"Why—wheat will go down again," was his reply. "Only by distribution of selling can a price be maintained. But this is our only way to get relief from selling below cost."

He fairly stated the problem. The producer was honest in his intent. It was unfair to accuse the farmer of being a profiteer in his effort to secure what he considered a fair return for his labor. He planted the 1920 crop with high-priced labor; he harvested it at record expense for implements and workers; he was ready to sell it in late summer and early autumn—but there were no cars. Then in late autumn, when the railroads began to catch up with the demand for freight transportation, he saw the market decline thirty per cent, and according to his figuring he was aggrieved that he was the first to suffer from deflation, and took the only way he knew to protect himself.

The market for a few days responded slightly to the publicity given the "strike." On October twenty-fifth, the date when it was to begin, cash wheat was worth in Kansas City $2.09 a bushel; on September first it had been $2.46. But by November fifteenth it was down to $1.80. Something else was happening. The export demand had decreased; foreign crops were reported better than the previous year; Canada had some 200,000,000 bushels to spare for import, duty free. Supply and demand were making their effect felt, though the producer insisted that the decline resulted from the grain-exchange transactions.

Another thing: The organized farmers were but a small percentage in number compared with the total producers; and perhaps not all strictly carried out their pledges. At any rate, as the car shortage lessened, wheat shipments continued, in some

profusion. It was logical to expect that this influx of basic wealth would have its effect in making the process of the after-war financial readjustment comparatively easy. Yet corn has been burned in Nebraska and Iowa because it was cheaper than coal, hundreds of thousands of bushels of wheat have been heaped in great piles on the open prairie in Kansas for weeks at a time. An abnormal condition accompanied the bountifulness of Nature.

"A billion dollars in foodstuffs is stored in bins, stacks and granaries in the Tenth Federal Reserve Bank's district," said one of the bank's officers in mid-November. "If every farmer would sell one-tenth of his holdings it would relieve the financial pressure and revive activity."

The country bankers shared with the merchants the effect of the withholding of grain. They had patiently renewed loans while the car shortage existed, and then when they expected relief came the new situation. Bank deposits dwindled—the customers were using more checks than deposit slips. The smaller banks rediscounted with the larger or borrowed on the bank's own credit. The larger institutions went to the federal reserve with such unanimity that the latter finally refused to extend further its loans. It pointed to the hundreds of millions borrowed by the agricultural and livestock sections and declared that safety demanded a halt.

According to its report this is what it has done: Between January second and October first about 800 leading member banks from all sections of the country, which report their condition to the board weekly and which represent approximately seventy per cent of member bank resources, increased their loans for agricultural, industrial and commercial purposes by an amount exceeding $1,800,000,000. This great increase in the credit extended to their customers was in the main made possible by the accommodations extended member banks by the Federal Reserve banks.

Sending Shipments of a Single Week in our Laundry, in Separate Piles of Goods, may be Piled Nearly Shoulder High

Selective Methods of handling the Family Washing

No laundry problems fretted the primitive woman. Her laundry drudgery for family required a change of raiment, she yanked forth and plucked a new wardrobe from a convenient bough.

But as the race accumulated years and clothes, the Monday morning problem became an increasingly difficult one.

By the time of the Egyptians, 4000 years ago, the family wash was "treated" by stamping out with the feet and beating it with the white clay of the Nile. The Egyptians' was a one-method process with no choice, but the abbreviated skirt.

Washing methods have been increased to four or five by the modern housewife. For each of the several classes of goods—woolens, silks, cottons and mixed fabrics—she may use a special laundering process.

She avoids boiling woolens. She washes gently, in lukewarm water. Badly soiled cottons she boils in strong soap solutions. Colored goods are washed in a way that keeps the dyes from running.

In our laundry, even greater refinements are practiced. Instead of four or five methods of handling the family washing, we use a dozen.

Fine wearing apparel and household articles are carefully sorted by trained workers—sorted and "pigeon-holed" in the same way that the mail clerk sorts and pigeon-holes your letters.

Woolens, silks, linen, badly soiled articles, linens, light cotton, curtains, dark colors, curtains and so on are placed in special compartments and kept apart to be washed separately by special means.

A dozen methods for handling your family washing—there are when we employ. Isn't this immensely superior to the old-fashioned wash-tub way?

In this attention to detail—this specialization—that has made our laundry a conserver of clothes and a true economy.

Send us your family washing and we will give you ideal service and freedom from washday drudgery.

Send it to the Laundry

Coquille Laundry Company

MARY GRAHAM BONNER

BUTTERFLIES' FAREWELL.

"Good-by," said the golden butterfly. "It is late for me to be out and I must leave now. I have come around because it is what they call Indian summer.

"That is when another week of summer comes in the autumn when people have almost become used to cold weather.

"But they are glad to have the week of summer come just the same!

"Still, I must say good-by now, for there will be no more weeks of summer or of Indian summer."

"Good-by, too," said the black butterfly with the two golden spots on his wings, "for I also must be going."

He had golden spots on each fore wing and two lavender-yellow ones on the two back wings. He had black feelers.

One could see his spots right through his wings—they showed on either side, on top and underneath.

There were two little orange spots on each of his legs and at the right side there were black fuzzies.

"Good-by," said the little bumble bee, who was still gathering honey from the flowers. "I must go away from the out-of-doors world, where I cannot stand the cold which will be here so soon now.

"Do you remember how hot it was during the summer? I remember one day when the sun was hazy and misty with the heat and when the sun seemed so hot and as though he didn't even like it himself! I felt as though he had kept getting better and better and they hardly knew how to stop himself.

"And everything was aglow with the heat and with the grayness of mist and the red of the sun's rays as he went to bed with the promise of another hot day.

"And then the moon came out framed in his fiery form still with

Gowns that for beauty and style outrival anything ever seen on the screen are a feature of the great picture, "Why Change Your Wife?" at the Liberty, Thursday and Friday, Jan. 6th and 7th.

making him a half moon.

"And the tide seemed lazy in the heat. And the breakers of the ocean could hardly move, they felt so hot.

"It does seem so funny when the cool days come to think of those hot days, for they seem so far away.

"Yes, and in the summer when it is hot we cannot think of what it is like when it is really cool. Well, I must gather more honey and be off to the hive. We have work to do, you know.

Work All the Time.

We've stored up a great deal for the winter, but we still can find plenty to do."

"You never rest, do you?" asked the golden butterfly.

"Never," said the bumble bee. "We mustn't rest, for you know we must always live up to the old saying."

"What old saying?" asked the black butterfly.

"It has been said of us," the bumble bee answered, "that we frequently work

shining hour.

"So we must always be busy, you see, and not make that old saying change.

"We work all the time, all the time."

"But," said the golden butterfly, "how do you know you're improving each shining hour? Aren't the hours all right as they are?"

"Yes," said the bumble bee, "that may be so, until they may be all right spent idly by some people. I don't suppose the hours care so very much, though I have heard they hated to be wasted."

"But they like to give pleasure and to have people take rests and enjoy themselves, too," said the black butterfly. "How do you think you can improve each hour when each hour is the way it is, one way to the butterfly and another to the bumble bee?"

"And how do you know that the hours are shining?" the golden butterfly asked.

"Ah," said the bumble bee, "we don't stop to puzzle out what such word means, for words to us aren't important like honey and work and such things.

"But we know that the saying means that bumble bees never waste any time. We know it means that it has always been said of bumble bees that they work, work, work all the time.

"And so we keep that saying true by working all the time. I must be off now; good-by."

"Good-by," the butterflies said, and turning to each other they added:

"Those bumble bees overdo things. They work so hard that they've forgotten how to play! And that is the saddest thing about their lives."