

The OUTER GATE

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

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Chapter 28

YES. And listen to me, young man; I can't tell you how I admire you for what you've done this morning. You have been fearfully conscientious. Oh! I know you are thinking that conscientiousness is my shibboleth and that it was the basis of all Terry's troubles. But right is always right and wrong is wrong. There's no merging. I was horrified when I learned what I had done—but under similar circumstances I'm afraid I'd do it again. At least, I am sincere. And I am just as sincere in wishing to rehabilitate Bob—to atone for the wrong I unwittingly did. Yet, after all, he and Lois are creatures of different worlds."

"I thought of that."

"Even so, I wouldn't object if I thought that Lois' feelings were deeper than pity and friendship. She wants to mother him. It seems to me—I suppose no man knows his daughter when she reaches the state of having a love affair."

Bruce was embarrassed. "I'd like to ask one other thing, Mr. Borden."

"What is it?"

"Do you know whether Terry returns her love?"

"The eyes of the older man narrowed. "I don't know. It doesn't seem possible that he shouldn't, and yet—"

"You met Kathleen Shannon the other night, didn't you?"

"Yes. A charming girl. "Then Borden sat up straight. "You surely don't think— Good Lord!"

"It is possible, of course. I've heard that she is a fine girl. Certainly she is his type—far more than your daughter. But it can't be long before Bob finds out how Lois feels toward him—and I cannot conceive of his not requiting her love, if only because of the fact that it is flattering."

"And then—the possibility of a double ghastly mistake?"

"Yes, sir. My position here is almost unbearable. I want you to believe me when I say that all I wish is Lois' happiness. I want to be sure that she loves this man and that he really loves her."

"And if they don't—?"

"There's nothing either of us can do. Except, perhaps, that you can try to wake her. You're her father."

"Have you ever tried making love to her, Bruce?"

"Good Lord, no, sir."

"Why?"

"She wouldn't understand— from me. And now, of all times—"

"It might help," suggested Borden grimly. "It would at least enable her to understand that there was some man in the world other than Bob."

Richardson flushed. "I never felt like such a cad. I knew you should know. It wasn't fair to let you remain blind—"

"I'm not blind, my boy. But I'm helpless. Lois, after all, is a woman and must work out her own destiny. I can only pray that if she thinks she loves this man— she is not mistaken and that she returns her love with the depth she is entitled to. And that she will not always have to bear the cross which weighs so heavily on his shoulders now."

Richardson shook his head sadly. "We've gotten nowhere, have we, sir?"

"Yes. Of course we have. We know that we can talk things over in the future—and that always helps. We know we're working shoulders to shoulder. That is ever better. And I know—" He hesitated.

"You know what, sir?"

"That I wish you were more damned positive, young man! I'd like to have you for a son-in-law!"

mere friendship, more powerful than a woman's desire to shelter. In the old days he had worshiped Lois from afar—with a radiant impersonality. Now that old urge returned to him, and without any knowledge that he was being unfair to Kathleen, he compared the two girls.

His grounds of comparison were not reasonable, but prison had distorted his mental process. He was beginning to feel a power without understanding it. The return of a semblance of self-respect threw him out of balance; and he saw himself fitting into a niche where he did not belong. Lois, it seemed, might occupy that niche with him.

He was not consciously disloyal to Kathleen; he did not speculate upon whether she were good enough for him. But he did find himself wondering whether he might not care more for Lois. Somehow the spirit of friendliness which he had seen that night between Lois and Kathleen appeared to draw Lois nearer to himself.

The new attitude showed itself in two ways. For one thing, he remained more in the Borden home, though never with Peter Borden. The hatred of the slender little man was too deeply ingrained to be dispelled by any single revelation of kindness. He retained his passion for revenge. But at times when Borden was not present, Bob delighted to sit with Lois, to talk with her, to lounge sometimes for a half hour or more staring across the veranda railing into the somnolent softness of a city street in late summer, dreaming dreams which he had thought were denied him forever.

And by the same token, he was seeing less of Kathleen. She understood—and was too wise to protest. She asked no questions. But there were mornings when Carmody noticed that she came into the office with tiny wrinkles of worry on her forehead and dark circles under her eyes. This worried Carmody—and pleased him. He investigated and learned something of conditions. He moistened his lips with his tongue and nodded slowly to himself. The situation was coming around nicely and it required only a bit of masterful manipulation of which he was so diabolically capable. His only apprehension was that Bob Terry might become soft. He summoned Todd Shannon.

The big man shuffled into the office and gazed upon Carmody with eyes shot through with idolatry. Carmody motioned him to a seat.

"Well, Todd," he asked, "what about it?"

"Yes, sir. About what?"

"This young man, Terry?"

Todd raised his eyes slowly. He loved Bob Terry, but he looked upon Carmody almost as a god.

"What's wrong with the lad?"

"It's none of my business, Todd, but I'm afraid he's riding to a fall."

Wrinkles of worry appeared. "How so, Mr. Carmody? I ain't noticed nothing wrong."

Carmody loved with a sheaf of letters. "Isn't Terry engaged to your niece?"

Apparently Carmody was not interested. His question came with startling abruptness, but in a casual tone. The slow-thinking Todd did not suspect that he was being pumped.

"Well, yes, sir, he is. Of course they ain't thinking of getting married just yet, but—"

"I understand," Carmody continued to crucify himself. "But Kathleen is very deeply in love with him, isn't she?"

"Oh, sure," Todd grinned bashfully. "You know how a girl like her would be, once she let herself fall in love."

"And she has this time?"

"Golly—yes. Not that I blame her. Fact is, Mr. Carmody, I'm awfully happy about it. You see, Bob Terry—I and him was buddies down yonder, and when he come out—"

"I understand," Carmody spoke.

Instead of that, the visit had been amazing. Even he, with his masculine lack of discernment, could see that Kathleen and Lois were attracted to each other. And Peter Borden and Todd Shannon had discovered many topics of mutual interest.

That was what bewildered Bob more than anything else. The girls, he felt, he could understand. They were radically different, yet very much alike. One had always been sheltered, and blessed with every luxury and advantage. The other had been forced to make her own way. But both had brains and beauty; each knew the world in her own way. Todd Shannon, however, was rough and uncouth and blundering, whereas Peter Borden was super-cultured. Yet Todd Shannon and Peter Borden had also liked each other.

Bob was beginning to feel that there was something about the man, Borden, that he did not understand. He was assailed by disturbing doubts. He looked at Lois with new eyes.

He did not suspect that the quartet had been drawn together by a general interest in himself. The situation set him to wondering—and he wondered most about Lois.

Bob was not blind. He felt, rather than knew, that Lois' feeling toward him was deeper than

HONOR CO-ED CHOSEN MAY QUEEN



Here is Miss Phyllis Coley, of Cochranton, Pa., an honor student at Westminster college, New Wilmington, Pa., who has been chosen as the school's 1928 May Queen. The position goes to the co-ed selected as the most beautiful in the college.

with just the slightest suggestion of impatience. "I don't know the personal side of Kathleen, of course; but I can accept everything you say about her. And I'd hate to see her get hurt."

"Hurt? Her? By who?"

"Bob Terry!"

Todd shook his head disbelievingly. "Tain't possible, Mr. Carmody. Them two bids—"

Carmody's voice cracked. "Just the same, Todd, unless I'm all wrong, Terry is becoming very seriously interested in Miss Lois Borden!"

"Good Lord!" Shannon leaned forward tensely. "You don't really mean that? Why, it'd kill Kathleen, and—"

"That's all, Todd. Think it over."

"But Mr. Carmody—"

"I'll talk to you about it some other time. I'm busy now." (To be Continued.)

White House Raccoons Have Real Altercation

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 15.—(AP)—Two hundred members of the junior leagues of Pacific coast cities gathered here today for a regional conference. Business sessions occupied most of the first day's conference, with the discussion centering on whether money should be raised by giving "jazzy follies" performances or by giving lecture courses.

Miss Emily Anderson of New York, field secretary of the junior league of America was the guest of honor at the meeting today while Miss Catherine Collins of Seattle, regional director, and Mrs. Edgar Park of Santa Barbara, member at large, was also in attendance.

Former Indiana State Head Placed On Stand

INDIANAPOLIS, Feb. 15.—(AP)—Warren T. McCray, former governor of Indiana, who recently was paroled from federal prison today was called upon by the state to help convict the present governor, Ed Jackson, on a charge of bribery. McCray testified Jackson offered him \$10,000 to bring about the appointment of a prosecuting attorney for Marion county, of which Indianapolis is the county seat, but that he refused.

D. C. Stephenson, now serving a life term at the state prison, told on the witness stand how he furnished the \$10,000 which was offered to McCray. Stephenson then was grand dragon of the Ku Klux Klan in Indiana.

Stephenson denied on the stand today that he had ever offered Chicago gunmen \$1500 to kill Governor Jackson.

Coolidge Signs First of Appropriation Bills

WASHINGTON, Feb. 15.—(AP)—The first of the annual batch of appropriation bills was signed by President Coolidge today when he affixed his signature to that carrying about \$90,000,000 for the departments of state, justice, commerce and labor.

Jacqueline Logan and Hubby Ready To Part

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 15.—(AP)—Jacqueline Logan, film actress, will file a suit for divorce tomorrow against her husband, Ralph J. Gillespie, real estate man, her attorney admitted tonight. The latter, W. A. Barnhill, said he had been instructed to file the suit charging cruelty.

Miss Logan left her home last

THE MORNING ARGUMENT

AUNT HET
By Robert Quillen

"I guess I'll give eight dollars to missions this year. Last year I cut down on my givin' an' had rheumatism all spring an' two of my settin' hens busted up."
(Copyright, 1927, Publishers Syndicate.)

POOR PA
By Claude Gaillet

"Betty clother herself on her allowance last month, not countin' the shoes an' dress she had charged to me."
(Copyright, 1927, Publishers Syndicate.)

night to remain out of the city for a few days. Her only note to her husband was a signed, blank check which he found when he arrived in their apartment. The couple was married three years ago.

The Westbound Overland bearing 1500 settlers to the Pacific coast is on the way.

C. D. Minton, manager of the Northwest Poultry Journal, is on the way to British Columbia to attend a poultry show.

Baker Rose Shuman, of New York, was here today looking for C. J. Christie, whom she says induced several wealthy eastern women to invest heavily in bogus Oregon timber lands.

President Coleman of Willamette university says the deficit in meeting its bills is still \$9,000.

Mrs. John D. Wanted To Publish Paper, Word

WASHINGTON, Feb. 15.—(AP)—Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., confided in a group of newspaper women here today that she once had an ambition to publish a newspaper herself. The members of the National Women's Press club were her guests at lunch.

"When I was a girl I had an ambition to own a newspaper of my own," she said, "because I thought that then I could a paper that would always tell the truth. But I have now learned how difficult it is sometimes to find the truth."

She added that she believes women can make a definite contribution to the newspaper world and that their influence will be on the side of a high standard of accuracy.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

(From Columns of The Statesman, February 17, 1903.)

PLANE CRASH FATAL

DALLAS, Texas, Feb. 15.—(AP)—Jerry Aldridge, 27, of Wichita, Kas., was fatally injured and Berne Mallory, 21, of Brownsville, Texas, was critically injured when an airplane crashed at Love field here late today. Aldridge died a few minutes after reaching a hospital.

NOTICE OF APPOINTMENT OF EXECUTOR

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the County Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Marion, as executor of the last will and testament and estate of Louis Peterson, deceased, and that he has duly qualified as such executor; all persons having claims against the estate of said decedent are hereby notified to present the same, duly verified, to me, at the office of Ronald C. Glover, my attorney, 203 Oregon Building, Salem, Marion County, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated at Salem Oregon, this 16th day of February, 1928.

N. P. WILLIAMSON,
Executor of the last will and testament and estate of Louis Peterson, deceased.

RONALD C. GLOVER,
Attorney for executor,
Salem, Oregon.

F16-23M8-15-22

ASK SPECIAL COINS

WASHINGTON, Feb. 15.—(AP)—The issuance of 2,000,000 fifty cent pieces in commemoration of former Speaker Joseph Cannon was proposed in a bill today by Representative Holiday, republican, Illinois. The coins would be issued to the executive committee of the Uncle Joe Cannon memorial association of Danville, Ill.

NERO FIDDED

WHILE ROME BURNED—
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THE STRAWBERRY MARKET

one year, the strawberry crop of the Salem district... 10,000,000 pounds. The former... and that was a very good... and men in the industry hoped... a good time the 10,000,000 point might be... there was a jump to 12,000,000 pounds for 1927. Nearly half the crop for last year was put into barrels. A... of berries in that marketable form. The markets did not... readily absorb them. There was a scare, and some of the... berries in barrels were sacrificed. Perhaps this was a good thing, taking a long view of the... nation. It put berries into the hands of the consuming... public where the luxury of good strawberries, served as if... the fresh form, had not been common. There followed processing. There are many ways to get... strawberries, if they can be had at a low price. Even... The taste is as old as the hills. With no visible offers for barrel... One dealer told the writer... not on the vines, very large... firm has bought outright... barrels varieties; the soft... of Marshall... the two biggest barreling concerns in this district... which means in this country, are offering to advance money... on the barreling berries, one 4 cents a pound and the other... 5 cents a pound, with a 50-50 deal on the final returns to the... growers, or all the profits to the grower above the expense... of handling. No doubt other concerns will follow suit—... And the indications are now that the strawberries in... this section will be picked this year. There are new uses in the way of processing being de... veloped for our strawberries. This means new outlets... expanding markets. This is all very good. It is very important to this section... We have the greatest strawberry center in the United... States, for berries put into cans and into barrels; for berries... on a commercial scale grown for the general markets of... the country. The developments would indicate that there will be room... for expansion. The new market outlets will make room for... a larger acreage. We will be producing 24,000,000 pounds ere long, and... them at reasonable prices.

SALEM FOR HOOVER

Salem has a Hoover club, organized last night. It should... sickly expand—... Every voter in this city and county, man and woman... ought to be enrolled. Salem was Herbert Hoover's boyhood home. He worked... here; went to school here, spent his formative years here. He was a splendid boy and young man. Studious. In... tensive. Unassuming. He never shirked a duty. He was... a walking encyclopedia for the firm for which he worked... Knew every detail of the busi... customers; the names of the... they that were employed before the auto was thought of... He is a member of the Friends church in Highland; the... church of that organization here. He contributed to... new building. He pays his annual church dues. He... contributed to the fund for constructing the new building... the Salem Y. M. C. A. In a large sense, Salem is the home of this world citizen;... man who is among the greatest of all world citizens—... So Salem has an opportunity to do Mr. Hoover, Salem boy... good turn, and to do herself a good turn, at the same time... Let's all join.

Salem, the greatest strawberry center of the world for... applying this great berry to the general markets, is bound... to grow as a strawberry city. New processes will bring... under markets. And Salem itself should establish jelly and... and preserving works. No doubt will do so, in time.

Every flax and linen man who comes this way is amazed... the progress the Salem district is making in these in... duries. We are on our way, with a long way to go.

Bits For Breakfast

about all sold. A lot of them went... for a song. But they went. They... were consumed. This was a good... thing. It gave people the luxury... of good strawberries who had not... been able to afford them before. And "the taste lingers," and calls... for more.

It is said the Northern Pacific... dining cars are serving Oregon... Italian prunes under the name of... de luze plums. They are de luze... in quality all right, all right. But... they should go under their true... name.

Remember the good old inno... cent days when you believed that... all the sparklers in the vaudeville... queen's stage dress were real dia... monds?

It used to be the coals from... father's pipe which burned a hole... in the parlor rug, but now it's the... butt of mother's cigarette which... causes the damage.

Then we have a right to be... proud of Herbert Hoover. Any... might be proud of him. Who... is it, in ancient days, whom 12... the claimed?

The barreled strawberries of... 1927 crop, so great a surplus... which was put up in Salem, are

INHERITS FORTUNE; SHOCKS CORN

Joyous as he was at the news he is to participate in an estate of \$500,000,000, William Shoemaker, of Frederick, Md., couldn't remain oblivious to the fact that he had corn to shock. So he shocked it. Then he sat down to figure out one-one hundred and fiftieth of \$500,000,000. He is said to one of 150 heirs to the estate of John Nicholas Emrich who came to this country from Holland more than 100 years ago and took John Jacob Astor as a partner in the fur business.

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