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Thirty Nassau Street, NEW YORK

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Reported for The Herald by the Title Guarantee and Abstract Co.

- Pinkston W Laird et ux to Edw L Dettelson, w d ne 1/4 of sec 13, tp 28 s r 13 w m, except 2 acres in ne corner, \$10
- Edw L Dettelson et ux to Casper Gasner, w d 25 acres in sec 25, tp 28 s r 13 w m & sec 30, tp 28 s r 12 w m, \$10
- Reynolds Development Co to Lee Bryerly, s w d lot 11, blk 18, First add to Marshfield, \$300
- Samuel E Blaine et ux to J K Paxton w d lots 1, 2, 3 & 4, blk 12, Boise add to Marshfield, \$10
- Mary C Gar, et to Ida L Folsom, w d ne 1/4 of ne 1/4, sec 14, lots 5, 6 & 7, sec 21; & nw 1/4 of sw 1/4, sec 22, tp 29 s r 12 w m, less part sold, \$1
- Burr E Courtwright to C Mayne Knight et ux, w d part of e 1/2 of sec 1 of ne 1/4, sec 29, tp 28 s r 14 w, lying n of road, \$50
- F E Conway et al to Bennett Trust Co, deed e 1/2 of lots 1 & 4, blk 29, Dean Co's add to Marshfield, \$1
- S Abrahamson et ux to John Paulson w d lot 5, blk 36, North Bend, \$25
- Howard Farm Co to the First Baptist Church of North Inlet, w d 1/2 acre in nw 1/4 of ne 1/4, sec 14, tp 24 s r 13 w, \$1
- Chas Solberg et ux to John Paulson, w d lot 4, blk 36, North Bend, \$25
- N C McLeod et ux to Emile Naude et al w d lots 27 & 28, blk 8, Bangor add to North Bend, \$10
- Fannie Daily to Gus M Olson, w d lots 43, 44, 45, 46, 47 & 48, Riverside add to Bandon, \$10
- Joseph S Miller et ux to N P Peterson w d parcel of land in sec 9, tp 29 s r 12 w m, \$500
- Lucy M Barker et vir to V N Barker, w d parcel of land in Academy add to Coquille, \$1000
- V N Barker et ux to J N Barker, w d parcel of land in Academy add to Coquille, \$10
- Bert Bush to Seth S Johnson, w d lot

8, blk 19, Lakeside, \$10

Lucy Albina Roberts et vir to Chas P Coleman, q c d 70 acres in secs 14, 15 & 23, tp 23 s r 12 w m, \$1

I S A to Jordan S Douglas, patent ne 1/4, sec 23 tp 23 s r 12 w m, \$1

O I Kime et al to Chas W Gardner et al, w d lots 11 & 12, blk 18, Elliott's add to Coquille, \$3000

A H Hinson et ux to John Tyrone w d nw 1/4 of sec 19, tp 29 s r 10 w m, \$100

Margaret Ashton to A J Sweet et al, w d n 1/2 of nw 1/4, sec 29; sw 1/4 of sw 1/4, sec 20; se 1/4 of sec 19, lot 5, sec 19; tp 28 s r 13 w m, \$5500

Mand J Chase to John Anselmine, lease s 1/2 of sec 34, nw 1/4 of sw 1/4, sec 35 & parcel, tp 27 s r 13 w m, \$10

Bank of Oregon to Herbert Armstrong w d 1/2 interest in lots 16 & 17, blk 20, North Bend, \$10

Bank of Oregon to Herbert Armstrong q c d lots 5, 6, 7 & 8, blk 8, Coos Bay 1st C, \$10

MARKETING WORLD'S GREATEST PROBLEM

WE ARE LONG ON PRODUCTION, SHORT ON DISTRIBUTION.

By Peter Radford
Lecturer National Farmers' Union.

The economic distribution of farm products is today the world's greatest problem and the war, while it has brought its hardships, has clearly emphasized the importance of distribution as a factor in American agriculture and promises to give the farmers the co-operation of the government and the business men the solution of their marketing problem.

This result will, in a measure, compensate us for our war losses, for the business interests and government have been in the main assisting almost exclusively on the production side of agriculture. While the department of agriculture has been dumping tons of literature on the farmer telling him how to produce, the farmer has been dumping tons of products in the nation's garbage can for want of a market.

The World Will Never Starve.

At no time since Adam and Eve were driven from the Garden of Eden have the inhabitants of this world suffered from lack of production, but some people have gone hungry from the day of creation to this good hour for the lack of proper distribution. Slight variations in production have forced a change in diet and one locality has felt the pinch of want, while another surfeited, but the world as a whole has never had a lack of plenty.

We now have less than one-tenth of the tillable land of the earth's surface under cultivation, and we not only have this surplus area to draw on but it is safe to estimate that in case of dire necessity one-half the earth's population could at the present time knock their living out of the trees of the forest, gather it from wild vines and draw it from streams. No one should become alarmed; the world will never starve.

The consumer has always feared that the producer would not supply him and his fright has found expression on the statute books of our states and nations and the farmer has been urged to produce recklessly and without reference to a market, and regardless of the demands of the consumer.

Back to the Soil.

The city people have been urging each other to move back to the farm, but very few of them have moved. We welcome our city cousins back to the soil and this earth's surface contains 16,992,150,000 idle acres of tillable land where they can make a living by tilling the earth with a forked stick, but we do not need them so far as increasing production is concerned; we now have all the producers we can use. The city man has very erroneous ideas of agricultural conditions. The commonly accepted theory that we are short on production is all wrong. Our annual increase in production far exceeds that of our increase in population.

The World as a Farm.

Taking the world as one big farm, we find two billion acres of land in cultivation. Of this amount there is approximately 750,000,000 acres on the western and 1,250,000,000 acres on the eastern hemisphere, in cultivation. This estimate, of course, does not include grazing lands, forests, etc., where large quantities of meat are produced.

The world's annual crop approximates fifteen billion bushels of cereals, thirteen billion pounds of fibre and sixty-five million tons of meat.

The average annual world crop for the past five years, compared with the previous five years, is as follows:

| Crops— | Decade— | Decade— |
|----------------|---------------|---------------|
| Corn (Bu.) | 3,334,174,000 | 2,403,655,000 |
| Wheat (Bu.) | 3,522,759,000 | 3,257,526,000 |
| Oats (Bu.) | 4,120,017,000 | 3,508,315,000 |
| Cotton (Bales) | 19,863,800 | 17,541,200 |

The world shows an average increase in cereal production of 13 per cent during the past decade, compared with the previous five years, while the world's population shows an increase of only three per cent.

The gain in production far exceeds that of our increase in population, and it is safe to estimate that the farmer can easily increase production 25 per cent if a remunerative market can be found for the products. In textile fibres the world shows an increase during the past half decade in production of 15 per cent against a population increase of three per cent.

The people of this nation should address themselves to the subject of improved facilities for distribution.

Over-production and crop mortgage force the farmers into ruinous competition with each other. The remedy lies in organization and in co-operation in marketing.

The Comforters

"What's the Use of Worrying?"

By EDWARD BOLTWOOD
Copyright by Frank A. Munsey Co.

In the kitchen beneath Jernigan's bedroom the clock whirred and began to sound the hour. At the first jangling stroke Jernigan lifted his head and became aware, with a quick throbb of gratitude, that he had been asleep. The question was, for how long? There was no daylight at the curtained window, but he was sure that it must be nearly sunrise, and in alert anxiety he counted the strokes of the clock.

Nine, ten, eleven—and silence. Jernigan groaned wearily. He had been in bed only thirty minutes, after all.

Through the doorway of the adjoining room, where his wife slept with the two children, he blinked at the white, dim hummock of Lizzie's back and listened to her placid breathing. Noiselessly he drew on some clothes, found a pair of slippers and glided swiftly down the dark stairway.

With a hand on the knob of the front door he turned and peered into his narrow parlor. The blue glare from an arc lamp in the street faintly illumined the dining table, revealing the bank book on it and his private account book and the sheets of paper covered with penciled figures. He hastily secreted them before he went out of doors.

Jernigan was the bookkeeper for Mr. Ellice at the Rudale mill. As his father had been before him, he was a skillful and honest accountant. The towering figures had nothing to do with his employer's affairs. They represented his own endeavor to deal with the terrible fact that during the past two years he had diminished by nearly \$1,000 the modest capital which he had inherited from his parents.

He looked morosely down the deserted street toward the huge mill. Its windows glowed; its looms chanted their endless, sonorous hymn of prosperity. On a hill near by was the stately, old fashioned Ellice mansion, with its tall columns of white stone. Mr. Ellice was evidently entertaining an evening party there. The lamps of motorcars shot their golden beams over the lawn, and Jernigan heard a va- grant strain of dance music.

His vague plan was to stroll as far as the office of the mill before turning back.

Behind the building he halted in bewilderment. A light gleamed from a rear window. Somebody was in the office.

Now, it was impossible for Jernigan to believe that any one had rightful business there by night without his knowledge, so he crept close to the window. He saw a man standing beside the office table. On the table were books of account and sheets of paper covered with penciled figures. The man bent over them, then paced the room, then returned doggedly to the table, then paced the room again. Jernigan caught his breath, for the man was John Ellice.

The bookkeeper stared, as if in a theater, at a counterfeited presentation of himself pacing his own parlor. Ellice's unbuttoned coat showed a loose pelican jacket; he wore slippers, and his hair was ruffled like that of one driven from his bed. His face, as he bent at the table under the light, was drawn and white.

Jernigan interpreted the picture swiftly. Indeed, there was only a single possible meaning for him, and this was a meaning which swept everything else out of his mind as a gigantic and appalling torrent sweeps a humble valley. The sight of an Ellice of Rudale in the torment of financial worry was to Jernigan what the sight of a collapse of the great pyramid would have been to an ancient Egyptian. Other affairs of life for Jernigan were totally obliterated by awe-stricken consternation and a sympathy almost reverent.

Ellice snatched off the electric lamp, pushed the papers into a drawer of the table and locked it. He decided that his daughter's dance would be over, and he wondered if he could sleep. Then he smiled grimly, knowing well enough that it was not dance music which had kept him awake. His neck contracted sharply, as if something was perched on his shoulder.

His thoughts whirled back to the papers in the table drawer. Had he forgotten to jot down the loan from the Sampson Trust? Of course he had! He began to compute the interest for the coming term. And what, in heaven's name, would be his next month's balance with the Adams people? True, he might tide over this year, but— He threw open the outer door with a gesture of hopeless desperation and descended the steps.

"Who's that? Not Jernigan?"

"Yes, sir," faltered Jernigan. "If—if you can spare me a minute?"

"Why, certainly?"

Ellice managed to pull himself together. He glanced at his clerk's upturned coat collar and tremulous chin.

"You're not ill, Albert?"

"No, sir; just out for a little air."

"Quite right," approved Ellice. "Best thing in the world after a hard day's work. We're all right busy at Rudale

now, eh? By Jove, it's fine to see the old concern more prosperous than ever! Well, what can I do for you?"

Jernigan was not deceived by his employer's labored nonchalance. The vision at the window had been too overpowering to allow of that. He cleared his throat diffidently.

"It's this way, Mr. Ellice. I have money, sir, to invest. Not much, of course, not over \$12,000 or \$15,000, but it's all my capital, and I—I'm worried about it, sir."

"Worried, Albert? You worried?"

Ellice darted a quick, suspicious glance at Jernigan's face, but the bookkeeper was gazing solemnly at the huge, clattering factory. The trustful look in his clerk's eye reminded Ellice of a confident child. For the moment Jernigan resembled a devotee in the presence of a benevolent idol.

"Your father, I understand, made safe investments," resumed Ellice. "Why not stick to them?"

"They don't suit me, sir," said the bookkeeper. "I was wondering if Rudale mill could use the money for awhile. I could turn it over to you tomorrow, and then I wouldn't have to worry any more."

Although conscious of an insane desire to laugh, Ellice was nevertheless curiously relieved. In his present mood, eager for any morsel of solace, he could convince himself that Jernigan knew almost as much about the financial condition of the Rudale mill as he did. And here was the bookkeeper desirous of placing all his money at the disposal of the plant. Ellice bit his lip. Was it possible that his own anxiety was ill founded, imaginary?

"Then I wouldn't have to worry any more," repeated Jernigan.

"No," Ellice murmured, "no, I suppose you wouldn't. Got plenty of faith in the old concern, have you, Albert?"

"Faith to burn, sir, as the boys say. Why, think of all the faith in the old mill there is in this town. Mr. Ellice! Think of the hundreds of men and women and children that trust in the sun shiners! Gather all that trust in a lump, and a fellow would have a regular rock of comfort to stand on, wouldn't he?"

Ellice started queerly.

"I didn't know you were such a mystic," he rejoined in a changed voice. "Excuse me, sir. I have notions, but that's only common sense. And about that money of mine?"

Without answering Ellice turned away thoughtfully, and the two strolled in silence to the wooden bridge that spanned the mill stream. They leaned on the rail, looking over the river. An hour ago Ellice had leaned on the same bridge and stared for a long time into the beckoning depths of that restful river. At the evil remembrance of that black hour he shuddered painfully and touched Jernigan's elbow beside him.

"Let your money stay where it is," he advised. "I can't believe that you have a right to worry, Albert. You've got the trust of your family to nerve you, just as I've got the trust of my mill hands and the village. We ought to stand on that trust and fight for it, both of us, oughtn't we? That's enough to keep us busy. Worrying's no good!"

"What bothers me," ventured Jernigan, "are the years to come—the future."

Ellice peeled a silver from the rail and tossed it lightly on the surface of the shadowy current.

"That's the way the future takes us, I guess," said he. "It's up to us to keep about that's all, and to hold the best course we can. The future? It's a big river, Jernigan, a big, big river. There's no map. Worrying won't help us to travel it."

"No, sir," muttered Jernigan.

For another minute they watched the stream as it glided steadily away into the mysterious darkness. Then Ellice glanced across the bridge at the great mill.

To the fancy of Ellice, with Jernigan's words ringing in his mind, the mill became a thing of life, a personal entity, radiant of confidence and trust. He felt, with a joyous thrill of regained manliness, that he would be worthy of its friendship and of the friendship of his people. He straightened his shoulders happily, as if they had been released from a painful burden.

"Good night," he said, "and thank you."

"Thank me, sir? Why?"

"For a match," improvised Ellice, producing cigars from his pocket. "Will you smoke?"

"I think not," Jernigan declined. "It's late. Good night, sir!"

Although the street was quiet and deserted, while Jernigan hastened homeward under the stars it seemed to him alive with the mighty heart of all humanity, beating in unison with his own, vexed by the same sorrows, and conquering the same fears. As he passed each lovely cottage he thought of the humble men and women therein, who faced the future with no different bravery from that required of kings and queens. If John Ellice could smother anxiety over large affairs with such self-reliant courage surely Jernigan could likewise surmount his infinitely smaller cares.

Unlatching his gate, he whistled a tune.

"Al Jernigan, where in the world?"

Lizzie paused to shield the flame of the candle as her husband opened the door.

"Why, I'd forgot to do an errand at the office. I meant not to disturb you, dear."

"But I didn't know what might happen, and I've worried like anything," she explained, smiling.

Jernigan yawned luxuriously.

"Never lend yourself trouble about what hasn't happened yet, Lizzie," said he. "What's the use of worrying?"

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