

No one has success until he has abounding life. This is made up of the many-fold activity of energy, enthusiasm and gladness. It is to spring to meet the day with a thrill at being alive. It is to go forth to meet the morning in an ecstasy of joy. It is to realize the oneness of humanity in true spiritual sympathy.—Whiting.

Backing and Filling

THE democratic national platform declares for a "competitive" tariff. Al Smith explained in his acceptance speech what he thought that meant; something like the Underwood tariff law, for instance.

But this statement raised such a general roar that both Al and his chairman, Raskob, made frantic attempts to explain. They got their wires if not their fingers badly crossed.

Then Al said, at Omaha, that the tariff on the major crops of the farmers does them no good.

He repeated himself at Minneapolis, and added that the farmer sells in a market rigged against him; that he sells in a free trade market and buys in a protected market—including everything he buys, down to the shoes on his feet... not knowing that shoes come in duty-free.

Having been driven into a dozen corners, Al's latest proposal is to let the present tariff law alone, and depend on the tariff commission to make revisions.

But he will have to change again, if he talks of the tariff any more. The tariff commission is not the proper body to make revisions. Everybody else knows that. And everybody else knows the present law needs many revisions.

In the mean time, the keynote of the New York democratic state convention harks back to the old democratic ideas (all exploded) on the tariff. And now here comes Filene, millionaire department store owner of Boston, and one of Al's leading supporters. Filene has just returned from Europe. He makes the statement that "American industry has reached a point where it would welcome a low tariff." Filene had only arrived from a long stay away from home. He was ignorant of how badly he was spilling the beans.

Thus goes the backing and filling.

Benjamin Loring Young, Massachusetts candidate for United States senator, put the case neatly in his Boston speech at the Hoover meeting Monday evening, when he said: "Hoover does not have to carry a wrecking crew on his special train to rebuild his party platform after every political speech."

Wrote It Right

It was said in his Boston speech Monday evening, at the Hoover meeting, by Benjamin Loring Young, candidate for U. S. senator: "Hoover does not have to carry a wrecking crew on his special train to rebuild his party platform after every political speech."

For two reasons. First, Mr. Hoover himself understands the protective tariff. He certainly showed it in his Boston speech, answering every vestige of democratic argument against it; as he also fully explained the necessity for the extension of foreign trade, which is going on more rapidly than ever before; also the necessity for an adequate American merchant marine.

And the other reason is that Congressman Hawley wrote the republican tariff plank right. He is the greatest expert in America on the details of our protective tariff. As ranking member of the ways and means committee, he held all the hearings in the preparation of the present tariff law. As chairman of that committee, he will have full general charge of the framing of the next one; beginning in December. Mr. Hawley knows the difference between a democratic "competitive" tariff and a republican protective tariff.

And so does about every upstanding listening and reading American citizen, since listening in on or digesting the full text of Mr. Hoover's Boston speech.

A Hard Job

THE legislature at next winter's session will have a hard enough job, in attempting to balance the state budget and in framing the proper automobile license tax bill.

Without being hampered by the incubus of the proposed income tax law on the ballot or the discredited Dunne propositions to be voted on November 6th.

Oregon sorely needs relief in both directions; but these propositions on the ballot promise only a bungling mess.

So mark your ballot on the odd numbers in these three; and then go on down the whole list with your iron cross. Vote nine times no.

An Air Minister

NOT a sky pilot is meant by the above heading, but a man to direct the navigation of the air. After an all night session, France's air minister has been made virtual dictator of French air affairs, with equal standing with the men who hold the war and navy and portfolios.

One is reminded of the fight of Colonel Mitchell a little while back to have the United States pay more attention to air craft regulations.

During the time of the air races in Los Angeles, a few weeks ago, an average of 100 air planes a day was sold.

An English aviator a few days ago flew 300 miles an hour. Only a few years ago, it was the opinion of people supposed to be well informed that if one attempted to travel more than 10 miles an hour, he would fall to pieces.

The world is moving fast, and perhaps it will not be long till there is an insistent demand for a separate department for air navigation and regulation in the United States.

And it will be reflected that Colonel Mitchell started his losing fight only a few years too soon.

For Walnut Industry's Good

THE fixing of the Oregon walnut prices by the leaders in the cooperatives was not done in any haphazard manner; nor for the benefit of any particular section or variety or grade.

And the prices they fixed will net the Oregon growers higher returns per pound than the California growers will get for their walnuts under the prices their cooperatives have fixed.

The biggest men in the nut industries of the northwest met at Portland and deliberated for four hours. J. O. Holt of Eugene and men of his type were there. They considered every phase of the industry, and they did what they thought was the best thing to do, for the benefit of all; for their own products in the growing of which many of them have risked large sums, and for the products of large and small owners alike.

Considering the present and the future, and viewing the whole field and the entire range of probabilities.

Those who are charged with inconsistency in supporting Governor Smith while opposing any modification of the Volstead law may take heart by the action of Colonel Roosevelt, who is supporting Hoover while advocating a modification of that act. He says he doesn't care a snap of his finger about Hoover's position on that matter.—Yakima Republic.

Kellygrams

BY FRED C. KELLY

THE head of a corporation recently had his salary raised from \$35,000 to \$50,000. Some one asked him if reaching this flattering salary figure gave him the biggest thrill of his business career. "No," he said, "the greatest kick a man can ever hope to get from business is when he first discovers that he is able to support himself and supply all present needs by his own effort. The biggest job I ever had was one that paid me \$12 a week; on that salary for the first time I was able not only to buy my own clothes but to pay board to my father and mother. I was no longer dependent on or beholden to anyone!"

Wonders Of America—Irrigation



Herbert Hoover

A Reminiscent Biography

By WILL IRWIN

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



A FIRE with enthusiasm for his new job with the Chinese Bureau of Mines, Hoover returned from his first big work in Australia early in 1899 primarily to marry Lou Henry. But on the verge of marriage rumors of the unsettled politics reached him. He felt uncertain about taking a bride to China. These scruples went the way of all lovers' doubts. Two days before sailing they determined to get married at once and go together.

The progressive Chinese who governed the department of mines knew what they wanted. First they must develop coal and iron. Hoover must go exploring. He traveled far into the provinces. Sometimes he crawled on canal boats. Sometimes he ambled on horses. Mrs. Hoover went on many of these expeditions. Hoover's explorations proved that the world's greatest coal deposits underlay northeastern China, but he found little iron or other minerals.

Winter Locks Roads.

When winter locked the roads, the Hoovers moved into a house in Tientsin. They dined back and forth with the European residents or ran up to Peking to visit with the "diplomatic set." And Hoover became aware that the foundations of his job were crumbling away. Early in the next summer all China blew up. The Boxers, with "death to foreigners" on their banners, assassinated the German minister at Peking, drove the foreigners into the legation compounds. But Tientsin felt secure, for the Imperial Government had sent to guard them thirty thousand troops under instruction by foreign officers.

One afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Hoover sat in their garden. Rifle bullets began splashing the walls. A dozen exhausted white men appeared. They broke appalling news. The Chinese army had suddenly gone. Thirty thousand men and troops, equipped with modern arms and artillery; behind them thirty thousand civilian Boxers in a state of blazing fanaticism—and to withstand them only fifteen hundred European soldiers!

To Hoover and his staff, the only engineers in the town, fell the pressing task of transforming the village into a fortress. Needing material, he broke into the warehouses, found sugar and rice in sacks, and of these substances he built his barricades. He also must look out for the water supply.

Fighting Intense.

For three weeks the fighting was intense. Sometimes they had as many as two hundred freshly wounded a day. Mrs. Hoover raised general stores for cotton goods for dressings; when these supplies were gone she commandeered do-mestic sheets.

The Powers were hurrying troops to relieve Tientsin and Peking. A mixed force of perhaps two thousand men arrived at the end of the third week. They found the settlement tired and crumpled with wounded, but still fighting in the van—balm for sore Yankee eyes—marched the olive branch to the United States marines.

In a compound opposite his house Hoover had quartered a thousand Chinese officials. Rated by their countrymen as friends of the Europeans, they had fled to

Dinner Stories

Too Complicated

Mother was trying to teach little Sophia the meaning of fractions. "Suppose," she asked, "I cut an apple into halves, how many pieces would I have?"

Sophia thought a minute and, carefully counting on her fingers, gave the correct answer. "Very good," said mother. "That's what fractions are." Sophia was not satisfied, however. After a few moments she came back.

"If you cut an apple into tiny snips," she wanted to know, "how many pieces would there be?" Mother thereupon decided to leave the lesson in fractions to teacher.

Smart Lad

Teacher (preaching on honesty): Now, Fritz, if you found a shilling, would you keep it?

Fritz—No, sir. Teacher—Good, what would you do?

Fritz—Spend it.

They Say ...

Expressions of Opinion from Statesman Readers are Welcomed for Use in this column. All Letters Must Bear Writer's Name, and Though This Need Not Be Printed.

In Public Places Misspelled Words

Salem, Ore., Oct. 9. To the editor of the Statesman: What do you think of misspelled words in public places?

Today while enjoying a walk about the Capitol building this sign appeared: "Do not mutilate trees, etc."

Misspelled words are frequently seen on signs throughout the land and give passerby a hint of carelessness or ignorance, which is not necessary if a competent person passed on them before placing.

CLICKS

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

A Salem citizen, after hearing Jim Robinson talk, telephones to say that the Arkansas senator is eloquent, polished, erudite, educated, honest, capable and sincere, a delightful orator—without a message.

The Graf Zeppelin's skipper admitted that he and his passengers resorted to a little "Dutch courage" in their hour of danger.

Another automobile took a plunge into a stream when its driver turned out for an approaching bridge. It wasn't a woman driving, either.

Governor Patterson and Budget Director Koser say state department heads must economize. Now let's see if they mean that.

Hickman's stock is expected to take a decided drop Friday.

Salem's Drum Corps paid Juarez a visit and emerged without a headache. Rufe White reports. Another victory for Oregon.

Apparently Jim Robinson thinks that the very worst thing a democrat can do is a shade better than the best a republican can accomplish.

So far as known not one of those Salem drum corps Legionnaires needs a larger hat despite the honors won at San Antonio.

Al Smith appears to be fairly sure of carrying four states, according to the Literary Digest's poll. Maybe someone will move to make his defeat unanimous.

The One-Minute Pulpit

Then saith he unto his disciples, The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few; Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest.—St. Matthew, ix, 37-38.

The Grab Bag

October 17, 1928



Who am I? What successful book did I write? What so-called title has been given me?

Which is the right bank of a river?

Who was England's most celebrated poet of the 14th century?

What is a dormer window?

"Therefore ye shall observe all my statutes, and do them; I am the Lord." Where does this passage appear in the Bible?



Today in the Past

On this date, in 1777, General Burgoyne was defeated at Saratoga.

Today's Horoscope

Persons born on this date are generous, neat, and tidy. They have many sad disappointments in life which they bravely encounter. They push themselves continually forward regardless of obstacles.

A Daily Thought

"Heaven never helps the man who will not act."—Sophocles.

Answers to Foregoing Questions

1. Col. T. E. Lawrence: "Revolt in the Desert;" the uncrowned king of Arabia.

2. The bank on one's right as one faces down stream.

3. Geoffrey Chaucer.

4. A vertical window in a slant roof.

5. Leviticus, xix, 37.

Hoover's Alphabet

By MABEL F. MARTIN



HUMANITARIAN

No other human being ever had charge of humanitarian enterprises as vast in scope as those which Herbert Hoover has organized and managed. For more than a decade of unprecedented disasters he was in charge of the relief work following the World War; collapse of powerful governments, revolutions, birth pangs of new nations, famines, epidemics and floods.

During the Mississippi Flood Relief, one of the soldiers asked him, "What are we going to do with all these dogs the refugees have brought along?" "See that they are well taken care of," said Hoover. "Have kennels built for them. These people," he explained, "were able to save very little. Whatever they have saved must be very precious to them."

(To be continued)

Bits for Breakfast

You have heard it—

The old wheeze about Phil Sheridan and the fine lady he danced with on his return from a stay in Texas—

That good lady is surely patriotic. She stands up for her country. Even Florida, with its hurricanes.

Of course this was long before Texas had turned republican. Phil Sheridan said, in reply to the question as to how he liked Texas, that if he owned Texas and hell, he would sell out Texas and live in hell. And the fine lady said she always did admire patriotism—that she was glad to be dancing with a man who stood up for his own country.

Well, W. T. Riggdon, known to every one in Salem, has a cousin living in West Palm Beach, Florida. There is another cousin living in Los Angeles. Both are women.

The Los Angeles cousin sends a letter to Mr. Riggdon which she received a few days ago from the Florida cousin. The Florida cousin describes the ravages of the fearful storm that a few weeks ago almost wrecked West Palm Beach.

Now for the sequel and the reference to the Sheridan wheeze. This Florida cousin concludes her letter to her Los Angeles cousin: "I suppose you feel that the hurricane picked on Florida. Some have said that. But their reasoning does not hold out. Other places have storms, earthquakes, dams break, explosions, and what not. We don't feel that way. I figure that one cannot be safe anywhere only as God cares for us, and why run away from here?"

why Shave with NEEDLES?

You must unless you strop!

Only the Valet AutoStrop Razor sharpens itself

After one shave even the finest razor edge has countless needle-like prongs until it has been stropped.

So delicate is this cutting edge that even paper wrappings tend to turn and dull it. Nothing but stropping can re-align and smooth out these tooth-like points.

That is why barbers always strop before each shave. And that is why the new Valet AutoStrop Razor assures you a perfect shaving edge.

The new Valet AutoStrop Razor is not "just another razor." It embodies a radically different principle—the result of 21 years of research and the expenditure of a million dollars in experiments.

Self-adjusting, it instantly conforms to the face and cuts smoothly and easily through the stiffest stubble. With the new and keener Valetite-processed blade, it is truly a wonder razor.

Press a button to insert or remove the blade instantly. When the holder is locked the blade is held in a firm, non-flexible grip that prevents all vibration and pull. New type guard gives you the advantage of the full cutting edge.

Countless men have told us that the new Valet AutoStrop Razor is even better than the original.

Try this Million Dollar Razor. Give it a fair test. You will quickly learn to like it. Be fair to yourself—kind to your face.

Also a New and Finer Shaving Cream
Produced by the Makers of The Valet AutoStrop Razor
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Old Oregon's Yesterdays

Town Talk From The Statesman Our Fathers Read

Oct. 17, 1908

Ten blocks in the business section of Aberdeen, Wash., were wiped out by fire, with damage estimated at \$1,000,000. Four persons lost their life in the flames.

O. G. Shellberg went to Portland.

W. W. Heimroth, bookkeeper for H. S. Gile and company, has accepted a position with a Portland concern and with Mrs. Heimroth has gone there.

A saddle horse now occupies a stall in the Salem fire department's engine house. It belongs to Fire Chief W. W. Joinson.

Six men were "dressed in" at the state prison.

The first game will be played on the new Willamette university football field today.