

HAS RICHEST MAN SOFTENED?

Question Puzzles Newspapermen; John D. Now Talks to Reporters

TARRYTOWN, N. Y., July 25.—Is John D. Rockefeller, passing the Indian summer of his life on his vast estate in the Pocantico hills, at last letting down the barriers he has always raised against photographers and reporters?

This is a question which has been interesting the newspaper profession ever since the world's richest man, on a recent Sunday, permitted camera men to snap him to their heart's content after they had consented to follow him into church for service.

Rockefeller, who bears the reputation of being one of the most camera-shy men in America, may be becoming more lenient in his attitude toward photographers, but as yet he has given no indication of taking reporters into his confidence.

An effort to interview Mr. Rockefeller on the recent occasion of his 84th birthday anniversary—made, as usual, through a third party representing the household—brought the response "impossible." As no reporters as yet have succeeded in storming the well-guarded gates of the Rockefeller home, the modern Croesus goes un-interviewed.

Even to his fellow townsmen the little man, slight of frame, who appears in midsummer in leather waistcoat, overcoat and muffler, is very much of an enigma.

Tarrytown points out to each visitor the home of John D. Rockefeller, urges the visitor to go up and see where Rockefeller lives, talks constantly about Rockefeller—but rarely sees him himself.

Very seldom do Tarrytowners get

inside the gates which guard the big home back in the hills. Once in awhile they see John D. come downtown and sit in his machine while a chauffeur goes into a bank or a store—but Tarrytown almost never talks to its richest citizen. He comes and goes—there is excitement while he is downtown, and discussion afterwards. And that is all of Tarrytown's claim on its most famous citizen.

Ever since the oil king celebrated his 84th birthday, Tarrytown has been seething over the question of who is its oldest citizen. There is no question as to the most famous.

An ancient who sits in front of the big hardware store, just around the corner from the station, conceded first place to John D. The ancient admits he is only 83.

But an Italian has asserted his grandfather is 88—and there is a farmer who lays claim to 90. Still, even in the face of odds, Tarrytown stands loyally behind its prominent citizen, and announces to the world that its oldest citizen today is none other than the man who made oil famous.

But the town maintains that Mr. Rockefeller is still a youngster in spirits.

"Any man who plays golf as frequently as he does," began one citizen, when he was interrupted with a question as to whether John D.'s private links were regular size.

"Certainly it is, but John D. goes around it slowly," replied the citizen, but another Tarrytowner broke in with a denial.

"It is not. It is only about four holes of a normal course. And John

D. takes three hours to make two of 'em."

Last but not least, in Tarrytown's viewpoint towards its leading citizen is the tradition of the dimes, the day of days for the boys and girls. Spasmodically, John D. Rockefeller gives 10 cent pieces away to children. How did it start?

Three stories are current: Number one—Three boys, many years ago, walked up the hill, climbed the stone wall, went up to the porch and saw Mr. Rockefeller. They asked him for a dime apiece—and got it. Since then, it is said, the oil magnate has held his yearly party.

Number two—A boy was standing downtown when the Rockefeller machine drove up. A package dropped out. The boy got a dime, and John D. Rockefeller got an inspiration which he has followed ever since.

Number three—A lad was lost. He wandered onto the Rockefeller mystery links. The oil king saw him. He took him into the house, gave him a dime and sent him home. And the 10 cent party sprang from that.

Whatever the cause, "Dime Day" has become to the youth of Tarrytown a day apart, ranking with Christmas and the Fourth of July.

We have paid off nearly a billion dollars of the war debt already, but you know how it is with anything you buy on installments.—American Lumberman.

Letters from the People

Should Klamath County Advocate the County Unit Plan for Fish and Game Control?

This is a subject of vital interest to every sportsman. Klamath county is gifted with wonderful lakes and streams where trout abound in great numbers. With modern methods of fish culture the egg take could be run up to many millions, and with sufficient hatchery facilities locally and under our own control these millions of fish would be planted in our own waters and a non-resident fishing license would be worth considerable money. If the fishing was sufficiently good there would be no trouble in attracting plenty of outsiders to pay the bill and, incidentally, stimulate the tourist trade that so many civic organizations are working for. For those residing here the cost would be almost nil and there would be dozens of fish where there now is one.

At present our natural resources along this line are being used to the advantage of certain other portions of the state and to our disadvantage.

There is no doubt that artificial spawning and propagation of fish will give many times the number of fish that hatch and survive to reach maturity than does the natural method, but when the artificial method is used to supply the other fellow and deplete our streams and lakes the percentage does not work so well. This is precisely the situation we are face to face with at the present time. We furnish the eggs but the other fellow gets the fish. The taking of ten to twenty million eggs annually in Klamath county would not be a difficult thing nor very expensive, but the planting of that number of fish annually would furnish unbelievable sport and food values for our own people. It would be so good that people outside of Klamath county would be glad to buy a non-resident Klamath county license and furnish the major portion of the cost of the fish culture.

In fact, if the local streams were replanted as they should be it would be only a matter of about three years till there would be so many eggs available that they could be sold to other less fortunate localities in reasonable numbers without jeopardizing our own supply.

As for other game, surely no body of men meeting in Portland are so well informed or interested in our game as we are. Surely Klamath county sportsmen would know before anyone else when the deer supply was falling short and would want added protection if necessary. When the pheasants become sufficiently numerous to warrant an open season it would be natural to expect that a rancher on the Merrill road would know more about it than a body of men that come from Portland and look us over to the extent of riding from the White Pelican hotel to the First National bank. If the present system is continued the least that we should have is a member on the commission; or, lacking that, knock the racks out of every stream and let nature take its course.

We have men here that know just as much about game protection and fish culture as any one connected with the state department, and local men would be interested in our fish and game, not the other fellows. Local men are sufficiently interested and hardy enough to pack into an egg

SCIENCE PROBES MYSTERY OF OKLAHOMA "HAUNTED HOUSE"



HAUNTED? THE J. L. WAGONER HOME AT NORMAN, OKLA., WHERE 12 MYSTERIOUS FIRES BROKE OUT IN 48 HOURS.

By NEA Service

NORMAN, Okla., July 25.—Can science solve the mystery of the new Antigonish—a ghostless haunted house—a spooky "fire home"—

Where sheets burst into flames as one gets into bed—

And wash rags start burning when raised to the face?

That's what J. L. Wagoner, farmer here, says happened in his house. And members of his family bear out his story.

Farmers around Norman attribute these ghostly happenings to the supernatural. But authorities are seeking a scientific explanation—thus far without success.

In two days there were 12 fires—all of mysterious origin.

The first occurred when Wagoner's wife opened a clothes closet. A flash of flame shot into her face.

Several hours later the roof of the house started burning.

The farmer picked up a wash cloth

to wash his face. But the cloth began to burn!

Bed Sheets in Flame
That night, the linen on his bed turned into a sheet of flame! The family ran from the house.

The next day they returned. The mysterious blazes broke out anew. Sheriff W. H. Newblock threw a guard around the place. Every person who entered or left the house was searched.

But the mystery wasn't solved. A chemist from the University of Oklahoma took a hand. He is endeavoring to find a liquid solution that is combustible when it dries.

He hasn't found it yet. So Farmer Wagoner still is haunted by fear that the mysterious fires may start again at any time.

People hereabouts are recalling the famous haunted house at Antigonish, N. S., where similar phenomena were reported.

taking station on skis or snow shoes while the state waits until it can be done with gasoline even though at that time the years work is over with. Local authorities would at least make an honest effort to furnish decent boots to the man that had to stand in ice cold water all day spawning fish. But the state is very saving in these matters and is making an excellent showing in increasing bank balance.

Think it over and work for which ever plan you feel benefits our county most.

J. J. FURBER.

(Due to a typographical error, the name Comet Electric company was omitted yesterday from the following letter)

Editor Herald:
The Klamath Falls Cubs' baseball club and baseball fans of Klamath Falls wish to announce through Manager Baker of the Cubs that the kindness of the Comet Electric company in furnishing score cards at the game Sunday was highly appreciated. Wishing you success,

Klamath Baseball Fans,
Klamath Cubs' Baseball Club.
By AL BAKER, Manager.

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Sad Reunion



Leah Silver and Ruth, her 16-month-old babe who was abandoned in a swamp near Coney Island. The mother, under arrest, was taken to the hospital to which the child was sent by New York police after mosquitoes had attacked it.

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MID-WEEK DANCE

Tomorrow Night

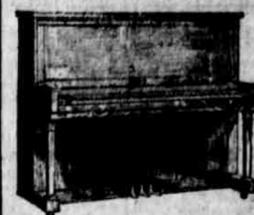
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Dreamland Pavilion

Come!

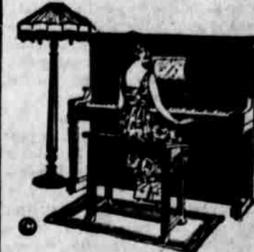
Read the Advertisement in the lower right hand corner of page two of next Thursday's Issue.

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