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## H. S. WAKEFIELD

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### COAST RADIO STATION

SAN FRANCISCO, April 29.—Establishment of naval radio compass stations on the Pacific coast to prevent marine disasters in fog and permit all vessels equipped with radio to maintain a true course, will soon be effected, it was announced here by Lieutenant Commander Scott D. McCaughey, district communication officer of the twelfth naval district.

A Classified Ad will sell it.

## NO HEADACHE OR NEURALGIA PAIN

Get a 10 cent package of Dr. James' Headache Powders and don't suffer.

When your head aches you simply must have relief or you will go wild. It's needless to suffer when you can take a remedy like Dr. James' Headache Powders and relieve the pain and neuralgia at once. Send someone to the drug store now for a 10 cent package of Dr. James' Headache Powders. Don't suffer a few moments, you will feel fine—headache gone—no more neuralgia pain.

## Western Floral Shop



LEAVE YOUR ORDER FOR FLOWERS in person if at all possible. A visit here will show how thoroughly we are prepared to meet any floral need from flowers for the table to the decoration of the largest church for feast, festival or wedding. Our cut flowers are received fresh every day. You will find your favorite here at all times in the perfection of its beauty. Moderate prices are the invariable rule.

MRS. L. C. MOORE  
702 Main

## EXPERIENCES IN ARMENIA TOLD BY MRS. RAMBO

Miss Maude Miller recently received the interesting letter published below from Mrs. W. E. Rambo, wife of the Rev. W. E. Rambo, former pastor of the Christian church here, who with her husband is doing relief work of the Near East Relief committee in Armenia.

Since Mrs. Rambo wrote the letter last January the orphanage which she describes has been shelled and burned by the Turks. Mr. and Mrs. Rambo escaped and by traveling 70 miles on foot their small charges reached a place of safety, according to press dispatches recently.

The letter to Miss Miller follows:  
Haroumie, Near Baghshe, Cilicia Turkey,  
Jan. 22, 1920.

Dear Maude:

Well here we are in Asia Minor, the last country in the world, I believe, I ever expected to be in. The "call" came for us to go because of our experience in the Orient, so we answered it by going. I would like to have run up to Klamath when we reached Weed on our way to San Francisco but it was quite impossible. We certainly would have enjoyed seeing you all. The letters the people sent me from Klamath were greatly appreciated on the ship. It was interesting to hear how the city was growing.

### In a Different World

We are up here in the Amanus Mountains between Adana and Aleppo in charge of an Armenian orphanage of two hundred children. The standards, the attitude toward life, even the material comforts are of a different world. Ever after it seemed possible that we might come to this country on this expedition I had been eager for this great privilege and yet this vivid expectancy was mingled with nervous dread. I had wondered so much what the people in this country were like, who lived in this land of blood-fests and never ending killings.

This spot much of the time is serene and enchanting with the distant mountains above us and the plains below stretching away in the distance to Alexandretta and the ocean. The mountains at the back of us and at the sides are covered with snow now, for it is the winter time, yet oranges and roses are growing here.

What makes the air so wonderful I believe is because the air constantly travels from the sea to the mountains and back, acquiring the saltiness of the sea and the freshness of the hills. Some times we are speechless because of the wondrous beauty of the land, and yet at night-time we talk in subdued tones of the horrors of the present, of the glories of the past.

At bed time when I go around the last thing before going to bed to "tuck" in my one hundred and sixteen girls and look into their sleeping faces knowing there is not one who has not lost a father, mother, brother or sister by the knife of the deadly Turk, my heart rebels, and as I hasten along the long verandahs from one dormitory to another I hastily draw my coat around the little lantern lest the light should attract a watching Turk and I too should fall.

### One Male Survivor

We are twelve miles from a railroad station in a little village noted for the massacres of 1909 and 1915, there is only one Armenian man here over thirty-five, all the others have been killed or died in exile. Fourteen Armenians were killed two weeks ago twelve miles from here in a village and their families taken to the Turk's homes. The French came to look into the matter. As we were the only people here besides natives they came to us. One night just at dark a French captain came with part of a regiment of Armenian and French soldiers. Our rooms were filled with them. They were on their way to investigate the Turk village where the Armenians had been killed. We served tea and coffee and American graham crackers to them.

They went away and we found they did not get to the village as the river this side was very wide and deep and the Turks had taken the ferry so they could not get across. The next day a French lieutenant came with thirty-two French soldiers and guarded us night and day. Soon after the French Governor Andre came with his attendants. We entertained him and his lieutenant; he could speak a little English so we got on fine and he praised our American cooking. He said the American Consul had telegraphed to him to take care of us, but he said "that

was not necessary as I should do that anyway you being an American."

He was delightfully pleasant and we enjoyed him very much. The French govern Cilicia so we are under their government; the Italians are in Korvia and English in Constantinople. Turkey seemed to be quiet for awhile but now the unrest has begun again as you see by the things I have written. We sleep at night with loaded guns beside the bed and my suit case is packed with eatables for a sudden exit should it become necessary.

### Enjoy the Work

I was interrupted in this letter so am finishing it today, the 25th of January—just four months since we left New York. Mr. Rambo is well and as far as the work goes we enjoy it immensely for it is such a worth while task. One day we went to Tarsus where Paul was born. It is such an interesting place, the gates of the ancient city still remains and it is called St. Paul's Gate. We also visited Iconium as you may read in the 14th Chapter of Acts. We saw there many interesting places, one an old Greek church away down under the ground where they used to worship in secret.

I would like to ask you about so many people there. I am always glad to hear the news. Please remember us to any and all our old friends. Mr. Handsaker wrote us of the liberal giving for the A. C. R. N. E. in Klamath. We were delighted, hoping we had a little share in prompting the gifts. So far we have done very little writing as our time has been more than occupied by the multitude of things that come up to look after. We are studying Turkish but do our work through interpreters. We are picking it up fast.

### Has No Calendar

If you have a little calendar of 1920 will you please send it to me for we haven't one, not even an almanac.

We spent our Christmas here near where Christ was born. We had a tree for the children, made each one a handkerchief out of checked apron gingham, and put in it some candy, nuts, raisins and an orange and five little cookies; they recited and had a little drama about Queen Esther. I received a cake of soap for my gift and was delighted as I forgot to bring out a bit of toilet soap.

### "God Bless Americans"

We think the children very good considering what they have been through. We distributed a bale of clothes sent out by the Red Cross in America. You can't imagine how much fun we had fitting up some of the boys and girls an dit made them so happy, I wish the people who gave them could have seen. One little girl got a basque made at least thirty years ago, she looked so cunning in it we laughed until our sides ached. But there were nice coats too that made the children look nice and warm and say "God bless the Americans."

Now I must "really, and truly" close, but such a lot of things I could say if we were sitting together beside your cozy fire. This letter is for all the dear friends. It is very poor as I have "not the pen of a ready writer" but I love you all and feel that you are behind us in this great work. Pray for us and He will answer. Write directing to Adana, Cilicia, Turkey, care Dr. Nesbitt Chambees.

Affectionately,  
KATE C. RAMBO.

A curious feature of the theatres in Australia is that they are mostly all equipped with billard rooms.



This space donated by  
**The Star Drug Co.**

### REFORM SCHOOL GIRLS

#### RELIEVE SERVANT PROBLEM

MARYSVILLE, Ohio, April 29.—Mrs. Louise Mittendorf, matron in charge of the Ohio Reformatory for Women here, is doing her part in relieving the domestic help situation in the state. She had from 150 to 200 girls and women under her care. As there is not enough work at the institution to keep them all busy, she sends to housewives some of the more trusted girls.

Ninety percent of the girls working out have made good, according to Mrs. Mittendorf. Many of them within a short time have been recommended for parole or pardon. Housewives receiving the girls send the wages to the matron who turns the money over to the girls when they are discharged.

## Big Dance

AT MALIN, OREGON.  
SATURDAY EVENING.

MAY 1, 1920

Music by Malin Orchestra

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