

THE OREGON STATESMAN

Issued Daily Except Monday by
THE STATESMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
 215 South Commercial Street, Salem, Oregon

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TELEPHONES:
 Business Office... 23 or 483 News Dept... 23 or 105 Job Department... 483
 Society Editor... 196 Circulation Office... 483

Entered at the Post Office in Salem, Oregon, as second-class matter.

OUR PUBLIC LIBRARY

The annual report of the Salem public library shows 21,219 books on hand at the end of the year, and a total circulation (reading) of 110,741 books for 1927; an increase of 7117 over 1926. There were up to the end of the year 12,195 registered borrowers. The library is open 12 hours each week day, and on Sundays the reading room is open from 2 to 5. The Salem public library, started in a very small way only a few years ago, and for which Andrew Carnegie at an expense of \$27,500 constructed the building and turned it over to the city under an agreement that it be kept up perpetually, has grown to be a most useful institution—

One of the most prized of our public utilities. It would be hard to visualize Salem without her public library. The small force taking care of the work of the institution is an efficient one. It is creditable to the members of the meager force that such a mass of detail gets proper attention. There are certainly no idle moments in the working hours.

Salem is and ought to be proud of her public library. It will grow larger with the larger growth of the city.

NEW ORLEANS HONORS SUGAR CANE

The cane sugar industry of New Orleans was decidedly in the dumps after the Mississippi flood. It was at first thought that the greater portion of the growing cane was damaged beyond recovery by the flood waters, and there were appeals for outside financial aid, and for state help, which were forthcoming, or on the way of being provided—

But when the flood waters had receded it was found that the cane fields had not been damaged to anything like the extent that was at first feared—

And it was found that the disease resisting canes, of the P. O. J. varieties, which the planters had strained their resources to secure, after several hard years with the old varieties, had stood up surprisingly well—

And with these new varieties the sugar industry of that state staged a wonderful comeback—

So much so that the annual output was much larger last year than in former recent years; and now the planters are preparing to increase their cane fields materially. Some of them are planning to double their plantings, and a few will make much larger increases.

On Saturday, February 6th, there was a notable celebration in New Orleans. The celebration was held in connection

with the long heralded and well advertised planting of P. O. J. cane in the square in front of the New Orleans city hall, known as Lafayette Square. All three varieties of the P. O. J. canes now being commercially grown in Louisiana, namely, 234, 213, and 36, were planted in a soil which was pronounced in excellent condition and just right for planting purposes. From now on the people of New Orleans will be able to visit Lafayette Square and see for themselves these varieties of cane to which the Louisiana sugar industry owes its new lease on life.

The people of Louisiana do well in so honoring their sugar industry, which is now due for vast developments. In Los Angeles, the original seedless orange tree is carefully protected.

Would it not be a fine thing for Salem to so honor an outstanding variety of flax? But Salem could scarcely stop with flax. There is mint. And strawberries; say the Etterburg 121 variety. And filberts and walnuts and prunes and celery and bulbs—

And so on down a long list of growing things that stand for present and future prosperity here, in this land of diversity.

It will be creditable to the broad spirit of the metropolis if the work of construction of the state office building is allowed to proceed without legal delays. The site is provided and paid for; the people of the state know the need of the building, and it will be built sooner or later. No one questions the economies it will bring, directly through the cutting out of rent charges and indirectly in many savings due to efficiency.

A very much crowded paper this morning, and much good matter intended for this issue must be held over.

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. Naturally a light-headed, ambitious young fellow, he is turned out of prison hardened and bitter with a "get even" complex. He is particularly bitter against Peter Borden, his former employer who felt it his "duty" to send Bob to prison. Upon his release, Peter Borden meets Bob and urges him to live at his home. Borden is genuinely sorry for his mistake and wants to share his fortune with Bob. Lois Borden, Peter's beautiful daughter whom Bob has always admired from afar falls in love with Bob. Bob gets engaged to Kathleen Shannon, niece of his former prison pal. Kathleen works for John Carmody, the state's political boss, who also wants to get even with Peter Borden. Carmody is secretly in love with Kathleen and when he learns Bob is engaged to her he determines to entangle both Bob and

Peter Borden in an embezzlement plot which will send them to prison. Lois Borden learns that Bob is in love with Kathleen Shannon and is curious to meet her. Kathleen and Todd Shannon, Bob's prison pal, are invited to call at the Borden home. Kathleen and Lois meet and like one another. Carmody enlists the aid of Todd Shannon in the plot for Bob does not seem so keen to "get" Peter Borden since Lois has taken such a great interest in the young man her father sent to prison. Borden is having financial trouble in his business and has not been himself recently. On this night he is working on business tabulations at home. Lois is trying to get him to forget work over Labor Day. As father and daughter are talking the telephone rings.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Chapter 81
 SHE lived back toward the living room. Her father's eyes were upon her—moodyly,

fearfully. She was a new Lois, keenly alive, responsive to every impression. Peter Borden wondered. The idea that she was genuinely in love with Bob Terry did not seem real. He was afraid that she was mistaking pity for love.

The telephone jangled. Lois moved to answer it. A man's voice came to her: crisply polite. "Mr. Terry, please."

She summoned Bob. He instantly recognized the voice of John Carmody, and was tactful enough to conceal from Borden the identity of his caller.

"Busy, Terry?"
 "No, sir. Not particularly."
 "Hate to trouble you, but it's something important. I'd like to see you immediately at the office."

"Very well, sir. Right away."
 Carmody's receiver clicked. He wasted no words. Bob returned to the living room.

"Awfully sorry, Lois—but I've got to go out."
 A smile masked her disappointment. At least, she knew that the call had not come from Kathleen or Todd Shannon.

Instinctively, Bob refrained from telling her that his caller had been Carmody. Better keep that to himself. She followed him into the reception hall and handed him his hat.

"I've enjoyed this evening, Lois."
 "So have I, Bob. We haven't had many." There was a wistful note in her voice.

"But we shall. One of these days when I— He stopped abruptly. "So long. See you at breakfast."

The door closed behind him, and through the plate-glass panels she stared after him as he swung down the tree-lined walk toward the big gates.

Such a different Bob—yet so much the same. It seemed that the prison stamp would never be totally erased. There were times when he retired behind an impenetrable veil of moodiness; when his face would set into deep, stern lines and his eyes would smolder.

As such times she was afraid of him, fearful of what he might be thinking. It was then that she realized she did not know the man; that there was a phase of his life for which she would always be sorry—and which she never could understand.

The night elevator man in the First National Bank building knew Terry and nodded a greeting. He stopped the car at the fourteenth floor, where Carmody's suite was located. The hallway was gloomy, illuminated by only a single light. As he moved toward the entrance, Bob wondered whether he would find Kathleen here. If it were something which brought Carmody down town on a Saturday night, there might have been need for his secretary. Bob experienced a thrill at the

idea. Somehow, away from Lois, Kathleen seemed more wonderful, more vivid, more desirable. And he was engaged to her.

Carmody was alone. He was seated behind his desk, hawklike face expressionless. The room was filled with the aroma of a perfumed cigaret which he held delicately between his fingers.

"Sit down, Terry."
 "Yes, sir."
 Bob seated himself and eyed his employer. Carmody seemed in no hurry to begin. His eyes told nothing, his manner was languid and indifferent. But he was studying the young man.

Todd Shannon was right, Carmody reflected. Bob was softening. That was apparent in every move, in every gesture. Now, fortunately, circumstances were such—

"Spending the evening at home?" queried Carmody.
 "Yes, sir."
 "With Borden?"
 "Well, not exactly, sir. He was working."
 "I see. Miss Borden, eh?"
 "Yes, sir."
 He flicked the ash from his cigarette. "Fine girl, Miss Borden. Beautiful."
 "Yes, sir."
 "You're a lucky young man."
 Bob's eyes narrowed slightly. "I don't understand."
 "To be in such a home as that. Luxury—all that sort of thing."
 "Yes, sir."
 "Feeling pretty friendly toward the old man, aren't you?"
 The old light of hatred blazed in Terry's eyes. His answer was an explosive monosyllable.

"No!"
 "Really. I thought— At any rate, I judge that you've dropped the idea of squaring accounts with him."
 "I have not! No equivocation. No uncertainty."
 "You mean that?"
 "Absolutely."
 Carmody smiled thinly. "We remain allies, then. You understand that I also hate Borden. I told you so from the first."
 "Yes, sir."
 "Well," announced the lawyer, "that is why I called you down here tonight."
 Bob leaned forward tensely. He sensed the imminence of something vital.

"What do you mean, sir?"
 "Just this." Carmody's voice was razor keen. "If you wish to even matters with Peter Borden, you've got your choice. All I wish to know is this: Do you still want to make him suffer exactly as you suffered? Do you?"
 And Bob Terry answered fervently—and without hesitation, "God knows I do!"

Bob Terry, a man of average physique, seemed large and powerful beside the thin figure of his employer. He was leaning for-

ward tensely, hands on the edge of Carmody's desk, dark eyes burning into those of the other man.

Carmody was outwardly calm. Inwardly, he was seething. Now that a glorious opportunity had presented itself, he was fearful that something might go wrong. The situation seemed almost too perfect. One circumstance dovetailed with another to a nicety: he planned to ruin Borden, send Bob Terry back to the penitentiary, and again have Kathleen to himself—and all without personal danger. He was merely the brain which directed, and his alone would be the gain: of personal

satisfaction, of revenge—and of hope for the girl who did not yet recognize him as a masculine being.

He smiled frostily as he dangled the bait before the boy's eyes. He spoke in a low, persuasive voice—the quiet, conversational tone with which he swayed juries. No orator, Carmody; he talked eye to eye and heart to heart. Well enough to leave oratory for such as Al Gregory. Carmody spoke little, but he spoke well. His words were close-clipped and precise. Most of all, they were effective.

"The situation is this, Terry (Continued on page 7.)

Millions of Families Depend on Dr. Caldwell's Prescription



Dr. B. Caldwell, M.D. AT AGE 83

When Dr. Caldwell started to practice medicine, back in 1875, the needs for a laxative were not as great as they are today. People lived normal, quiet lives, at plain, wholesome food, and got plenty of fresh air and sunshine. But even that early there were drastic physics and purges for the relief of constipation which Dr. Caldwell did not believe were good for human beings to put into their system. So he wrote a prescription for a laxative to be used by his patients.

The prescription for constipation that he used early in his practice, and which he put in drug stores in 1892 under the name of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is a liquid vegetable remedy, intended for women, children and elderly people, and they need just such a mild, safe, gentle bowel stimulant as Syrup Pepsin.

Under successful management this prescription has proven its worth and is now the largest selling liquid laxative in the world. The fact that millions of bottles are used a year proves that it has won the confidence of people who needed it to get relief from headaches, biliousness, flatulence, indigestion, loss of appetite and sleep, bad breath, dyspepsia, colds and fevers.

Millions of families are now never without Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and if you will once start using it you will also always have a bottle handy for emergencies.

It is particularly pleasing to know that most of it is bought by mothers for themselves and their children, though Syrup Pepsin is just as valuable for elderly people. All drug stores have the general bottles.

We would be glad to have you prove at our expense how much Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin can mean to you and yours. Just write "Syrup Pepsin," Monticello, Illinois, and we will send you prepaid a FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE.

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.

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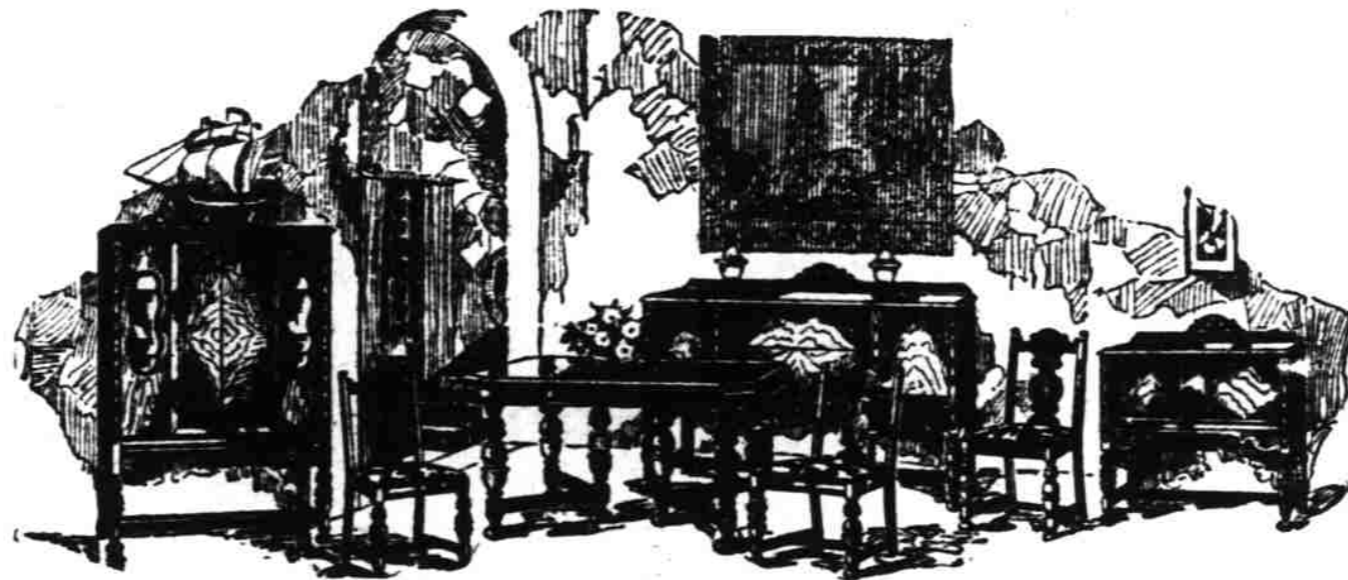
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