

The Evening Herald

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 21, 1920

THE COUNCIL AND GAMBLING

When the present council licensed
bawdy houses, we thought that it
had reached the limit of insult to the
decent people of this community.
But we were mistaken. It had to go
farther, and it is fair to assume that
it did so under the same orders that
directed it to issue the license. It
had to assure a supply of "roomers"
for the "rooming houses" to which it
guaranteed official protection and to
do so it had to step from the gutter
down into the cesspool of the tin-
horn, the pimp and makereau.

The plans were well laid and the
skids well greased to ditch the move
to stop gambling and we understand
that certain members of the council
were acquainted with all of the de-
tails. The action of the council Mon-
day night confirmed our information.
Even so, we were surprised that men
who pretend to belong to the decent
element of the community, who seek
association with respectable people,
would do as they did and then have
the effrontery to justify their action.

But Klamath Falls was redeemed
through the courage of one man—
William F. Kay. At least he stopped
the consummation of the disgraceful
proceeding and forced a reluctant
council to at least hesitate. Through
his action a semblance of an anti-
gambling ordinance is before the
council, but unless he has the support
he ought to have it will get no
further. Two members of the council
have tentatively lined up against
it. We know the undesirable mem-
bers of the community are busy
bringing every influence to bear to
stiffen them and bring to their aid
sufficient support to win the fight.
Until the present storm blows over
gambling has stopped, in the hope
that the outcry may be stilled. Other
influence of a more sinister na-
ture, we are told, has been, is, and
will be used. We shall see.

Is Mr. Kay to carry on this fight
alone? Is his the only voice in this
city that is to be raised against a
vice that is debauching the city,
ruining young men and boys, break-
ing up homes and threatening to
drive from Klamath Falls the very
best element among the working
men of the district? Are our busi-
ness men to stand supinely by and
see built up here an influence and an
element a thousand times worse than
the wickedest saloon that ever cursed
the city? Are the operators of the
mills and factories going to leave
to one man the carrying on of a fight
that is their's more than it is of any
other one interest in the county?

We do not think so. We think
that this final move of the council-
manic champions of bawdy houses
and their supporters have laid the
last straw upon the backs of a long-
suffering, patient people and that
something will break, but not the
backs that have been carrying the
load. Mr. Kay did a work that de-
serves the commendation of the peo-
ple of the city. He did a work that
should have the united support of
every decent individual—a support
that should be active, vigorous, un-
stinted. It should begin today and
perhaps our "blind" councilmen and
their disruptable supporters may see
the light next Monday night.

Preparations are being made to
put in additional lathes and other
machinery in the Oregon Agricultural
college shops, to equip them to
care for from 26 to 30 students in-
stead of 16.

PEARL OIL
(KEROSENE)

HEAT AND LIGHT

INSTANT HEAT
WHEN AND
WHERE NEEDED

STANDARD OIL COMPANY

BABE RUTH EXPLAINING TO
MRS. BABE HOW HE CURVES 'EM



A new record was established by the premier long distance hitter yesterday,
when he knocked his 22nd home run of the season.

MUMM'S GOODS
UNDER HAMMER

PARIS, June 18. (By Mail).—
Paris is witnessing the passing of one
of the last reminders in France of the
famous German champagne king,
Baron Walter de Mumm. The hand-
some furniture of the wealthy wine
merchant, which was sequestered
early in the war in his apartment on
the Avenue de Bois Boulogne, is be-
ing sold for the benefit of the state.
The contents of the beautiful
apartment included some fine tapestries
and several specimens of 18th
century cabinet makers' work. The
sale brought more than 500,000
francs. One piece of tapestry, valued
by the government officers at 50
francs brought 8,000 francs. The
sale attracted a large gathering of
prominent Parisians because Herr
Mumm's apartment was known as one
of the most lavishly furnished in the
fashionable quarter of Paris.

An American girl, Mary de Mumm,
now living with her grandfather,
C. C. K. Scoville, a banker of Seneca,
Kansas, is a daughter of Baron Wal-
ter de Mumm, who married Mr. Scoville's
daughter. The de Mumm es-
tate in France, estimated in some re-
ports to amount to \$20,000,000 was
sequestered by the French govern-

ment in the war as the baron is a
German subject although he had
spent most of his life in France. The
baron went to Germany when the war
began and the baroness remained in
France serving as a nurse.

In an effort to safeguard her share
of the de Mumm estate in France, the
Baroness de Mumm came to the
United States in October, 1919, and
through an act of congress her Ameri-
can citizenship was restored to her.
Returning to France she sought a
divorce, but died there while this
action was pending.

The baroness' sister, Mrs. Jose-
phine Treadwell, of New York,
brought her sister's body from Paris
to Seneca in May last. As she was
leaving Chebourg, the agents of the
French government seized jewels she
was wearing, on the ground that they
were property of her sister but on
a riving in New York Mrs. Treadwell
declared that the jewels were her
own.

Baroness de Mumm had claimed
that she had been given title to two-
fifths of the property of the baron
under a separation agreement which
if substantiated would leave her little
daughter, Mary, now about five years
old, the heiress to about \$8,000,000.

Wisconsin, New York, Iowa and
Texas are the five leading dairy
states, in the order named.

The people of the United States
buying silk manufactures at the rate
of more than \$1,000,000,000 a year.

DAMAGE IN LOS ANGELES QUAKE



The southern California metropolis apparently is in the bad graces of
the earthquake god. The scene shows was taken in Inglewood after the
first tremor several weeks ago.

BALLAD OF THE
UPSET BEAN-POT

(By LONE STAR)

'Twas a balmy summer's evening,
and a goodly crowd was there,
Which well-nigh filled the courtroom
on the corner of the square:
The arguments and clashes came
thro' the open door,
When William Kay strolled in and
dropped his hat upon the floor.

All eyes were cast upon him as he
sat him squarely down,
And o'er the face of Brother Upp
there stole a wayward frown;
"Where did he come from?" Brandy
cried, then "What's he doin' here!"
And o'er the soul of Brandenburg,
there passed a shade of fear.

For the business of the evening was
of the "ticklish" kind,
And to see Billy Kay come strolling
in, was disturbing to the mind;
And as those worthy councilmen be-
gan to smell a rat,
The Labor council delegate was
squaring for the mat.

The cause of apprehension on the
faces of the four,
Was that a city gambling law had
been ruled off the floor;
And had they closed that meeting,
as they do each Monday night,
This poem never would be writ, for
there'd a been no fight.

But the old "steam-roller" tactics
in this meeting wouldn't go,
And as the bunch sized Billy Kay up
they knew who was the foe;
They also saw his rearward, Broth-
ers Bristow, Soule and Slim,
And also Brother Trimble, for he too
had wandered in.

And as the worthy Mayor asked "Is
there any more to say?"
Bill Kay was up on both his feet, all
sagor for the fray;
"Most worthy Mayor and Council-
men, your indulgence now I crave,
I'd like to speak a word or two, and
I'll promise to behave."

"Why certainly," Ike Struble said—
"The floor is all your own,
And Upp swung round upon his chair
like a king upon his throne;
And Brandy too—he squirmed
around and looked Kay in the eye,
While Soule pulled out a cigarette,
and made the vapor fly.

"Where is that gambling ordinance?"
commenced dear Brother Kay,
I'd like to know just what was done,
before I came this way."
"Why, we couldn't get a second, so
we put it on the shelf"
Said Ike as he spit a "chaw," just
like his dear old self.

"Well, I represent a thousand men"
continued Brother Kay,
"And furthermore you cannot shelve
that ordinance that way;
'The town is full of gamblers, all
makes and sorts and kinds,
'And if you'll rid us of this bunch,
'twill alleviate our minds.

"Ten men can buy ten suits of
clothes, and other items too,
But if the shark takes all their
dough, what good'll it do you?
And if the business men of town
were all of the same mind,
They too would be up here tonight,
but not one can you find.

"This gambling simply will not do,
and it has got to stop,
For if you let them gamble, they'll
drink moonshine and smoke "hop"
And our fair town would turn into a
regular den of thieves"
Which you and I don't want to see."
(Hire Upp snickers up his sleeve.)

Then up jumped Brother Trimble, a
fine old soul and grand,
And it did us good to see that griz-
zled warrior take the stand;
His tone was soft, his eye was clear,
but he meant just what he said,
And it's even money a week from to-
day, that gambling will be dead.

For you cannot fool the public with
such talk as "It aint done"
When any man with half an eye can
see the dollar won;
You may not see them on the bar,
for "chips" their place do take;
But to say it aint a-goin' on brands
the man who says it "Fake."

Frank Upp he said "I never could
tell one card from another,
But take that with a pinch of salt, I
know Frank like a brother;
And as he makes his dying stand
and tries to curry favor,
His methods I am frank to say, with
me have a poor favor.

But rhymes must cease, as gambling
must, but o'er I pull the curtain,
I'd like to say that gambling's doom-
ed, of that the whole town's cer-
tain;
And when election time comes round,

HIGH RANK EASILY ACQUIRED

Militaristic Knowledge Not at All Nec-
essary for Maitian to Become
"General" in Army.

Halt, as a country, impresses a re-
cent traveler with the multiplicity of
its generals and the variety and gor-
geousness of their uniforms. In the
"Black Republic" the title of "gen-
eral," it appears, is conferred for any
sort of service to the state or, as is
probably even more effective in provid-
ing revenue for the makers of uni-
forms, to the political party that hap-
pens to be in power. Military ex-
perience is not necessary to become
a general, although apparently any
and all generals are more or less
recognized as such by the private
soldiers recruited by a compulsory
system, and so poorly and irregularly
paid that a visitor to the president's
palace must sometimes distribute
coppers to the entire military body
guard expectantly lined up to receive
him. As soon as the citizen who has
earned the gratitude of state or party
receives his appointment, says the
Chronicler, he "immediately buys him-
self a uniform of whatever color and
style his fancy may dictate, to which
he adds a collection of all sorts and
kinds of medals." His next need
is a charger; he acquires one of
the diminutive ponies of the island,
vaults or climbs into the saddle, and
is complete.

BIG MEN ON CLUB'S ROSTER

Poets and Scientists Belonged to Or-
ganization Which Found Recrea-
tion in the Adirondacks.

Longfellow's dislike for killing ani-
mals prevented him from accompany-
ing Emerson, Agassiz, Lowell and
other learned men comprising a party of
ten that went into the Adirondacks
each summer, according to State Ser-
vice, a New York monthly. These trips
formed the foundation for Emerson's
work entitled, "The Adirondacks, a
Journal dedicated to my fellow-travelers
in August, 1858." An anecdote of the
trip often repeated was that of
Longfellow, who asked if Emerson
would carry a gun. When informed he
would, Longfellow replied: "Then
I shall not go. Somebody will be shot."
Emerson had great difficulty shoot-
ing a deer, as when he went night
hunting he couldn't see the animals.
He shot after his guide gave the or-
der. When he missed, on one occa-
sion, he said that he would shoot at
the next square thing he saw, because
he must kill a deer, even if the guide
had to hold it by the tail while he
shot.

Out of these trips the Philosopher's
club was formed, which built a club
at Ampersand pond. The club ex-
ploded when the Civil war broke out.
Later fires swept the woods and
spoiled the region around Follen-shoe,
where the club was wont to shoot and
fish.

TO PRISON FOR WITCHCRAFT

Canadian Authorities Revive Ancient
Statute That Will Appear Absurd to
Modern Understanding.

It has been a little more than 200
years since anyone was convicted of
witchcraft on this continent, says the
Columbus Dispatch, and we supposed
that there would never again be any
more convictions. But it seems that
such prosecutions have been revived,
for here comes a report from a Cana-
dian court to the effect that a young
woman over there has lately been
sentenced to prison for "practicing witch-
craft," for all the world like the ac-
cusations that used to be filed against
people in this country.

The young woman in this case
claimed to be able to tell who com-
mitted a certain theft in her neighborhood.
She said a farmer's oats had been
stolen by a man and a boy; that they
drove a bay mare, and proceeded west-
ward after the robbery, and that they
would be found at a certain place,
about 40 miles away. The officers
found her story to be true, and ar-
rested the parties who robbed the
farmer, but as the young woman who
gave the information was in no po-
sition to know the facts she related
except through communing with "the
spirits," people began talking about
her being a witch, with the result that
an ancient statute was invoked and
the girl prosecuted and sent to jail
for her pains in aiding the officers of
the law. If it were not all duly record-
ed in the newspapers we could not be-
lieve it.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the County Court of the State
of Oregon, for the County of Klamath.

In the Matter of the Estate of Sada
Ponina, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the ad-
ministrators of the above entitled es-
tate, and all persons having claims
against the same, will please present,
properly verified, with vouchers at-
tached, within six months from the
date of this notice at the law office of
H. M. Manning, Loomis Bldg.,
Klamath Falls, Klamath County,
State of Oregon, that being the place
this administrator has chosen to
transact the business of this estate.
Dated May 8th, 1920.

HENRY HOTCHKIN,
Administrator.

July 16-23-30-6-13

with all its pomp and glory,
Frank Upp will be an old, old man,
'fore his name's in the story.

Bookkeepers
Accountants
Stenographers
--Listen!

When the rapidity and ac-
curacy of your work depends
upon the condition of your
eyes, you should not let a
foolish prejudice against
wearing glasses stand in the
way of a successful career.

From its very nature, your
work taxes the eyes severely,
unless they are in the best
possible condition.

If your eyes are not de-
fective they can do an enor-
mous amount of work with-
out injury, but a slight eye-
strain may injure your eyes
permanently.

If you have symptoms of
eyestrain call and let us ex-
amine your eyes at once.
Delay only makes bad mat-
ters worse.

H. J. WINTERS

JEWELER AND OPTICIAN

Phone 149-W 706 Main

ANOTHER "POET" THINKS IT'S
OPEN SEASON ON LONE STAR

While perusing the news in your
worthy sheet,

A retort from Lone Star my eye
chanced to meet.

A critic had dared to infer, it seems,
That as a scribe Lone Star didn't
know beans.

While critic and criticized to me are
unknown,

Lone Star's reply loosed a thought
of my own.

Thinks me, thinks I, I think I know,
A scribe who suffers too much ego;

Else why should he in his reply,
Emphasize so strongly the mighty

"I?"

Or why does he infer that people pay
Five cents to read his column each
day?

He seems to think that the whole
world's news,

Is a trifle compared to Lone Star's
views.

Self praise at best is very poor
praise,

So let's hope Lone Star will mend
his ways,

And in the future should he to a
critic reply

Will eliminate the emphasis on
the pronoun "I."

—Contributed.

CRITIC OF COLUMN
TAKES SHOT AT MUSE

Dear me, Lone Star, how crude you
are.

How rude your chatter;
Vain, egotistic babbling horn,

What hope is there in critic's scorn
To mend the matter?

Your labored verse I scan in vain
For retort witty,

But find naught but conceited brag
To cause my scornful pen to lag,

And drown in pity.

To call your opponent a fool,
Though it be truthful

Betrays no evidence of wit;
The veriest dunce can manage it,

Or schoolboy youthful.

I know not—(All you say is true:
How well I know it.)

But you know not and know it not,
(Yours is by far the sadder lot)

And plain you show it.

Poetic license may be stretched
O'er many hobbies,

Bridge broad defects in metric time
And lend excuse to many a rhyme,

That limps and hobbles.

But ne'er stood greater test, I trow,
Than in your verse;

To take such generous liberty
Is license less than larceny,

Or something worse.

My good advice which you have
spurned,

I give again—
Go purchase, beg or pilfer it,

But, at all cost, obtain some wit
To drive you pen.

—Contributed

Storage Batteries charged and re-
paired at The Electric Shop, 123 S.
5th St. 19-26

A Classified Ad will sell it.