

THE OREGON STATESMAN

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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.

Bob says good-bye to his prison pal, Todd Shannon, and accepts a present of a little carving of a Japanese pagoda Todd has carved out in prison, using an old safety razor blade.

(Now go on with the story.)

CHAPTER III

HE whirled and walked swiftly along the corridor toward the exit. The old, snappily-cut suit of blue serge flapped about his thin figure. In his left arm was the prison bundle—his baggage. In his right hand was the gift from his one friend. He stepped quickly through the front door—then, without knowing that he did so, he paused and gasped.

The sun was shining. From where he stood, Terry could see the broad panorama of verdant valley streaked by a silver river, which wound lazily through rich farm lands. Far off to the left an aura of smoke hovered over a city, which was the capital of the state. Automobiles were passing; people were talking and laughing carelessly. In the fields, two farmhands called merrily to each other.

It suddenly came to Bob that he could go when he pleased, where he pleased. That was hard to understand. His ear was attuned to curt orders from a guard; he had learned to think of himself as a caged animal. And now the world beckoned to him—held out its arms invitingly. He had forgotten what freedom meant and this first intoxicating draught bewildered and frightened him.

He stood motionless for several seconds. Then he heard a man's voice, gruff but not unkind: "Here's the bus, if you're ready."

If he was ready? God! The first indication that someone else thought he was a human and had desires and wants and likes and dislikes of his own. He followed the driver mechanically and climbed into the huge car. A few seconds later he was moving toward the smoke and soot of the capital.

He looked back at the gray walls of the prison. He thought of Todd Shannon—and of the thousand other prisoners laboring hopelessly, ceaselessly, in the clutter and clangor of the cotton mill. He looked at the place where he had been aged in three years—

And when he turned away again, his face was set in lines of unrelieved bitterness.

The accommodation crept slowly northward from the capital toward the metropolis. The loose-jointed old day coaches clanked protestingly with each swaying curve of the track, the locomotive whistled at road crossings, there was dust and grime and soot everywhere—but to Bob Terry, crouched in a corner of the last coach, it was all very wonderful, and already he was beginning to feel the exhilaration of freedom.

He was unmindful of the discomfort. He scarcely knew that the first hot finger of an unusual early spring was that day being placed across the farm lands; he did not realize that the coach in which he traveled was uncomfortable and noisy and swirling with cinders. He was not even annoyed by the snoring miners in the seat behind him or the dirty, yelling children who raced up and down the aisle.

It was all new to him. Three years in the penitentiary had robbed him of memory. He had schooled himself not to think of the past, or of the outer world. He had regarded everyday life and freedom much as a poor man thinks of foreign countries—something which he knows to exist, yet so exotic that his mind cannot quite grasp the actuality. And now Bob Terry found himself in it, once more of it, and he was dazed.

He stared through the grimy window pane toward the broad vista of cottonfield. Somewhere off in the distance a dark row of willow and cypress marked the course of a small stream wandering happily southward. Two boys trudged down the hot, dusty road toward it, and each carried a long bamboo pole. It pleased Bob enormously to know that he might alight from the train if he pleased and go swimming. God! what glory a river swim would be. He settled back and closed his eyes. The visions unfolded to him his thoughts with more free from bitterness than he knew. He was intoxicated by this sudden release from restriction, by the knowledge that he was once again a man of name instead of number. Three years had taught him the ultimate value of the tiniest things.

"When did you get out?" The voice, raspingly guttural, grated harshly on the ears of the young man. It was the voice of power and authority and the past eternities had taught Bob to accept insults docilely.

He looked up into the heavy, blotched features of a squat, broad-shouldered man. Bob knew the type: the holder of some job of mental authority; square-shouldered, square-toed and square-headed. He looked into the pig-like eyes beneath the heavy brows—and for a moment he did not answer.

The man frowned. With a cheap gesture he swept back his coat and exhibited the shiny badge of a railroad detective. His voice cut through the fetid air of the car—loudly enough for those in the immediate vicinity to hear.

"I sat when you got out." Later, Bob knew that he should have been resentful. But he was too recently out of prison. The badge of authority was something he had learned to fear, particularly when worn by such as this heavy-set person. And so he answered the brutal question simply, and without thought of equivocation.

"Yesterday." And then, "How did you know?" The detective was conscious of an audience in the next seat. "That's my business," he boomed. "Where are you going? Whatcha gonna do?"

Resentment was on Terry's lips. But he had learned from Todd Shannon that acquiescence was always the better course; he had learned to keep his face expressionless while hot fury surged within him, and so he told the railroad detective where he was going and explained that he didn't know what he was going to do.

The man boomed some coarse advice and waddled off down the aisle of the car. All about him Bob heard whispers. The word had been bruited about. An ex-convict was on the car; a man just out of the state penitentiary. Yes, that was he—the oldish young man with the bit of silver at the temples; the slim one—sittin' over yonder. No, of course he don't look like no criminal, but you never can tell about these crooks; they're slick uns. Might of been murder—Terry heard one another warn her wide-eyed children.

And now the black cloud of bitterness and misery closed down over him again. So this, then, was the meaning of freedom—that he might be accused brutally and questioned brutally as to himself and his plans; that the finger of suspicion was always to be leveled against him. The mark of Cain was to be seen on his brow—and people were to turn on him.

A fierce anger gripped him. He wanted to climb on the seat and shout to those people that he was innocent; that he bore in his pocket a letter from the governor of the state, expressing deep regret for the injustice which had warped his life. But no; that was impossible. He might do this once, but to what end? They would still murmur about him and look his way and shake their heads. They were privileged to regard him as an animal—to be stared at and talked about—just because he had been in prison. It seemed of little moment whether he was guilty or innocent.

The momentary exaltation which had come with freedom was gone. This incident seemed the precursor of the grossest of all injustices. Prison had been an error—perhaps even an honest error. And once in prison—it was fitting that he should have been treated as a convict. But to be liberated, and to be scourged by looks and by words; that was almost unbearable.

Bob Terry was learning something about himself. He was learning that he was not callous. He had gone into the penitentiary a man of shy and sensitive spirit; of a temperament as responsive to outside impressions as a photographic plate. And the penitentiary had seared his spirit and branded it with hot torture irons so that it shriveled and died; and he fancied that he was bereft of all emotions, all sensitiveness.

He knew now that this was not true. Not even when they arrested him originally for the crime he had not committed had he been hurt as he was this moment. And he knew that he would always be hurt—that he had merely deluded himself into believing he was mentally calloused. He saw himself projected now into a vast torture chamber in which all with whom he came in contact were his inquisitors.

He sat alone in the midst of many, a prisoner with freedom. The cruel injustice of it! Each lash from the whip of fate seemed harder than the last. His spirit shrank from the horror of it and his mind focused on the mild-mannered fatted man who had been the cause of it all. All through his three years in prison Bob Terry had nurtured a hatred against Peter Borden, and now, instead of finding that hatred dispelled, he discovered that it was magnified. Peter Borden the man of intransigent honor, Peter Borden the man who would crucify a young man because he conscientiously believed that man

THE MORNING ARGUMENT

AUNT HET By Robert Quillen



"Else don't really feel superior to her husband. She just pretends to, so she won't feel ashamed of makin' him git his own breakfast."

POOR PA By Claude Callan



"Ma an' me want the children to be spared hardships like we had an' look back to with so much pleasure."

had committed a crime. The muscles of Bob Terry's arm contracted, his fingers closed—closed about the crude package which Todd Shannon had handed him through the bars of the penitentiary corridor.

(To be Continued)

Bits For Breakfast

It looks simple— The new automatic scutching machine at the state flax plant; is simple in the principles of its operation— 'But it will mark a mile stone in the development of our flax and linen industries. It will help to transfer world linen headquarters to Salem. That is in the cards; sure to come. The time will depend largely upon the people of Salem themselves.

Col. E. Hofer, writing to The Statesman from San Francisco last Saturday, says: "We plowed through the fog to Pasadena this morning. It is only 157 miles. Some of the newspapers used to criticize me because I would run ads on the front page of the Capital Journal. The Bishop Woolen Mill Store always had a two-column ad there. A merchant could have an ad right in the center of the first page if he wanted to pay the price. I was not proud of mere appearances and was not trying to copy after the big metropolitan papers. I was trying to serve the business man whether it was a bootblack stand or a woman running a flapjack counter."

"This morning the Chronicle had a Buick motor ad on its front page. I consider the small city daily the most vital influence in journalism."

The incinerator location is not as burning a question as it was. Procrastination has worn off the fervor. But there is only on right place, and that is in any place below the level of the city—which means north; on the Marion county side.

LISTEN IN

- WEDNESDAY MORNING 13:37-38—KWV 492.5. Health exercises. 9:00-9:30—KXII (294). Early River program. 9:00-10:00—KEX (294). Patsie Cooke. 9:00-10:00—KXII (294). Portland Early Birds. 10:00-11:30—KTBR. Women's exchange. 10:00-11:30—KWV. Household helps and music. 10:00-12:00—KXL. Courtesy and Live Wire programs. WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON 12:00-1:00—KXII. Organ concert. 12:00-4:30—KXL. Afternoon presents. 1:00-1:15—KXII. Farm flashes on pool table. 1:15-2:00—KXII (229). Music. 2:00-4:00—KXII. News and music. 4:30-5:30—KXII. French lesson. 5:00-5:30—KXII. Housewife's program. 5:15-6:00—KXII. Topsy Turvy Times. 5:30-6:00—KXL. The Montaigners. WEDNESDAY NIGHT 8:00-8:30—KWV (492). Concert trio. 8:00-8:30—KEX (240). News, sports and announcements. 8:00-9:00—KXII (319). Organ concert. 8:00-9:00—KXII (229). Evening utility and organ music. 8:00-9:00—KXII (229). Music. 8:00-9:00—KXII. Children's hour. 8:00-9:00—KWV. NBC "Musical Fruit Cocktail." 8:00-9:00—KEX. Dance orchestra. 7:00-8:00—KXL. Evening courtesy programs. 8:00-9:00—KWV. Utility service and religious lecture. 8:00-9:00—KTBR. Semi-classical program. 8:00-9:00—KWV. Orchestra. 8:00-9:00—KXII. Staff artists. 8:00-9:00—KXII. Art. Schencker tenor. 8:00-9:00—KTBR. Request program. 8:00-9:00—KWV. NBC "The Vagabonds." 8:00-9:00—KXII. Musical program. 9:00-10:00—KXII. Old time dance from 11:00-11:30—KXII. Theater frolic. 10:00-11:30—KXII. Dance band. 10:00-12:00—KXII. Dance frolic. 11:00-12:00—KTBR. Dance music. 12:00-1:00—KXII. U.S. organ. NBC—6:30 P. Musical Fruit Cocktail. 9:10. The Vagabonds "With Street Singers of the Past." KGO—Oakland (241). 6. Dinner concert. 7. Farm program. 8. vaudeville. 9. NBC

CHICHESTERS PILLS

of those with property who pass from the scene without making a WILL, FULLY INTENDED TO MAKE ONE! Yet, if an utter stranger attempted to dispose of their property, these same property owners would resent it—and rightly so. But that is just what would happen if you let the State "make your will." How much more satisfactory it would be to have your Attorney draw your will today, naming the Trust Division of this bank as Executor and Trustee, thereby insuring the distribution of your estate according to your original intentions. Why not step in, and talk it over with us today?



"My skin was a sight"

"I couldn't look people in the face. I was so ashamed of my skin! It was always blotched with pimples and blackheads and at times itched terribly. I had tried everything and was so discouraged that I couldn't bring myself to take hope in anything. You can imagine my surprise therefore when one application of Rowles Mentho Sulphur almost completely cleared my skin. I could have danced with joy! In short time you wouldn't know my skin—it was so clear, so soft and white."

Thousands of people are discovering that there is a remedy for skin trouble—even fiery, itching eczema! It's the magical combination of sulphur and menthol—sulphur for clearing the skin, menthol for healing the broken and irritated tissue. Rowles Mentho Sulphur is inexpensive and all druggists supply it in jars ready to use. Be sure it's Rowles.

NOTICE OF HEARING ON FINAL ACCOUNT In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Marion County. In the Matter of the Estate of Pauline Traglio, Deceased. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Executor of the estate of Pauline Traglio, deceased, has filed his final account and report in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Marion County, and that Tuesday, the 21st day of February, 1928, at the hour of 10:00 o'clock A. M. of said day at the County Court Room in the County Court House at the City of Salem in said County and State, has been appointed as the time and place for hearing any objections to said final account and report and the final settlement of said estate. The date of the first publication of this notice is January 18th, 1928, and the last February 15th, 1928. PAUL TRAGLIO, Executor of the Estate of Pauline Traglio, Deceased. PAGE & PAGE, Attorneys for said estate. J18-25F1-8-15

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, 1928, at the residence of Stayton, Ore. The stock inventories Stayton, Ore., \$294.05; Turner, Ore., \$294.05; Aumsville, Ore., \$171.60; fixtures Stayton, Ore., \$1328.00; Turner, Ore., \$171.60; Aumsville, Ore., \$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

ANNUAL JANUARY SALE NOW ON 10% TO 50% REDUCTIONS ON HOME FURNISHINGS (Contract Goods Excepted) Giese-Powers Furniture Co. 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

Notice THIRD LIBERTY LOAN BONDS May Now Be Exchanged For TREASURY NOTES. Holders should consult their banks at once, as exchange privilege will expire shortly. Third Liberty Loan Bonds will cease to bear interest on September 15, 1928. A. W. MELLON Secretary of the Treasury. Washington, January 16th, 1928.

United States National Bank "The Bank That Service Built" Illustration of a large bank building with a sign that says "United States National Bank".