

THE OREGON STATESMAN

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MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also the local news published herein.

And ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars: see that ye be not troubled: for all these things must come to pass, but the end is not yet.

GOOD PRUNE NEWS

There is some very good prune news in the interview with Walter T. Jenks in The Statesman of this morning, concerning his findings at the annual meeting of the California Dried Fruit association, the sessions of which he attended in his official capacity as president of the Northwest Dried Fruit association—

And Mr. Jenks is not a tyro in the prune industry. He has long been both a dealer and a grower. He knows his prunes. He is acquainted with foreign markets from frequent investigations at first hands.

He finds that the hold-over and 1927 California crop, that aggregated around 460,000,000 pounds at the close of the California drying season, is now down to around 100,000,000 pounds—

Showing an unprecedented volume of shipments— And he finds that the California dealers expect the whole supply to clean up by the time of drying next fall.

He finds also that the 4000 ton supply of Pacific northwest prunes on hand now is expected by dealers to be exhausted by picking time this fall; though they are of the larger sizes mostly, and are going at higher prices than California prunes—

And this is a change from last year and the year before, when the price situation was the other way around.

Mr. Jenks has become more impressed than heretofore of the importance of advertising the Oregon (Pacific northwest) tart-sweet prunes, on quality. They are a better prune than the sweet prune of California. They are or can be dried and packed in more palatable shape. Dryers are used here, against sun drying in California. The difference in favor of our prunes is obvious—

Though this may be a limiting factor in bumper crop years accompanied by unfavorable weather conditions in harvest time, making the saving of our whole crop impossible, due to limited dryer space. In California, the growers have all out of doors, under the shining sun.

Mr. Jenks believes that if a \$1 a ton charge could be assessed to all dealers and growers alike, with the help of the railroads in moving exhibits, and this could be continued indefinitely, the prune industry of the Pacific northwest might be stabilized.

He feels so strongly on this point that he believes the state government might well take charge of the collection and possibly the expenditure of this fund—

Or at least it might take a strong hand in the matter. As it stands now, the outlook for the prune market is very much improved—

And certainly the matter of stabilizing the industry is one well worth considering. It is one in which every person on this coast is more or less interested.

OLDEST, BIGGEST, BEST

The Salem United States Indian training school is now the oldest, the biggest and the best in the service of the educational and industrial training of the Indian children of this country—

And, under the new superintendent, Mr. Lipps, a veteran in the service, and one of the ablest men in that service, the latter distinction is due to be given more headway—

That is, efficiency in training and teaching— Not at the expense of size, for the field is large and growing and the accommodations are not nearly expensive enough, and will not be, even with the added money appropriations for maintenance and new buildings—

Not expensive enough to accommodate all Indian children in this field who need the training there and, under the law, are entitled to the training.

But it will be a great thing for the reputation of Salem to have located here the outstanding institution of the kind—

For its name is the Salem United States Indian training school.

With over 1000 students to be in attendance there (nearly that many now) hereafter, and this number growing, the good name of Salem will be spread throughout all the western half of the United States, to say nothing of the eastern half, and the rest of the world.

The history of how this all happened to come about, some of it never written, is promised to Statesman readers shortly—

That is, the story of the manner in which Salem has fallen heir, to her great advantage, to the 'oldest, biggest and best Indian school in this country.

The celery industry of the Salem district has an interesting, albeit short history. The Slogan pages will have something of it tomorrow. Last year, the output reached an even 500 cars. There will be more this year. There will be 2000 cars, before long. And our celery industry will be a million dollar one annually. There are many other comers in this land of diversity, to be built on products that will be based on Gibraltar foundations, converting the products of our soil and sunshine and showers into articles wanted-around the world; and largely with products that are peculiar to our section; unique; above the dead level of mere competition.

Two Teachers Here Resign; Successor of One Chosen

Hug. They are Dorothy Nicholson, high school English instructor, and Beulah Youngblood (Panning), instructor in science at Parish. Both teachers gave their resignations to the school board last night by Superintendent George...

Wheeler-Olmstead Case Begins in Federal Court

PORTLAND, Jan. 24.—(AP)—Details of the financial operations of J. E. Wheeler, co-defendant with Emory Olmstead on charges of conspiracy to violate the federal bank laws were laid before a federal court jury today by John C. Veatch, attorney for Wheeler.

Alleged check kitting, the basis of the government's charge was explained by Veatch who said that Wheeler in directing the operations of the McCormick Lumber company, of which he was head, gave checks against trade acceptances of the lumber company which had been sent by the company to eastern banks. These checks were issued to cover cash payments for logs and expenses of the company.

When the lumber business suffered a depression in 1926 the company was unable to take up many of its trade acceptances as they became due and the company renewed them with other acceptances, but always with the personal endorsement of J. E. Wheeler. Checks drawn against the banks to which acceptances had been sent were returned and charged against the McCormick account.

United States District Attorney George Neuner charged that the bank lost \$796,614 through check operations of Wheeler between March 29, 1926, and February 25, 1927. During that time a total of \$13,264,976 in checks was deposited and \$11,673,919 were returned marked not sufficient funds. Neuner declared that the checks were approved for credit by Olmstead, president of the bank. "The records will speak for themselves," said Neuner. "But I believe the evidence will show that Emory Olmstead profited directly by this transaction, as some of the money thus withdrawn, I believe the records will show—went to the Wheeler-Olmstead Lumber company which was a corporation, or joint enterprise, between these two defendants."

Veatch and Chester A. Sheppard, attorney for Olmstead, stressed the fact that Wheeler, who had enjoyed extended lines of credit in Portland and other cities, got into difficulties after he had borrowed himself \$700,000 to buy a large block of stock in the Northwestern National bank at a time when certain interests were planning to sell the Northwestern to another Portland bank.

Veatch sketched the career of J. E. Wheeler, who had been operating for 20 years, controlling timber properties aggregating many millions of dollars in value. The question at issue in the case, he told the jury, was one of intent to defraud and he said this would have to be shown by many circumstances. He pointed out that Wheeler, personally, had been issued every check that had been issued by the McCormick company.

Sheppard informed the jury that evidence would be offered to prove that the Northwestern National bank was not defrauded by any conspiracy or by advances to Wheeler, but that the forced withdrawal of the bank last March was due to acts of the directors and governing power after Olmstead had resigned as president and director.

COOLIDGE TAKES JINGLES TO TASK Little Attention Need Be Paid To Predictions of War, Statement

WASHINGTON, Jan. 24.—(AP)—In the opinion of President Coolidge no one need take seriously the sanguinary predictions of American army and navy officials that the United States is about to go to war with its commercial rivals.

This announcement of the president's views made at the White House today, came in reply to a statement attributed to Rear Admiral Charles T. Plunkett, commander of the Brooklyn navy yard, in which he warned that an outbreak of hostilities was not far distant.

Such a stir was created in European newspapers that the White House felt impelled to explain that declarations of this nature are the usual way in which officers of the national defense attempt to work up domestic sentiment at a time when army and navy appropriation bills are about to be considered in congress.

Although willing to concede that it is the duty of defense officials to work for the best interests of the elements they serve, Mr. Coolidge is displeased with the turn their warlike statements sometimes take. But, so far as he can see, there is nothing to be done.

If he should publicly point out the inadvisability of such statements, he feels that he would only be accused of muzzling free speech. He believes he can simply recommend to the army and navy officers that they consider the welfare of their country in a larger sense.

This latest White House gesture towards allaying suspicion of American aggressiveness comes as a prologue to possible further airing of the position of the United States defense when congress takes up shortly the administration's proposal for a \$740,000,000 rounding out of the navy.

REINFORCEMENTS SENT NICARAGUA Marine Corps Aviation Unit of Two Officers and 58 Men Rushed

WASHINGTON, Jan. 24.—(AP)—A replacement marine corps aviation unit, consisting of two officers and 58 enlisted men was ordered today to Nicaragua. At the same time it was announced that another big transport plane would be flown to Nicaragua by marines.

The two officers and 58 men affected by sailing orders are members of observation squadron number stationed at Quantico, Va. They will board the new airplane carrier Saratoga, which is expected to leave Hampton Roads Saturday for the Pacific coast to join the battle fleet, with Panama as their immediate destination.

The squadron, headed by Captain W. Byrd and Second Lieutenant S. R. Williamson, is being dispatched to join the aviators who have been active in the warfare against Sandino's forces. It was explained at marine corps headquarters, solely for replacement purposes, and not as reinforcement. The constant change in the personnel of the marines in Nicaragua, it was said, makes the transfer necessary.

ONE ESCAPE CAPTURED DETROIT, Mich., Jan. 24.—(AP)—Robert J. White, one of twenty one prisoners who tunneled their way out of the Elmwood prison here on his escape, was recaptured this afternoon in a brick yard where, he said, he was waiting for a peddler to give him a lift.

White, who had been in the prison for 18 months, was seen by a peddler who offered him a lift in his truck. White, who had been in the prison for 18 months, was seen by a peddler who offered him a lift in his truck.

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THE MORNING ARGUMENT

AUNT HET By Robert Quillen POOR PA By Claude Collins

The OUTER GATE By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN CENTRAL PRESS ASSN., Inc.

READ THIS FIRST: Bob Terry is released from prison after three years for a crime he did not commit. Peter Borden, his employer, thinking Bob was guilty, thought it his "duty" to send Bob to prison. Bob is released with hatred in his heart for Borden, and determines to make him suffer as he has suffered. Borden, sorry for his mistake, takes Bob into his home and offers to share his fortune with the man he sent to prison. Bob stays at the home of Borden and plots to "get" him. Bob meets Lois Borden, the beautiful daughter of Peter Borden. In the old days Bob had worshipped Lois from afar. Todd Shannon, Bob's prison pal, tells Bob to see John Carmody, the state's leading criminal lawyer and political boss.

John Carmody is in love with Kathleen Shannon, his private secretary, but she is not aware of it. He rings for Kathleen and tells her he wants to talk with her. Carmody tells Kathleen he would like to meet Bob Terry. Peter Borden has left a letter for Bob Terry. (Now go on with the Story.)

Chapter 9 INSIDE was a letter and a thin book. He opened the letter: "Dear Bob: "This will explain the card I asked you to sign yesterday. I have opened a small account in your name. When your bank is exhausted you have only to ask for more. I hope you have all ready taken a complete outfit of good clothes. "Anything which I have and you desire—you have only to request. I trust that you will believe I mean this. "Sincerely, "PETER BORDEN."

The original entry in the bank-book was \$5,000. First cash payment on the three years! The note, the lavish gift, the luxurious room in the handsome home, the exclusive neighborhood and stately elms and poplars excited only loathing in Bob Terry's breast. Why, Borden was trying to atone for something he didn't even understand. He was doing a great unkindness in thus depriving Bob of the necessity for work. It was small satisfaction to Terry that Borden was sharing luxury with him. He wanted to see the man suffer as he had suffered: he wanted to see the light of despair—and of helplessness—in his eyes. Instead of being dazzled by this fairland of luxury, Bob hated it.

He didn't belong. He never had belonged, and he knew that he never would belong. It was then that he decided to seek Todd Shannon's niece. It wasn't that he cared at all about meeting the girl, but her relationship with Todd promised that she would be a person to whom he could talk, perhaps some one who would understand the feelings which he himself could not analyze. Even the atmosphere of the penitentiary was preferable to this cloying luxury. And at times he had been afraid of himself in the house of Peter Borden; he had learned from convict friends how to hate—and how to translate that hate into physical terms.

He dressed hurriedly, donning one of the suits which had been waiting in his room when he arrived from prison. He moved down the stairs with the measured tread of the prison, looking neither to right or left. And as he stepped onto the veranda, Lois Borden rose and came toward him. She seemed inexpressibly cool and fresh in her morning gown of simple white. Her hair, red-gold in the morning sun, was brushed tight against her head and she stood swaying slightly like a magnificent Killarney rose on a long, slender stem.

"Going out, Bob?" He did not meet her eyes. "Be home to lunch?" "No, ma'am." She flinched under the "ma'am."

"You don't stay around much." "I thought—perhaps—you might care to talk to me, sometimes." His sunken, steely eyes raised briefly, tragically, to hers—and were shifted immediately. "I don't talk much."

A great pity welled within her. She stepped close and dropped her hand lightly on his sleeve. "If I can't get you out of here, I'll see you do—at any time."

"Thank you, ma'am," she responded gruffly, and strode off down the driveway.

She stood alone on the veranda staring after him. Her vision was slightly obscured by a mist as she watched his stooped shoulders and the suit which would have fitted him three years before, but which sagged grotesquely now. She closed her eyes momentarily as though to shut out sight and remembrance of that rhythmic short tread: the scraping clump of his feet—left, right, left, right—eyes on the ground directly before him; every moment, every hunted, sullen look, proclaiming the prison stigma.

Bob walked toward the center of the park, less than two miles distant. He wanted to rid his mind of Lois before he met any one else. His brain could not accommodate two thoughts at one time. Not yet. Three years before he had been rather nimble mentally; but prison had crippled his thought processes while it softened his muscles.

Lois annoyed him. He hated the fact that she was Peter Borden's daughter. He loathed her pity. But he liked her—and he didn't want to like anybody who was close to Borden. He desired no dilution of his hatred.

But he knew that the slim girl was genuinely sorry for him! Damn it! So was her father. Peter Borden was always conscientious. He had been conscientious when he testified against Bob Terry at the embezzlement trial and had sent him to prison on the damning strength of his testimony. It never occurred to Bob that the old man was suffering torture now in the revealing knowledge of the havoc wrought by his conscientiousness.

Terry thought only two things as his feet beat evenly on the pavement. One was that he hated Peter Borden. The other was that he wished he did not respond so instinctively to the eager friendliness of Lois. And he wished—oh, God! how he wished—that she would stop being sorry for him.

The waiting room of John Carmody's suite of offices amazed and impressed Bob. It was a tremendous place in the center of which was a huge table piled with newspapers and current magazines. Clients sat about the room: some reserved and dignified and anxiously awaiting the City's better social class. There were others who bore the unmistakable stamp of the half-world. Toward these Terry felt an instinctive friendliness. Here was the kind among which he had been for three years: men who were not hampered by ethics or any other instilled instinct, but who broke the law because it was their nature to do so and because they were unfettered by morals.

They looked casually at the newcomer, and one of them—a beetle-browed person sadly in need of a shave—vouchsafed the shadow of a smile. Bob nodded and the man knew without further question that this pallid young man was one with him in spirit.

An office boy inquired the nature of Bob's business and Terry handed him the letter of introduction to Kathleen Shannon. The boy was competent and polite. He invited Bob to have a seat and vanished. Terry selected a chair next to the beetle-browed man, and instantly that individual spoke, in a voice which was hoarse and rasping, yet somehow pleasant.

"Lo, buddy." It did not occur to Bob to resent this familiarity of a marked criminal. He merely nodded and tried to smile, the result being a bleak contortion of his lips. "Lo." "Go in or comin' out?" queried the other, with startling candor and acumen.

"Just out." "Gawd! ain't you lucky. Scared I'm just goin' in. If John'll just take me on—"

"John?" "Mr. Carmody. Bo, he's a whiz. Great III of bimbo to tie up with. He—"

The door opened and Whispering Willie Weaver entered the room, looking for all the world like a moving mountain of muscle as he posed for an instant on the threshold, the top of his bald head gleaming like a new billiard ball. His somewhat watery eyes scanned the room and he started toward Bob without hesitation.

And then he spoke in his croaking whisper and Bob experienced a start of surprise. A whisper from this giant. The voice should have been booming and reverberant.

"Bob Terry?" "Bob rose. "Yes, sir." One massive paw was extended. "I'm Weaver, Willie Weaver. Miss Shannon's busy right now with Mr. Carmody. Told me to see you in."

Paying YOU the Rent Prevented Eviction

Service, serving you, is the rent we pay for the space we occupy in life. Failure to pay this service rent means eviction from business life.

Fail to serve, fail to give, fail to pay the service rent, and the community evicts by withholding its support.

Because our paramount interest has always been how much we could give rather than how little, because we have always paid our service rent promptly and with full values, this community's support has been gained and retained from the first day of our business life.

THE PEOPLE OF SALEM HAVE RECOGNIZED THE UNUSUAL SERVICE IDEAL WHICH DIRECTS OUR POLICIES IN SUCH A MANNER THAT THIS COMPANY HAS THE UNUSUAL RECORD OF A CONTINUAL GROWTH OF

OVER 50 PER CENT PER YEAR for the past 4 years, which is our business life in Salem.

Growth like this is only possible where full value, full measure is given, and where mistakes which are bound to occur, are made right without stint or reserve.

We hope to merit your confidence in the future as well as in the past, and in this spirit of service we will continue to grow with Salem.

Hillman Fuel Co. Salem's "Heat Merchants"

al sum of \$25 a month from the seal sales fund to be paid to the clinic for a public health nurse.

At this meeting a new constitution and by-laws were adopted, the essential changes calling for the increase in number of vice presidents from one to five and for an additional office of treasurer instead of combining it with the secretaryship.

Mrs. H. Overton was chosen treasurer and the five vice presidents are: Mrs. F. A. Elliott of Salem; Mrs. Paul Smith of Jefferson; Mr. Goetz of Silverton; Mrs. W. W. Allen of Mill City; Mr. Norman of Woodburn. T. M. Hicks, president, and Mrs. Roy Burton, secretary, assumed their duties at the October meeting and complete the officer roster.

Thirty were present at the meeting.

Rosedale People Attend NPEI Student Conference

ROSEDALE, Jan. 24.—(Special.)—Several persons from this community attended the conference of the N. P. E. I. students at the Highland Friends church in Salem last Sunday afternoon.

Miss Helen Cammack was in Portland Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Haldy dined with friends at Marion last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Brownlee called on Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Smith Sunday.

Drink Water to Help Wash Out Kidney Poison

If Your Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers You, Begin Taking Salts

When your kidneys hurt and your back feels sore don't get scared and proceed to load your stomach with a lot of drugs that excite the kidneys and irritate the entire urinary tract. Keep your kidneys clean like you keep your bowels clean, by flushing them with a mild, harmless salt which helps to remove the body's urinous waste and stimulates them to their normal activity. The function of the kidneys is to filter the blood. In 24 hours they strain from 100 gallons of acid and waste, so we can readily understand the vital importance of keeping the kidneys active.

Drink lots of good water—you can't drink too much; also get from any pharmacist about four ounces of "Kid Salts"; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast each morning for a few days, and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help clean and stimulate clogged kidneys; also to neutralize the acids in the system so they are no longer a source of irritation thus often relieving bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink, which everyone should take now and then to help keep their kidneys clean and active. Try this; also keep up the water drinking, and no doubt you will wonder what became of your kidney trouble and backache.

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