

EDITORIAL PAGE

The Turning Point

That America is now in sight of the turning point in commerce is everywhere apparent. While prices are high and business generally speaking is called good, there is, as everyone knows, an uncertainty that bodes no good, and is, in fact, fraught with danger.

But the turning point which will come with peace, official peace, will bring a stabileness of affairs. Perhaps lower prices will follow, but demand is bound to increase. Factories will again open for business, and merchandise will begin to move along even lines, whereas, in the past it has been moving by spurts and jerks.

In Eastern Oregon this staple condition will be felt at once, for although wheat prices are fixed, lumber has been skylarking and transportation business has been upset. When lumber is on a festive spree adopting a most careless manner and transportation lines are groping in the dark the Eastern Oregon country feels the effect decidedly, and what is needed is a settled condition.

From every source comes the information that supplies will be in great demand; that lumber will be needed in all four corners of the earth, all of which means prosperity for this section of the nation which, added to the declared price on wheat, should make money plentiful for some time to come.

But, after all, the business of the nation is based on the nation's politics, and congress is looked to as the balance wheel. If the next congress proves equal to its task things will go well following peace negotiations. But if it should become obsessed with foolish notions again will business of the country be in turmoil with climaxes that will fill the Dunn directory with business failures.

The fact that the nation's business is based on politics is the one excellent reason why every citizen should take a deep interest in the politics of the country. No one is exempt from the direct and indirect effect of every movement at Washington.

THE FIFTY-CENT DOLLAR—IS IT HERE TO STAY?

Is the fifty-cent dollar here to stay? Are we to handle more money in the future, and has the scale of values changed to a point where it takes two dollars to do the work of one formerly?

Many contend that this is only temporary, while others say it is permanent. It means little, if only there was a decision on the matter. The mere handling of more money is of no consequence if the purchasing power of that money is reduced to half.

National leaders in some instances assert that the days dreamed of by the old Greenbackers have finally come true—money, money and more money, while others say it is a bad state of affairs and something must be done to bring values back to where they were a few years ago. C. E. Short, who recently visited the eastern markets, is convinced that the present generation will never live to see the day when the dollar will be on a level of five years back. In his own language he says: "This nation jumped the fence in 1914 and things will never recede to where they were prior to that time. We are now living in a new age—a time when wonderful things have been done and will be done and we must adjust ourselves to the new conditions."

If all of this is correct greater money volume will mean a continuation of high wages and a lower purchasing power of the money. In analyzing such a condition perhaps the danger point is found when a man is temporarily incapacitated to produce. He certainly can get by if he is well and can work, but if out of work for a while through sickness or other cause, he soon gets behind in the world and it will be difficult for him to catch up with himself under the high-priced era.

Other things just as serious as that have been overcome, and quite likely there will be found a way to meet this condition, for in this day and time nothing is impossible. The fifty-cent dollar is in the saddle and is riding hard—just where the turn of the road is located or when the horse will give out no statesman yet has been big enough to determine.

COTTON MEN AGAINST THE WORLD

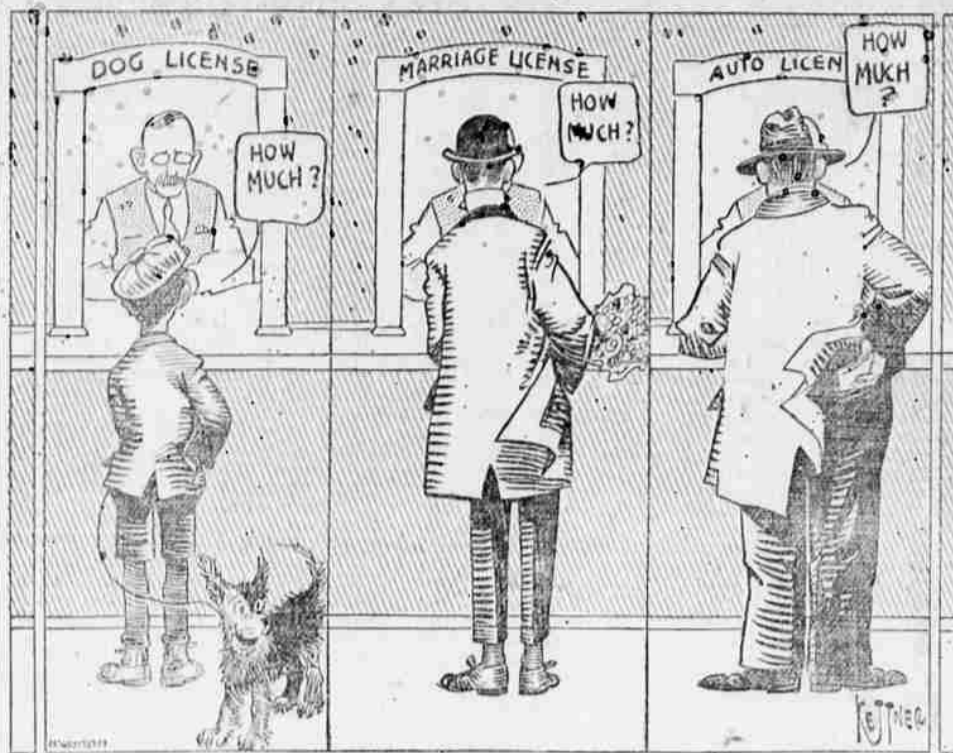
If a convention of Grande Ronde valley wheat raisers should hold a meeting, pass resolutions and sign an iron clad agreement that the acreage in this valley would be reduced by 50 per cent next year in order to hold the present high price for another season what would the world think of them? Would they not be labeled as criminals of the worst order and be accused of entering into a conspiracy to starve humanity? Would not there be federal interference at once and would not the hall of the state legislature and congress resound with denunciation of the wheat producers in this valley?

Yet that is exactly what is happening in the south among cotton producers. An agreement has been reached to reduce the average 50 per cent this year so that high prices of cotton can be maintained. And yet the world is poorly clad and crying for cotton. Every nation is short on this staple article and every neck and corner of each nation is doing its utmost to contract for cotton goods.

Not so long ago pine lumber makers found the market glutted with their product. Prices were low instead of high and shut-down-stared every millman in the face. The northwest producers met and talked about curtailing the output. And do you remember what a wall went up from almost every public man in the country? The Sherman act was pulled from its dusty resting place and the federal government stood at attention demanding that the lumber men cease at once such acts.

Compare the depleted condition of the lumbermen then with the high priced cotton in 1918 and see where the line is drawn in the part of the federal government in preventing the producers of the world from producing.

The Three Ages of Man



Why More Land?

Some of the departmental experts, who are presumed to know all that is knowable about agriculture, have devised extensive and expensive schemes for the redemption of stump land, for the reclamation of desert land, for placing under the plow new empires.

Which reminds us of three square rods down by the pasture gate.

This little patch by the gate has for years been the afternoon social center of the cows. Waiting for the milk boy, they have feathered there and discussed things bovine with quiet composure.

There are forty acres in this pasture. There is more feed bursting forth from every inch of this few rods than there is in ten times the same acre elsewhere in the pasture.

If the farmer had his forty acres like that forty yards square is, he would have the equivalent of four hundred average acres.

We wonder if the experts are not going at this food production thing all wrong.

The average farm acre is one-tenth as productive as it can become. Why draw in, at great expense of effort and money, new raw acres when there are so many already cleared, waiting for a square heel?

Any acre cleared is just another poor acre, but an acre properly drained, or limed, or fertilized, is three, or five, or ten times more.

French gardeners employ and support four men on an acre. Using cloches, making a manure mulch two feet deep, growing every inch of the acre every day in the year, winter and summer.

The American farmer requires a hundred and sixty acres to support himself and three tired horses.

Intensive farming is the city editor's favorite topic and the practical farmer's best strategy. But to make one acre bear the crop of five is not intensive farming, and it can be done. And it only takes one fifth the seed, one fifth less the tillage, one fifth the taxes and interest, and less equipment to follow this plan.

But it takes knowledge, fertilizer, good seed and thorough cultivation. Your farm goes down to China, why not put the top four inches?

Practical Use for Airplanes

Several purposes may be served to either if the present plans for using airplanes in forestry work develop successfully. Aircraft may be used to locate forest fires. They will communicate with forestry stations by wireless, and will direct the fire fighting. The last air artillery fire was directed from the sky in the war zone.

It is believed that the air can locate fires more quickly than can observers operating from ground look-outs or patrolling on horseback, or motorcycle.

Having located the fire promptly, it is possible that aircraft may also be helpful in fighting it. One way to be tried out is the transportation of the fire fighters who can be lowered to the ground. It is also thinkable possible that bombs filled with special chemical preparations could be dropped on the burning area and put out the fire.

Whether or not these methods prove suitable, the only test can tell. But if already the forestry service, which is already one of the most important of the government, will take on this work, the air will be a most valuable asset in the forest.

Bank Clearings as Business Test

Harper's Magazine calls attention to a remarkable fact of present business conditions.

Business, according to the usual view, has been bad for three or four months, and is still bad. There has been nothing approximating a panic, but there has been a general dullness or depression. Almost any business man will tell you that.

Now, in the past one of the most accurate indexes to the volume of current business has been the volume of bank clearings. The principle of the thing is simple enough—the more business transacted, the more money is handled by the banks in the form of checks and drafts. Conversely, the more paper handled by the banks, the more business is being done.

Remembering, then, how very good business was in the early months of last year, most people will be surprised to learn that in the corresponding months of this year the bank clearances reported for the whole country are considerably higher. Thus, taking two typical dates, we find that the clearings reported on February 15, 1918, were \$5,180,000,000 and on the same date of 1919 they were \$5,937,000,000; on March 1 of last year they were \$6,571,000,000 and on March 1 of this year, \$7,477,000,000. The gains for the four separate weeks ending March 1 range from 11 to 27 per cent.

A comparison of clearances from the newspapers of recent date will mostly show the same situation. Financial experts mention certain facts as contributing to the volume of bank clearances without actually serving as a record of increased business. There must be such factors of course, because no well-informed man can believe that business is actually better now than it was a year ago. But these increased clearings cannot be entirely explained away. There is an enormous and unprecedented amount of money—if we reckon checks and drafts as money—circulating around the country in payment of old obligations and new bills, and it probably represents a large amount of actual, current business and "hotter times" than most persons have any idea of.

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An Old Story That Is Still Popular

According to the Literary Digest, the library test of the popularity of any book is the frequency with which it has to be rebound.

Of all the books in all the libraries, the one oftenest needing rebinding is Uncle Tom's Cabin. The library shelves of New York City, and those elsewhere would bear witness to the fact that this old story has been rebounded and watered or blood-and-thundered away from all reality. The better covers of dear old "Uncle Tom" are an interesting refutation of the theory.

There is much of Dickens, of Thackeray, of Stevenson and a mass of other fiction not usually considered as "love-lime" at all, which children will read to themselves eagerly if given the chance, or listen to with joy if read aloud by a discriminating elder.

Since Uncle Tom's popularity is so durable, evidence that some people do enjoy life and truth, expressed in excellent English, why not take the best of the old story and give it a new lease of life? It is a story that has been told for generations, and it would not cost the

Worth While Work

For several mornings now we have seen an orchardist working among his trees.

A real orchardist, who handles boughs and branches as an expert horseman handles reins.

A bit off that limb, to head it back, a water sprout cut off there; a bad crotch sawed out; every inch of the big tree with its problem, and each carefully solved.

Those who love trees and who work with them are fortunate. Given a bright spring day, sharp tools and a patch of orchard of your own to work over, no sane man should ask more.

Year by year you grow your trees. You retard the headstrong; coax the backward, repair the maimed, give tonics to the sick, and a long spell to the too vigorous.

Year by year you watch the trees through blossom time; through the summer months when the fruit forms; through the early autumn when the cheeks of the apple begin to flush, and the winter years to robe themselves in russet and deep vermilion.

Until the harvest is in the bins, the trees are mulched in their winter beds and what was last year but a bit of tender limb has, under your guiding care, done its work, borne its fruit, toughened, broadened, become something from the nothingness of air and light.

The true orchardist, who rears his trees to perfect bearing and keeps them there with sprays and fertilizers, and thinning of fruit, and pruning and constant care, deserves well of the world; for his is expert and losing service for the enjoyment of his fellows. But whether he profits in pocket or not he does in spirit. We never met a man who had lived the seasons through with fruit trees, that was not humane; content with his life's outlook, and averse to all disputation.

Co-Operative Plan for Tractors

Further experience will probably prove that the growing demand for chemical fertilizers on American farms has been largely due to the years of shallow cultivation.

Farmers that can afford to farm with tractors, and who turn up an inch of new dirt each plowing time, are discovering that these fields produce as abundantly as the shallow fields loaded with fertilizer.

The advantage to deep plowing is that no weeds are sown to the soil that will in time burst out the human, and leave its later, state worse than its first—an experience that the cotton states are mourning every night now.

More live stock on the farm and deeper plowing, then thorough cultivation and twice as frequent as has been the system; that program will probably free those who can follow it from the mirage trust, that this spring is getting \$120 a ton for nitrates of soda, and from dependence on German potato.

But only the occasional farmer can use a tractor to advantage or cash, as yet, afford to either buy or maintain one.

A co-operative system, that would not a good tractor in each community to deep plow the smaller farms each spring, would do as much for the average farmer as anything the government has ever tried or discussed. It would require to increase production than any scheme offered to date, in our opinion, and it would not cost the

investors a cent, for the farmers would pay a profit on the investment, and save money besides. Ten small farms can make profitable use of one tractor; one small farm can't.

The small farm community, with co-operative ownership of heavier tools and equipment, would certainly take a load off the average farmer's shoulders; a load which often drives him out of business, and makes half our acres but half productive.

There is said to be a gambling mania in Germany now. Having gambled for the world and lost it, we should think the Germans would quit.

They say there are no more, old-fashioned "oyster suppers." The original oyster must have worn out.

The army is going to keep its tanks. As for the tanks in civilian life, their usefulness is nearly over.

There may be health in a garden spade, but there isn't so much thrill as in a steering wheel.

As Seen by Others

Commissioner Roper calls on all honest citizens to laze all tax dodgers. Then we'll all be ropera.—Lowell Courier-Citizen.

Far be it from us to say that the government runs smoother every time a cabinet officer goes away.—Washington Post.

If there's one thing that hurts more than having to pay an income tax, it's not having to pay an income tax.—Elmira Star-Gazette.

Nothing but war could have taught us that the Kaiser didn't raise his boy to be a soldier.—Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.

Critics of President Wilson appeal to the 1 in his ideals.—Brooklyn Eagle. Polygamy is proposed for Europe, but it is contrary to Scripture. No man can serve two masters.—Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.

If the Bolsheviks and Germans get to real fighting the world will be neutral to the extent of hoping both sides lose.—Wall Street Journal.

The Hun always maintained that envy of Germany brought on the war. If he was right, here is one cause of war removed forever.—Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.

The future peace of the world depends largely on the policy of the Versailles conference. Is it "international alliance" or "international lies"?—Manila Bulletin.

The magnitude of the problem of "getting Mexico on her feet" is best appreciated by those who are familiar with the spectacle of the Mexican recumbent in the sun. You can get him on his feet, but you can't keep him there. We should say that the only way to "get Mexico on her feet" would be to tilt the axis of the earth.—Chicago Tribune.

STARBEAMS

From the Kansas City Star

The Bill Thompson won again in Chicago, in spite of a string fight against him carried on apparently by gentlemen who live in Springfield, Texas, Bloomington and other Illinois towns and do their voting at home.

The Chicago "wets" needn't have taken the trouble to vote their liquor preference Tuesday. Everybody knew how Chicago would vote. That's the reason the "drys" changed their tactics and took the fight to congress several years ago.

Milwaukee came through Tuesday with a loyalty vote that made Milwaukee famous, just at a time when that old town was about out of things that ordinarily made her famous.

About the most useless luxury in the world is a thoroughbred hen that won't lay and is too valuable to bake.

A cooking expert says boiling cabbage isn't worse if it is cooked with a cover over it than it does when it is cooked uncovered. Besides, she says, the sulphur in the cabbage may be allowed to escape, while cooking, of the vegetable will be discarded. None of which conflicts in the least with our original theory that cabbage should be cooked out in heaven's oven in the center of a 640-acre pasture.

Apparently the Russians love their country as the average drunkard loves his wife.

Let Congress and the legislature get on. The source of the revenue taxes will be the let some day and then they'll have to reduce expenses.

The League of Nations

Tommyson J. Duff—It is perfectly lovely.

J. Fuller Gloom—Merely iridescent fluff.

Professor Pate—For those who like to leave Wallows.

that kind of a thing, it is exactly the kind of a thing they like. Gap Johnson, Rumpus Ridge, Ark.—He had five figs about it in the last two weeks and the darn thing hadn't settled yet.

First Village Oracle—Tain't, neither! Second Village Oracle—Tis, too!

Elmer Green returned last night from Kansas City all in one piece.—Twytoppy Correspondence.

Defining Life

First 'twas the "flu" that laid us low and then we had the hicoughs. Surviving those we thought we had long years for flings and kick-ups. But now the sleeping sickness comes. My mortal luckless brother, it looks as if this life of ours was one thing, then another.

They tell us in the copybooks that life is what we make it. It's just a course of medicine, and we're obliged to take it. —Tommyson J. Duff.

Different Views

Some people call a spade a spade, but other folks abuse it. And call it simply awful names 'Most every time they use it. —Tommyson J. Duff.

We are not warranted in claiming to be but little lower than the angels until we know the market quotations on angels.

WHY FRET?

Are the trains too slow for you? Caesar, with all his court, never "exceeded" the speed limit.

Are your wages too small? In Europe people are content with making a living.

Are the lights too dim? David wrote his psalms by the light of a smoky torch.

Are you cold? The soldiers of Valley Forge walked barefoot on the ice and snow.

Are you hungry? The children of India are starving for want of a crust of bread.

Are you tired? Why fret about it! Jacob was tired when he dreamed of the angels of heaven.

Are you sick? Suppose you had lived 2500 years ago when sickness was fatal?

Are you poor? The Savior of men was not wealthy.

Cheer up! Praise God that you live in the midst of his blessings!

Why Fret?—Exchange.

***** DAYS OF WALLOWA RED FISH *****

One of the early day sources of food supply to many of the residents of this section was what was then called the "Wallowa Red Fish." This was a species of salmon which made Wallowa lake the principal propagation grounds. The profligence of the Wallowa red fish was little less than a marvel.

Along the southeastern shores of the lake is a beach of granite sand. Before the water in the lake was raised by the dam at the lower end this sand sloped down from the shore but a few feet under the surface of the water. Schools of red fish literally "swarmed" this beach and when they flitted across the sands they looked like black clouds under the water.

Making catches of red fish was so easy as to be hardly interesting. They were seized, principally, each end of the net being pulled by a horse and when the shallow water was reached all that was left to do was to pick up the fish.

The best appointed fishery of the times was the one located on the west bank of the lake about a half a mile from the southern end. A fine stream of mountain water pours in at this point and with a system of flumes and boxes flooded with this pure water the work of cleaning was reduced to the minimum. The salmon sides were salted and packed in kegs and half barrels, although as a commercial proposition the business was not extensively worked. The most of the people who caught red fish secured and packed them in their own way.

It is doubtful if any section of country in the northern temperate zone afforded such easy food supply as that of Wallowa when the country was new. People who went to that country forty years ago, practically without a dollar, started in at once on a secure and abundant basis as far as food supply was concerned.

Five two and three year old steers, fattened on bunch grass, were worth from \$12 to \$15 a head, and it was no trouble for the newcomer to split enough rails for the older settlers in a few days to secure a season's meat supply. There was hauled from the hills of Caribou & Sterling at Island City, and frequently sold as low as fifty cents a hundred. The hardy vegetable could be had from the farmers almost for the asking, and fresh there was the whole range of hills to be drawn upon for every silk and bean.

It is a wonder that Chief Johnson published stories of the orders for the lake Wallowa.