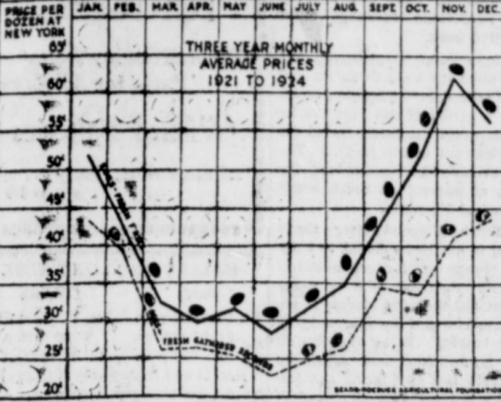


WHY IT PAYS TO PRODUCE EGGS OF QUALITY



"That everything with a shell on goes, isn't the rule any longer. On the market today, it still goes, but at a price below a first-class egg. Opportunity for the greatest success in egg production lies in producing an article that is better than the average, then selling it as such. It isn't hard to find a market willing to pay a premium of 6 to 7 cents a dozen over firsts and from 9 to 13 cents a dozen over seconds.

The premium on fresh-gathered firsts at New York City during a three-year period over fresh-gathered seconds was substantial as shown by the accompanying chart. During February, March, and April, when practically all eggs are good, the prices of extra firsts average only from 1 to 4 cents higher than for seconds. In May the spread begins to widen. In August the margin on extra firsts is around 9 cents. It continues to widen until in November, when the high peak is reached, with extras at 62 cents a dozen and seconds at 41 cents. It costs a little more and it takes a lot of extra effort to market high quality eggs. Yet the gain is ample return for the extra expense and labor.

Pay Gravel
By **HUGH PENDEXTER**
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Spring creeks he wearied his silent companion with his voluble thanks.

After passing through the three miles of the Elk's narrow and twisted canyon they emerged from the slates to strike southwest to the Box Elder, swiftly flowing over bare bed rock. They followed the Box Elder to where it headed at the base of Custer's peak. Near sundown Pyrites began unpacking the burros and called after Dinsdale: "Don't you know it's almost night? We'll camp here."

"Dinsdale, ahead, reined in and stared at the sunset lights streaming across the heavens. Dismounting, he slowly led his horse back to the camping place and removed the saddle and placed it in the small tent Pyrites was deftly setting up.

"I feel sort of blue, partner. Suppose you do the squaw work while I wander around a bit," he suggested. "I'm afraid I'm a poor traveling companion."

"You're all right!" heartily assured Pyrites. "Walk the bile out of your system. Better make it a short trip, as it'll be darker 'n the inside of a burro pretty soon."

"I'll find my way back, never fear," said Dinsdale.

And taking his rifle, he struck off to the foot of the peak. In the south

If he had been an Injun I'd say he'd made a vow to his medicine and had to tackle me. Being low-down scum I can't get rid of the feeling he was doing something he wouldn't have tried unless he felt obliged to try it."

Pyrites stared at him sympathetically, and declared:

"Your talk doesn't assay out even one teeny color. Not even a trace. Of course it's barely possible French Curly and some of his pals might have against you for what happened in it. Frank's place; yet it don't have the right indications. Those fellows would wait 'till you live till they could get you down 'till a table again, you'd think."

"Curly! Neve. "Well, I'm through claimed Dinsdale. "I'm on now on I'm mulling it over. I'm on now on I'm going to be a wolf at prospecting."

"That's the kind of talk that makes me feel good," approved Pyrites. "Now you pitch into that grub, have a short smoke and turn in. And don't let Sandy Allen bother your dreams any."

San Juan has stopped all talk again. You by this time. Ain't no doubt in my mind, but what Sandy was one of the mine, 'till that have been doing as regular a business in these hills as the mine has have."

He crept into the tent to escape the heavy dew and rolled in his blanket. Dinsdale smoked a pipe and then followed his friend's example. The thunders were snapping their wings and the heavy rain, crawling with deep rumblings, Pyrites were the big from his blankets to prepare a breakfast, studied the heavens a minute and then went about his work.

"We'll run into it if we break camp," Dinsdale remarked Dinsdale from the tent.

"It's lambasting in out of the pines down there," grunted Pyrites. "It's moving southeast. We won't get any of it. We'll eat and poke along."

Dinsdale took the light and turned out. The breakfast was soon eaten and the burros packed.

Dinsdale went ahead, usually in sight of his companion every few minutes as he surmounted a ridge. For two miles he rode stiffly and reined in and stared thoughtfully at something ahead. Swinging his head about to scan the cover suspiciously he would have been thrown into something of a panic had he not remembered the Indians' fear of thunder storms. Slipping to the ground and shifting his rifle to his left hand, while he drew a hand gun he approached the object which had caused him to dismount. It was a long feathered arrow, with "lightning marks," or grooves on the short shaft characterizing it as belonging to a Sioux quiver. The head was triangular in shape, made for

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ON
LINN COUNTY FAIR
OPENING DAY

Wednesday, September 17

Linn's best crop, her boys and girls, will be shown in a great **Competitive School Pageant**. More than 100 schools and 2000 school children are expected to participate in

4 Big Divisions

County High Schools
Rural Schools
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Grade School of Albany

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will be given in Each Division
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This new feature will be a knockout. It is indorsed by the county school superintendent, by school boards and by teachers.

Linn county's children will be seen in floats, in original make-ups. They'll be seen at their best, which means that observers will see the flower of American youth.

Now's the Time to Enter. Every School in the County Must be Represented.

Pageant—Programs—Governor Pierce's Address—Community Singing—Children's Program—All scheduled on Linn County's Opening Day

"The school that is not represented in the pageant will be the exception"

Mary Succeeds on Main Street

By LAURA MILLER

BARLEYCORN AND BUSINESS

A great honor descended on Ypsilanti, Mich., not long ago. President Harding was choosing ten delegates to represent the United States government at the International Congress Against Alcoholism held in Denmark in August. One of the ten was Mrs. E. L. Calkins of "the town with the queer name."

And thereby hangs a tale. Once upon a time—to begin in the approved fashion—a mutual acquaintance told me of Mrs. Calkins. "Left a widow without income or apparent means of making one," the story commenced, as I recall it. "Nothing to go on except that strenuous determination to meet the needs of the household."

The immediate way out that she took, escapes my memory. But she didn't run off to Detroit or Chicago or New York on the plea that all the money to be made was piled up in the money centers. She stuck to the people she knew. Somehow she got into real estate.

The strenuous determination grew. So did the money. At the time I heard the story the unencumbered capital was, as I recall it, \$20,000 or \$30,000.

Here comes in the sequel of the tale. I wrote Mrs. Calkins for the story of her real estate venture.

"I was much amused when I read your letter," she answered. "Bless you, all I've done in real estate is just a sideline. My real job has been fighting John Barleycorn. But I'll see what I can make of it as soon as I find time—if you're sure you want a story on a 'Main Street' scale."

side were good enough to live with and work with, wanted her recognized. More distant neighbors too, cup the idea. The state grange, the state women's organizations, the governor and each of his staff, all requested to appoint Mrs. Calkins. She had, one might say, the backing of Main Street on the Main Street scale. And it won!

GIRTH-CONTROL LADY

Long Beach, Cal., despite its millions made in oil, has always been rather proud of being a "Main Street" community. Thousands upon thousands of its citizens are retired farmers and merchants from the Mississippi valley. They still keep the neighborhood of view and the neighborhood they developed through their hard work "back home." But they have a leisure, and whenever a chance comes their way, we're told, she

background was the incentive in conducting a business in Long Beach conducted by two well-bred, much-esteemed women. The business is nothing more nor less than a beauty shop. It is owned and managed by Mrs. B. E. and an A. M., who substitute for a shabby atmosphere of such a common sense and culture.

The Master of Arts is Mrs. Robert Hatcher, wife of a big lumber dealer of Alaska, who found the window in the Far North too trying and wanted something to keep her busy. Yet she is a newspaper and publicity

travelling—she was once president of the Illinois Women's Press association—and of work with big women's organizations preceded this latest business. The women of Alaska sent her two years ago on a personal mission to Washington to ask the President to appoint the man whom they could trust as prohibition enforcement director. Her shop is a service station for the national women's foundation for health, which through women's organizations campaigns for such common-sense things as an annual health examination and properly fitted shoes.

Mrs. Hatcher's pet beauty cure is exercise. To prove the value of a simple before-breakfast setting-up, she acknowledges her sixty years, lets an occasional woman pull her curly white hair to be sure it isn't a wig, and demonstrates to selected audiences the value of what has recently been

named "girth control." "The old masters knew all the secrets of color," she quotes her guide in an European art gallery, "but they did not seem to know much about Anna Tommy. New-ads, to judge by the women on our streets, we've learned something about anatomy, but we sadly lack both judgment and art in application of color. We dab it on from the outside instead of from within!"

Colorado Potato Beetle Eradicated by Spraying

The adult Colorado potato beetle, which is about half an inch long, rounded, yellow in color, but striped with ten black lines, passes the winter in the ground. When the potato plants come up in the spring the beetles appear to feed on the leaves and are on the under side of the leaves and are conspicuous by their yellow color. In a week small, plump slugs hatch, which feed on the foliage for some three weeks, then enter the ground to pupate and about three weeks later emerge as adult striped beetles.

A second generation follows the same cycle of eggs, grub, pupa and adult. Although there is much over-abundance of the stages, the first generation of grubs is most abundant during the month of August. It is in the grub stage that most of the damage is done. Ordinarily, a spraying with poison should be given to ward off their invasion. There is no set time to spray, but the number of applications should be made of lead, one to two fifty gallons of water, or one-half pound to fifty gallons green, but in the latter case care must be taken to keep the paris green from the adult beetles by gathering them in the early part of the season, will be a long way toward checking the insect-pest Station.

Some men can't let all their time is spent in giving it. Rats are enemies of the youngsters and upon them. Neither timothy hay is a very good feed for a takes three tons of sudan one ton of alfalfa.

the harvest—other dogs loose sudan grass walk cows. It may be equal

war. The shaft was of juneberry, tough and flexible, so as not to break did the quarry, whether man or buffalo, fall upon it.

Improve Clover Yields by Use of Crop Rotation

A man's ability as a farmer may well be judged by his clover fields, think workers of the Ohio experiment station. Large fields of heavy-yielding clover invariably indicate a good rotation and intelligent soil conservation.

In order to get a good stand of clover, good seed well inoculated is the first consideration, say the Ohio men. Then use lime and phosphoric acid if the soil needs them. Finally, provide an abundance of vegetable matter in the soil by using a short rotation.

The Ohio experiment station started cropping a 40-acre field used for variety testing in 1894. The first ten years the field was given one application of manure for each rotation. Then the rotation was shortened one year by dropping the timothy while limestone and acid phosphate were added to the rotation of manure.

As a result of the improved treatment of the soil, the clover yield increased 18 per cent. Corn yields creased 18 per cent. 74 bushels; oats climbed from 45 to 48 bushels; wheat from 15 to 33 bushels; and clover, from 2.5 tons to 3.5 tons.

Cause of Barren Stalks

Poor seed is the far the greatest cause of barren stalks in a cornfield. They are also caused by insects and diseases that attack the plant about the time that the ear is beginning to form. The corn root worm, corn root aphid, and the corn silk moth are the most common culprits. A thin soil that is not well adapted to corn will also produce barren stalks, and corn too thick will do the same.

Nitrate of soda is a fertilizer which will keep the grass growing rapidly.