the big thing needed is general irrigation, which would increase all crops needed to back up dairying, and would give us beet sugar factories, which would render this the greatest dairying district in the world; meaning the Willamette valley.

Why do not all the people who ought to be interested see this, and combine and concentrate? Major irrigation projects can be had for the asking, if the asking be sufficiently urgent and persistent.

England's Bootleggers

THERE is much agitation in Great Britain against the bootlegging of methylated spirits which are being drunk in increasing quantities in place of the more expensive output of the legalized distilleries. Methylated spirits are one and the same with wood alcohol which cause blindness, insanity and frequently death. We know a lot about wood alcohol. They are learning about it over in Great Britain, even though they have no particularly strict laws regarding its sale. Anybody over there can buy so-called "good" whisky, that is, the regular output of the breweries and distilleries, but they are taking to drinking wood alcohol nevertheless. The reason is found in the high tax levied against spirits by the government which, it is being claimed, raises the price beyond the reach of the average individual who feels that he must have his daily toddy. It is now up to the British government either to go after the wood alcohol bootleggers and thus put in force a variety of prohibition, or else lower the tax. It is a dilemma indeed, with interesting aspects, not the least of which is that even where liquor may be bought and sold legally there are bootleggers nevertheless, and people to drink their stuff—

And the different provinces of the Dominion of Canada could give the mother country some valuable pointers under this head—

For there are more bootleggers among the "Canucks" than they had when part of the political divisions had open saloons or were dry than there are now, when the provinces are in the booze business with their dispensaries.

The Next War

THE English labor leader who warns his party members that Great Britain and the United States are drifting into the same state of suspicion and rivalry that brought about the World War and aligned Great Britain and Germany against each other, undoubtedly is seeing much too much. He thinks this year is comparable to the year 1906. If this chronology be correct war between the two English speaking powers can be definitely scheduled in eight years, 1936.

There seems little to fear in the way of a possible armed struggle between England and America after a peace that has lasted over a hundred years—

For nothing but the most insulting and overt act of aggression could induce these countries to go to war, and if either government were guilty of such act its people would not allow it to continue in power. Such a war as the labor leader sees is unthinkable—

But predictions of the kind may serve to cause a little closer watch to be kept upon diplomats and their engagements and contacts, and every other influence in favor of good will and friendly feeling fostered and encouraged.

Wireless Tapping

Wire tapping has been going on more or less regularly ever since there were any wires to tap, but the feat is not recognized as good practice and is in fact decidedly unlawful. But tapping the wireless is easy for any amateur with a radio set, is sometimes very interesting and there is no law in conflict with the practice. That is one of the worries of the transatlantic wireless telephone companies. People do not ordinarily pay the high rates to talk from New York to Berlin to gossip about their neighbors or to inquire how the baby is; very commonly the conversation relates to stocks and bonds, business and finance. An amateur drifting about over his dial and tuning on such a conversation may hear something of interest to himself and more especially interesting to the competitors of the conversationalists; he may in fact for a consideration relate the conversation to the competitors. That is what happened to a prominent New York City bank, and now the telephone company is trying to find a cure for the condition.

Working for Hoover

IN his Oklahoma speech, Al Smith read favorable comments made about him by Hughes and Root. These were merely the pleasantness of a polite pair of men on amiable occasions. But both Root and Hughes are out working for Hoover, Mr. Hughes having come home from Europe for that very purpose. Root is a pronounced wet, but he says: "We need the very best man available for president, and among all of them I think Herbert Hoover is BY FAR the most competent. His clearness of thought, his proved deep human sympathy, his qualities of complete devotion to whatever task he undertakes, his long executive training, his wide experience in large affairs, his practical knowledge of national administration, make his election seem to me an exceptional opportunity for the good of the country." Let Al read that to his next audience.

Just a day or two ago, a national authority spoke of the tariff on wheat being increased under the elastic clauses of the tariff act from 28 to 42 cents a bushel. The law fixed the charge at 30 cents a bushel, and the president made the advance 40 per cent instead of 50 per cent, as was asked for. It should have been raised the limit, to 45 cents a bushel. Nearly every speaker in this campaign, democrat or republican, has made errors when he has quoted tariff schedules and figures. There is no good excuse for this. The law is very plain in all things.

One man's wife vigorously protested and became violently hysterical when her husband was nominated for president. The incident occurred in Dallas, Tex., when the national jewelers' association was selecting its officers. Neither Mrs. Smith nor Mrs. Hoover acted that way when their husbands were nominated for president.

If you think food is more important than a drink, vote for Hoover.

The New Farm Hand



Herbert Hoover
A Reminiscent Biography

By WILL IRWIN

(Extract from the book published by The Century Co.)



As soon as Huldah Hoover was laid beside her husband in the Friends cemetery of West Branch, the Hoovers and Minthorns held a family council. They would take care of their own. For the present, however, the children must be separated. Uncle Davis, volunteered to bring up Tad; May, still little more than a baby, would stay with her Grandmother Minthorn. And his Uncle Allan Hoover, who cultivated a quarter-section a few miles from West Branch, would take Herbert.

When Herbert Hoover left the little two-story house behind the maples, he was bidding farewell to his immediate family and entering the full state of orphanhood. He took it hard—but with his mouth shut and grief showing only in his eyes. His Aunt Millie was an understanding woman and just. For a long time, his elderly relatives say, she favored him—to external appearances at least—over her own brood.

A Kindred Spirit
Herbert found in his cousin Walter a kindred spirit. Together the boys walked two miles to district school, or, when the weather rode double-mounted on one of the farm horses. Together they did the farm chores.

Still, they found time for plenty of play—searching the coverts for quail's nests, climbing trees, orange-hedged, pursuing rabbits making willow whistles, or just hopping and whooping aimlessly over the rolling hills.

Rabbits were the big game of their hunting. Once, of a Sunday afternoon when meeting, Sunday School and dinner were over, Uncle Benajah permitted the boys to take a Sabbath walk. "But," he commanded, "no hunting, no mind!" Soberly they started out, followed by their yellow dog. Suddenly a rabbit started from an orange hedge—another rabbit and another. It was alive with rabbits.

Religion Forgotten
Forgetting their religion, the boys pursued in every direction burning sticks and stones. The dog caught and killed a rabbit. The boys took the carcass away from him before he had mutilated it too much. Apprehensively, they carried it home and explained that they had not hunted the rabbit; it just happened; and anyhow, the dog did it. Without cross-examination, Uncle Benajah accepted their testimony. "Keep it for one of your barbecues—but not on this day. And probably the corners of his mouth were twitching.

In two episodes of this period, a member of the family for comic quality, the biographer traces the first impulse of his natural bent in Herbert Hoover. Uncle Allan had a new mowing-machine. Herbert and Walter were fascinated with its clean slice into the growing timothy. Its rhythmic music, and especially its ingenious mechanism for transforming the rotation of its wheels into the thrust of its blade. About the barn or on the trash-pile behind it lay that abandoned junk common to any long-inhabited farm—worn and broken wheels, pieces of dismantled machinery, rusty bolts, nuts and screws. Somewhere in this mess Bert discovered

a crosscut saw with many teeth missing. It resembled the blade of the mowing machine. And a constructive idea struck him. They would make a mowing-machine of their own.

Apparent Miracle
It seems miraculous, until you consider what boys are doing today with parts of deceased Ford cars; but they produced a plaything which not only traveled on wheels, but displayed an intermittent and uncertain motion like the saw-blade across its bed. That spring's calving had brought into the world a heifer of which the boys made a special pet. She should provide the motive power. They rigged her a harness out of old rope-ends and disintegrating straps, gave her a few lessons in driving, and then tried her out on the machine. It lasted less than a minute. When the clatter broke out behind her she gave a frightened bleat and bolted, dragging after her Bert at the end of the lines, the machine at the end of the traces. After cutting a swath across the vegetable garden, she smashed it against the trunk of a tree—a total wreck.

New Mowing-Machine
The boys were constructing a new mowing-machine when a passer-by caught their attention. It embodied the principle of those sorgham mills by which the farmers ground molasses out of cane. That was what they wanted. They managed to set it upon a base, so to rig the wheels and cams salvaged from the mowing-machine that it would grind at the propulsion of a long pole. To that pole, in imitation of the horse which motivated "grown-up" sorgham mills, they lashed their calf. With one boy pulling her from before and another pushing or braking from behind, she worked better. Actually, they succeeded in grinding out a few spoonfuls of somewhat tinged sorgham molasses, sweeter by far than any hedge-moother's Millie served them at table. (To be continued)

CLICKS

Typewriter Chatter, More or Less Frivolous, of Men, Women and Events.

Money not only "makes the mare go" but also wins world's series games.

Judging from those "What They Think" interviews the "road hog" is not particularly popular in Salem.

Oregon Pythian Knights had a good time at their convention here.

Governor Young says he cannot pardon Hickman. Neither can the rest of the world.

Mrs. Fulkerson says the Marion county teachers' institute just ended was a success. If the teachers learned how to teach better than before this paper agrees with her.

A motor stage sleeping car is due here today. More evidence of world progress.

If the designer of the motor-sleeping car has devised a berth in which a man can remove his pants without spilling all his small change out of the pockets, he has accomplished a miracle.

The garage mechanic who repaired a flat tire and left his pliers inside the casing missed his calling. He ought to have been a surgeon.

A safe way to vote on November 6 will be to vote "No" on all the proposed measures on the Oregon ballot.

Babe Ruth broke up the final game of the big series with three home runs. New York can excuse him a lot for that.

They are picking strawberries in the Zena section. And this is October.

Mexico has lifted the ban on kissing in public. All aboard!

After all, the real issue seems to be whether Hoover or Smith best is qualified for president of the United States.

The world wishes Commander Byrd good luck on his venturesome voyage.

Al Smith apparently wants the prohibition laws amended to suit the bootleggers and moonshiners.

Bits for Breakfast

By R. J. Hendricks

Comfort for both sides—

In the pre-election predictions.

If you have enough bias, you can figure out a landslide for Hoover, with Al Smith carrying no electoral votes outside of those of a few southern states; or even a goose egg licking for the Tammany contender.

Or you can figure Al carrying the seven "doubtful" eastern states with 100 electoral votes, the 10 southern states with 114 electoral votes and Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota and Montana with 34 electoral votes. That would give Smith 248. He would still need 18 to make up the necessary 266. The 18 could be supplied by Missouri.

There you are; the chances are largely in favor of Hoover. If he loses all the south and all the "doubtful" states, Smith will be the next president. If Hoover carries all the republican states not considered doubtful, and one of the land would be crippled. What the doubtful states east or west have you about all this?

or one southern state, he will be the next president.

The Slogan columns of the Sunday Statesman will review the industry for this district. If you have anything to offer "for the good of the order," please speak up. It is important. We have the pruned orchards. For the most part, we will continue to have them. Few of them, compared to the whole number, will be grubbed up. Some of them will be graded over, and perhaps ought to be. What do you suggest?

A stabilized prune industry in the Salem district would be a very good asset. And such a thing is possible. Is it probable? What idea have you about this—

About the Y free employment office. It must have a new location, if it is to continue. It finds 1000 to 15,000 jobs a year for the jobless. It furnishes many with needed help, without which industries here in the city and on the coast would be crippled. What idea have you about all this?

Old Oregon's Yesterdays

Town Talk From The Statesman Our Fathers Read

Oct. 11, 1908

The 1903 assessment rolls for 1903 show a gross valuation of \$10,047,605, as against \$9,281,010 a year ago. The increase is due to the added value of merchandise, brick blocks and property of corporations in the county.

Dr. J. H. Barr went to Mount Angel.

C. H. Hinges went to San Francisco to buy his stock of winter and Christmas jewelry.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Craig left for Kansas City where he will exhibit goats at a show there.

Scott Bozorth, manager of the Pacific Homestead, has gone to

Boise, Idaho, to attend the Boise City fair.

The old sawmill at Sidney is being converted into a power house to supply Independence and Monmouth with electric lights.

Girl Initiated In Sorority After Funeral Occurs

BLOOMINGTON, Ind., Oct. 10.—(AP)—Miss Margaret Praigg, 18, of St. Petersburg, Fla., was initiated into the Pi Beta Phi sorority at Indiana university Monday night, despite the fact that she had died. The ceremony was held at the home of her grandparents here, where the body was brought after death. The official badge of the sorority was pinned on the body, an arrow to red carnations was placed on the casket, and the sorority song was sung.

Collegiate Auto Cause of Sanity Test For Driver

DETROIT, Oct. 10.—(AP)—Recorder's court Judge W. McKay Skillman has asked a sanity commission report on the prevalent mad among "flaming youths," of decorating second-hand flivvers with gaudy paint, signs of doubtful sentiment and odds and ends of bric-a-brac.

The action followed arraignment here of Joseph Wisemont, 19, charged with speeding in a car so ornamented as to cause the arresting officer to describe it as "collegiate."

Judge Skillman asked the driver what prompted such decorating. Wisemont after hesitating, said he guessed it was "just to be crazy." "Oh," Judge Skillman murmured, "just to be crazy." "Yes, sir, just to be crazy," Wisemont assured him.

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TODAY'S PAPER TODAY

Before Oregon

Yes, before Oregon was a state—when there were Indians and gold rushes (and thing) the Statesman was being read in the capital of the territory and throughout the great Oregon country.

the NEW paper in the NEW day.

The policy of the New Oregon Statesman will be to print more pictures, more local news and editorials and secure for its readers the best features obtainable.

Markets

Reliable Salem markets and market reports from the market centers of the world listed daily.

From the Capital!

Every citizen of Oregon is vitally interested in affairs of state. You will observe that the New Statesman is truly the state capital newspaper of Oregon. It gets the intimate little stories, yet highly important stories, as well as the big news of the state. To the taxpayer the New Statesman is invaluable. It brings to you every morning TODAY'S newspaper, packed full of news of the world, the nation, the state, and city and the happy home communities of the central Willamette valley.

Today, although it is 78 years old, the Statesman is younger than ever. Read it through. We'll be happy to have you take note of every feature of the New Statesman.

Yet the Statesman is not old! Men may age, but newspapers possess a fountain of perpetual youth. Theirs is the dynamic of a great undertaking... each day life starts anew... there are new hopes to be fulfilled, fresh news to be told, yesterday's obligation well filled is supplanted by the newer, larger task of the present.

Just so with the NEW Oregon Statesman. Proud of its past, conscious of the high responsibility such years of service entail, yet it must be

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