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PRODUCTION OF QUALITY EGGS IS MARKET SOLUTION

Poultryman Who Puts Good Product on Market Need Not Fear Slump, Manager Declares.

Is there an overproduction of eggs? We hear this question frequently from our own members, and from non member producers, says the manager of the Pacific Poultry Producers' association in the current issue of The Eggman, the association's publication. Chambers of Commerce in different localities that are interested in the welfare of the poultry industry are making inquiries along the same lines. Speculators trying to influence the market down are loudly proclaiming that there is an overproduction.

Generally lower prices for eggs than prevailed a year ago would seem to indicate a greater supply of eggs than can readily be absorbed. Storage figures for the United States just released (as of April 1) show an excess of nearly a million cases over a year ago. However, the records of eggs at the terminal markets do not support the theory that there is any immense increase in production, although storage holdings might seem to indicate this condition.

Without any doubt there is an increase in production, but whether this increase is great enough to give us more eggs than can be used, we do not know. Really this should not concern us greatly, nor can we do anything about it. If we are producing more eggs than enough for consumption the price will decline to such a point that production will become unprofitable, with the certain result of curtailment of production. This is inevitable, and is the only and the certain remedy. Now I have made this statement that we should not be concerned about whether or not there is an overproduction of eggs. This may sound strange, and if we let it go at that, without further discussion, it would be strange. What we mean is that if there is an overproduction of eggs, we can do nothing about it, and it will automatically take care of itself by forcing a certain number of people out of the egg business. The things our producers should be concerned about is that they are not the producers who are forced out of business. How may they avoid it? There may or may not be an overproduction of poor eggs, but there is no overproduction of fine quality eggs. Obviously then, the way to avoid being forced out of business (assuming the possibility of an overproduction of poor eggs), is to produce fine quality eggs. The producer of inferior quality eggs would be the first affected and the hardest hit in case of a continued over-supply and must eventually quit the business as he will not go on producing at a heavy loss.

While it is true that this over-

production of poor eggs (if such does exist) will adversely affect for a time the financial returns of the producers of fine eggs, when the producers of these inferior eggs get out of the game (as they surely must, if this assumed overproduction exists), the producers of fine quality eggs will be that much better off.

Fine quality eggs are selling at a price that should not be the producer's small margin of profit. Those that continue to improve their eggs or who continue to produce their present high quality having nothing to fear from any overproduction of eggs, beyond a temporary reduction of their margin.

Buy the best quality chicks, feed properly, care for them properly so that you will get the proper quantity of production as well as the proper quality, then care for your eggs properly until they are marketed, and you need not worry about overproduction. In fact, you may safely increase your flock. Again referring to the present low prices, general business conditions probably have as much to do with the lower prices as increased receipts do. All lines of business are showing up more or less. Look about you and you will see a general reduction in values, not only in most agricultural products, but in manufactured articles as well. Take woolen textiles, for instance, or automobiles. The egg business is not alone in a slump.

Leather bed-davenport, low price at Powell's.

EASTERN OREGON HIGH SCHOOLS IN TRACK MEET

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)
LA GRANDE, Ore., April 29.—La Grande, Union, Imbler, Cove and other Union county grade and high school athletes will participate in the annual county track and field meet at Union tomorrow. Early season performances indicate that several records may be bettered.

Rug rugs, 39c at Powell's Furniture store.

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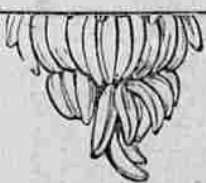
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DAUGHTERS OF MIDAS

by Anne Austin

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THIS HAS HAPPENED

Three girls are selected by T. Q. Curtis from his department store to come into his home as his wards for one year, because he believes they have worthy ambitions.

Billy Wells is the only one of the three who is serious about her ambition. She wants to be a concert violinist. The other two girls, Nyda Lomax and Winnie Shelton, like about their hopes in order to enjoy the Curtis wealth. Clay Curtis, son of the store owner, tries to get Billy to denounce the whole proposition. She disregards his advice. Clay has disinherited himself and is living with the Wells family in a poor section of town, working in the Truman factory in the day time and writing music at night.

Mrs. Meadows, widow of a former governor, is hostess for the girls. Her nephew, Dal Romaine, a fascinating, Oriental looking man, is "playing" for the three very adroitly, which is fearfully painful to Billy, who is infatuated with him. On her flying visits home for a few hours a week, Billy finds the once loved little cottage disgustingly plain in comparison with her new domicile.

Prof. Navratil, with whom Billy is to study violin tells her she has possibilities but says it will be five years before the fulfillment of her hopes. In disappointment at this announcement, Billy returns to the Curtis home. There she finds reporters and photographers who "covering" the "Cinderella" story for papers. When Dal Romaine strolls in and the photographers ask for his picture for the society page, he retreats in haste. Billy puzzles at his remark: "I never pose for pictures."

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER XXIV

"Well, little Spittire, what did Navratil tell you?" T. Q. took Billy's arm and led her into the dining room.

Her purpose to tell him the bitter truth and run away held firm. She raised her blue eyes drowned in tears and faced him honestly with Navratil's verdict.

"So you see," she concluded, her lips quivering like a heart broken child's, "you'd better give my year to someone else. A year won't be enough. It's not fair to take it, when I know that I can't prepare myself for my career as you expect me to."

"Can't I be the judge of that?" T. Q. laid both long, bony hands on her shoulders.

"But Navratil knows—" she waited, but the panic which had come upon her was so suddenly evaporating.

T. Q. grinned at her fondly, tightened his hands upon her shoulders. "Navratil called me on the phone at the store, just after you'd left. He said he realized that he had discouraged and bewildered you. He had thought you were speaking to you as a teacher to an ordinary pupil. What he meant was that it would take three to five years to make you ready to take your place as one of the great violinists of America."

"Oh!" Billy breathed a sharp cry of joy. "He thinks I will be really great—some day? He criticized me so dreadfully, made me want never to touch my violin again. But I have only a year."

"But think what that year can do for you, child." He shook her slightly. "This doesn't sound at all like my little Spittire." Navratil says by the end of the year you can easily make your living, and a very good living, too, with your fiddle. Does it sound so terrible now? If you get your start this year, with Navratil, you can carry on your studies while you earn a good living. You'll stick, won't you, little Spittire? And trust old T. Q. to know what's best for you."

For answer, Billy laid her cheek against the hand that gripped her left shoulder. It was the slightest of caresses, but it was the first mark of affection she had ever shown him, and he looked extraordinarily pleased—until Dalhart Romaine entered the dining room, his aunt's hand on his arm, his grave, brown, still face bent deferentially toward Mrs. Meadows.

"This is most unconventional, our luncheon in evening dress," Mrs. Meadows said, as Romaine held her chair for her. "But I knew you were eager to get back to business, Mr. Curtis."

"I'm afraid we'll snap our fingers at the book of etiquette a good many times, Mrs. Meadows," T. Q. told her shortly, his eyes darting a glance of badly concealed dislike at Romaine, who took his place between his aunt and Billy Wells. Billy wondered, catching that look, just why T. Q. disliked Dal Romaine so intensely. Ralph Truman looked at Romaine with just such a hostile tightening of lips and jaw. Wasn't their dislike founded on the fact the Romaine was exceedingly handsome, that he had leisure and knew how to use it beautifully, that women were irresistibly attracted to him?

"He makes other men seem crude and commercial and a little ridiculous—all except T. Q., who's an old darling, but about as romantic as roast beef," she mused, even as the close proximity of Dal Romaine made her quiver and ache with desire for the stimulus of contact. Her hands, longing for his to brush them suddenly, as he offered her the salt or pepper, went cold and rigid with the pain of waiting, so that she dropped the tiny dish of salt. His lean brown fingers did brush hers then, as they scooped the spilled crystals from the cloth, and instantly she had the feeling that she had been

given a dose of some powerful drug.

"Better fling some of that salt over your left shoulder, Billy, or you'll have bad luck," Winnie Shelton suggested sweetly, but her eyes were furious. She had seen the touch of Romaine's hands. "Oh, Dal—I mean Mr. Romaine," Winnie fluttered. "You haven't forgotten what you promised—for this afternoon?" Her coaxing voice hinted at lovely secrets.

Romaine's grave, still face was miraculously lighted with that fleet smile of his which left it more broodingly grave and mysterious than before. At the moment she hated his smile because it had played upon Winnie Shelton's shallow, pretty little face.

"How could I forget," he asked in his low, caressing voice. "But it's no secret, really," he added, as he caught a gleam of malice and suspicion from Nyda's glittering black eyes. "Miss Shelton is very keen to learn ice-cream and I've volunteered to teach her. I hope all three of you girls will be my guests this afternoon. We'd thought of going up the river to the Pirate's Den, I believe they call it. Hot coffee and sandwiches, you know." He turned toward Mr. Curtis with a charming, disarming smile. "A little shack built built on the edge of the river. An orchestra is to play this afternoon to making the skating merry."

The ice is quite safe, I'm assured. Will you go, Miss Wells—and Miss Lomax?" "I've got to practice hours and hours," Billy could not keep a note of keen disappointment out of her voice. "So sorry. Another time perhaps? And you, Miss Lomax?" "I have another engagement," Nyda acknowledged sullenly. "If I'd known—Winnie, you're a deceitful little brute. You told me you were going to study this afternoon."

"But I'm sure you'd much rather be with Eddie Banning. That's your date, isn't it?" Winnie asked innocently.

A dark flush stained Nyda Lomax's cheeks and burned in her narrowed eyes. "I'm going to the Princess Shoppe for a fitting," she snapped.

T. Q. chuckled. "I've meant to tell you girls that you are at liberty to bring any of your old friends to the house. Banning is the young chap who acquired you at the anniversary party isn't he?"

"Eddie Banning is nothing to me," Nyda's fingers trembled as she raised a fork of creamed chicken to her sullen mouth. "I haven't noticed Clyde Stewart around here yet, Winnie," she added maliciously.

"Clyde?" Winnie's eyes were very wide and innocent. "Why, Clyde Stewart and I were just friends thrown together at the store, but I thought you and Eddie were engaged."

"Well, we aren't engaged, and I think you'd better mind your own business, Winnie Shelton!" Nyda's rage got the better of her discretion.

"Girls, girls!" Mrs. Meadows protested, in her cool, modulated voice, while Dal Romaine's lips twitched with a tiny, secret smile. Winnie laughed, exultant that her trip with Romaine had not been spoiled by either Nyda's or Billy's unwelcome presence. "Oh, I was so thrilled this morning, Mr. Curtis, when I got my sheet and books. All those little curly pig-tails and chicken tracks look absolutely fascinating. And I have the shiniest, darriest typewriter with a little bell that tinkles at the end of every line. I know a whole line of the keyboard already—Q-W-E-T-Y-I-U-O-P—" she changed so prettily that even Billy had to smile.

"Allow me to correct you," T. Q. smiled. "It's Y-U-I-O-P. I used to grind out my own letters before I could afford a stenographer. And how do you like the Cordelia Blount school, Nyda? All signed up?"

"Oh, yes," Nyda gave him a long, deep, glowing look. "I've got to study three different lessons to-night. I'll be so glad when I've learned enough to be allowed to teach in the model kindergarten. I'm just crazy to be with the kids."

T. Q. beamed upon her almost fatuously. It seemed to Billy, Wasn't he clever enough to know that she was "stringing" him—Nyda, who detested children?

"Mrs. Meadows and I are planning a big surprise for you, my dear. No, don't leave! But I'll guarantee it's something you'll like. Well, children, I've got to tattle on back to the store. All home for dinner, I suppose? Mrs. Meadows has asked Ralph Truman and his sister, Annette, and Bruce Wrangler, I believe."

"And Dalhart," Mrs. Meadows smiled upon them all as she rose from the table. Apparently she did not see the quick frown that blushed T. Q.'s cheeks as he mentioned her nephew's name. "Ralph and Annette, Dal and Bruce are going on to a dance late at the Bradley's, so you girls will have plenty of time for study this evening."

"Why?" Billy looked at Mrs. Meadows with evident embarrassment. "I've been invited to the dance, too. Ralph Truman asked me yesterday at tea. I supposed we were all going."

"I—er—we had to decline, because we knew we'd have to study tonight," Nyda lied, as she rose

heartily, but Billy saw a half-smile, half-amused smile on his stern mouth. He was not deceived by Nyda's lie. Life was going to be more complicated than he had bargained for, with three foster-daughters in his house.

(To be Continued)
Billy, by accident, learns the great secret. She find out what T. Q. has been "up to" all along.

Table oilcloth, 25c a yard at Powell's.

LAND SETTLEMENT WORK DONE AT VERY LOW COST

"Maximum results with a minimum cost" is the policy of the land settlement department of the Portland Chamber of Commerce. According to the annual report submitted by W. G. Ide, department manager, 750 settlers have been placed on Oregon farms directly through the activities of the department coordinated with the Oregon State Chamber of Commerce, during the year ending April 1, 1927.

Considering that only 18,250 was spent by the department in its work of obtaining selected settlers, the cost of placing these 750 families amounted to less than \$25 a family. This is a very low cost per family, when it is considered that railroad companies generally estimate this expense at \$200.

The return to Oregon on this small investment is measured by the fact that 750 families brought capital to the state amounting to \$2,748,778.

Over 900 additional families were interviewed, but no record obtained as to actual settlement. Information coming to the office from local chambers and other sources indicates that a majority of these families have located in the state.

Advertising carried since November, 1926, in farm journals in the east and middle west at a cost of \$137,477, brought to the department \$744 inquiries from prospective settlers.

An important feature of the methods used to obtain the names of prospects is the lists of friends and neighbors furnished by settlers already located and by those intending to come. Through this means the names of 1400 prospects have in this way been obtained at no cost. People of excellent quality have in this way been obtained as actual settlers without cost.

Since the beginning of the work of obtaining selected settlers in 1924, the department has located 2532 farm families who have brought to the state a total investment of \$11,098,117. The new settlers have occupied over 50,000 acres of land, the greater part of which has not in profitable production—have produced more than the annual buying power of our farm population nearly three million dollars in food stuffs, boots, shoes, clothing, furniture, farm machinery and other articles necessary for life on the land. During the period 67,725 inquiries concerning Oregon agriculture have been received, and 111,959 letters mailed out to prospective settlers. A total of 224,334 packages of literature have also gone out during this time.

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RADICAL CHINESE ARMY BEATEN BY MODERATE LEADER

General Chiang Retaliates for Nanking Outrages; 10 More Communists Feel Law's Hand.

(Associated Press Leased Wire.)

SHANGHAI, April 29.—General Chiang Kai-Shek, moderate Cantonese commander, is reported in Chinese advices from Nanking to have routed an entire army of 5000 men under General Chen Chien. He is said to have disarmed all of Chen's troops and killed thirty of them, and also to have captured large bodies of troops at Wuhu, up the Yangtze from Nanking, and other towns.

These advices told of the cutting of the railway between Nanking and Kiating, it being explained that Chiang did this to prevent the escape of Chen's troops. Chiang's supporters here interpret the action as an important defeat for the radical section of the Cantonese and as the first step in Chiang's campaign to mete out punishment for the Nanking outrages. Chen was in command of the Cantonese forces at Nanking during the outrages which prompted the shelling by American and British warships anchored in the Yangtze. Before the arrival of Chiang at Nanking, Chen fled in the direction of Hankow with his troops, apparently feeling he would be safe in Hankow than in Nanking.

10 Communists Sentenced
PEKING, April 29.—Four Chinese communists, including one woman, captured in the recent raid by Chang Tso-Lin's agents on the Soviet embassy compound here, were sentenced by a special court today to 12 years imprisonment. Six others were given six years each.

The sentences followed the execution by strangling yesterday of twenty other Chinese, one of them a woman, arrested during the embassy compound raid.

The wife and two daughters of Li Ta-Chao, one of those executed yesterday, were released today, together with a number of others.

None of the Russians detained by the raiders have yet been sentenced.

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ROSEBURGERS INVITED TO GET IN ON THIS CONTEST

Anybody who wears overalls, or even if one does not, is given the opportunity for making a nice bit of pocket money by suggesting a name for a new creation in the line of workmen's coveralls or overalls. All day T. J. Condo, factory representative for this line of men's wear, will demonstrate this new garment at Duds for Men, where he was pleased to see those burly fellows whose brawn and skill contribute to the success of everybody in this practical old world of ours. Now be it understood that wearers of sliver hosiery and h-fared shirts are not prohibited from participating in this contest, which involves a thousand dollars in prizes for successful participants. The manufacturers will be glad to have any suggestions that may help them in selecting a name for this new overalls, so just to get in and do your bit, and perhaps the prize may come to some Roseburger. Anyway, the thing is worth trying for.

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