

THE OREGON STATESMAN

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THE MORNING ARGUMENT

AUNT HET



I know a lot of dumb women, but ever one of 'em has got sense enough to agree with what her husband says an' keep him thinkin' she's smart.

POOR PA



Ma's mad because our daughter-in-law takes that young doctor's advice about the baby instead of listenin' to her.

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I know, but with the diversion of product that is going on I would judge that the output is at least stationary, and a great deal more profitable to the producer.

This is up to the present. The Oregon cow is remarkably free from tuberculosis. The Jersey breed, according to statistics, is the freest from infection of any of the dairy breeds, and we have a wonderful state veterinarian. Sad to say, other places are not so fortunate. They must replace their diseased cows. It is entirely impractical for them to raise them, for several reasons. Their price for fat in sweet market milk is double our price. To my mind, the shipping out of dairy cows has just started.

Yet I think Mr. Rhoten is absolutely sound. This will add to the dairy farm income, and thus build up dairying. A bunch of young stock on an average farm will not complicate the labor problem. They will cost but little, and they must be kept for two or three milking years before commanding top prices.

Rather than stop the sale of cows, we should say, "Let us add to our income. Sell our high priced cows, but stop the sacrifice of good heifer calves." This last is the real economic crime. Provide these calves with good sires, treat them well and grow them out to a good, big salable cow. There is nothing in the Willamette valley so good a property as good, thrifty dairy calves and heifers. The extra money they will bring in will put new life in our dairy industry.

And do not be afraid of the market. Even our top price is much too low, and the demand has not really started yet.

C. C. DICKSON.

Shedd, Ore., Jan. 14, 1928.

Medford has the honor of organizing the first "Hoover for President" club in Oregon. Similar organizations will soon be springing up all over the state. As his boyhood's home, Oregon has a proprietary pride in Mr. Hoover which has grown with every office he has filled and every service he has performed. The office of president of the United States is the logical "next step" for Hoover and for the country, and Oregon may be depended upon to do all in its power to bring to pass a result so desirable.—Portland Telegram.

There is only one thing to do in Nicaragua. That thing is to restore order and make the country safe for its own people and those of other countries who live and have property or other interests there. Our Monroe doctrine makes this duty plain and absolute. The spirit of this doctrine will not allow other countries, like Spain and France and England and Germany and Belgium, to interfere to protect their own citizens in Nicaragua, or in any other South or Central American country. So we must do it. Our duty is not a matter for discussion. It is not one of doubt. It is plain and absolute. And the United States has never yet been a coward, a welcher or a side-stepper. Let us hope it may never be.

The thriftiest thing Salem can do, right now, is to see to it that both linen mills are operated to capacity, in every department and for every hour of the twenty-four. That kind of thrift will very soon add as many more people to the population of Salem as live here now. And then have only a fair start in the development of our flax and linen industries.

Why not a Hoover club in Salem? But everybody will want to join. Why not make it unanimous?

Bits For Breakfast

Straight ahead— That's city improvement plan— With seven new bridges this year, and the new street lighting system adopted, and the houses renumbered, and the Gaines street storm sewer built. It is thought that this will keep about 150 heads of families busy throughout the year—and local people are to be given preference. A good idea. The city of San Diego has appropriated \$10,000 for advertising; the central idea being to secure more industries. Salem has been doing well in getting more industries—but there is a long way to go yet, in order to live up to her opportunities. A long way and a long time. The sky is the limit to what the heights the industrial development here may reach, and without going outside of our own section for the raw materials, produced by the industries on the land. Going to be a hot finish. The Statesman's subscription contest is off to a better start than any former one at the present stage of activities. Governor At Smith told a delegation of temperance women the other day that though he opposes prohibition he believes in enforcing the law. Especially the New York law which shifts to the shoulders of the federal govern-

ment the whole burden of enforcement of prohibition.—Eugene Register.

GUARDSMEN PUT CROWD TO ROUT FROM JAIL

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, by an order of the County Court of Marion County, State of Oregon, duly made and entered on the 6th day of January, 1928, were appointed executors of the estate of Ella Moody and that they have duly qualified as such. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same, duly verified as required by law, at the offices of P. J. Kuntz, in the City of Salem, Marion County, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice, to-wit January 10th, 1928.

HENRY J. MOODY, CAROLINE SELEE, Executors of the estate of Ella Moody. P. J. KUNTZ, Attorney for Executors. J10-17-24-31F

NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Mattie K. Woodward, Deceased, has filed his Final Account with the County Court of Marion County, and by an Order bearing date December 16, 1927, the said County Court has fixed the time for hearing said Final Account for January 23, 1928, at the hour of ten (10:00) o'clock, A. M. in the County Court rooms in Salem, Marion County, Oregon. All persons having objections to said Account, are required to appear and present them on or before said date.

LLOYD E. CHESNUT, Administrator of the Estate of Mattie K. Woodward, Deceased. WILLIAM H. TRINDLE, Attorney. D20127-3-10-17

out that the men had been spirited out of town, in an effort to pacify the mob. By 9:30 o'clock the mob had swelled to several thousand people, and the newspaper information apparently had failed to placate them.

Members of the national guard, mobilized at the armory awaited orders to move on the crowd but their officers hesitated to take action pending confirmation of the order from Governor Green at Lansing.

Officials at the jail were holding off the mob but the gathering was swelling fast and motorists reported virtually the entire citizenry of Mount Morris, home of the child, were en route to Flint.

The mob continued its barrage of bricks against the jail, shattering windows. Police rounded up 13 members of the gathering and put them into cells.

Next the mob turned its attention to the newsboys shouting their extras that the man had been spirited away, and roughly handled them. The papers were torn up and the boys chased off the streets while the mob yelled "Fake!"

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

(From Columns of The Statesman, January 16, 1903.)

A bill for an act to establish a state board of health was introduced in the senate.

Paul C. Kelly, editor of the Portland Telegram, is covering the legislature for his paper.

John D. Rockefeller has contributed \$100,000 toward a fund of \$800,000 for the Y. M. C. A. of Brooklyn, N. Y.

A resolution providing that each member of the senate be authorized to employ a clerk for private use was killed today.

F. N. Derby, real estate man, won a fine prize for making the nearest guess as to the number of votes cast for the winning candidate for governor.

Columbia, S. C.—Narciso Gonzales, editor of the state, was shot by James H. Tillman, lieutenant governor of South Carolina, here today. It is said Gonzales opposed Tillman's candidacy for the governorship.

North Howell Community Club To Meet On Friday

NORTH HOWELL, Jan. 16.—(Special)—The North Howell Community club will hold its next meeting on January 20, at 8 p. m. This is the anniversary of the founding of this school district and has been made an annual homecoming affair.

All former pupils and teachers of North Howell are cordially invited to attend.

The Grange held an interesting meeting last Friday. A new kitchen is being planned and an attendance contest has been started for 1928, as everything points to a lively year.

Officers were installed at McCleary and Stayton last week.

An eastern college student recently held eight baseballs in one hand. Another triumph for modern education.—Florence (Ala.) Herald.

TRUSTEES SALE

Stock of General Merchandise located at Turner, Ore., Stayton, Ore., and Aumsville, Ore., will be offered for sale by sealed bids. Bids will be opened at 11 o'clock A. M. on Friday, January 20th. This stock inventories Stayton, \$3907.50; Turner, \$294.06; Aumsville, \$907.89; fixtures Stayton, \$1328.00; Turner, \$717.60; Aumsville, \$966.25. Certified check for ten percent of amount of bid must accompany bid. Stock may be inspected Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 17-18. Right reserved to reject any or all bids. Bids can be submitted on individual stores or all 3 stocks together. G. W. INGRAM, Trustee. 671 Pittcock Block Portland, Oregon. J13-14-15-17-18-19

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, by an order of the County Court of Marion County, State of Oregon, duly made and entered on the 6th day of January, 1928, were appointed executors of the estate of Ella Moody and that they have duly qualified as such. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same, duly verified as required by law, at the offices of P. J. Kuntz, in the City of Salem, Marion County, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice, to-wit January 10th, 1928.

HENRY J. MOODY, CAROLINE SELEE, Executors of the estate of Ella Moody. P. J. KUNTZ, Attorney for Executors. J10-17-24-31F

NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of Anton Christensen, Deceased, has filed his Final Account with the County Court of Marion County, and by an Order bearing date December 17, 1927, the said County Court has fixed the time for hearing said Final Account for January 23, 1928, at the hour of ten (10:00) o'clock A. M. in the County Court rooms in Salem, Marion County, Oregon. All persons having objections to said Account, are required to appear and present them on or before said date.

CHARLES VICK, Administrator of the Estate of Anton Christensen, Deceased. WILLIAM H. TRINDLE, Attorney. D20-27-3-10-17

The OUTER GATE

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN CENTRAL PRESS ASSN., Inc.

READ THIS FIRST:

Bob Terry is released from prison, after serving three years for a crime he did not commit. He leaves prison with ghastly impressions and fierce bitterness in his heart. Upon his release he is given a letter from Peter Borden, his former employer, who has aided in sending Terry to prison because he thought it was his "duty." Terry determines to make Borden suffer as he has suffered during the three years in prison. Bob's prison pal is Todd Shannon, who urges him to call on his niece, Kathleen Shannon, when Bob returns to his home town. Todd tells Bob he might also look up John Carmody, a criminal lawyer and political boss in the state, as Carmody may have employment for him.

(Now go on with the story.)

CHAPTER II

BOB TERRY'S packing was a pitifully simple process. From the wooden chest at the foot of his cot he took his few belongings: shirts, underwear, socks, handkerchiefs, a tattered coat, a pipe and a tin half full of cheap tobacco. His toilet articles consisted of a toothbrush and a comb. He placed everything on a prison shirt which he spread on the stone floor. Then he looped the four corners and tied them. He arose, smiling bitterly. "My trunk is ready, Todd."

"Uh-huh. I'm mighty glad you're goin' kid. We've been great buddies."

"And we will be again. I'll be waiting when you get out."

"That'll make coming out a heap nicer."

"And you'll let me know when?"

"Yeh. Not by writin', though. I don't trust letters. Kathleen'll know, an' she'll tell you."

The shadow of a frown flitted across Bob's forehead. The constant mention of Kathleen annoyed him. He didn't want to know the girl, or even to see her. Of course Todd Shannon had been too good a friend to give offense—and so Terry was determined to see the woman once and then forget about her.

In a few minutes preceding the commencement of the afternoon's labor in the mill, the prisoners who lived in Bob's cell block crowded about the open door. They were a queer assortment of human beings, yet the sloping foreheads, squinty eyes and receding chins which are popularly associated with the idea of criminal types were strangely infrequent. These men, serving terms ranging from two years to life, were appallingly like those of the world beyond the granite walls. They were neat and clean and interested. The only group characteristic to distinguish them from the denizens of the city beyond the walls was that they spoke in whispers. They were subdued.

They knew that one of their number was leaving. They did not know details, for inside a prison, personal information is neither sought nor given. But they crowded around the cell and murmured congratulations in hoarse voices and some of the men even waxed humorous.

The fire split the quiet air. The prisoners crowded into the main corridor and thence into the courtyard en route to the cotton mill. Todd Shannon hung back with his young friend. He was more upset than he cared to admit. He was fond of Bob Terry, and had planned to greet him on the outside when the prison should eventually give the young man up. But his release had changed everything and Shannon feared for the lad who was now going into the outer world as alone as when he entered the prison.

Shannon knew what was awaiting Bob. An ex-convict is a person generally feared and never trusted. Small likelihood that the world at large would know Bob Terry as the man who had been victimized by a gross miscarriage of justice; they would not know or care that he was guilty of no crime and that Society at large owed him an unpaid debt. Peery would only know that for three years he has been an inmate of the state penitentiary; the bar sinister of penal servitude was indelibly engraved upon him.

Side by side, with measured steps, the ill-assorted pair walked down the long main corridor to the heavy door which gave access to the executive offices. Now that the moment for separation had arrived, there seemed a great deal to say—and no words in which to say it.

Bob Terry was conscious of an absurd reaction. At this moment of departure he felt a twinge of regret, as though he were abandoning a haven of refuge. After all, the prison itself had not been so very bad; it had been more so very bad; it had been more the ghastly knowledge that he was no longer a human being, that his every movement was arranged for him, and that he was powerless. Simeon Mason was a humane warden. The prison had known very little brutality, and that had been the work of guards venting their individual and personal spleen. Even the punishment of unruly prisoners had been merciful. But there was no escaping from the knowledge that one was no longer regarded as a human being; there was no escape from that. The story stood facing each other at the corridor door. Big Todd Shan-

non dropped a huge paw on the shoulder of his young friend.

"Bye, Kid."

"Bye, Todd."

"See you at Kathleen's when I get out."

"Yeh."

"And—and don't take things too bitter, Bob."

"I—oh, hell! why shouldn't I?"

"Now listen—"

"I'll be good." There was a sneer on Terry's lips as he looked up. "So long, Todd."

His hands met. Then, without another word, Bob Terry turned away. The stavedore swung back the gate for him and he walked straight toward the warden's office.

But he was not unobserved. Todd Shannon bulked against the corridor bars, staring at the pathetic figure moving toward the door—and freedom. And Todd saw clearly. He saw more than the slender, slightly stooped young man of twenty eight; he saw more than the thin, deeply lined face, topped by black hair which was prematurely silvering at the temples. He saw through the garb of prison white into the seared soul, and he shook his head apprehensively.

"The kid ain't healthy in his mind," he told himself sadly. "He's all bottled up, and he's bound to break loose. I hope he sees Kathleen and Mr. Carmody. They'll straighten him out if anybody can."

Bob entered the warden's office and stood motionless. The kindly man smiled a greeting and designated an old blue serge suit on his desk.

"This is yours, Terry. If you take this, we give you some money. Of if you prefer, you can have a new suit and no money. You see, those are regulations for all departing prisoners, and the rules have made no provision for men who never should have been sent here in the first place."

"I'll take my old suit, str—and the money."

"If you'd rather have the other, I can lend you a little money."

"Thank you, str. I'll get along with my old suit. Style means very little to me right now."

He stepped into a little room adjoining the office, and a few minutes later reappeared. The old suit, which had fitted so snugly, now hung loosely upon shoulders which had acquired a stoop, and the youthful jauntiness of cut which had been Bob Terry's pride in the old days now seemed a ghastly caricature. The warden rose and faced him.

"You're going out, Terry. We all know you've been badly used. But don't let it eat on you. Give the world its chance to atone for this injustice."

The young man's eyes were veiled. He was restless and miserable. He didn't want preachment. He was grateful for the kindness of the man and for his

intentions, but all he desired now was to be let alone. In a second his entire comic scheme had been disarranged. All of these three long years he had planned bitterly for a future where the taint of embezzlement and a prison term would hang over him. Now he found himself going forth into the world absolved of guilt and there had not been time to readjust his perspective. And so he listened with respectful—and somewhat sullen—silence to the warden. At length the voice stopped. Terry spoke without looking up.

"Thank you, str."

"You haven't even heard, have you?"

"Yeh, str."

"Very well— The warden sighed. "I can't say that I blame you very much." He reached into his pocket. "Here's a ticket home. The bus is outside and will carry you to the station. Good-bye, lad."

"Good-bye, Warden. You've been very kind."

"I wonder if that is possible—in a prison? Good luck, Terry. And if you ever want to have a long talk with a man who is really sorry for you—"

"Good God! Captain—I never again want to see anyone who is sorry for me. Beg your pardon, str. I didn't mean that as it sounded. I'll be going—" He turned and stumbled from the room and just when he would have passed through the front door into the open world beyond, a hoarse voice hailed him from the corridor.

"Hey! Kid!"

Bob turned. The massive, muscular figure of Todd Shannon was flattened against the bars.

"C'm 'ere, Terry."

For the last time Terry's footsteps sounded hollowly on the concrete floor. He came very close to his cellmate, and the big man handed through the bars a package crudely wrapped in newspaper.

"Take it, Kid. It's all right. The Cap'n said I could give it to you."

Terry was embarrassed. "You shouldn't be giving me anything, Todd."

"Just fr' luck. That's all. Kind of keep it with you, an' if things seem sort of blooze—take a look at it an' think of what I've told you. I think it's kind of pretty."

Bob wanted to put his gratitude into words—but the words would not come. He looked up, stammered, and then his eyes misted.

(To Be Continued)

HEADS, C. E.

GRANTS PASS, Ore., Jan. 15.—(AP)—Miss Marie Iverson of Medford was elected president of Crater Lake union of the Christian Endeavor in the annual convention of the Southern Oregon district, which ended here yesterday evening.

MARINE BILL UP

WASHINGTON, Jan. 16.—(AP)—By a vote of 61 to 20 the senate today made its unfinished business the Jones bill, designed to build up the merchant marine and maintain it under the government.



ASPIRIN

You doubtless depend on Aspirin to make short work of headaches, but remember that it's just as dependable an antidote for many other pains! Neuralgia? Many have found real relief in a Bayer Aspirin tablet. Or for toothache; an effective way to relieve it, and the one thing doctors are willing you should give a child—of any age. Whether to break up a cold, or relieve the serious pain from neuritis or deep-seated rheumatism, there's nothing quite like Bayer Aspirin. Just make certain it's genuine; it must have Bayer on the box and on every tablet. All druggists, with proven directions.

Physicians prescribe Bayer Aspirin; it does NOT affect the heart

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocroticacidester of Salicylicacid

FREE VOTING BALLOT. This ballot is good for 200 votes for the candidate in The Oregon Statesman Subscription Campaign, whose name is written on it. Do not fold. Trim. Name: Address: VOID AFTER MARCH 10TH, 1928 ANYONE CAN VOTE FOR FRIENDS