

THE OREGON STATESMAN

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Stephen A. Stone, Managing Editor
Ralph Glover, Cashier
W. C. Squier, Advertising Manager
Frank Jaskoski, Manager Job Dept.

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THE SALEM KING'S PRODUCTS CO. PLANT IS TO BE GREATLY ENLARGED

As we said yesterday, dehydration has arrived. It is the big thing in food products. It is the magic that will transfer our incomparable fresh vegetables and fruits to any kitchen in any corner of the earth; in the same condition of perfection to which they grow here. It takes out the water. The consumer puts back the water. That's all.

Although the local dehydrating plant of the Salem King's Products Co. is now the largest plant of its kind in the country, the demand for King products is becoming so great that they find it necessary to lay plans at once for the expansion of the plant as quickly as possible.

The King's Food Products Co., of Portland, successors to the Wittenberg-King Co., and controlling owners of the Salem company as well as The Dalles King's Products Co., have found it necessary to increase their output, and, after long consideration of many plans and ideas, they came to this conclusion:

That Salem and surrounding country will produce a GREATER DIVERSITY OF PRODUCTS THAN ANY OTHER SECTION OF THE COUNTRY.

So, instead of building new plants elsewhere, they decided that the Salem plant, provided they could get sufficient local support and backing, should be expanded until the production would be increased to several times this year's output.

This decision is of great importance to our farmers and land owners and Salem business people and residents of this city generally. It means that the products of thousands of acres of farm and garden lands will be dehydrated and sent to the ends of the earth.

The company will shortly need the products of from 3000 to 5000 acres of loganberries.

And thousands of acres annually planted to beans, peas, celery, onions, turnips, carrots, spinach, potatoes, tomatoes, and all kinds of vegetables.

As was stated yesterday, one of the products that will be manufactured on a large scale will be King's Pumpkin Pie, which it is estimated will consume over 10,000 tons of pumpkins annually.

King's Dehydrated Prunes have already become a fancy staple for which the demand now existing cannot be even slightly satisfied, owing to the limited capacity of the present plant.

The dehydration of prunes, which in the near future will become recognized as the prime method of preserving them, will in itself make a large industry here.

Likewise, apples, pears, peaches, apricots, and all kinds of berries in great quantities will be needed.

And it is the hope of the people back of this great industry that the farmers and business men of this section may awaken to the BIGNESS of it, and get squarely behind it.

For its growth and development depend entirely upon the products of the farms.

As was said yesterday, every dollar that comes into this community for dehydrated products is profit to the community. Every dollar remains here, excepting the money spent for the nails in the outside packing boxes.

The farmers must get the vision.

There must be larger acreage and greater production per acre.

There must be more farmers and more farm laborers.

The population of the surrounding country must be doubled, trebled, quadrupled, and the population of Salem will grow in proportion—just as fast, but no faster.

The plans are made; the market is sure.

Now, it is all up to the farmers.

The land and the climate and the opportunities are here.

There is enough uncultured, partially cleared and fallow land in the country surrounding Salem to bring the output up to ten millions of dollars a year, and thus directly to employ 2500 people at the dehydrating plant, to say nothing of the indirect employment of several times that number.

Help show the editors, Sunday.

Old Hi Cost has a thick hide; but he is in for some hard whacks.

It is announced that the allies will have nothing to do with Bela Kun. All Kuns look alike to them.

Dehydration is not a dry subject in Salem. It is the juiciest plum that ever came to this city.

Chatman Cummings of the Democratic national committee ought to be in the movies. He registers glee splendidly.—Exchange.

It now appears that the statement of David Lloyd George that the ex-kaiser was to be taken to the Tower of London was a typical Lloyd Georgeism—important if true. The English premier is as willing to promise the people anything as if

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cliff coasts—journeys they might not be able to make if they were compelled to pay their fares.

The American Legion down at Astoria publicly informs the reds that no Bolshevism will be tolerated there. And there are some Bolsheviks among the Russians of that locality. That's the stuff.

Street car fares in Chicago have been increased from 5 to 7 cents on the surface lines, and from 6 to 8 cents on the elevated lines. The public will pay or walk. This thing always goes back to the public.

After all, the success of all the fruit and vegetable plants in Salem depends upon the farmers. Absolutely. The farmers must grow the stuff, and constantly more of it.

The sober judgment of the American people is in favor of the league of nations.—Exchange. (But they will not look sober very much longer—waiting for Borah and his bunch to get through their spell of running off at the mouth.)

GETTING AWAY.

Aerial passenger and express service has been established in three directions out of Chicago. Anything that will take people away from the city at the rate of a hundred miles an hour is welcomed with three cheers.

HIND SIGHT.

Now the Germans are holding a postmortem of scandal and regret over the statement that peace overtures by Great Britain in 1917 were not even made public or considered.

If they had only listened their empire might be intact and the kaiser still a power.

Such is their expression of grief—but without remorse or repentance. While the Germans are holding a lodge of sorrow they might go back a bit farther—to the day they threw their lines of steel across the Belgium frontier. But for starting things there would have been no depressing and disgraceful finish.

THE SOUTH CONVERTED.

The South, that stronghold of Democracy, is having a decided change of heart as to this policy. The immense development of the cotton textile industry there, which has brought the cotton mills close to the cotton plantations, is accountable for this new opinion. The president of the Association of Cotton Manufacturers of the South at its recent annual convention, went on record in these terms: "If we are to continue our present high wage scale and standard of living, there must be a barrier high enough to keep out an influx of cotton goods made by cheaper labor." This is a real protectionist view. It shows that the South has found that the best selling market is the one nearest home. The protectionist wedge has begun to enter the Democratic ranks. A godspeed to its rapid progress.—Philadelphia Press.

The South has got to have protection.

Without protection, Japan and China and India will put their cotton mills out of business.

Surest thing in the world.

And the only sure way for the South to get protection for her industries is to vote the Republican ticket.

It may gag a lot of the Southern Democrats, but they will have to say they like it.

It is up to them, to save their section from utter ruin.

BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Ideal harvest weather.

Do you own an auto.

Or can you borrow one?

If so, it is your duty to show up and help show the editors Salem on Sunday evening next. Say about 7 o'clock; for two hours, 7 to 9.

The dehydration article in The Statesman of yesterday was the cause of a lot of eastern people receiving copies, mailed by loyal Salemites.

They will be invitations to come to Salem and raise loganberries and

FUTURE DATES.

August 14, 15, and 16—Elks state convention at Klamath Falls.
September 22-27—Fifty-eighth Oregon state fair.

other products needed by the fruit and vegetable plants.

There will have to be a lot of such invitations, in order that the country may keep up with the city in the development of these industries. It will take a lot of new people, farmers and laborers.

F. W. Wolfe, cashier of the Bank of California, the main bank of San Francisco, was a quiet Salem visitor yesterday. That is the largest bank on this coast; but Mr. Wolfe is as unpretentious as any man you might meet. And very much of a gentleman, too. Mrs. Wolfe is a cousin of Mrs. J. H. Lauterman of Salem, and Mr. Wolfe was a guest at the Lauterman home.

Who has the mandatory for Jack Dempsey?

If the Mexicans are waiting to be shown, why are they not accommodated?

Marriage by wireless is the latest. Wonder if this makes divorce less shocking?

United States Senator Bill Borah still insists upon remaining off the reservation.

The high cost of everything is particularly binding on army officers who have no other means than their rather meager salaries, says a Washington correspondent of the New York World. The wife of one, a military man thus unhappily situated, advertised for a girl to do general housework. The notice was responded to by a particularly neat and competent young colored woman. The details were soon settled—number in the family, hours for meals, days out, no laundry, how often the drawingroom had to be dusted, when the silver had to be cleaned, etc. "What wages do you expect?" asked the housewife. "Ah couldn't work for less 'an \$50 a month," replied the candidate. "But, Mandy, that's impossible. My husband is only a first lieutenant, and we can't afford to pay such wages." "That's too bad," replied the maid. "But, yo' see, mah husband he's a lieutenant too, and Ah-mus' have that much to keep him goin'."

Girl Who Inspired War Department Posters Now Bride of Navy Officer



Mrs. Frank G. Huntoon.

Out of 22,000 photographs of pretty girls, submitted when the War Department needed posters to inspire its soldiers and sailors, that of Miss Frances Jordan furnished the inspiration. She was chosen as a model. Now she is Mrs. Frank G. Huntoon, bride of Lieutenant-Commander Huntoon, U. S. N. The War Department's prettiest girl and her navy husband are now on their honeymoon.

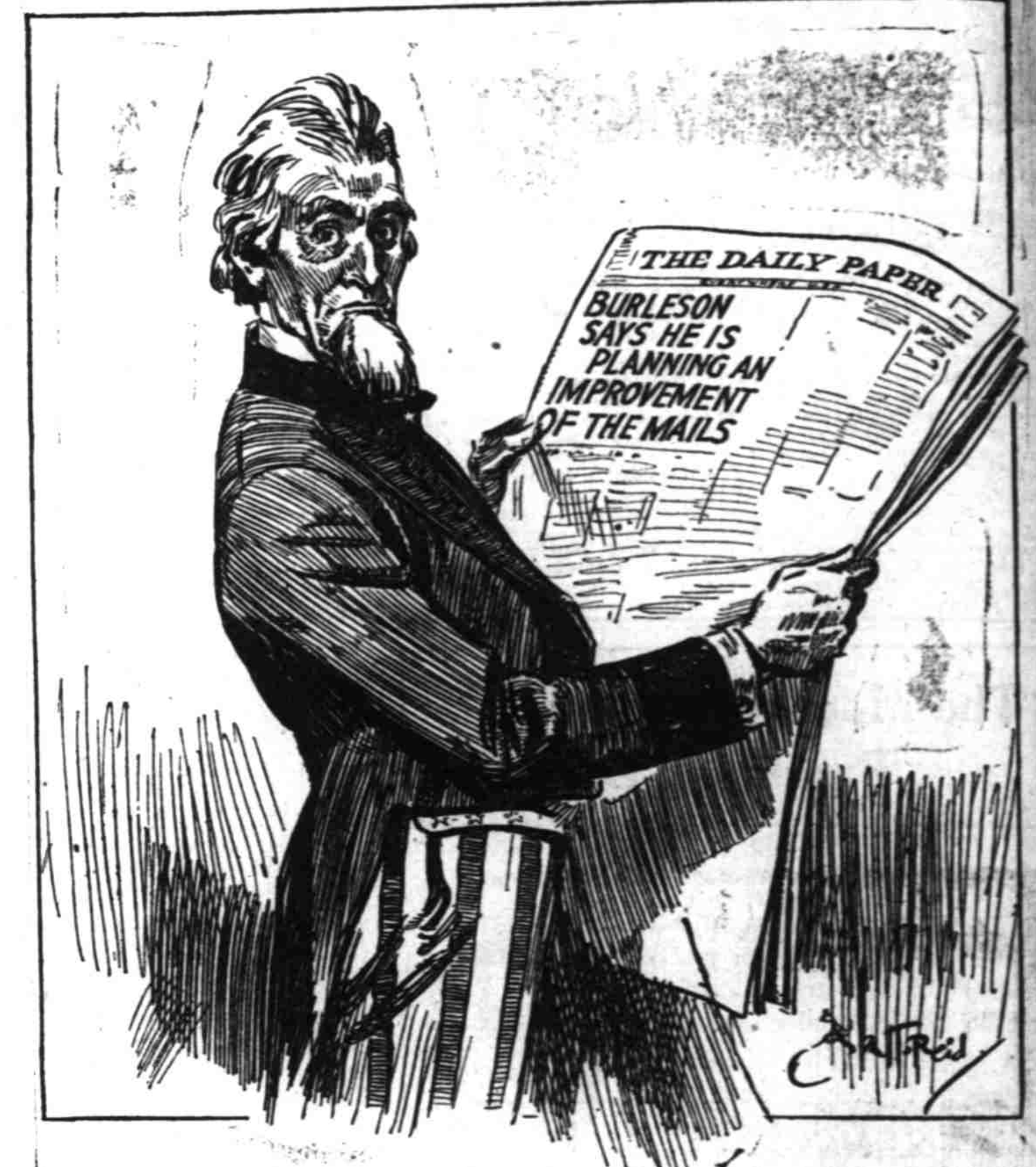
CLIMBS TREE TO VIEW PAGEANT

John Le Roy Sneed Described Great Day in Paris in Letter to Brother

John LeRoy Sneed, a brother of W. H. Sneed, of Augurn, saw the great allied victory parade on July 14 from the limb of a tree which he occupied as a point of vantage. Mr. Sneed is with the 105th photo section at Clecky-Paris. He describes the day in the following letter to his brother:

"This has been the greatest day that the world has ever seen and I have seen it all. This is the way I did it. I happened to wake up this morning at 5 o'clock and beat it for the town as soon as I dressed. I was not the first there by any manner of means for a lot stayed all night on the streets to be there this morning. I got off at Madeline which is about the center of town and I knew that it was useless to try to go to the arch to see the troops come through as I wished to, so scouting around picked a good looking tree and paid three francs to climb a ladder to the limbs. Was just a little more adventurous than any that had preceded me, so got a place where I could break off a few branches and see the whole street from where they were to come about 9 o'clock. Now you know that between 5:30 and 9 a fellow can think a good many things and I thought damit several times while there. Imagine being up a tree five hours to see a parade. But I would be there yet rather than

"Now, do you suppose he is really going to resign?"



to spend that time in a Paris crowd.

"I had a good location and all the crowd below me and you can talk about people having sense and all that but they have much less than cattle when it comes to a crowd. Cavalry was lined up to keep the line of march clear but they pushed up to the horses' tails and every time a horse would get out of the way some one would step in till it was necessary to move them back again. They backed the horses into them and finally the crowd got too much for them so they brought in a company of infantry. They braced themselves and pushed back some of the mob but the mob kept swaying back and forth and every time they would push a different way women would scream and some faint. I saw three stretched out at once on the street during the parade.

"The sound of the voices as they talked in forty different languages and screamed and laughed sounded like the surf when it is just a little choppy and the wind is coming up. I would a lot rather listen to the surf, though, take it from me.

"When the parade started I guess everybody yelled but me. I could not get interested enough for that. It was a good parade and one of the best that has been pulled in the city I guess. But there was something that made it seem to me that it was not just the proper thing. It is my opinion that this is not entirely the end of this. If the kaiser and crown prince and the big bugs of Germany had been marched through in irons going to exile I could have made more noise than the whole tree full did. As it is I do not feel like coming home all puffed up as having won.

"I went with the determination of not being partial to any nation, but according to my standard pick the best appearing troops as they passed. I can tell you that I am not a bit ashamed to having been an American. I tell you the Yanks have class and snap. The English were dressed swell and all of that but the step and pep that puts the go into things was lacking and I think that the Italians

and Greeks came next. The French officers sure are military and classy and a good clean looking bunch of fellows. The poilus are dressed so they cannot look military and do not have the snap to the walk that the Yanks have.

"During the five hours in my tree

I painted a mental picture that will always be with me and am glad that I have seen the greatest day in history.

"Thelma Indivisioni Chocolates—Made in Salem, 5c everywhere.



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