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HARRIS ELLSWORTH Editor

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The Price of Eggs

WHEN H. E. Cosby, poultry marketing expert from the Oregon State college, was in Roseburg not long ago he was asked the question: "What makes this unprecedented low egg price for this time of year?"

Mr. Cosby's answer to the question was intelligent and instructive. Three principal reasons were given as the cause for the present depressed egg price. They were:

1. Lack of advertising of eggs and their food value.

2. Part of the general reduction of all commodity prices.

3. There is no tariff on dried and powdered eggs hence millions of pounds of eggs in powdered and dried form have been imported recently.

Each of these three reasons presents its own problem if remedy is sought.

Take advertising, for instance. Practically every other necessity of life is advertised, and advertised intelligently. Not so many years ago an orange was just an orange and one of its big markets was at Christmas time—they used to be used as Christmas tree ornaments. Now oranges and orange juice are considered necessities in millions of homes. "But, everybody knows about eggs," you say. Answer that by asking yourself to name just ONE thing that you know about the food or medicinal value of an egg. Eggs, for instance, are said to contain iodine. Eggs also contain certain of the necessary vitamins. There is lots of information about eggs that should be given out via advertising. Advertising money spent on eggs is soundly invested for there is NO substitute for an egg.

Of the second reason given by Mr. Cosby for low egg prices, nothing much can be said except that it is true that commodity prices are going lower and this naturally has its effect upon the egg market.

The third and last reason, however, is very important. Imported dried and powdered eggs are serving to drive down the price of fresh eggs. There is a tariff on fresh eggs or eggs in the shell but there is no adequate tariff on dried and powdered eggs. We are told that more than one and one-half millions of pounds of powdered eggs were shipped into the United States last year from foreign countries. Efforts of poultry organizations are and properly should be directed toward securing a tariff on such egg products.

A situation which has no remedy is a hopeless situation indeed. Fortunately the very causes ascribed to the present low egg prices actually point the way for a remedy of the situation. The poultry industry is one of the very best and very soundest of Oregon's agricultural industries. Now is the time to do something about it and to correct its troubles once and for all.

Vancouver's Offense

(Portland Oregonian)

IT is not surprising that Vancouver objects to being read out of the state of Washington by Seattle, or by the Seattle Times, which may be accepted fairly as representing the attitude of the business interests of that city. Vancouver has quite as clear a title to its position as a Washington city as has Seattle itself, and its only crime in working out its own destiny is its geographical location where it is not a business feeder to the Puget sound metropolis.

The Seattle blow is directed at Vancouver's ambition to become the site of the national soldiers' home which is to be established in the Pacific northwest. It is delivered covertly in an accusation that Portland has not acted in good faith in indorsement of Roseburg as the site for the home, with the charge that Portland is surrepti-

tiously working for Vancouver. The Times urges that Washington unite upon a location, lest the home go to Vancouver at "Portland's back door."

The charge that Portland has been disloyal to Roseburg is utterly groundless. This city, together with nearly every Oregon community, indorsed Roseburg as the first in the field and well adapted to the requirements of such an institution, and it has not ceased in its active support or started a backfire. It feels that Roseburg's initiative in the matter deserves recognition and it is for this reason that it is helping the southern Oregon city rather than remaining neutral or indorsing any other selection.

Seattle's coolness towards those parts of the state in which it has no direct and close financial interest has occasioned criticism in eastern and southern Washington before this. A contrast in civic viewpoints is provided by Portland's indorsement of Roseburg in southern Oregon and Seattle's excommunication of Vancouver in southern Washington.

Editorials on News

(Continued from page 1)

Editorials

MEANWHILE, don't forget that if you want an old-age pension you don't have to wait until the legislature passes a law in order to provide for it.

Just go to some good life insurance agent and he will show you how to get an old age pension FOR YOURSELF by your own efforts.

If you will keep clearly in mind the fact, for it is a fact, that nearly ALL the good things of life can be had by getting out and going after them industriously and intelligently, and that you DON'T have to wait until a law is passed GIVING them to you, you will have made a good start toward personal success.

Oregon Editors' Opinions

Inside Dope On Legislative Shake-Down Given.
(Oregon Voter)

HARD times are intensifying the hunger pangs of a class of lobbyists found around the edges of every legislature. Their practices are more in evidence at this Oregon session than any we recall for a quarter of a century. The big meat of what we call "legislative hard-boiledness" upon some legislative or legislative business undertaking. Innocent legislators are the easy marks for the placing of such measures for introduction. Usually they are men from rural districts. They are led by suave lobbyists that real grievances exist which cry for correction but which are hardened, old-time legislators per- sistent in ignoring. The green member is told to take his time in considering whether to introduce the bill discussed with him, and a copy of the bill is given to him to study.

Then the Portland fixer is notified. He calls upon the business interests to be victimized, and "tips" him to the rumor that representative Blank is considering introduction of the bill. The suggestion is conveyed delicately that, upon adequate presentation of the facts, Mr. Blank will find that the bill ought not to be introduced. A reasonable fee—say \$250, \$1000, or whatever the racketeer thinks can be obtained without too much effort—is suggested. The victim is likely to think that it will be less costly and less dangerous for him to pay the fee than fight the bill in the open. From a percentage of these prospects such fees are collected and the bills are allowed to die without introduction.

If the fixer encounters suspicion he telephones down to Salem and his associate racketeer in the lobby may be able to prevail upon Mr. Blank to introduce the bill. Sometimes such a bill is pressed hard. Strong talking points are assembled in its support. Perhaps it gets through committee and comes up for a vote. If the victim has not even the light by that time as to how it can be killed usually at a low cost far in excess of the original touch, the lobby behind the measure does its utmost to pass it in the interest of good government and public righteousness. Every now and then such a measure becomes a law, and as such becomes a talking point of the fixer to cite it as an example of what can happen.

A lot of this racketeering is in progress. Unsettled political and economic conditions are favorable to it. However, there is enough honesty and leadership in both houses to give any measure of this kind once it is recognized. It is not necessary for any legitimate business to submit to this legal blackmail. An honest presentation, out in the open, will head off destructive legislation unless it happens to be that which is on the utility and power program.

RAYON LINGERIE 39c
Special sale of rayon blouses, panties or slips, guaranteed rayon, contrast color trim and applique. Your choice of styles and colors at 39c or 2 garments for \$1.00. Carr's—Adv.

Now is the time to fertilize your lawn and shrubs. We have lawn fertilizer, Victor, sheep guano, bone meal and other fertilizers. Wharton Bros.—Adv.

Arundel, piano tuner. Phone 189-L.

BRINGING UP FATHER



Talks on Health

By DR. R. S. COPELAND

GAS poisoning is not uncommon. We read of it daily in the papers. The city hospitals are always caring for cases of this sort.

A great deal was learned concerning gas poisoning during the World war. With the added popularity of the automobile more victims of gas poisoning are coming to our attention.

"Carbon monoxide," the poisonous ingredient of most gas, is the element that produces the marked and dangerous symptoms. As a matter of fact, carbon monoxide is one of the most deadly of the gas poisons.

This particular gas combines with the blood, producing a chemical reaction of great damage to the body. Carbon monoxide produces more deaths than any other poison known. It is present in illuminating gas. It is liberated by incomplete combustion of the gasoline in the automobile. It is found in coal mines, in natural gas and in furnace gas.

Since the damaging effect of this gas is very rapid, great attention must be paid to the prevention of undue exposure to it. Never run your automobile motor in a closed garage. If you are tuning up your motor, or tinkering with the car with the motor running, make sure the doors and windows are wide open. This is most imperative. I cannot be too emphatic in regard to this precaution.

All leaks in gas pipes should be repaired. Burning of gas jets at night is dangerous. Occasionally the gas pressure varies, and more gas may escape than is burning. Winds and draughts will blow out a small gas flame, but, of course, does not turn off the gas. Many cases of gas poisoning occur in this way.

Proper ventilation must be maintained at all times. This is particularly true in homes that are heated by hot-air furnaces.

The chief signs of poisoning by gas are dizziness, headache, nausea in the ears, throbbing at the temples. Nausea and vomiting usually precede a sleepy feeling which soon comes on.

The services of a doctor are extremely necessary for the care of one who has been gassed. While waiting for the doctor see that the patient receives plenty of fresh air. He should be kept warm and, if necessary, artificial respiration must be applied. If this is not needed, and his breathing is normal, keep him quiet.

Most people are under the impression that walking will stimulate the heart and lungs. In this type of gas poisoning it is best that there be no strain placed upon the heart. The patient should be kept in bed, warmth applied and stimulants given if necessary. Hot coffee may be given liberally.

In a more serious case of gas poisoning it is only by the use of the pulmonary that resuscitation can be accomplished. These machines are now found in all hospitals, police quarters and in municipal centers. Call up the police department, the health department or the gas company.

Answers to Health Queries
A. A. Q.—Is olive oil nourishing?

1.—Is olive oil as nourishing as butter?

A. Yes.

2.—Not in the quantities commonly used.

R. S. Q. What is glaucoma?

What can be done to cure it?

A.—Glaucoma is a disturbance of the eye. The treatment depends upon the underlying cause. For full particulars send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and repeat your question.

Lawn seed, garden and flower seeds, fertilizers of all kinds are sold at Wharton Bros.—Adv.

By Geo. McManus

'Murder at Eagle's Nest'

By WINIFRED VAN DUZER

The body of Baroness von Wiese is found in the garden of Eagle's Nest, Emily Hardy's palatial country home, wrapped in Mary Frost's shawl. Preceding her murder, the Baroness had given a note to the butler. This she denies. She had also quarreled with her maid, Mary Frost, returning for her shawl, at midnight, saw it on Laura Allan. Laura, however, claims, Mary entered the garden wearing the shawl. Blm. Martin, young newspaper reporter, fiancé of Assistant Police Chief Walter Vance, learns Laura was responsible for the broken engagement of her sister and Ted Frost, Mary's husband. Ted had also flirted with the Baroness. Blm, observing the butler dancing, wonders about him. She learns from Carl Carey, New York reporter, that the Baroness was Margot Belle, famous dancer. The supposed stolen jewels of the Baroness are found in the Baron's care.

CHAPTER XXVI

Walter headed his list, as Carl Carey had done, with the names of Peter and Emily Hardy and the Baron von Wiese and after bracketing the three together, checked them off.

"Their stories click," he remarked, "separately and together and the butler bears them out. The three of them were pawing from the time the last guest left—the last but Mrs. Frost, that is—and William was around more or less all the time serving highballs and emptying ash trays and finally fixing them up with sandwiches.

"Hardy and the Baron settled in the library around eleven o'clock according to all account and never moved till I got there near two. Mr. Hardy was there and there till she joined them about twelve but by placing together all the stories we've got her accounted for; she wasn't out of sight more than three or four minutes at a time all evening. And the Baron's zoot was bona fide; he couldn't have moved if he'd wanted to.

"And the butler?"

"He was on the job, according to Mrs. Hardy. She's ready to swear that he wasn't out of earshot. Of course," he added, "she'd had quite a lot to drink. . . . Let's begin with the Frosts; there seems to be a red herring looming across their trail. Yeah," he interpolated hastily in response to Blm's look.

"I know about Mary Frost—salt of the earth and all that. I like her myself, Blm, and I'd a lot rather she wasn't in this. But it's her own fault she is in."

"After, you know Mary goes around with Em's crowd mostly on account of Ted. He won't mix with the people she really cares for—cultured, quiet people—and she pals with the other kind to keep him contented. Not, of course, that she isn't fond of Em and the others."

"All right, Miss Fix-it. The fact remains that she does pal with that crowd and now she's into this with the rest. . . . Well, then, she makes a great show of being willing to come through with all she knows—and turns around and gives us a lot of honey which, when someone else is pretty sure to give the show away, she confesses. That lady hasn't told all she knows; not by a lot."

"If she's stood for so much from that worthless husband of hers, why did she get all hot and bothered when he made eyes at the Baroness? What did they—Mary and Ted—row about so bitterly that she rushed away and left her to gas her home alone? Why is she so worried all at once about what he might do when he's drunk? That boy had been drunk before and no one ever heard of her throwing a fit about it."

"But this is different, Wally. . . . Certainly it's different; this is one of the times when the thing that always may happen does happen."

"Then there's Ted who won't answer questions. Why not? He's a swaggering idiot but he knows very well that this is no time for swank. He won't talk because he's got something to hide—that's what."

"Ted Frost probably has a lot to hide. But surely you don't think for a minute—"

"That he shot the Baroness? Of course not. Why would he? But he was in a fury with his wife and he was drunk."

"And the Baroness in Mary's shawl looked like Mary. And if he thought he saw Mary going for to the garden—going to meet someone—he's wildly jealous of her. Not that he ever had the slightest cause," Blm finished slowly.

"We're only supposing," Walter said quickly. "Don't take any of this too much to heart. Ted might," he added, "to continue without supposing—not have been thinking of Mary at all. He might have thought it was another woman going to keep a date—a woman who interested him more than his wife did."

"But—but he hasn't so much as glanced at anyone for ages! Mary said herself that for a whole year—"

"We're just speculating, honey. And so we may as well consider what might happen if your friend Mary suddenly went crazy with jealousy herself. You don't believe that possible? Remember what Reynolds said when the meek go haywire. Supposing she had reason to believe her pet grief had stood her up to keep a date with another woman and that she thought she actually saw the other woman slipping out to keep the date. Annd, going off her head as I said, that she got her hands on a gun?"

Blm laughed at that. "You could say those things about anyone, my dear. You could ask what would happen if anyone in the world went crazy. But it wouldn't get you anywhere."

"Maybe not. Only the motive is there."

"Anyway, the jealousy motive lets Laura Allan out. She couldn't care enough about anyone to lose her head."

"Couldn't she?" Walter asked somewhat cryptically as he nevertheless wrote Laura's name after Mary's. "She cares about something enough to lie about going in to the garden, according to Imogene."

"You believe Imogene, then?"

"In this case, yes. It's sort of odd that Mary thought she saw Laura Allan with the shawl on, wasn't it?"

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"In this case, yes. It's sort of odd that Mary thought she saw Laura Allan with the shawl on, wasn't it?"

"She saw the Baroness really. She understands this now."

"But Miss Allan was in her mind. Else why did she think of the Baroness in the first place?"

"I don't quite see—"

"Never mind, kid. Then there's Blm. Blm—nice, quiet fellow. Mildly Bohemian but nothing rough. Almost a hermit in a way even if he does entertain his lady friends at two in the morning while inquisitive gardeners prow around his diggings. Europe once a year—Paris, London, Berlin, Vienna, the Orient. What's he like when he's in Europe? Who does he know? What's his connections? What sort of person is he when he's away from Kingcliffe?"

"Why not look him up, sweet thing?"

"We're doing that, my dear. But you see how it is, Blm: when you begin to speculate you drag the whole shebang down around your ears."

"Of course there's what Mrs. Briggs overheard. Buzzy saw to Laura when he was calling at her apartment." "If I can't have you no one else will." Though I don't think that sounds a bit like Blm. Blm. Not a bit. And some way or other I can't imagine him sneaking in to call on Laura that way when I happen to know the old Judge is very fond of him."

"Perhaps Mrs. Briggs jumped at conclusions. Well, that's the lot of them."

"You're forgetting Bob and Millicent, Wally."

"Oh, Bob and Millicent! Pair of kittens."

"But while you're supposing, you're got to be fair and impartial."

"They're both out on all counts—opportunity, motive, initiative, everything. Too bad they've got to be dragged through the mess. I know what you're thinking," he conceded when she smiled. "That Bob might have set off by the woman's snubbing Millicent. It's reasonable in a way, only he wasn't out of her sight all evening; Millicent treats him like a baby."

"But after they left Eagle's Nest?"

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"But after they left Eagle's Nest?"

Nest? Of course Millicent would lie for Bob if she had to; a wife's testimony, you know."

"Oh, they'll go through the cleaner with the rest," Walter answered rather wearily. "But there's no use wasting time on them. I've got to be moving along. Blm; inquest's over at Doc Sankey's at one . . . See you later?"

"And how!" she answered, glad that his grouch was forgotten.

It was then that young Steve Collins, who was Kingcliffe's official milkman, dropped into the station house and contributed his bit toward the murder mystery.

Young Steve Collins came in with his wire basket filled with bottles of milk and put one on the floor behind the police desk. Blm often laughed at Walter and called him a baby because of what she designated his "milk habit," but there were occasions upon which the quart of milk delivered at the station house stood him in lieu of meals when he was unable to take time for more substantial food.

Young Collins wore his cap on the side of his head and a flower through the band and he had a wide, pleasant grin which he flashed impartially at the police man and the girl reporter.

"Well, I'm having a hunch that gang up there," he jerked his head in the direction of Pine Hill, "is due for a bust. They ain't civilized now. I'm saying to myself, 'Three and four o'clock in the morning—that's them. Guess they never go to bed. I ask you.'"

"What time do you make your rounds up there, Steve?" Walter asked, interested.

"Sometimes later, sometimes earlier; depends. Been getting up on the mountain about 3 o'clock this summer, what with delivering over to West Kingcliffe first, see 'em heating it around in their cars and I'm thinking like I said, 'Yep, that gang's due for a bust—they sure are.'"

(To Be Continued)

BOYS! MABLES! 15c
A bag of 36 dandy imitation agates, several sizes. Only 15c a bag at Carr's.—Adv.

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