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"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe."
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Bugs or Food?

"The quarantine laws have given the farm experts tyrannical power, which they have lost no time in utilizing. The ten million dollar corn borer fiasco in the middle west, and the thirty million dollar Florida fly embargo, have been national examples widely followed in the various states. Flies, nematodes, weevils, earwigs, etc., are constantly being discovered as new sources for the expenditure of public funds to worry the harrassed farmer and confiscate his property for the enrichment of our busy bug bureaucracy.

"One wonders how previous generations of farmers managed to grow good crops and remain prosperous—without federal aid or expert interference, knowing so little of these "menaces." Perhaps one reason was because they had no professors to badger them.—Capital Journal.

Our esteemed evening contemporary may take the side of the bugs if it wants to. We take the side of the professors whose success in research and practical application of scientific knowledge have made possible the growth of food production on this planet and defeated the efforts of the four million insects who are the active competitors of men for the food which the earth will produce in a season. Where there is one farmer who will grumble because of the inspections imposed on his production, there are dozens of farmers who will make pleas born of desperation for college professors to save them from the ravages of some new bugs that are destroying their crops.

Not always do the professors succeed. They have failed in stopping the chestnut blight. They have succeeded only in holding down the menace of boll weevil. They have failed to stop the spread of the corn borer. We know one of the premier watermelon areas in southeastern Iowa, around Coneville near Muscatine. That is, it used to be the premier growing area. Recently some insect or aphis has come in, attacked the vines and almost put an end to watermelon growing there. The professors haven't found the prevention or cure yet. The Mediterranean fruit fly is a real and not imaginary pest. Discovered in Florida this year, it has already spread as far west as Dallas, Texas. The ruined orchardists and busted banks in Florida are testimonies not only to actual damage done by this fly, but to fear born of knowledge of what this fruit fly has done in other lands.

The department of agriculture and the college professors have scored some brilliant successes in combatting the encroachments of insects and plant diseases, in spite of their failures in the cases noted. The cottony scale at one time threatened the extinction of the orange and lemon industry in California. A government entomologist found a lady-bug in Australia, the natural foe to the scale; the lady bugs were brought over here and set to work and the citrus industry was saved.

At one time the cane sugar industry in Hawaii was in danger from the cane-leaf hopper, like the cottony scale, a native of Australia. Scientists after patient effort found a parasite which laid low the cane-leaf hopper and another big industry was saved. The Hessian fly is a bad pest in the wheat belt; professors and scientists found the only known control method is to time the plowing and seeding so there will be no host plants available at the time in the fly's life history when it seeks the wheat plant for host. Agricultural college professors in the northwest developed the copper carbonate treatment as a preventative for smut in wheat, doing away with the expensive and unsatisfactory formaldehyde or blue vitriol treatment.

College professors at Corvallis were appealed to when the fruit growers were faced with ruin because eastern and foreign markets rejected their fruits with its arsenic residue from spraying, perfected a fruit washing machine, dedicated the patent to the public, and averted disaster to many orchardists.

What the professors can do usually is to discover how to keep nature in balance, to find the right parasite or enemy of the insect invader and set him to work. Many of these pests are importations, like the chestnut blight. When they come they do not bring their neighbor enemies along so they have a free sweep until some scientist brings in their ancient foe. College professors go wrong to be sure. We aren't hearing any more about the b. w. d. agglutination test for chicks but this is because scientists have discovered a newer and better way to fight this disease.

The intelligent farmer of today isn't squawking at the professors for what they have done, so much as for what they haven't done. Rather than to let bugs and insect pests devour vegetation and starve the human race we prefer college professors.

Portland is Astir

THE whole state is watching with interest the rally of Portland people in the direction of city progress. The most encouraging item in the news is not the holding of a civic banquet, but the success in some preliminary steps looking toward locating some very large industries in Portland. Portland has raised the sum of $25,000 for special surveys in this undertaking. The names of the concerns identified with the enterprise are reassuring to the public even though full disclosures of what is projected have not been made. Day and Zimmerman are nationally known engineers, ranking with Stone & Webster and similar engineering concerns. The Continental Illinois company is the investment banking division of the Continental-Illinois Bank, the largest bank in the United States outside of New York city. We may conclude therefore that big things are in the making which may influence profoundly the industrial and commercial development of Portland and the northwest.

For what benefits one section will benefit the other. New factories in Portland will afford new markets for products of other sections of the state. Money from new payrolls and purchases of materials may start as a large stream but it trickles into small streams that reach far out from the main spring.

Portland is the metropolis of Oregon and the rest of the state looks to Portland to supply the financial and industrial leadership and support for many enterprises. There are many signs that Portland appreciates this responsibility and is generating some new energy to push itself forward in an aggressive manner.

C. A. Robertson of West Salem, who has been in the diplomatic service, acquaints us with the rank of Lady Isabella Howard. Besides being the wife of Sir Esme Howard, the British ambassador, whose knighthood we knew but overlooked for the moment in confusing Isabella and Ishbel, the daughter of the premier, Lady Isabella is a "Lady" in her own birthright, being of the Italian nobility and really of higher rank than her husband. Mr. Robertson has been entertained in the home of the Howards and regards Sir Esme and Lady Isabella most highly, which estimate is in accord with that of the mass of Americans who know of the couple only through the press.

A New Unemployment Possibility

BITS for BREAKFAST

—By R. J. HENDRICKS—

Who were the first farmers—

In the Willamette valley? There has come to the notice of the Bits man a record that seems to show that the French dependents of the Hudson's Bay company were probably not the original Abels of this fruitful valley, though they were the first white men to plant and reap crops, being encouraged by Dr. John McLoughlin, who then ruled the Oregon Country, to come and take Indian wives and grow grain, to be handled by his company in supplying the Russians in Alaska with flour. Also, to form such alliances as would cement the friendship of the Indian tribes, upon whom the Hudson's Bay company depended in its traffic for furs and pelts.

A friend, noting that Salem has its Bits for Breakfast and its Sips for Supper, suggests that there may be room for "Leaven for Lunch," and offers some, including the following: "It has been my fortune to locate a book entitled, 'Memoirs of a Captivity among the Indians,' published at London, England, in 1823, by one John Dunn Hunter.

"This work promises such proof of early Indian agriculture in the Willamette valley that it demands investigation. The author claims to have been taken captive by the Indians in childhood and held for several years, covering a period from about 1805 to 1816. In that portion of the work relating to the valley of the Willamette, he makes the following statement: 'They raised considerable quantities of a peculiar kind of corn, the ears of which were short, small, and set on stalks near the ground. The grains were also small and of a very deep blue color. They also raised beans and squashes.'

"Multnomat instead of Mulnomah was the name of the stream, and his version of the origin of this name was 'river of much game.' The small inlet to the south of the 'Chick a la lim' (Columbia), their wonder at viewing the ocean, and a lake near the headwaters of the Willamette where a tribe known as the Lees-to-lush Indians lived, the climatic conditions, and customs of the natives both on coast and valley streams, gives a closer view of Indian life than has ever been my good fortune to attain. Although the author frankly states that he wrote from memory of events which were separated many years from the date of publication, and that his information was acquired when no intention or desire of making these facts public were entertained, his ability to handle the subject draws and holds the interest of the reader. But one copy of this work is known to be on this coast, and while this may not be secured by loan, it may be perused and excerpts therefrom copied.

"I am endeavoring to obtain a copy of a manuscript by a Mr. La Salle that is a part of the government records at Washington, D. C. The author was wrecked on the Oregon coast at False cape south of the Columbia on the Sea Otter in 1809, and with three men made his way to the headwaters of the Red river. He speaks of the Onalaska river in Oregon, and the Onalas who lived on that stream. H. R. Schoolcraft was of the opinion that he referred to the Molallas. (See Statesman, January 1, 1853)."

There is some more of the "Leaven for Lunch," which will have attention in this column at later dates.

A mistaken note was injected into the meeting of the Salem chamber of commerce at the noon luncheon of Monday, when W. G. Ide, manager of the state chamber of commerce, spoke among other things of the importance of the dairying industry to the Willamette valley—

The mistaken and jarring note being about the competition of the other industries on the land with dairying—referring especially to flax and fruits. That is a provincial note.

Flax is a rotation crop; must have a four to five year rotation, and will be still safer with seven years, as in the Belfast district in Ireland. Besides, there is a stock food by-product of the flax industry. The more flax, the more and prosperity of the dairying industry. Tht more flax, the more cows, and better ones. We have vast areas of idle and slacker acres in the Willamette valley, and it wfil require only 50,000 to 100,000 acres of the J. W. S. pedigreed flax to produce the raw materials for a $100,000,000 industry here, maintaining directly and indirectly at least 1,000,000 extra population.

That is, the equivalent of only 50 to 100 of our larger farms, as farming is now carried on in numerous sections of the valley. The development of the flax and linen industries up to the $100,000,000 a year basis will call for vastly increasing our dairying industry. The same will be true of nearly every other intensely cultivated crop in this land of diversity, with the exception of tree fruits and nuts, and dairying makes up a part of the scheme of successful fruit and nut crops, too. And every other line of intensified agriculture will help dairying, and be helped by dairying, in keeping up the necessary fertility of the soil. Dairying calls for rotation of crops, and aids them.

We will eventually have irrigation all over the Willamttte valley, with many major irrigation projects, and this will bring sugar factories. But the raw products for these will also take clean cultivated and rotation crops, and these, with their by-products, will develop dairying as nothing else can.

We must get over the idea of a little Willamette valley. This valley is a potential tmpire. There is room for dairying on such a scale as it is found so far in no other like extent of territory, and along with all the intensified agriculture of which this land of diversity is capable, and to which it is especially adapted.

Portland is to have a survey to set apart among other things manufacturing sections. Salem does not need much of a survey of this kind. There are natural manufacturing districts, like the one in southeast Salem. But more intensified work in securing additional manufacturing plants for this city, and the enlargement of the plants already here, is one of the biggest duties before the capital city and its service organizations, and all its people. Salem is going faster than any other northwest city in its class in industrial growth; but it is not making anything like the advances hat are possible, and ought to be made.

Read the Classified Ads.

—"Alibi" thrilled me to death. I think it is a masterpiece and one of the finest imaginable. A classic in all talking productions—Douglas Fairbanks.

It's coming Sunday to Bligh's Capitol Theater

Old Oregon's Yesterdays

Town Talks from The Statesman Our Fathers Read

October 3, 1904

W. H. Selleck was appointed to the First Church, and W. S. Gordon to the Leslie church here when names of ministers for various churches in the state were read at the annual Methodist conference which met in Eugene.

State Superintendent Ackerman is preparing his annual report for submission to the legislature.

What might have been a very serious accident occurred when Dr. Scofield lost control of his motor tricycle and collided with a carriage which there were four people. The team was badly frightened, but no one was hurt.

Two of the three Indian girls who escaped from the Chemawa training school were found on the streets of Salem by George Welfeldt, former pupil of the school.

Assistant Director of Indian Education Pays Visit to Chemawa Plant

By OLIVE M. DOAK

"Ah, you are Miss.....? Yes, I am Miss Stewart, and this is Mr. ....." A few words and Mr. So and So had departed and with a squick swish Miss Stewart had her hat and coat on and we were out in the delicious late fall sunshine, pacing slowly along the graveled walks of the Chemawa Indian school where Miss Mary Stewart, assistant director of Indian Education, Department of Interior, is stopping on one of the official visits which she is paying to each Indian school and reservation of the United States.

We were walking slowly and talking about circuses. I came to talk about the official business upon which she is traveling—but we were talking about circuses.

"Most people think it is necessary to have an excuse to go to a circus," said Miss Stewart, "but I do not. Circuses are delightful things. There one finds all the elements of play and entertainment without psychological problems such as one meets in the theatre. And there are skillful stars, too, do you know———." And here I can quote no more for Miss Stewart was mentioning names of which I had never heard. Did she know these people? No, unfortunately she had never had a chance to meet them, but circuses have programs and did I nver read programs? One could learn who they were as well as one could learn about movie actresses.

Miss Stewart concluded our circus talk with a delightful statement—"I am never more pleased with myself than when I can play for the sheer joy of playing. Would that I had learned the art earlier in life, for play like beauty is its own excuse for being enjoyed."

And that was as near as I came to hearing about "official business," for said Miss Stewart, "I am new in the work, having received my appointment July 1 from Secretary of the Interior Ray Lyman Wilbur, and I really do not have anything to say for the press." One gathered that Miss Stewart's attitude would always be one that did not discuss her "master's business," although it was easy to read the enthusiasm with which she is attacking her job.

This enthusiasm and a remarkable mind and personality has carried Miss Stewart from one interesting accomplishment to another, until now, as assistant director of Indian Education, she holds one of the most outstanding positions of any woman in the United States.

Her first public position was a pioneering one—she was one of the first deans of women beginning her work at the University of Montana at a very youthful age. Here she also taught Latin and English.

From her work in Latin, I found out from another source than herself, she made what is reputed to be one of the finest translations of portions of the work of Catullus, a Latin lyric poet. This translation is not the only writing she had done, she is author of many magazine articles, poems, served as feature writer on a large eastern city paper, and she has become internationally known as the author of the club women's collect which is used daily to open meetings in many clubs such as the Business and Professional Women's club, of which let it be said Miss Stewart is one of the original organizers who met in St. Louis in 1919 to found the organization as it is known today, of the General Federation of Women's clubs and many other groups in both city and farm connections. The collect reads:

"Keep us, O God, from pettiness; let us be large in thought, in word, in deed.

Let us be done with fault finding, and leave off self-seeking.

May we put away all pretense and meet each other face to face without prejudice.

May we never be hasty in judgment and always generous.

Teach us to put into action our better impulses—straight-forward and unafraid.

Let us take time for all things; make us to grow calm, serene, gentle.

Grant that we may realize it is the little things that create the differences; that in the big things of life we are one.

And may we strive to touch and to know the great common woman's heart of us all and,

O Lord God, let us not forget to be kind."

In addition to these things Miss Stewart has been interested in the suffrage movement since its early history in the United States, beginning her active connection with it when she was only a girl and winning a reputation for herself as one of the best public speakers among the women of the United States. She handled the women's campaign in Maine for Harding and again took active part in the Hoover campaign. She did not tell me these things but I learned them about her and accused her.

Her laughing acknowledgement of the facts and her witty remarks about her accomplishments made it easy to see how she has been able to undertake difficult things and carry them through.

Not the least of the things which Miss Stewart has to her credit is a piece of work which she told me about upon questioning her. Just before her appointment to the Indian service she was assistant director general of the United States employment service in the department of Labor. Her work had to do with junior working boys and girls just under the age of 21. This work had to do with vocational guidance and its problems. During this work Miss Stewart representing the Employment service, and a representative of the Children's bureau put out a bulletin with the assistance of several who aided in the scientific research which the bulletin represented, which was called a study on vocational guidance and placement.

During the time Miss Stewart was connected with the United States Employment service she was associated with Mrs. Virginia Bacon, who is now Oregon's state librarian, and of whom Miss Stewart says "one of the most brilliant and efficient women that I have ever been associated not barring such women as Mabel Willibrant."

Miss Stewart plans to be at Chemawa until Thursday when she expects to continue her tour of inspection which she estimates will take her about two months. She left Washington, D. C., September 12.

She will be a dinner guest of the Business and Professional Women tonight.

Editors Say:

AUTUMN

The first suggestions of autumn are not so much seen as felt. They are vague and indistinct, yet real. The fading of summer into fall resembles the subtle changes that overtake one at middle life, in that it is slight, gentle and unobtrusive. There is a little lessening of vision, and the eyes are weary after extended reading. So comes the resort to spectacles, not of course that they are really needed, but as "an aid to reading, a preventive only." There is a slight slowing up of physical activities, a resolution not to overdo; a feeling that one has earned the right to slacken the pace and relax a little oftener. Yet there is still zest in living, and charm and color and melody continue to allure. Thus slowly, almost imperceptibly, but surely, comes the knowledge that one has reached high noon and the shadows must of necessity lengthen toward the East.

• • •

It is in the month of September that summer fades into autumn. The tokens at first are not numerous, but they are there. Something in the air is alien to August, a certain crispness that is tonic. There is a slight haze on the horizon. The greenness of the earth and trees is subdued, and there are faint tints of brown appearing here and there. There is a shimmering and a shriveling in the fields, and the process of ripening is slackened. A few of the birds have already answered the call of the Southland, but many linger to gladden the eyes of the wayfarer and cheer his heart. Winter still seems a long way off, and it is good to know that between September days and flurry of snow and ice are the flaming splendors of October.

• • •

September is a month that has much to offer to those who are in love with life under the open sky. The days are cool, but not too cool for comfort. The rays of the sun are genial, but not unpleasantly warm. The early mornings are bracing, and the early evenings have in them a quality of dreamy ardor. The leaves are falling, but not in profusion. Summer fades slowly, almost as imperceptibly as the charm of a beautiful woman in her early forties whose eyes are still eloquent, and with healthful fervor undiminished. Such is September, standing midway between the purple maturity of midsummer and the old gold and crimson of the crowning days of autumn.—Medford Mail-Tribune.

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