

# HATCHING EGGS ARE SELLING FOR \$150 PER SETTING AT THIS FARM

That is the Price Oak Dale Farms, Austin, Minn., is Charging This Season for Hatching Eggs from Their Best Pen of Single Comb White Leghorns, Headed by First Cock at Madison Square Garden, January, 1921.

By Grant M. Curtis. Eight or ten years ago when Earnest Kellerstrass sold five settings of Crystal Strain White Orpington hatching eggs at \$10 per egg or \$150 per 15 eggs, it was thought to be extraordinary—and so it was, because previous to that time \$5 per egg had been the top price in cases where the owners of highest quality specimens were willing to sell eggs for hatching from these specimens at any price. Not only do we have leading poultrymen who will not part with their best birds, but we also have a number of such poultrymen who will not sell any hatching eggs from these exceptional specimens.

also their finest breeders. Three and one half years ago, September, 1918, Oak Dale Farms purchased the complete flock of D. W. Young, then of Monroe, N. Y., including his entire foundation stock, made up of many prize winners at Madison Square Garden and elsewhere. Practically none of these Young birds were sold by Oak Dale Farms and comparatively few hatching eggs. On the contrary this stock, in the main, also the bulk of eggs produced by them during the hatching season, have been reserved by Oak Dale for foundation stock. Recently, Arthur O. Schilling of Buffalo, N. Y., well known poultry artist, visited Oak Dale Farms to make catalogue illustrations of numerous choice breeders produced from the original Young stock and that purchased in January of this year from Owen Farms. While in attendance at the third and final meeting of the A. P. A. Committee of Forty at Buffalo, we talked with Mr. Schilling about this visit, during which interview he said, in substance:

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"Yes, they have the real thing at Oak Dale Farms. Of course during my three days' visit, and in view of the amount of work I had to do, I could not look over the entire plant or visit the out-



One more week. A few week old Chicks are now on hand  
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Opposite County Court House

lying farms, with a view to examining all the birds or passing an intelligent comment on them, but at the same time I saw 40 breeding pens containing a lot of wonderful birds. Undoubtedly Oak Dale Farms own today a larger number of superior quality S. C. White Leghorns than any other poultry plant in the world. And why shouldn't they? We need to remember what they bought about three years ago from that past-master in the breeding of S. C. White Leghorns, D. W. Young, and how they recently added the entire Owen Farms flock, consisting of over 1200 birds, including Mr. Delano's winners at Madison Square Garden, at Boston, etc.

## ECONOMIZE!

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There is not a home in the land, be it ever so humble or ever so grand, which can afford, in these days of close economy, to be without a bicycle.

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# MY HEART AND MY HUSBAND

Adelle Garrison's New Phase Of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

CHAPTER 76  
WHAT MR. STOCKBRIDGE TOLD MISS HOLCOMBE OVER THE TELEPHONE.

The long spring afternoon seemed interminable after Milly Stockbridge's departure. The day had begun with a cool temperature, but the mercury rapidly climbed until by mid-afternoon it registered one of the unseasonable degrees of heat which often spoil the late spring days. The pupils were too listless—even for mischief, and as for paying any real attention to their tasks—that was a hopeless question. "What are you going to do with yours the rest of the afternoon?" Bess Dean whispered to me at the recess hour. "I'm going to give mine a lot of copying to do. It's too hot to try, to teach anything, and they wouldn't get anything out of it anyway."

"Why not let them read?" I suggested, with a flash of pity for the youngsters under Miss Dean's martinet rule. "What, those brats?" she exclaimed. "Spoil 'em for weeks. Say, nay, they're used to the iron mit, and if it's ever lifted I'll have the old Harry's own time getting back again. They'll get a lot of copying done, and little Bessie'll get her schedule all filled out to date—save me an hour or two after school tonight. You'd better follow my example, but I suppose you're too tender hearted."

The words were accompanied by one of Miss Dean's merry, flashing smiles but I was sure there was a covert sneer behind the apparent friendliness. I do not actively dislike Bess Dean, but I cannot approve of her, and I am sure that she cares for me no more than I do for her. A caustic retort trembled on my lips, but I choked it back, returned her smile with one which I flatter myself revealed nothing of my real feeling, turned back to my classroom, to which a few moments later Alice Holcombe rushed in, pale and breathless. "Sit down," I commanded, "and don't speak for a minute."

I filled a glass from the ice water carafe, handed it to her and waited until she had sipped a portion of its contents. "Thank you," she said, looking up gratefully. "But what do you think? Mr. Stockbridge may not be back here for two or three days. And whatever will IIMHY take into her head to do in the meantime?" "Did You Tell—"

Her voice trailed off despairingly. I gripped her shoulder impatiently. "What has happened?" I demanded. "What is taking Mr. Stockbridge away?" "Why, one of his dearest friends is the principal of a school about 50 miles from here. The man had a serious accident, and his affairs and school—from what I can gather over the telephone are in a serious muddle. He has been taken to a hospital about five miles from his home, and I guess Mr. Stockbridge is spending all his time traveling between hospital, home and school. He knows everything will go along smoothly here, so he told me over the telephone that he wouldn't be back for a couple of days. He said you and I were to decide everything—sort of a council of two I take it—just as if we possessed his authority."

"Did you tell him about his wife's breaking open his private desk?" I asked with discreetly lowered voice. "No-a, I didn't," she replied with troubled eyes and voice. "I should have done so, but he seemed to have so much on his mind that I hated to burden him with anything more."

"I think you did exactly right," I responded promptly, and was rewarded by seeing her face brighten.

"Why Not?" "I'm glad you think so," she said. "It was difficult to know what to do. He said he had already notified his wife that he would be gone, and asked me if I wouldn't run around and see her while he was gone."

"Oh, you mustn't do that!" I ejaculated with a vivid memory of the "snake in the grass" speech from Milly Stockbridge's lips. "Why not?" she questioned, startled, then evidently decided I had meant nothing special, reassured me as to her course of action.

"I'm not going to go there," she said. "From what Mr. Stockbridge said over the telephone Milly must have given him no inkling of her visit here or of her discovery. This means that she's brooding over the whole thing, planning what particularly devilish thing she can best do. I'm not going to get in her way, and can assure you. At any rate, Mr. Stockbridge is out of the way for two or three days, and will telephone me when he expects to come back. I'll keep my eyes open, and drop a hint to Milly's people if I find she's kicking over the traces. Oh, dear, there's that telephone again. It seems to me I've answered it a million times today."

"I'll go," I said, and sped down the stairs. It was a long distance call, and when the connection was finally secured it was Lillian's voice that came. (To be continued)

# TWO SOLDIERS.

The last shell plowed the battlefield. At setting of the sun: The greedy Reaper had his yield. The bloody work was done. The dead lay yet like sheaves of grain. The wounded had been borne away. To beds of fear and cruel pain. Before the close of day.

The moon sent forth a feeble gleam. Then hid her face with grief; For here and there along the stream Lay some forgotten spear. Two lonely lads lay thus and bled. Near by the bank, not far apart. The one was wounded in the head. The other near the heart.

These boys, reared on adjoining farms, Had shared in play and sport Until those urgent calls, "To Arms!" Cut youth and friendship short. For when the cannon's hungry mouth Bid boys of tender age march forth. One gave his service to the South; The other, to the North.

As ally each claimed Heaven's might. Therefore no need to pause: The Gray had claimed a cause of right. The Blue a righteous cause. Now lay they near; yet far apart. And neither spoke a welcome now; For each had hated in his heart. And anger on his brow.

The night grew chill, the night grew dark. The wind began to blow. A distant dog was heard to bark. A distant cock to crow. As time dragged on they both grew weak. And yet they found it hard to pray. For either was too proud to speak Or move the other's way.

The struggling moon broke through the night. And with a radiant gleam Transfused the valley with a light. That glided down the stream. Lingered it kissed a high church tower. Before the clouds obscured its light. Just as the bell called out the hour. It vanished out of sight.

Both lads had seen the gilded spire. Both heard the church bell ring; Their struggling thoughts were lifted higher. To one great central thing. The moon sent forth a hopeful ray. And here and there a star broke through. The Blue moved nearer to the Gray. The Gray moved near the Blue.

"If you get home and I should die— So spoke the one in Blue— Would you bring home my last good-bye? I'd do that much for you." "To that I never could say no; But if we must the same dark way. Why can we not together go?" So spoke the one in Gray.

The moon sent all the clouds to flight. The stars came out to see; Hushed was the wind, calm grew the night. About the hour of "three." When early birds woke in the trees As dawn was breaking o'er the land. Two soldiers slept, they slept in peace— They held each other's hand.

Some searching gleaners of the fray. Here found them neath an oak. And they were buried where they lay. Each coffined in his cloak.

Though years have come and gone their way. That double grave is not forgotten; Old Glory and the flowers of May still mark that sacred spot. —Jens A. Andersen. Tillamook, Or., May 25, 1921.

REASON ENOUGH. He came before the police court charged with battery. The testimony showed that what had started as a peaceful Sunday night card party wound up in a free-for-all fight, in which the defendant came out loser. The judge looked at the defendant's closed eye, lacerated lip and generally mauled ear.

"Why did you beat up this man this way?" he asked. "I'll tell you, Judge," said the prisoner. "We was playin' seven-up. I was six and he was two. I deal and he begged. I gave him a point. I played the three-spot for low; he played the two. I played the king for high and he came back with the ace. Then he came back at me with the

queen and caught my jack and up and busted him between the eyes for keeps." "The case is dismissed," said the judge. "Any bird that would bog with a hand like that is no honest citizen."

# Ride a Bicycle

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# Studebaker

The NEW LIGHT-SIX now holds the five most important automobile road records on the Pacific Coast, a remarkable feature being that all the honors were won by the same car, a stock touring car, within ten weeks

1. Yosemite National Park. A Studebaker Light-Six, piloted by Hart L. Weaver and carrying a crew of five men from the Chester N. Weaver Company, was the first automobile to reach the Yosemite National Park over any one of the three snow covered roads under its own power this year. The car went over the narrow and dangerous Coulterville road, bucking snow as deep as ten feet in some places, arriving in Yosemite Valley, January 16.
2. Round Trip Record Between San Francisco and Los Angeles. On February 2 the same car, driven by Hart L. Weaver and James F. Gurley of the Chester N. Weaver Company, established a new round trip record between San Francisco and Los Angeles, a distance of 864.8 miles, in the sensational time of 21 hours and 23 minutes.
3. Coast Route Record from San Francisco to Los Angeles. On the round trip record of February 2 the Studebaker Light-Six lowered the coast route record from San Francisco to Los Angeles by 2 hours, 35 minutes and 20 seconds. The former record was 12 hours, 47 minutes and 50 seconds, the time of the Studebaker Light-Six being 10 hours, 12 minutes and 30 seconds for the distance of 453.7 miles. The pilots were Hart L. Weaver and James F. Gurley.
4. Valley Route Record Between Los Angeles and San Francisco. On February 24 the Studebaker Light-Six smashed the valley route record between Los Angeles and San Francisco, running the distance of 411.1 miles in the remarkable time of 9 hours, 15 minutes and 50 seconds. This record was made all the more remarkable on account of the car having to go through a dense fog a distance of more than 100 miles between Tulare and Merced. The pilots were Hart L. Weaver and James F. Gurley.
5. Los Angeles—Phoenix Record. On the morning of March 23 the Light-Six left Los Angeles in an attempt to lower the fifth and only remaining record of consequence on the Pacific Coast. The 422 miles of desert trail from Los Angeles to Phoenix were made in 13 hours, 16 minutes, and 2 hours, 28 minutes were taken from the best previous automobile record. The railroad time is 14 hours, 20 minutes, or 1 hour 4 minutes slower than the record established by the Light-Six.

Hart L. Weaver of the Chester N. Weaver Company, Studebaker Distributors in San Francisco, made the following statement after the completion of the Los Angeles-Phoenix run:

"These tests have demonstrated on the road everything that Studebaker engineers have claimed for the new Light-Six-cylinder car. When it is remembered that the bore and stroke of this car is only 3 1/4 x 4 1/2, giving it a piston displacement of 207 cubic inches, and that the car fully equipped only weighs 2500 pounds, these records are all the more remarkable since most of them were formerly held by heavier cars costing much more than the Studebaker Light-Six. I am inclined to believe that the secret of this car's wonderful performance, and roadability is due in a very large measure to its remarkable balance. Halved or quartered the parts of the new Light-Six would weigh approximately the same.

"In making the Los Angeles-Phoenix record I am frank to confess that despite my faith in the stamina of Studebaker automobiles I could not believe that any car could make the speed over the desert road with its ruts and chuck holes that was necessary in order to lower the record by a large margin without falling to pieces. Any automobile, irrespective of weight, power or price class can lower the record established by the Studebaker Light-Six will have my most sincere admiration."

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This is a Studebaker Year

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