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**TWO SIDES TO IT**

There are said to be two sides to every question, though there certainly are exceptions to that rule. It would take a courageous fellow to espouse the negative in discussing the proposition: Resolved, That two and two are four.

The Willamette Valley Millers' and Graindealer's association at Salem last week went on record as condemning the inspection department of the state market agent's office for failing to meet the demands for which it was created. It was alleged that the grain growers and dealers alike were being made the victims of incompetency.

Mr. Spence, at the head of the department, was also criticized in the last election campaign for working for the income tax. Yet the mails regularly brought reports from his department telling of ceaseless activity there. In his weekly letter of April 2 he says:

Portland grain dealers have been buying carloads of screenings from Canada, which are ground into mash for chicken feed or given a bath in molasses and sold for dairy feeds. A sample of one of these cars was analyzed and the result showed 79 per cent of weed seed, chaff, dust and other dockage and 21 per cent of cracked wheat. The daily markets quote chicken mashes and dairy feeds \$50 per ton and up. The farmers of Oregon get from \$26.66 to \$30 per ton for their first-class wheat and they pay \$50 and up per ton for Canadian screenings that have but 21 per cent of wheat and a smear of molasses. If the wheat growers were organized half as strongly as the grain dealers are they would not have to sell good wheat at less than production cost nor buy back foreign screenings at nearly double the price of their wheat.

The potato grading order of the state market agent has been attacked, though the opposition to it is not nearly as strong as it was at one time. Many shippers have ignored it, to their cost.

Regarding potatoes the same report says:

Before grading, labeling and inspection were enforced, the department of agriculture of San Francisco made the published statement that Oregon potatoes were the riskiest stock on the San Francisco markets and the only way the dealers would touch them was on consignment.

Recent federal market quotations from San Francisco are: Oregon, U. S. No. 1 \$2.35 to \$2.40; Yakima, \$1.90 to \$2.00; Idaho, \$2.25 to \$2.30. Los Angeles quotations: Oregon Burbanks U. S. No. 1, \$2.60 to \$3.00; Idaho \$2.40. Portland quotations: U. S. No. 1, \$2.25 to \$3.00; No. 2, \$1.50 to \$1.75.

The official report of the Oregon agricultural economic conference in January at O. A. C., at which were registered 450 delegates, about three fifths of them actual farmers, says:

It has been definitely set forth that the enforcement of potato grading standards has brought about a better marketing conditions for the potatoes of the state.

In one county the dealers have agreed, with excellent results, to use nothing but graded, labeled potatoes. Dealers throughout the state are urged to adopt this principle.

"Why is it that rich people can't be at least as honest as the poor people?" President Coolidge asked a friend.

Because many honest people can't get rich and many dishonest prop's can by being what they are.

One of Jake Hamon's confidants says Jake told him when he offered General Wood \$1,000,000 to be used in his campaign if he would make Jake secretary of the interior Wood told him to go to hell. Maybe Jake took Wood's advice.

The Portland and Chicago bakers reply to the government investigators' claim that bread ought to go down when wheat drops to the pre-war price that flour cuts but a small figure in the cost of bread. When wheat went up and they raised the price of bread the rise in price of bread was laid to the wheat price rise. Now they say a pound loaf of bread cannot be made to sell for five cents. Take a look at the advertisement of the Albany bakery on this page. "It couldn't be done, but he did it." And it's the best bread out, and he sells more than anybody else in the county.

The Albany Herald takes the Eugene Guard to task for saying \$1,125,000 income tax collected by Oregon has benefited farmers and claims the farmers got no relief because taxes outside the income levy are \$400,000 more than last year. If there had been no income tax wouldn't the increase

have been more than \$400,000? The farmers and the Guard are still drawing comfort from the income tax and would not object to an increase in it.

**Another Solomon**

"She called me a fat hussy," said Mrs. Carrie Nugent of Mrs. Anna Kuhnert in Judge Schwab's court in Chicago one day last week.

"I didn't call the fat hussy a fat hussy," said Mrs. Kuhnert. "She was hogging the three wash-tubs in our apartment when she was entitled to but one. I may have asked her who was making her circus tents, but she got so excited she backed against the laundry stove, and then the fat was in the fire."

"She called me a fat hussy. Can you imagine a fat slob like that calling anybody a fat hussy?" said Mrs. Nugent.

"I'll put the more slender of these two ladies under \$1000 bonds to keep the peace," said Judge Schwab.

Both rushed to sign the bonds.

C. L. Shaw of Albany seeks the democratic nomination for treasurer.

**The Good Old 5-cent Loaf**


Washington, D. C., March 16.—An investigation by the department of agriculture between October, 1922, and March, 1923, showed bakers' margins over the cost of flour ranging all the way from 4 cents on an 8-cent loaf in New Orleans to 6 cents on a 10-cent loaf in Chicago.

The department report said: "Lower prices depend upon more efficient baking and distribution methods, higher yields per barrel of flour and larger volume of business by individual bakers."

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*In the Days of Poor Richard*  
 by IRVING BACHELLER

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**CHAPTER XII**

**The Girl He Left Behind Him.**  
 After Jack had been whirled out of London, Franklin called at his lodgings and learned that he had not been seen for a day. The wise philosopher entertained no doubt that the young man had taken ship agreeably with the advice given him. A report had been running through the clubs of London that Lionel Clarke had succumbed. In fact he had had a bad turn, but had rallied. Jack must have heard the false report and taken ship suddenly.

Doctor Franklin went that day to the meeting of the privy council, whither he had been sternly summoned for examination in the matter of the letters of Hutchinson et al. For an hour he had stood unmoved while Alexander Wedderburn, the wittiest barrister in the kingdom, poured upon him a torrent of abuse. Even the judges, against all traditions of decorum in the high courts of Britain, laughed at the cleverness of the assault. That was the speech of which Charles James Fox declared that it was the most expensive bit of oratory which had been heard in England, since it had cost the kingdom its colonies.

It was alleged that in some manner Franklin had stolen the letters and violated their sacred privacy. It is known now that an English nobleman had put them in his hands to read and that he was in no way responsible for their publication. The truth, if it could have been told, would have bent the proud heads of Wedderburn and the judges to whom he appealed, in confusion. But Franklin held his peace, as a man of honor was bound to do. He stood erect and dignified with a face like one carved in wood. The counsel for the colonies made a weak defense. The triumph was complete. The venerable man was

convicted of conduct inconsistent with the character of a gentleman and deprived of his office as postmaster general of the colonies.

But he had two friends in court. They were the Lady Hare and her daughter. They followed him out of the chamber. In the great hallway, Margaret, her eyes wet with tears, embraced and kissed the philosopher.

"I want you to know that I am your friend and that I love America," she said.

"My daughter, it has been a hard hour, but I am sixty-eight years old and have learned many things," he answered. "Time is the only avenger I need. It will lay the dust."

The girl embraced and kissed him again and said in a voice shaking with emotion:

"I wish my father and all Englishmen to know that I am your friend and that I have a love that cannot be turned aside or destroyed and that I will have my right as a human being."

"Come let us go and talk together—we three," he proposed.

They took a cab and drove away. "You will think all this a singular proceeding," Lady Hare remarked. "I must tell you that rebellion has started in our home. Its peace is quite destroyed. Margaret has declared her right to the use of her own mind."

"Well, if she is to use any mind it will have to be that one," Franklin answered. "I do not see why women should not be entitled to use their minds as well as their hands and feet."

"I was kept at home yesterday by fever," said Margaret. "Every door locked and guarded! It was brutal tyranny."

"The poor child has my sympathy, but what can I do?" Lady Hare in-

quired.

"Being an American, you can expect but one answer from me," said the philosopher. "To us tyranny in home or state is intolerable. They tried it on me when I was a boy and I ran away."

"That is what I shall do if necessary," said Margaret.

"Oh, my child! How would you live?" her mother asked.

"I will answer that question for her, if you will let me," said Franklin. "If she needs it, she shall have an allowance out of my purse."

"Thank you, but that would raise a scandal," said the woman.

"Oh, your ladyship, I am old enough to be her grandfather."

"I wish to go with Jack, if you know where he is," Margaret declared, looking up into the face of the philosopher.

"I think he is pushing toward America," Franklin answered. "Being alarmed at the condition of his adversary, I advised him to slip away. A ship went yesterday. Probably he's on it. He had no chance to see me or pick up his baggage."

"I shall follow him soon," the girl declared.

"If you will only contain yourself you will get along with your father very well," said Lady Hare. "I know him better than you. He has promised to take you to America in December. You must wait and be patient. After all, your father has a large claim upon you."

"I think you will do well to wait, my child," said the philosopher. "Jack will keep and you are both young. Fathers are like other children. They make mistakes—they even do wrong now and then. They have to be forgiven and allowed a chance to repent and improve their conduct. Your father is a good man. Try to win him to your cause."

"And die a maiden," said the girl with a sigh.

"Impossible!" Franklin exclaimed. "I would rather be his wife than the queen of England."

"This is surely the age of romance," said the smiling philosopher as the ladies alighted at their door. "I wish I were young again."

**CHAPTER XIII**  
**The Ferment.**

On his voyage to New York, Jack wrote long letters to Margaret and to Doctor Franklin, which were deposited in the post office on his arrival, the tenth of March. He observed a great change in the spirit of the people. They were no longer content with words. The ferment was showing itself in acts of open and violent disorder. The statue of George III, near the battery, was treated to a volley of decayed eggs. In the evening of his arrival. This hot blood was due to the effort to prevent free speech in the colonies and the proposal to send political prisoners to England for trial.

Jack took the first boat to Albany and found Solomon working on the Irons farm. In his diary he tells of the delightful days of rest he enjoyed with his family. Solomon had told them of the great adventure but Jack would have little to say of it, having no pride in that achievement.

Soon the scout left on a mission for the committee of safety to distant settlements in the great north bush.

"I'll be spending the full moon in the wilderness," he said to Jack. "Going to Virginy when I get back, an' I'll look fer ye on the way down."

Jack set out for Philadelphia the day after Solomon left. He stopped at Kinderhook on his way down the river and addressed its people on conditions in England. A young Tory interrupted his remarks. At the barbecue, which followed, this young man was seized and punished by a number of stalwart girls who removed his collar and jacket by force and covered his head and neck with molasses and the fuzzi of cat tails. Jack interceded for the Tory and stopped the proceeding.

"My friends, we must control our anger," he said. "Let us not try to subdue tyranny by using it ourselves."

Everywhere he found the people in such a temper that Tories had to hold their peace or suffer punishment. At the office he learned that his most important letters had failed to pass the hidden censorship of mail in England.

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HE BEGAN AT ONCE TO WRITE A SERIES OF ARTICLES.

He began, at once, to write a series of articles which hastened the crisis. The first of them was a talk with

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