

# The Oregon Statesman

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## THE SEED INDUSTRY AGAIN

The showing made in the Salem Slogan pages of The Statesman of yesterday concerning the seed industry of the Salem district were a surprise to many.

And more especially its splendid possibilities. The favorable showing was a surprise to the editor. The Salem Commercial club should make this matter one of its special cares—with a view to inducing capital to develop the seed industry here on a large scale.

And it should be the concern of every one interested in Salem and the Salem district to find the right man to organize the industry on a cooperative basis, in order that seeds of quality may be grown in large quantities and in an assured steady supply, so as to develop wide markets.

A big man is wanted; a brainy man; an honest one, with organizing ability, and with a vision of a great future for the industry.

And this will be assured with the right kind of direction; for the natural conditions are right. There is a good start now, with our clover seed that will bring in \$500,000 to \$750,000 this year; with our bulb farm; with our exclusive vetch seed industry; with our onion sets and seeds in the north end of Marion county.

But the chances for gigantic development are sure; if only there can be had the right kind of cooperation, with few mistakes in the beginning.

## FOR WAGES AND A BETTER HUMANITY

Editor Statesman: I have a farm which my father homesteaded here in Oregon, 70 years ago. He was lucky in his selection; he picked a tract that was mostly open, or so easily cleared by fire that the clearing represented a negligible cost of money or labor.

I believe this farm has produced more food for the benefit of mankind, than any other farm on the Pacific Coast. It is too broad a claim that without it the people would have starved; though as it was one of the easiest, and earliest, it is actually true that in the early days many would have gone short of food but for this farm. It is the real utility in the world; for on the food raised on the farm, the whole world lives—or dies if the food fails.

This farm, representing so little original cost for development, is a peculiarly apt illustration of the Non-Partisan League theory of returning all public utilities to the control of the people at large.

I doubt whether this land ever cost \$10 an acre to bring into cultivation. It would now sell for \$500 an acre. It has paid a profit almost every year since it was opened from the wilderness; many years it paid an exorbitant profit, as measured by any reasonable wage scale. Sometimes it has been badly mismanaged; a corporation or public employe who used no better brains than some of us—including myself—would be fired, or have his wages reduced or withheld for damages; he might well be sued for malfeasance. Yet it has grown 5000 per cent from the original cost of \$10 an acre.

This farm stands as a gross example of capitalism gone mad; of private exploitation of a necessary public utility; of swinish class legislation that gives it to me, who merely received the farm from my father, who appropriated it from the people's natural heritage and hung on to it. It is a gross example of the toll taken by the middleman whom we Non-Partisans hate; those parasites who add nothing to the value of the products they touch, but iniquitously add their living and their greed to the cost of what belongs to the whole people. This farm, that always paid wages and profit, and so owes nothing to me or my family, has been so "watered" that now the public is asked to pay dividends on a \$500 valuation, for an original valuation of practically nothing. There never was so scoundrelly a middleman as I am, by the Non-Partisan League definition.

We farmers of the League too frequently have been arrant knaves in argument. We say that we should take back the railroads, and the steel, and the coal, and the oil, and the elevators, and practically every important resource and utility, as a public heritage, God-given and inalienable. Thus we would reduce practically every other business, every man, to hired servitude by legally abrogating his business chance. But—we would leave ourselves free to gouge the public to our heart's content, either by direct price-fixing organization, or by leaving our own products free to the natural laws of trade, our own lands inalienable, ourselves with power of life and death over all other mankind both by our control of their food and by our organized control over their jobs. That is the League farmers' creed in North Dakota. Logically, if not yet actually, it is an oligarchy of farmers, with the rest of the world as serfs living on our bounty or starving in our displeasure.

I am forced to admit that to me as a human being apart from my ownership of land that my father took from the public heritage just as the steelman and the railroad grant operator and the waterpower magnate and the street franchise conspirator have taken their holdings, this North Dakota Non-Partisan League program now looks desperately swinish. If the League was ever right in its fight against the seducers of the public utilities and the short-changers and pickpockets of middleman manipulation for profits that are not earned, then we must accuse the League farmer of the most heinous crime of all; for he thrives on the hunger or the bleeding penury of the people who need the food from the lands we claim to "own." Only inexperience in organized greed and in political manipulation save him from being a frightful tyrant; for the original League program in North Dakota was one of business and political tyranny.

When David the King was athirst for a drink from the well at his father's home at Bethlehem, and his three strong men of

war broke through the enemy's lines and brought him the sweet waters from that crystal fountain, he said: "God forbid that I should drink this water at the risk of the lives of my faithful friends!" And he poured it out on the ground. Was David a fool? Nay; he was the wisest man in all the world; and his men who hazarded their lives for just this one cooling draught for their master, were a thousand times better paid by his spirit than if he had swallowed every drop.

We Non-Partisans of Oregon may not be King Davids—but we ARE honest enough that we do not propose to repeat the sinister greediness of our North Dakota progenitors. We offer to start the "give-it-back" campaign by abrogating the titles to the \$200 or the \$500-an-acre farms that properly belong to the public, along with the mines and the forests and the terminals and wharves and water powers. We'll put every iniquitous deed into one grand bonfire, dance around the blaze with the other former tyrants and hold-up middlemen and title grabbers—and then we'll all file up to the office and go to work for wages and a better humanity.

The munition makers are not indulging in three cheers for the disarmament conference.

When prosperity does knock at some doors it can't be heard because of the knockers inside.

Statistics show that the bicycle is coming back. It is to be encouraged. It means exercise that is worth while.

Some one remarks that the world has ceased to quarrel over what is right and good to scrapling over what is left.

Austria is in terrible trouble, but not so miserable, after all, as to want a Hapsburg back on the throne.

The second anniversary of the German republic was celebrated the other day. As Brother Jasper of Richmond, Va., once put it, "de sun do move."

Senator Newberry now reads his title clear to that Michigan senatorial seat. The Ford filver stalled and there is nobody in sight to crank her up.

President Harding is back from his vacation, much refreshed. He might tackle the job of lifting the local Democratic officeholders out of their jobs while he is feeling in fine fettle.—Los Angeles Times.

"The Philippines are asking for their freedom and \$15,000,000, but they probably would be willing to compromise on the \$15,000,000," says the Marion Star, the newspaper of which President Harding is the chief owner.

The slogan editor has got to prove, for next Thursday's issue, that the Salem district ought to raise more beef cattle, more fat hogs and more mutton sheep. Live Stock is the subject. If you can help the slogan editor, please hold up your hand.

The idea of the slogan editor of The Statesman that the seed industry of the Salem district ought to be organized should be pushed. It can be done. All it needs is a man big enough to direct the work; an able and honest man with a vision.

## HIGH FINANCE.

The indebtedness of the city of New York is \$120,000,000 more than the constitution permits. But what is a constitution between Tammany Democrats?

## UP IN THE AIR.

They are going to have table d'hote dinners and hot food on the trans-Atlantic air-liners when the big ships get to working the heavens. This will be tried out on the trip of the Zeppelin that will shortly sail from England for America. The Americans will insist on having a regular dining-car service before aerial travel is fully accepted.

## A TRIBUTE TO JOHN F. WALLACE.

The Chicago Journal of Commerce was one of the newspapers to comment editorially on the death of the late John F. Wallace, who died July 3 at Washington. Mr. Wallace is credited by the Journal with being one of the country's noted men, not in any one line of endeavor, but in several. The comment follows: John Findley Wallace, "Today John Findley Wallace, engineer, publicist and pioneer in mid-western culture, is to be buried in New York. Because of the wide scope of his work he belonged to the entire country; because of the part he played in developing the transportation facilities of the northern part of the Mississippi valley, he be-

## FUTURE DATES

August 11 to 21.—United Evangelical camp meeting at Olinahy Park. August 21 Wednesday.—Joint picnic of W. L. W. and W. M. W. Rotarians at Westland Ferry. September 26 to October 1.—Oregon State Fair. September 28 Wednesday.—State school all commission to open bids on \$3,000,000 bonds. November 21, 22 and 23.—Marion county Teachers' Institute.

deepens. And there is no lowering of the wages of sin.

Another circus coming: the Sells-Floto combination. Tell it to the kids.

Congress is still saying it with words; and so is the telephone investigation. Hot air enough to puke the dogs of the dog days.

The country needs a fool killer to get after the word mongers of high and low degree; to treat 'em rough.

## Ochoco District Wants \$75,000 More in Bonds

The Ochoco irrigation district has filed application with the state engineer for the certification of bonds in the sum of \$75,000. Previously \$1,250,000 of bonds had been certified for this district. The money to be derived from the sale of the latest issue of bonds will be used in reconstructing canals and other works damaged recently by a water spout. The Ochoco district is located in Dechutes county.

## SILVERTONIANS HOME

Ernest Subke and family and Fred Peck and family of Silverton have returned home from an auto trip, camping along the way at Pacific City, Seaside, Astoria, Rainier, Cascade Locks, Portland, Columbia Beach and Hillsboro, taking in all the sights along the Columbia highway. They report a very enjoyable time with no car trouble and no accidents.

## 1920 CROP OF PRUNES SOLD

Fruit Sales of Last Week Amount to Quarter of Million Pounds

The entire stock of the 1920 crop of prunes on this coast in the hands of the Oregon Growers' Co-operative association has been sold at a half cent advance over recently quoted prices. The sales of the last week amounted to three-quarters of a million pounds.

Stocks of prunes to the amount of about a million pounds still remain in the hands of the association on the eastern markets where they have been stored in readiness for sale. It is expected that these stocks will be entirely cleaned up by October 1 to 15.

R. C. Paulus, general manager of the association, says that some future sales on the 1921 crop of prunes are being reported and is of the opinion that the bulk of the small sizes of the Oregon, Washington and California prunes will go to European markets this year.

Germany is again coming into the market and a representative of the merchandise department of a large banking house in Hamburg is now in Portland to arrange for petite prunes which will be shipped to Germany.

Remember when we used to laugh about Carrie Nation?

## Rostein & Greenbaum

Sweaters, all wool, fine quality, new weaves, sample line of ladies', misses' and children's Sweaters only one of a kind, every one a special good value.

Towels. See our new towels, they are wonderful values. Huck Towels from 10c up. Turkish Towels at 15c, 38c, 40c, 50c and 69c. Fancy Turkish Towels, splendid values at 40c, 50c, \$1 and up.

Heavy all linen Crash Toweling, to clean up at 18c a yard. Art Linen in three widths, 18 in., 20 in. and 24 in., all linen.

New Gingham, New Percales, New Outing Flannels.

Cotton Blankets, first quality only, no seconds. New Blankets and Comforters, at the new low prices.

New Fall Dress Goods. See the new Sport Stripes. All wool, fine dress goods. New low prices.

240 and 246 North Commercial St.

# NEW FALL SHOES

We are now receiving new fall shoes each day

HANAN SHOES Both men's and women's now in stock complete.

SELBY ARCH PRESERVER For women, full line, all sizes, NOW IN.

See the New Light Tan Sport Pump for ladies, the newest thing direct from the eastern style centers

\$ 7.00

Just arrived, new brown ball and strap Oxfords, all sizes, a very new creation and very moderately priced at

\$ 7.00

New Black Satin Pump, the latest style and last, all widths from the narrowest to the widest at only

\$ 8.00

The most stylish Black Kid Pump ever created, has just been unpacked and is ready for your inspection at

\$ 9.00

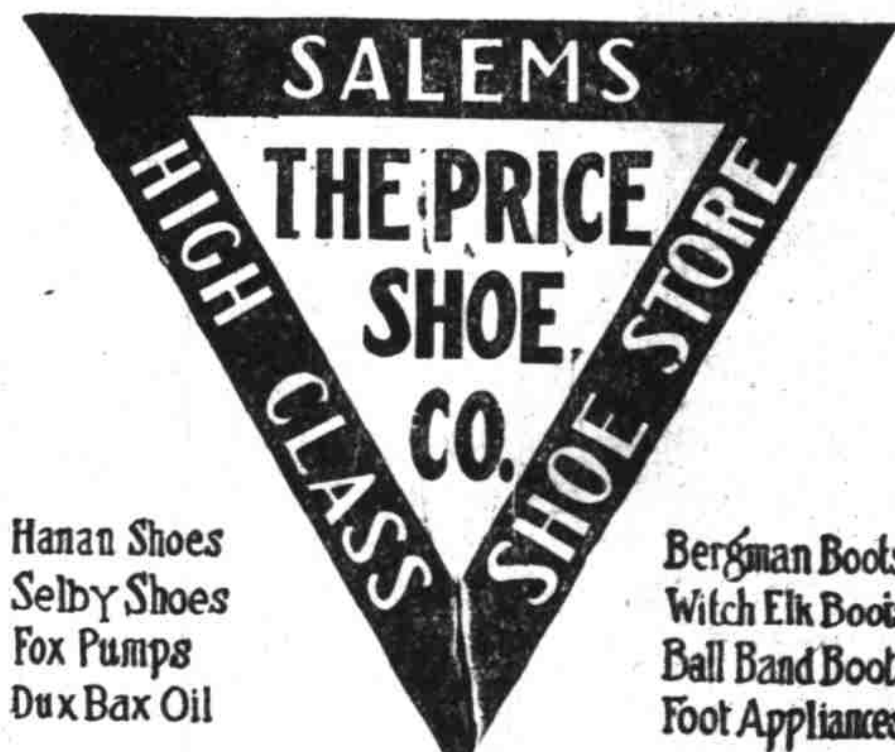
A wonderful new Black Suede Pump in a perfect last and one of the best fitting styles we have ever shown at

\$ 9.00

Do Not Forget

## Rubber Heel Day Each Wednesday

We will put on most any make of Rubber Heels, including most sizes in the famous wing foot heels, Wednesday of each week, all at 25c



Hanan Shoes Selby Shoes Fox Pumps Dux Bax Oil

Bergman Boots Witch Elk Boots Ball Band Boots Foot Appliances

326 State St. Next to Ladd & Bush Bank

## BITS FOR BREAKFAST

Fall business opening.

The so-called dull season for Salem is passing.

It looks like a good fall business ahead for the concerns that have prepared for it.

There is a distinct improvement among the farmers and stock men of the Salem district. They feel 1000 per cent better than they did two months ago. It is psychological; and that makes all the difference in the world.

The Salem real estate men are busy; and they will be busier as the school days approach. There are not going to be enough houses to go around in Salem.

Things are taking on a busy look at the state fair grounds. Going to be the biggest and best ever.

Cherchez la femme. It is the ancient triangle, as old as civilization. The Roseburg mystery