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Clara Carter Knapp and Taylor E. Knapp
 Editorial of the Coquille Post and Courier, Coquille, Oregon.

RAISING DUCKS A HUGE BUSINESS
 (Continued from first page.)

daily haul 5,000 or 6,000 pounds where 2,000 used to be the maximum load in our backyard.

The truck load runs from 10,000 pounds up and it costs the farmer only 4 cents a bushel to order a truck from the dealer to come out and get them when he sells a load of potatoes. All prices for this, the farmer's almost sole money crop, are still by the bushel, instead of by the ton or the hundred weight as on the Pacific coast. Yet potatoes even here are no longer measured but the bush is always weighed, the fare for its weight deducted and the net divided by sixty to reduce it to bushels. The farmer still thinks in bushels, and the writer did too long to change now and must always translate bush into bushels before getting a definite idea of the value of any crop sold by the ton.

Only a small part of the farmer's gain mileage is insured in marketing his crops, though, and he usually finds time to spend as many hours in joy riding as his brother in town. Many of them have two cars, a Ford as a sort of back rambler and one of the higher priced machines for pleasure. And where there are a couple of young men in the family each night a car on Saturday or Sunday night, especially if it is a matter of calling on his best girl. Her is there any doubt that farmers can afford such luxuries, as prices have ranged during the past five years. One of them told me that in 1912, his best year, with a hundred acres of land and two or three men employed, his net profits were \$14,000.

When the writer was on the farm here, the distance to our market town, which happened to be the county seat where he is panning his letter to the Sentinel readers, was five and a half miles, and we always allowed an hour for the trip each way, though with a light buggy and such a roadster as we enjoyed driving it could be covered in 45 minutes. Since that time an air-line road has been built which reduces the distance to three and a half miles, and a Ford easily covers it in seven or eight minutes.

The difference is almost as marked as that on the western plains between the old-time time of the pioneers and the present speed of the continental express trains.

Still it was a long time before some people here could reconcile themselves to the touring car. Our baby sister, whose fiftieth birthday we celebrated day before yesterday, grew up on the farm, a thorough horsewoman, and nothing gave her more pleasure than to handle the ribbons over a spirited young team, in a light carriage. She protested against the malodorous gas wagon as earnestly as her mother did against the smoking, ill-smelling kerosene lamp, when she vowed she "would burn candles until she was gray."

So the daughter declared that she would "never, no never" ride in a machine, and she held out for a long time; but she was forced to succumb at last, and is now thoroughly automobile-broken, and can appreciate getting to town in ten minutes, though she still remembers that her favorite "Bea," whose fate was to be cremated when the barn burned, could do it in twenty.

Just here, speaking of cremation, reminds us of the sad fate of one of our old schoolmates and near neighbors. As he advanced in years he learned to love the cup that inebriates as well as cheers. One evening as his son was leaving home the old man, who was to be left entirely alone, the wife and mother having passed away, lighted a lantern to go to the barn. The younger man warned him against doing so, well aware of the father's weakness. The latter answered testily that he knew what he was doing and was able to take care of himself, so the son went on his way. The heavens were alight

with the light of the lantern, and the old man, who did not know the danger of a single hair in the neighborhood, but there we left him, and only his the lamp on the ground, and the old man, who had been visiting, and probably a lamp in the neighborhood. Some of the first was unquestionably secondary, but otherwise account for others and lightning for some.

It was with great interest that we visited at Southfield the grave of our first known settler on this side of the Atlantic, and the monument at the site of the church he founded there—erected 250 years later. Could he revisit the scene of his earthly sojourn he would certainly not be any greater pleasure than those that we astonish us, for even the railroad and the telegraph out-date our recollections by a few years, while the steam engine, the newspaper and a thousand things with which we are familiar, including the wireless, the telephone and the phonograph, would be marvels to him.

As a boy we used to go with our father to "the meadows," salt marshes three miles from home, where multitudinous mosquitoes gnawed about our ears and made life a misery while we raked or loaded hay. On the way to the meadows we would sometimes call for the mail and later read the political editorials of the Albany Argus on Thurlow Wood and the Albany regency; a Liberator's thrilling stories like that of the Fenianism-Burton murder mystery and the Stokes-Key tragedy, one of the unwritten law punishments, where the donor of the home was a son of the editor of the "Star Spangled Banner," and the avenger a New York Congressman, who years later in the Civil War became a famous Union general.

But we wander among thrumming recollections. These meadow lots, which are still in the Young family, owned by a brother and a nephew, we saw yesterday from a seat in the letter's car on the adjoining strand, which we had before only known as an unadorned and practically worthless stretch of sandy soil, supporting a scant growth of pine, scrub-oak and huckleberry bushes. Now how changed the scene. While the black-green meadows and the nearer thicket bring a small break, with the outlook to its junction with Peacock river and the wide bay of the same name in the background, each lined with wide marshes, were still the same as they had been for hundreds of years past, and there was still a glimpse into that wide tract of meadow land down where the sea waters had been let into a cedar swamp to kill the timber for that improvement. The former pine forest where we had been cleared and on the brook and river sides on either hand the earth was now utterly bare of vegetation and trodden smooth by the feet of countless birds, which marched and swam in the adjoining waters, keeping step or stroke in rank and file with hardly less precision than veteran soldiers, and seeming to be just as fully animated by a common impulse as Pershing's and Foch's soldiers ever were.

They were ducks, and we had two of the largest duck farms on the island before us, one on either hand. In that on the left 80,000 (eighty thousand, mind you, not eight thousand), ducks were raised last year, so that if the farmer's profit was only ten cents a head he had the very comfortable income of \$8,000 last year. We imagine, though, that it was nearer two bits a head. At that rate duck plutocrats, if not duck-millionaires, ought to be common.

We watched these waddlers, who seemed to whitens the ground over many acres and of whom there were certainly many thousand in sight, with the greatest interest. Occasionally a platoon or a battalion of them would take to the water in just the same, serried ranks as they marched on land. They were all of the White Pekin variety, which is universally raised here. We had begun to see flocks of them from the car windows on our trip down here but did not then have the faintest conception of the magnitude of the duck business.

Yet we hear of no overproduction, and with a city of more than five millions of people (six times the population of the state of Oregon), only eighty miles away, it seems that the fowl appetite is never sated.

The ducks' quarters are fenced with a wire netting only about eighteen inches high, as they are neither high fliers nor broad jumpers. These fences extend out into the river, where long poles have been driven for posts, and also outside the farms, as it is not found advisable to allow more than a few hundred birds in one yard, owing to the danger of

them being taken by the farmer's dogs, which is quite a loss to the farmer, and to the ducks, which are quite a loss to the farmer.

That these were the business importance, nearly a hundred feet in length, and the boats where the ducks to feed their owners of ducks in general. Changing machines are here run by gas engines to get the grain down, grass and other things stuff in shape for easy marketing. This is then loaded into one holding perhaps 25 bushels each, which stand beside the house on light transport, running the whole length of the farms just outside of the low fence, over which these rollers are elevated into the duck pens. Their apparatus appears to be almost inimitable in performance they must be, else the ducks would hardly go from immature to market, obtaining four or five pounds in weight, in two possible days.

Even so, they are such careful and watchful feeders that it is found best to scatter some chikona among them to utilize the waste, just as public farms keep droves of hogs to follow up their fattening stoves.

The evidence of the duck business approach that of the summer homes of New York, though prices in duck and furnishings; but the quacking of long thousands of these feathered songsters, which cease neither day nor night, business monotony; while the prevailing odor are not always those of Arab's bliss. Still as a duck raiser what grows in Washington was used as of the summer duck pens there, people can stand all these drawbacks because they find "lots of niches in it."

Now we muse wonderingly of the sixties in the last century when we wandered through these pine forests here without the presence to farmers in our farthest imaginings, what a fabulously profitable business would yet spring up there in this Junak's good fashion.

Still we are just as mole blind when it comes to foresight, and fail to fathom the problem how the yet untilled and unimproved acres of marsh and forested pine two or three miles away, between Riverhead and Quogue can ever be made to contribute anything to the wealth of the world.

What we were a denizen of this section these empty barrens—hundreds of thousands of acres take the island together—had a market value of four bits an acre. Meanwhile they have been sold and sold and sold again, each time under a different suburban title, to men with more money than discretion, everywhere from Bangor to San Diego. And now, whether or not they are worth anything except as bait for suckers, they command a price of about 135 per acre. If any of our readers should ever be offered suburban real estate on Long Island near a beautiful lake on which the ships of all nations are pictured as riding at anchor, for about 375 per lot, better pass it up, for the chance are that they are in this locality. Great Pond is a lovely sheet of water all right, but unless there is some unexpected convulsion of Nature it can never become a support, as some purchasers of Long Island lots have seen it pictured to their sorrow.

From Riverhead to Quogue it is about eight miles through these sand barrens, and the road by which we used to reach the ocean beach lay through sands so deep that any vehicle was a dead drag for the team, and it took full two hours to make that distance.

Day before yesterday in autos we whirled across these over concrete roads in about twenty minutes. Our destination was Westhampton beach, where the birthday party assembled to inhale the odor of the salt sea, to see the waves break on the beach where a company of bathers were disporting themselves and where the children played hide and seek with the waves, following them up as they receded and being in turn chased by them as they slid up the smooth sands with amazing swiftness. In that game the waves always win, even though it is not such a tidal wave as drenched us there thirty-three years ago, at the time of the great Japanese volcanic eruption, whose dusts reddened our evening skies for months that fall. All the same the writer was one of those children of a larger growth who "also ran" yesterday without occupying the upward sweep of the salt sea. We did not, however, this time as before grasp the epochal-life line to feel the ocean rollers break over our heads.

After seeing a wonderful sunset over the prairie like plains to the west we gathered—twenty-four of us—around a bonfire evening meal on

Full Seed Tested Free

How is the time to send in samples of legumes and grasses that are to be used for fall seeding on clearings and barns. Soon the fall rains will begin and the seeding of grasses and any legumes that go in is the fall should be made just as early as possible. In order to be sure of good seed and that the germination is satisfactory, samples should be sent to the seed testing laboratory at O. A. C. Corvallis, Oregon. Tests will be made promptly and free of charge and will give accurate information as to the value of the seed for planting purposes.

Send the Sentinel to capture friends. It only costs 15 cents more to get the Oregon Farmer when subscribing for the Sentinel, and everyone agrees it is the biggest 15 cents worth of reading they ever saw. The Farmer is issued weekly.

NOTICE TO BIDDERS

Partion of Third Street Improvement, Elliott's Addition

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Commissioners and County Engineer of Coos County, Oregon, have approved and filed for the improvement of Third Street from the hard surface on Taylor Street west to connect with the Main Street bridge in accordance with the plans, specifications and estimates of the City Engineer of the City of Coquille, filed in the office of the City Recorder on the 26th day of August, A. D. 1921, and pursuant to the provisions of Ordinance No. 282 adopted by the Common Council on the 24th day of August, A. D. 1921, and the statutes of the State of Oregon therein referred to, all of which are hereby referred to and made a part of this notice.

Said improvement to be at the cost and expense of the property benefited thereby.

Bids may be submitted for either the whole work necessary to complete the proposed improvement, or for subdivisions thereof as will not unreasonably conflict with the completion of the remaining portion. Forms for bids and contract and bond may be had upon application to the City Recorder. All bids must be in duplicate accompanied by cash price for estimating additions or deductions.

The Common Council reserves the right to reject any or all bids with or without cause.

Certified check in the sum of five per cent of the amount of bid must be submitted with bid to be forfeited to the City of Coquille in the event that the bidder refuses to sign the contract and execute bond as provided in said Ordinance, said bond to be in the sum of \$250 per cent of the total amount of the contract.

The work to be completed within thirty days from the date of awarding the contract, time being of the essence thereof.

And any objections to the said plans, specifications or estimates or that they do not conform to the petition for the said improvement must be made in writing and filed with the City Recorder prior to the date hereinafter specified for opening said bids, and such objections shall be heard and considered by the council before awarding any contract for such improvement.

Bids must be filed on or before the hour of five o'clock, P. M. on the 6th day of September, A. D. 1921.

J. B. Lawrence,
 City Recorder.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

Bids will be received by the County Court of Coos County, Oregon, at the court house at Coquille, Oregon, till the hour of 10 o'clock, A. M. Sept. 7th, 1921, for the delivery and placing of 1000 cubic yards of Floras Creek gravel on the Newlake road, leading from the Coast highway to Newlake.

Each bid must be accompanied by certified check for 5 per cent of the amount bid. The Court reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

C. B. McCulloch,
 Roadmaster.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned in conducting the Cash Market at Coquille, Coos County, Oregon, is this day dissolved by mutual consent; A. E. Martin retires from the firm, and C. D. Ritter continues the business, collecting all bills due the firm and paying all indebtedness owing by the firm.

Dated this 23rd day of August, 1921.

A. E. Martin,
 C. D. Ritter.

NOTICE

3224

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