

A SUCCESSFUL LEGHORN FARM IN THE SALEM DISTRICT; IS NEAR CORVALLIS

C. E. Armstrong Has Built Up One of the Finest Flocks in the Whole Country — He Has Developed Some Outstanding Specialties That Command Attention Throughout the Country

Inwood Leghorn Farm, C. E. Armstrong, proprietor, is located 6 miles north of Corvallis and comprises 50 odd acres of gently sloping well drained land. A small stream from a strong mountain spring flows through the center of

the place and supplies an abundance of pure cold water for the fowls. A good farm electric light plant furnishes all the artificial lights that is needed to illuminate all buildings. Every pen and house have water piped inside just as handy as a pocket in a shirt. Then his 20,000 capacity incubator rooms are arranged so there is no foul air in the rooms at all. Plenty of oxygen and the right temperature makes healthy chicks, but that isn't all that makes healthy chicks. The breeding stock must be full of

vitality and this is characteristic of this stock. Any time that a hen lays 240 eggs or better which they must, in order to get in one of these pens, she purely is rugged and full of pep. There are well planned

which average 201 eggs per bird for their pullet year. Two hundred and one eggs at 30 cents per day would total \$5 and 10 cents per bird or \$5000 per flock for the year. Not so bad when a fellow hasn't anything to do. Counting the feed bill at \$1400, the cost of raising these pullets would be approximately \$1600. Leaving a net profit of \$2000 or 2 per bird.

All of Armstrong's chicks are brooded in a Kresky brooder equipment, except the best royal matings and they are hatched under hens such as Plymouth Rock, Rhode Island Reds, etc.

Many thousands of baby chicks are hatched and shipped to patrons throughout the northwest from

scraped off after burning," she said tartly, making no attempt to lift the cover of the dish. "I haven't," I returned laconically. "This toast isn't burned." "How dare you stand there and tell me anything like that!" she snapped. "I distinctly smelled it burning."

My sympathy with Katie had been steadily rising since I entered the room, and if my mother-in-law had been well I am afraid I should have answered her in distinctly irritated and disrespectful fashion. But the lines of pain etched in her face disarmed me, even as they had Katie, and I only laughed lightly in reply as I lifted the cover of the dish and waved my hand gaily over it.

"Dot Very Nice—" "If you can see a speck of char on that piece of toast I'll give you a dollar," I said. "There was a piece of toast burning, but it was one Katie had put on. I threw that away and toasted this."

She put up her lorgnette and inspected the toast as if it were some new species of animal discovered by a scientist. I knew that the action was, in Dicky's parlance, a "stall," meant to give her time to change front on the toast question.

"I might have known better than to ask that ape of a girl to make a piece of toast," she said at last, keeping her voice discreetly lowered, however. "This looks all right—might be a trifle brown—it will do, though. But I knew that I wasn't mistaken about smelling that toast burning. I may be losing control of my mental faculties, but there's nothing the matter with my nose as yet."

I repressed with difficulty the retort that her tongue appeared also to be in splendid condition. Instead, I made a placating suggestion.

"Wouldn't you like another cup of coffee?" I asked ingratiatingly. "Why! I believe I would," she answered, and I hastened to bring it. Then I slipped away again unobtrusively, fairly sure that she would summon me no more, and that I was free to turn my attention to Katie.

She was sitting in a chair near the sink, dabbing at her eyes with a wet towel, evidently determined to follow my instructions to the letter. I took the towel from her, gently, then turned her face toward me.

"You mustn't mind Mother Graham, Katie," I said firmly. "You know she doesn't mean a word she says, and she likes you very much indeed."

Katie looked at me shrewdly, her eyes beginning to twinkle. "Dot very nice," she said, "but I wonder me vot she do to me eef she hate me vunce. I no like to be Katie yen dot day comes."

"I laughed, for my little maid is irresistibly funny sometimes. But I sobered instantly, however, wondering how best to broach Katie my belief as to the folly of her keeping the oath the strange foreigner had forced her to take.

(To be continued)



LILLIAN GISH

"The White Sister," heralded as the triumph of the brilliant screen career of Lillian Gish, will have its premiere at the Grand theater today. The story is from the famous novel by F. Marion Crawford, and the production has been proclaimed as one of the most significant films ever made.

Rome, Naples, Sorrento, Tivoli, and even Mt. Vesuvius are some of the locations actually used in the filming of this great picture and the result, according to the critics in the larger cities where it has been shown mostly as a \$2 attraction, is the most beautiful production yet screened.

Besides Miss Gish to interpret the thrilling story, the cast includes Ronald Colman, a newcomer to the screen who has scored a sensational success; J. Barney Sherry, a motion picture pioneer; Gail Kane, heroine of many Broadway successes, and a thousand others drawn from the ranks of European players.

"The White Sister" tells the story of Angela Chiaramonte, the daughter of an Italian prince, who is made penniless because of an intrigue of her older sister. The only thing left to sustain her is her love for Captain Giovanni Severi, of the Italian army.

For a time she is happy, but he is called to Africa on a military expedition, and Angela is left to take up her life of a governess. Then she receives word he has been killed by the Arabs. Stunned by the blow, Angela is driven frantic, and in order to find some peace of mind and a definite place in life, she takes the vows as a nun.

Shortly after this Giovanni, who has merely been held prisoner by Arabs, escapes and returns to Rome. How Sister Angela solves the problem of choosing between her great earthly love and her heavenly vows supplies the dramatic situation that leads up to the powerful climax.

EX-KAISER'S VILLA IN "WHITE SISTER"

Five years ago, although Italy was still in the midst of war, a certain luxurious villa near Sorrento was kept closed from the public. Its owner was the German kaiser, Wilhelm II. Last spring, the ex-kaiser's villa was used as a location for the most beautiful love scenes ever filmed—the gorgeous backgrounds of rare shrubs, exquisite trees and the crystal clearness of mirrored pools were stage settings for the playing of Lillian Gish and Ronald Colman in "The White Sister."

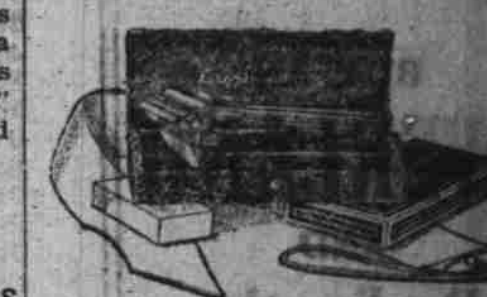
These scenes which bring gasps of awe from the audiences which witnessed them are only a part of the beauty of Miss Gish's finest film, "The White Sister," which will be shown at the Grand theater soon.

More Statements Filed Primary Candidates

Candidates of the present primary election yesterday filed expense statements with the secretary of state as follows:

- Alfred A. Hampson, Democratic, delegate to the national convention, state at large, \$61.56.
- Oswald West, Democratic, delegate to the national convention, state at large, nothing.
- Elton Watkins, Democratic, representative in congress, third congressional district, .92.
- J. D. Mickle, Republican, dairy and food commissioner, \$115.90.
- R. W. Hagood, Democratic, state senator, 13th district, nothing.
- Oglesby Young, Democratic,

- state senator, 13th district, nothing.
- R. E. Dennison, Republican, state senator, 13th district, \$25.00.
- Jay H. Upton, Republican, state senator, 17th district, nothing.
- A. B. Robertson, Democratic, state senator, 15th district, \$20.
- L. H. McMahan, Republican, representative, first district, nothing.
- W. A. Langille, Republican, representative, ninth district, \$10.
- John W. Sargent, Republican, representative, 15th district, \$10.50.
- Sam M. Williams, Democratic, representative, 30th district, 28.50.



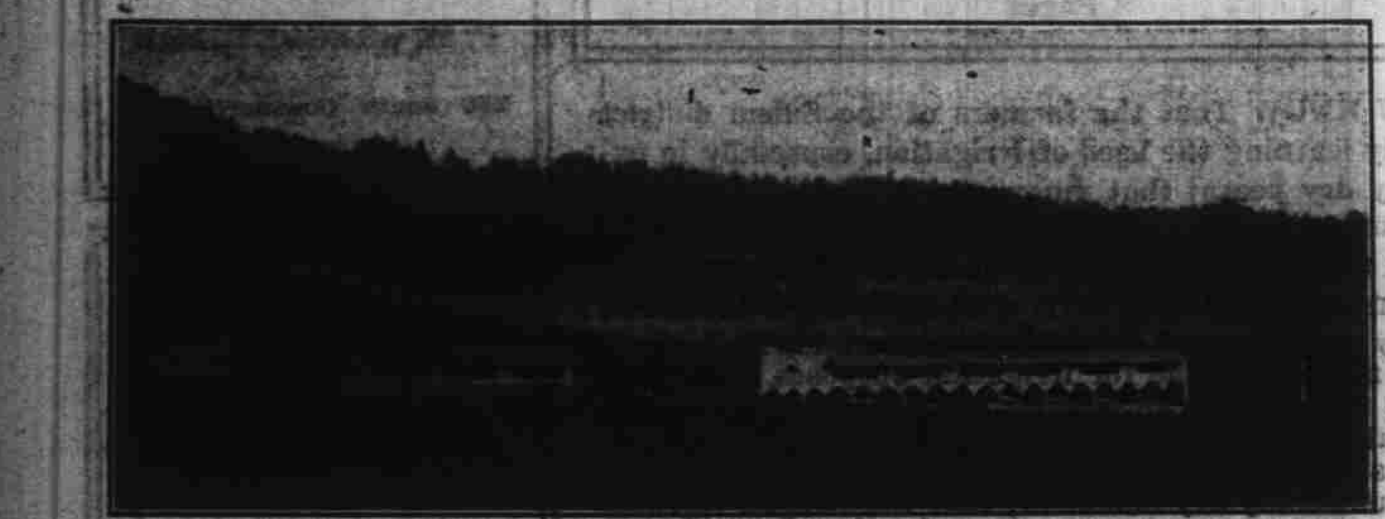
COMPLETE IN ITSELF

Sharpens the blade in the razor without removing it. Quick. Convenient. Easy to clean. Complete set—razor, with stop and extra blades, \$1.00 and up.

Valet Auto-Stop Razor

Read the Classified Ads

MAE MURRAY
in
MADemoiselle MIDNIGHT
Coming Monday



Partial view of Inwood Leghorn Farm and two of the main trapnest houses. The view was taken from the residence looking northwest.

neatly constructed brooder and colony houses, besides the two large trapnest laying houses shown in the accompanying cut with large feed rooms at the south end of each building.

This poultry farm is well equipped throughout and has auto truck and towing car for quick delivery of stock and eggs to the market and express office.

Mr. Armstrong recently received a letter from a patron who had bought baby chicks from him for several years which said in part: "I have a thousand Armstrong White Leghorn pullets most of

the fashion Mother Graham likes best, and spread it daintily with butter. I was starting for the dining-room with it when Katie flung herself upon me.

Madge Contrives Well. "Oh!" she wailed, "I no want you to do my work. I—" "Don't make me spill this toast," I said practically. "Bathe your face while I take this in, and then sit down and get calm. I want you to do something for me."

I did not wait for her obedience—it is generally wise, I have found, to give Katie time for a second thought—but hurried on to the dining room and put the toast before my mother-in-law, who sniffed as she looked at the covered dish containing it.

"You needn't trouble yourself to bring me any toast that has been

I guessed that the meekness the girl had displayed under Mother Graham's stinging and undeserved rebuke had been artificial and maintained because of her sympathy for the older woman's broken arm and her very lively remembrance of the experience she had undergone during her absence from us. That my guess, founded upon long experience of my little maid's tempestuous moods, was a true one I saw when I entered the kitchen. For Katie stood with her arms flung out over the refrigerator, sobbing stormily, while the scent of scorching toast came to my nostrils.

I dashed to the stove, pulled the toaster away from the flame, hoping devoutly that Mother Graham's usually keen olfactory nerves would be off duty for a few seconds. Then, without appearing to notice Katie, I hastily but authoritatively bread, toasted it in

MY MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

Adapted from the New Phase of REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

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CHAPTER 172

THE WAY MADGE MANAGED TO SOOTHE MOTHER GRAHAM

I did not wait for further argument from my irascible mother-in-law, but sped to the kitchen, bent on soothing Katie.

OREGON

STARTING TOMORROW



McDONALD At The WURLITZER

DARLING of the underworld and toast of the upper world—Pola is both in this love-melodrama which shows the best and the worst of the real Paris.

POLA NEGRI

Herbert Brenon Production

"Shadows of Paris"

LAST TIMES TODAY

"When a Man's a Man"

BY HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

LIBERTY

STARTING TOMORROW



Featuring—ELLIOTT DEXTER And MILDRED HARRIS

"BY DIVINE RIGHT"

HER child, the one ray of hope in her unhappiness, about to be torn from her—and through her own fault! But this mother didn't give up—she fought—she had faith—and she won! Won life for her child and a happiness for herself she had never even dreamed of! It's a picture with a new thought, a new twist—AND BIG ENTERTAINMENT!

LAST TIMES TODAY

"Mask of Lopez"

Today The Year's Greatest Picture

LILLIAN GISH in THE WHITE SISTER

YOU—

- sympathized with her in "The Birth of a Nation"
- suffered with her in "Hearts of the World"
- pitied her in "Broken Blossoms"
- cried over her in "Orphans of the Storm"
- will be thrilled, captivated, and exalted as never before with Miss Gish in "THE WHITE SISTER."

DRAMA!
Lillian Gish as the girl tricked out of her fortune, her own lover sought by her scheming half sister.

THRILLS!
A fight on the desert (filmed in Algeria). A cross-country hunt, filmed in the old-world beauty of Italy.

SPECTACLE!
Vesuvius belching lava in actual eruption. A whole town flooded by a bursting dam.

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