

THE OREGON STATESMAN

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February 9, 1928 Blessed is that servant, whom his lord when he cometh shall find so doing. Verily I say unto you, That he shall make him ruler over all his goods. Matt. 24:14 and 17.

NO PLEASURE IN IDLENESS

Crowded paper this morning, but room must be made for a matter that is urgent. The Pacific Coast Packer print, a letter from E. E. Jett, 625 North Plymouth boulevard, Los Angeles, which letter, after asking for the renewal of his subscriptions, says: "I am a little bit late on remitting, but you will have to excuse me this time, as I have been spending the last year in Los Angeles and have not been actively engaged in business. But, believe me, I am going to be soon. I always thought if I ever made enough to quit work that I would be foolish to try for more. Well, with hard work, good luck and the war coming on about the same time the desired result was accomplished, and I closed up and moved to California to rest in the sunshine and do nothing. Now I want to go to work and forget there is such a thing as doing nothing. I was in business for 17 years in East St. Louis, Ill., owning and operating the Hagist-Jett Produce company. And I am looking for another good location to spend my next 17 years; can you suggest a place where profits are long, and collections easy? How is Detroit? For the benefit of some of these fellows who think they are wasting their lives at work, tell them they are having a good time and don't know it. Publish this letter if you want to. I hate to see a good live, healthy man spending his time idling. Any suggestions offered as to a good place to locate will be appreciated. I have a few hundred thousand dollars ahead, and I would like to get a part of this back into the produce business."

This is printed as a tip to Charley Wilson of the Salem Chamber of Commerce, and to all our real estate hustlers, and every other man of vision in Salem—

Because Salem can offer to Mr. Jett the best opportunities to be found in the United States both for the investment of his money and for an opportunity to work with his money, in ways that will make life worth living; in useful endeavors—

With residence in the most beautiful and home like city in this country, where he will be appreciated and welcomed and made a big part of our city of welcome in our land of diversity; our country of opportunity.

Congratulations to the Salem Y. W. C. A. and to the good people of Salem! The campaign to make up the budget goes well. That is fine. Here's hoping that there may be no slacking or slackers, and that the entire \$7000, to the last penny, may be pledged by Saturday.

The OUTER GATE By OTTAVIUS ROY COHEN CENTRAL PRESS ASSN., Loe.

Chapter 22 THEIR eyes met and held. And to spare her pain, Bruce Richardson held. "I don't know," she said. "But you think—" "I have no right to think. I only know that Shannon was his one friend during those three years in the penitentiary. Shannon is out, and the girl is his niece. He's bound to see a good deal of her because of that relationship." She voiced a question without meeting his eyes. "Is she—do you know—dearly?" "Yes!" He spoke suddenly and positively, then his voice became gentle again. "At least, I understand that she is."

BIDS INVITED The undersigned will receive sealed bids until 7:30 o'clock p. m., Monday, February 20, 1928, for the following supplies: 200, more or less, Catch Basin Covers, complete; 100, more or less, Manhole Covers, complete; 35, more or less, Lamphole Covers, complete. Also, for 1245 Lineal Feet, more or less, of 24-inch Sewer Pipe. Each bidder will be required to file with his bid a certified check for 2 per cent of the amount of the bid as a guarantee that contract will be entered into by the successful bidder in accordance with the terms of his bid. The right is reserved to reject any and all bids in the interest of the City. M. POULSEN, City Recorder. F9-10-11

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 M. POULSEN, City Recorder. F9-10-11

what you really mean to me." Peter Borden was not blind—and because of that he permitted himself to worry. The immaculate little man with the precise mind and unswerving sense of honor had seen the development of the interest between his daughter and the young man who had been taken into their home.

Peter Borden knew his daughter. There was much of him in her, and more of her mother, and Borden had known every twist and quirk of his wife's brain and emotions. It therefore did not surprise him to see that from the first Lois went a great romance about the tragic, stooping figure of Bob Terry. He was pathetic and he did not need sympathy and kindness and mothering. It was only natural that a girl—young and impressionable and always sheltered from the harsher phases of life—should fall under the romantic spell. Bob Terry, fine minded as he was, was yet not of their caste, and so, until matters had progressed too far, Borden did not sense that Lois' interest had transcended the impersonal and taken into itself a depth which now had to be faced as a fact.

There were three phases to the condition which brought little wrinkles of worry to the corners of Borden's eyes. One was that he doubted the depth of his daughter's love for Bob Terry. That she thought she was in love with the young man, he knew. But he doubted if she really was. Now, Bob was possessed of a halo—she dramatized every look and move and action; he was a stork-like figure in her eyes. Above all, it was certain that she did not see him clearly. She saw only the pathetic side and could not see him as he was: a young man of great possibilities for good; of certain ability; but with the strength and weaknesses of an average human being. It was not that Peter Borden considered that Terry was not good enough for his daughter; he was fearful that she did not know Terry, the man. She only knew him as she imagined he was. And that fact brought to Borden's mind the third possibility. Suppose Bob was as bitter as he thought—and suppose the boy attacked him through Lois? Peter Borden shuddered.

Tonight Bob had dined at home and then gone from the table to his room. Borden moved into the library for his evening cigar and Lois followed. For a few minutes she moved restlessly about the room, a slim, straight figure of white and gold, then, without a word, she came and seated herself on the arm of his chair.

Borden reached up and took his daughter's hand. This was the opportunity for which he had prayed—and which he dared not create for himself. His voice, freighted with understanding and sympathy, came softly to her ears. "Worried, dear?"

"Yes, Dad." "Bob?" "I think so." "Why?" She hesitated before answering. And then—"Why didn't he let you help him, Dad?" "Instead of going to work for Carmody?"

"Yes." A vertical furrow appeared between Borden's eyes. "Perhaps it was just as well." "Why?" "Borden has never forgiven me, Lois."

"No-o. He hasn't. But he doesn't know you—and the only way he could have known you would have been to have gone to work for you. The daily contact—" "He's had that here."

"No, Dad. He hasn't and you know it. He has lived under this roof and eaten some of his meals here, but he hasn't known you. I get shuddery sometimes looking at him—and thinking. It is almost as though he hated you—and was staying here for a purpose."

Borden sighed. "Perhaps, I cannot object to anything he may think or do. I wrecked that young man, Lois. No use evading the fact. I did it from conscientious motives, but that didn't make the blow to him any less terrible. And so, whatever he is now—whatever he may be—is my fault. I can only make what reparation he will permit me, and do my best to provide for his future."

The slim white arm tightened about the man's neck. "Dear old Dad. You understand things almost too well for your own happiness. What a pity that Bob cannot know you. He thinks you are hard and cold."

"He has every reason to think that." "Of course. But the Carmody thing—" "Bob was probably pretty sensitive about coming back to work for the company where his trouble started. Pride—and all that sort of thing."

She shook her head. "It isn't that, Dad—else he would never have come here to live, or accepted money and clothes and food from you. There's something else behind it. And since he went to work for Carmody—you've noticed the change, haven't you?" "Yes." He has improved tremendously. The reawakening of his self-respect, I'd call it.

"He could do so much for himself—and is doing so little. He frightens me." "Don't be silly, Lois. He'll make out very well, I'm sure. He's got the real stuff, but it is overlaid with bitterness and with memories which are like gall. People do start at him curiously, but not so much as he thinks. And I judge that he loathes pity. The back trail for him is going to be long and hard—and we must be patient. I only hope that he can do for him what I want."

She saw the lines of worry. Instantly her own problem was forgotten in her love for her father. "Nothing in particular." "What?" she demanded. "Oh—business." "Really wrong?" "Just what we call an acute crisis. Our creditors—the banks from whom we have borrowed—are calling in some of the loans. We saw ourselves through one major crisis when we moved into the new plant. Now we're facing a more vital one. And Jonas Merrivether is very difficult to handle."

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"There's no need. But we're in this position: we must again borrow from ourselves. That is, the corporation must borrow from the individuals, because the banks won't lend us any more money. In two years everything will be in perfect condition, but most of us are in up to the hilt already. There has been a succession of troubles, and Jonas is the only man with enough private cash available to see us through. And he is balking. If he refuses finally, I don't know what we'll do. He is a heavy investor, but he can afford to lose his money. The rest of us cannot."

"And you?" "Everything I own is in the plant, Lois. If we went under, I would be worse than bankrupt." She stroked his thinning hair. "It's going to come out all right, Dad. I'm sure of that. Merrivether is a nasty old man, but he loves money too well to lose what he has already invested. And you've always said that once the new plant is operating as it should, there'll be a real fortune in it for you."

"There is, but that isn't what has worried me. I have been thinking of you, of course. And beyond that, of Bob Terry. I want to do a great deal for him; I want to make up to him through his future, for the suffering I unwittingly caused in the past. That would be a rather difficult job if what little I have were swept away." (To be Continued.)

OFFICERS SUBPOENAED SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 8.—(AP)—The state railroad commission of California today issued subpoenas for high officials of the American Telephone and Telegraph company to appear before the commission as witnesses in connection with the application of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph company for permission to increase rates.

LINDY SWOOPS DOWN BEFORE BIG CROWDS (Continued from page 1) an ordinary overhauling for the flight from Havana to St. Louis, owing to the many hours it already has been in the air. A representative of the Wright Motor company and Cuban and American army aviators took charge of the plane.

Cuban cavalry and infantry continued to guard the machine long after the departure of its pilot, and crowds surged around to get as close a look at the silver ship as possible. The plane was placed in one of the Pan-American Airways corporation's hangars, which will be its resting place for the next few days.

Rides to Palace Accompanied by the American ambassador, Noble B. Judah, and the Cuban ambassador to Washington, Orestes Ferrera, Col. Lindbergh left the field at 4:10.

The arrival of Colonel Lindbergh completed one of the most extraordinary flights in the history of aviation—a flight that carried the American hero to no less than 15 lands and over 8,000 miles of territory, much of it mountainous and wild. Leaving Washington, D. C., on December 13 on his good-will flight to Mexico City, the colonel completed the 2,000 mile trip in approximately 27 hours and was greeted enthusiastically by the Mexican people who flocked to Valbuena flying field to welcome him.

From that time on he has captured the hearts of the Latin American peoples that he visited. After spending Christmas in Mexico City with his mother who flew from Detroit to the Mexican capital, Lindbergh took up his good will tour that was to bring him to Havana in time for the Pan-American congress.

With the regularity of clock work he sped from city to city, dropping down on improvised landing fields where no plane ever before had landed and trying out well equipped fields, but in each case on time to an unannounced stop.

Itinerary Long One Zig-zagging across Central America, he stopped in the capitals of Guatemala, British Honduras, Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and Panama. At Panama he took a well deserved vacation, going off into the mountains for 10 days with a party of brother American aviators stationed in the Canal Zone, to hunt and fish.

Resuming the flight after his rest the Lone Eagle for the first time in his flying career touched South America. He visited Cartagena on the coast of Colombia, flew to Bogota, the capital and then made a daring flight across the Andes range to Maracaibo, a short distance from the Venezuelan capital, Caracas, which he visited by automobile.

Then starting over the great crescent of islands that fringe the Caribbean sea, the colonel sped on to St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands, hopped to San Juan, Porto Rico, and then flew to Santo Domingo, capital of the Dominican republic, and Port Au Prince, capital of Haiti.

In the midst of the flight he celebrated his 25th birthday, having crowded into the last year an epoch making series of aviation feats unparalleled in the history of flying.

Acid Stomach "Phillips Milk of Magnesia" Better than Soda Hereafter, instead of soda take a little "Phillips Milk of Magnesia" in water any time for indigestion or sour, acid, gassy stomach, and relief will come instantly. For fifty years genuine "Phillips Milk of Magnesia" has been prescribed by physicians because it overcomes three times as much acid in the stomach as a saturated solution of bicarbonate of soda, leaving the stomach sweet and free from all gases. It neutralizes acid fermentations in the bowels and gently urges the souring waste from the system without purging. Besides, it is more pleasant to take than soda. Insist upon "Phillips." Twenty-five cent and fifty cent bottles, any drug-store. "Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. Registered Trade Mark of The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.—Adv.

Once again! LINDBERGH flies with RED CROWN Aviation Gasoline

Another Triumph! Honored anew by the glorious welcome and gracious hospitality of our Latin American neighbors—Col. Chas. A. Lindbergh has made another of his incomparable flights with Red Crown Gasoline in the great cause of safe Aviation and International Fellowship. Flying from Mexico City to the capitals of Latin American Republics—as none before him ever has flown—blazing his own trail over trackless jungles, mountains and sea—the world's most famous flyer continues to set deed upon deed—triumph upon triumph with the world's most famous Aviation Gasoline—Red Crown! With the world to choose from—Red Crown Aviation Gasoline was again the repeated choice of this great flyer—as it was for his sensational flight across the Atlantic. The success of each new adventure—possibly his life depended upon unflinching power. In this Pacific Coast gasoline it was found. Red Crown Gasoline for your automobile is prepared with exactly the same skill upon which Colonel Lindbergh places absolute reliance in his world famous exploits.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

Map showing flight route from Mexico City to various Latin American cities (Venezuela, Columbia, Ecuador, Brazil). Includes Red Crown Gasoline logo and Air Mail logo.