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...ests, and the scribes, and
...f the high priest, who was
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...TRUCTIVE

...olitical observer, writing in the
..., says history is about to repeat
..., where every modern president who
...o run again immediately has found his in-
...ress on the downgrade—
...velt, Taft and Wilson all went through the
... Wile gives particulars.
...ent president in respect of being able to work with
...gress will be Herbert Hoover. He is constructive. He
...plies the methods of a trained engineer to things politi-
...l—

And he will seem not to dominate. But he will dominate. He will get things done. And he will make every member of congress feel that he is part of the machinery. Witness the historic incident of the "Hooverizing" of the American people. He had no laws passed. He organized, and made every patriotic American feel that he or she was the author of the idea. And everybody "Hooverized" and was a zealot in urging his or her neighbor to save food that our armies might be fed and win the war.

Mr. Hoover sees the necessity of the control of the flood waters of the Mississippi; of having a ship channel from Chicago and the Mississippi to the sea; of the control of the waters of the Colorado for developing a great undeveloped empire in the southwest; of using the waste waters of the upper Columbia river for navigation, irrigation and the making of power to run the machinery of another empire.

Mr. Hoover as a boy in Salem had the mind and the vision of a trained engineer. He knew what he wanted; marked out his path and followed it. He does not talk much. He listens. He thinks. He acts. He uses the human element to the full, without seeming to dictate or even direct—

His is the unique power of suggestion; of seeming to follow while he leads; of giving credit to others. He will dominate congress while making its members, each one individually, feel that he is dominating him—

And he will give the United States the most progressive administration of its history, at a time when great things need the trained directing hand of the type of man who opens mines and bores tunnels and constructs great dams and plants the seeds of civilized progress in the waste places.

The federal official who is marking out airports is said to be in Oregon now. On the fields which he aprpoves, the United States government will provide beacons. Passenger planes are to be flying over Salem next month. It behooves our people to act promptly. We must have an approved field. We must have beacons. We must not be out of it. Salem must be in the line of air progress, strictly.

"As far as farmers are concerned, the federal sales tax on automobiles ought to be repealed, totally and at the earliest possible mo..." asserts an exchange, and The Statesman ...ly a... ...one would put a sales tax on a tractor ...ream... ...d on a farm an automobile is a ... either of them."

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...me more experts told us yes-
...y that we produce as fine
...flax as any country can turn
...Hence these few remarks.

Poultry industry number of the Farm and Industrial Magazine Section of the Sunday Statesman; and the forms must be closed up tonight. If you have anything to offer on this great industry, this is the last day.

How many trees do you know by name and sight? Don't grow boastful if you can list a dozen or two, for there are 1,177 distinct kinds native to the United States alone. This is an increase of 573 varieties over the number known in 1898 when the first list was issued by the federal forestry service. And there is no evidence that the list is yet complete.

TRAINS RUN MAY 1

KLAMATH FALLS, Ore., Feb. 28.—(AP)—First Great Northern train to steam into the Klamath basin over the new line from Bend tto Klamath will arrive May 1, it was announced today by W. P. Kenney.

STEFANSSON EXPERIMENTS

NEW YORK, Feb. 28.—(AP)—Vilhaljmir Stefansson, Arctic explorer at Bellvue hospital today was a voluntary subject for experiments to overcome scurvy, by an exclusive fresh meat diet.

The OUTER GATE

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

CENTRAL PRESS ASSN., Inc.

Chapter 39

In less than ten minutes they recalled him. The faces of the directors were flushed; but their jaws were square. They permitted Merriwether to speak, and the man's rasping, unpleasant voice cut through the smoke-laden air of the directors' room.

"We've talked this thing over, Borden. We know that you didn't steal those bonds—and we know that Terry did. We sympathize with your feelings regarding this young man. But there is a practical limit to that sympathy. This, then, is what we have determined to do—in protection of your own interests: We will give you precisely 72 hours to return those bonds to us. Three days."

Borden's eyes closed—then opened again.

"And if I cannot?"

"In that case," snapped Merriwether, "we will swear out a warrant for Terry's arrest. And we'll damned well see that he is convicted."

• • •

My dear Bob:

Will you be kind enough to see me for a few minutes tonight? I shall expect you at eight o'clock.

Sincerely,
PETER BORDEN.

Bob Terry re-read the letter for the dozenth time. It was disturbing in its calm assurance—and by the same token, it irritated. Why should Borden make a request and take for granted that he would accede? He walked into Kathleen's office and placed the paper before her.

She read it and looked up casually.

"Of course you'll go, won't you?"

"Why should I?"

She smiled. "The question is 'Why not'?"

Bob frowned. "I—I don't understand you, Kathleen."

"Why?"

"For several reasons. In the first place, I thought you'd be angry with what I did—"

"I knew you expected that. But I merely played fair—or tried to. I never discouraged you in your ambition to square accounts with Mr. Borden, and it certainly isn't my right to criticize you now. But as to the appointment he asks—I don't see that any harm can be done."

"It might—"

"Listen to me, Bob; you owe him a hearing. After all, he is going to bear the brunt of this. You say that you are safe—that they couldn't find the bonds or prove that you took them. Mr. Borden is facing financial ruin, and that means a great deal to a man of his age who has built up carefully and slowly over a period of many years. I'd go, Bob."

He hesitated. Then, "I thought you'd say that!" he blurted.

"Why?"

"Because ever since this thing started, you've said just what I didn't expect."

She threw her head back and laughed, and Bob was not sufficiently perceptive to see that there was no humor in the laugh. She took his hand and pressed it, then returned to her typewriter. The boy stood staring down at her; she seemed so sure of herself, so rocklike in her knowledge, that he was nonplussed.

He understood her gesture of dismissal. He had asked her advice and received it. He sulked from the room like a small boy. And as he moved to his own little cubbyhole of an office he met ...n Carmody. Carmody smiled ...kly.

"...ou should be feeling very ...oday, Terry."

"...sir."

"...derstand that there was a ...rable commotion at the directors' meeting this morning. They gave Borden three days to produce the bonds."

Bob's eyes lighted. "Did they think he stole them?"

"Certainly not. But that doesn't matter to Jonas Merriwether. He would part with both eyes with better grace than with a hundred thousand dollars."

"What will they do—to Mr. Borden?"

"I don't know. Make it hot for him, of course. Ruin him socially and in a business way."

"And I?"

Again Carmody's thin lips twisted into a smile. It suited his purpose to conceal the truth from this gullible young man.

"They don't figure you in the matter at all. You are absolutely safe."

Bob breathed deeply. "I'm glad to hear you say that, Mr. Carmody. I was frightened."

He moved out of the office, and Carmody stared after him. Then the thin, dynamic man walked into the private office of Whispering Willie Weaver. The giant, bald-headed man, arose to greet his chief. His voice came in a hoarse croak.

"Merriwether's raising hell, John."

"Against Borden?"

"Uh-huh."

"Going to send Borden up?"

"Hell, no. He's going to light on the kid, Terry. They all know he stole the stuff."

"Will they convict him?"

"Don't know. They'll come awful close. If they could lay their hands on the bonds—"

"Good!" Carmody leaned forward tensely. "Keep Mulcahy on the job, Willie. Find out where Terry has those bonds. Some bank vault, I suppose—and under an assumed name. Ought to be easy to get the low-down on it. Tip me off. I'll see that Merriwether finds out."

Willie grinned. "Sure hate that kid, don't you, John?"

"Draw your own conclusions, Willie. But don't draw them out loud."

All during that afternoon Bob Terry was torn by indecision. He prayed for sufficient strength to refuse Borden's request for an interview, yet all the time he knew that he would go. And five minutes after eight o'clock he passed through the front door of the big house.

Lois was standing on the stairway as Bob entered. She looked exquisitely dainty in her dress of clinging white, and her eyes seemed unusually large and bright. Bob stood motionless, staring at her, reading the plea in her wide-open blue eyes. Then she turned, without a word or gesture of greeting, and moved upstairs. Bob tossed his hat on the console and proceeded to the library.

Peter Borden rose to greet him. At first sight of the man, Bob was shocked. Borden was visibly older. There were lines in his face which had never before been there. The habitual sureness was gone. He seemed queerly courageous at that moment, and Bob did not experience any of the triumphant thrill that he had anticipated.

After all, this was the moment for which Bob had prayed ever since the drab day when Borden's clear-spoken testimony had consigned him to the state penitentiary in punishment for a crime of which he was innocent. He had counted the hours against this hour; dreamed of the time when Borden would cringe before him.

He had broken the man. At least he had come near to felling him with a single blow. But Borden was not cringing. He met Bob's eyes squarely and in kindly fashion. He motioned the young man to a chair and seated himself opposite. Then a long silence prevailed; Borden's eyes focussed reprovingly on Bob's face.

Bob fidgeted. His nerves were tight-strung: he finally broke the silence.

"Well?" he snapped. "What is it?"

Borden's voice was softer than Bob had ever heard it.

"That's what I'd like to know, Bob. I would—really. There are some details you needn't go into. Lois has talked with me, and told me that you admit taking the bonds. I just want to know whether you intend to see the thing through."

"I do!" Just as in the interview with Lois, Bob was attempting to lash himself into a righteous fury. "And why not? Can't you see that this is what I have been waiting for? I didn't accept a home here because I was fond of you, or because I swallowed your lovely story about wanting to atone for what you did. I came here because it put me in closer contact, gave me a better opportunity to know what you were doing and how I could hurt you worst. Well—it has worked. I found out—and I've done it!"

Borden inclined his head.

"Yes—you've done it, Bob. And you have hurt me very deeply. More deeply than you know."

"I am not sorry."

"I don't suppose you are. Perhaps I'd feel as you do if the positions were reversed. It is all so foreign to anything I've ever been through—" Borden was speaking gently, as a father who is struggling futilely to understand a wayward son. "I only wonder if you, yourself, understand. May I talk for a moment?"

"Talking won't do any good."

"But you'll listen, won't you?"

"Yes."

Borden's voice was no longer brittle. It flowed evenly, softly.

"I should have expected this, Bob. The reason I didn't was that I was too honest in what I was trying to do for you. I didn't think you'd be so very grateful for the little material things I was doing, but I did delude myself into believing that you would sense the spirit behind them. Never in my life have I wanted anything so much as to see you come back. I give you my word of honor on that.

"I thought I was succeeding. At any rate, whoever advised you about this—and I judge that it was Carmody—planned with diabolical cleverness. Let me make it quite clear, Bob, that this ruins me materially. I make no plea for myself. I'm still getting off more lightly than you did. I must, however, plead for Lois. She forbade me doing it, but just the same, I must. Remember that when I go down, so does she. After all, Bob, she has not been responsible for any of this."

"And I wasn't responsible when I went to prison."

"That's true." Borden hesitated. He sat motionless, hands clasped in his lap. And when he spoke again, it was not in continuation of what he had been saying.

"I suppose you're wondering what I'm going to do, Bob."

"Yes."

(To be Continued.)

St. Louis has had 15 murders in one bootleg feud. The business couldn't be much more hazardous if they'd drink their own hooch.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

COLONEL HOFER'S NOTES OF TRAVEL

The Western States Are Suffering From Lack of Agricultural Labor

Editor Statesman:

Traveling in western states one is struck by large numbers of tourist farmers and their families having little to do but ride around in their automobiles. Much land is lying idle and clearing land of brush and timber or draining it is a sight almost never seen. The immigration law restricting the number who may come to our country to two per cent hits the farmer hard. Only skilled labor can come in. The two per cent prohibition is now to apply to Mexico or Canadians. Mexicans are today the farm labor of the great southwest as they are the only race that can stand the great heat on the ranches of the Imperial valley or work at high temperatures in mines and smelters of southern California, Arizona, New Mexico, Louisiana and Texas. Country bankers, truck farmers, the state grange and farmers' union of California and the great southwest protest against applying the two per cent quota against Mexico. Same with farm organizations of other states mentioned. Mexicans are the best farm labor of the Latin race. They can handle stock. The families live in the fields and all work at piece work and in a few years the children are in the public schools. I look to see Mexicans excluded. They have no votes. What do the politicians care for the needs of the farmers for farm labor when they can get the organized labor vote by excluding all foreign labor and let the farmers and their families do the back-breaking work? Give us farm relief at the expense of the rest of the taxpayers, say the farmers, and they will get it, says your Uncle Dudley.

—COL. E. HOFER.
Salem, Ore., Feb. 28, 1928.

REED STILL ASSAILS REPUBLICAN PARTY

Claims To Economy and Prosperity Attacked By Democratic Senator

PHOENIX, Ariz., Feb. 28.—(AP).—Republican claims of economy and prosperity were assailed last night by Senator James Reed, Missouri, as he waged a fight here against the administration and for a united democratic party.

The senator complained particularly of a recent address by President Coolidge at the government budget meeting in which he said the president "boasted" the budget bureau had saved the government millions by paring down appropriations requests of the various departments.

"Of course," the senator said, "the bureau cut down on these requests. Of course the departments asked for more than they expected to get. But why not mention that congress cut down last year and in other years millions on the estimates of budgets submitted.

"If those words had not come from the president I would pronounce them the worst bit of demagoguery that ever passed the lips of man."

Challenging claims of prosperity, the democratic presidential candidate said that bread lines were forming in the east and that "the only ones who can boast of prosperity or anything like it are the protected interests."

"The tariff," he said, "has protected the manufacturers but ruined the farmer."

CUPPER TO ADDRESS

FAIRVIEW COMMUNITY CLUB MEETING TO BE TONIGHT

FAIRVIEW COMMUNITY, Feb. 28.—(Special).—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jones entertained the following guests at dinner Sunday: Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Elmer and children, Misses Octavis and Villa Hjalmson, Mr. Hampton and Mr. Harvey.

Guy Pack and Noel Williams visited the Ralph Dent home Sunday.

Octavia Hjalmson spent the week end with her parents.

The school children gave a Washington's birthday program Tuesday afternoon.

The Fairview community club will hold its regular monthly meeting, Wednesday evening, February 29. Percy A. Cupper will be one of the speakers.

School visitors this week were Mrs. Chris. Hjalmson, Mrs. H. R. Jones, Mrs. Ralph Dent, Mrs. Walter Turner, Mrs. Frank Jones and Miss Mildred Halseth.

Miss Edna Woolsey of West Stayton, and John Kuedell, formerly a resident of this community, were married Tuesday evening, February 21. They will make their home at Mr. Kuedell's ranch near West Stayton.

John Jory has been very helpful to the sixth grade in furnishing and verifying data concerning the early history of this locality. Short sketches of these will be given later. Mr. Jory, who is a writer and poet of merit, was one of the early settlers here.

Mr. Day, who has been ill is improving.

SMALL JOINS G. O. P.

JUSTICE OF PEACE FINALLY SEES ARIGHT

Another brand was saved from the burning when Brazier C. Small, justice of the peace for the Salem district for more than three years past, announced late yesterday that he has left the ranks of the democratic party and enlisted under the republican banner. He is registering as a republican, he announced.

At the same time he disclaimed any political motive in the change, asserting that he has "no present desire to again become a candidate for public affice."

Judge Small was elected to his present position on the democratic ticket at the fall election in 1924.

In connection with his change of party affiliation Judge Small yesterday issued the following formal statement:

"For the reason that I was elected to the office I now hold as a democrat and that changing my registration to that of a republican at this time might be misunderstood, I deem it only fair that I acquaint the public with the change and the reasons therefore.

"I feel that I can conscientiously vote as a republican and I have no present desire to again become a candidate for public office."

Brooks Community Club Has Enjoyable Meeting

BROOKS, Feb. 28.—(Special)—The Brooks Community club spent a most delightful day with Mrs. Elliot Savage at its last regular meeting. A delicious pot luck luncheon was served at the noon hour. The hours were spent in piecing quilts and making tea towels.

A short business session with the president, Mrs. Walter Fuller, in the chair. This was followed by the social hour. A number of readings were given and a playlet entitled "Wanted: A Husband" was presented by Mrs. Ralph Sturgis, Mrs. Walter Fuller, Mrs. George Ramp and Mrs. Cecil Ashbaugh.

It being the birthday anniversary of the hostess, Mrs. Elliott Savage, she has given a handkerchief shower. At the tea hour a birthday cake was served.

A large number of club members were present, and the following special guests:

Miss Ethel Fletcher, Mrs. Logsdon, Mrs. Harvey Walker and Mrs. L. F. Walker, all of Salem, and Mrs. Pierre Aspinwall of Waconda.

The club will meet on Thursday, March 8, with Mrs. B. F. Ramp for an all day session.

5 DIE IN FLAMES

QUEBEC, Feb. 28.—(AP)—Mrs. Raoul Garneau, 35, and four small children were burned to death today when fire destroyed their home at Gros Pin, a small village near here.

DETROIT-SISTERS ROAD SUPPORTED

Marion County Said Desirous of Having Route Put On Forest Map

PORTLAND, Feb. 28.—(AP)—Delegations from various counties of Oregon received little encouragement today as they sought increased appropriations for road work from the state highway commission. The meeting was held jointly with forest officials.

There is a sum of $600,000 available in the forest higuway fund, of which $40,000 is deducted for maintenance and $10,000 for surveys, leaving $550,000 for allocation on forest road projects. This much was determined at today's meeting.

The commission and the forest representatives, after a conference of several hours, distributed the funds as best they could. The total was $552,000—a few thousand dollars more than the sum available after deducting maintenance and survey items. The commission hopes some savings will be made in order to make up the difference.

Included in the division of the forest funds were the following items.

Yaquina Bay to Beaver creek, 7.5 miles grading, $13,000.

Salmon river road, Boyer section, 1.9 miles grading, $75,000.

Willamette highway, east of Goodman, grading, $75,000.

Cascadia, ranger section, $10,000.

The forest representatives were informed that Marion county desires a road from Detroit to Sisters placed on the forest map. The government men did not encourage the idea, declaring they knew of several other roads they would like to see on the forest map.

Assurance was given Lane county that work will begin on the Springfield bridge as soon as a decision is received from the public service commission relative to participation in costs by the Southern Pacific railroad.

Read the Classified Ads

County Purchases Gravel From Oregon City Firm

The Marion county court yesterday accepted the bid of the Oregon City Sand and Gravel company to furnish 15,000 yards of gravel for used on county roads in the vicinity of Fairfield this season. The company's bid was 84 cents per yard.

The court explained that the successful bidder was not the lowest bidder, but that due to the fact that hauling would be shorter than in cases of lower bidders, the contract as agreed to will in the long run be cheaper than under any other contract that was offered, the court decided.

The gravel will be delivered at the top of the hill near the Fairfield school house on the Ralph DuRette place.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

(From Columns of The Statesman, February 28, 1903)

Independence—H. Hirschberg, while drilling for oil near here, struck a rich salt vein.

Edward N. Gilingham was appointed bailiff of the supreme court.

Almost enough pledges are in to complete the total for paying off the Willamette university debt.

The rush of homeseekers to the northwest is the greatest ever known.