

The Evening Herald

Issued daily except Sunday by The Herald Publishing company. Office, 119 North Eighth St., Klamath Falls, Oregon

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Entered at the postoffice at Klamath Falls, Oregon, for transmission through the mails as second class matter.

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The Evening Herald is the official paper of Klamath County and the City of Klamath Falls.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Delivered by carrier.	
ONE YEAR	\$6.50
SIX MONTHS	3.50
THREE MONTHS	1.75
ONE MONTH	.65
By Mail	
ONE YEAR	\$5.00
SIX MONTHS	2.75
PER MONTH	.65

INFORMATION FOR ADVERTISERS

Copy for display advertising must be in this office not later than 3 p. m. on the day preceding publication in order to be inserted in the issue of the paper of the next day.

Want ads and reading notices will be received up to 12 noon on the day of issue.

Advertising for fraternal orders or societies charging a regular initiation fee and dues, no discount. Religious and benevolent orders will be charged the regular rate for all advertising when an admission or other charge is made.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1928.

ALLITERATIVE ARGUMENT

PROBABLY a rose by any other name does smell as sweet, but we cannot go the whole distance implied by the poetical statement and agree with the Eugene Register that the name of the rail link that is to connect the east and west sides of the Cascades should be changed to "Eugene cut-off."

In the first place it is contrary to all ideas of euphony, and in the second place it immediately deprives the advertising man of "apt alliteration's artful aid." And the advertising artist, minus the opportunity to turn a neat alliterative phrase, is in sore straits indeed.

There's an alliteration of sound, at least, in Klamath cut-off. If the phrase doesn't meet with unanimous approbation, we might compromise by changing the initial letter in cut-off and make it Klamath kut-off. Future generations of publicity men would rise up to call us blessed.

This is suggested in case any change is found necessary. For ourselves, the good old name is entirely satisfactory. Let it stand as Natron cut-off and we'll never whisper the slightest criticism.

But if others advocate the change, we shall urge the alliterative argument and, having thus secured the backing of all the ad clubs, we see nothing but sweeping victory for our side.

A COCKY JUDGE

THE editor of a Wisconsin paper published a news article bearing upon a criminal trial then in progress in his town, whereupon the presiding judge called him before the court and warned him against the publication of news that might prejudice jurors or venemen. The editor replied that the accuracy of the article in question had not been disputed and suggested that it was duty of the court to prevent the reading of newspapers by jurors and venemen and not to deprive the public of the right to the news. To do otherwise "is a new departure and an encroachment upon the freedom of the press," in the opinion of the editor.

To permit the courts to exercise a press censorship is to defeat the very ends of justice which the court presumably seeks to attain. Respect for the law and reverence for courts are lost unless they are sustained by public opinion, and in order that the public may form sound opinions it should have access to all the facts. The newspaper in question was seeking only to publish the facts, and that is what every reputable journalist tries to do. The position of the Wisconsin editor not only meets with popular approval, but undoubtedly is sustained by the law and by previous court decisions.

Some of these folks who kick about the fly pest may be the same ones who leave garbage uncovered.

The motorists who get smashed up at a railroad crossing ought to know pretty well how it feels to be a pedestrian.

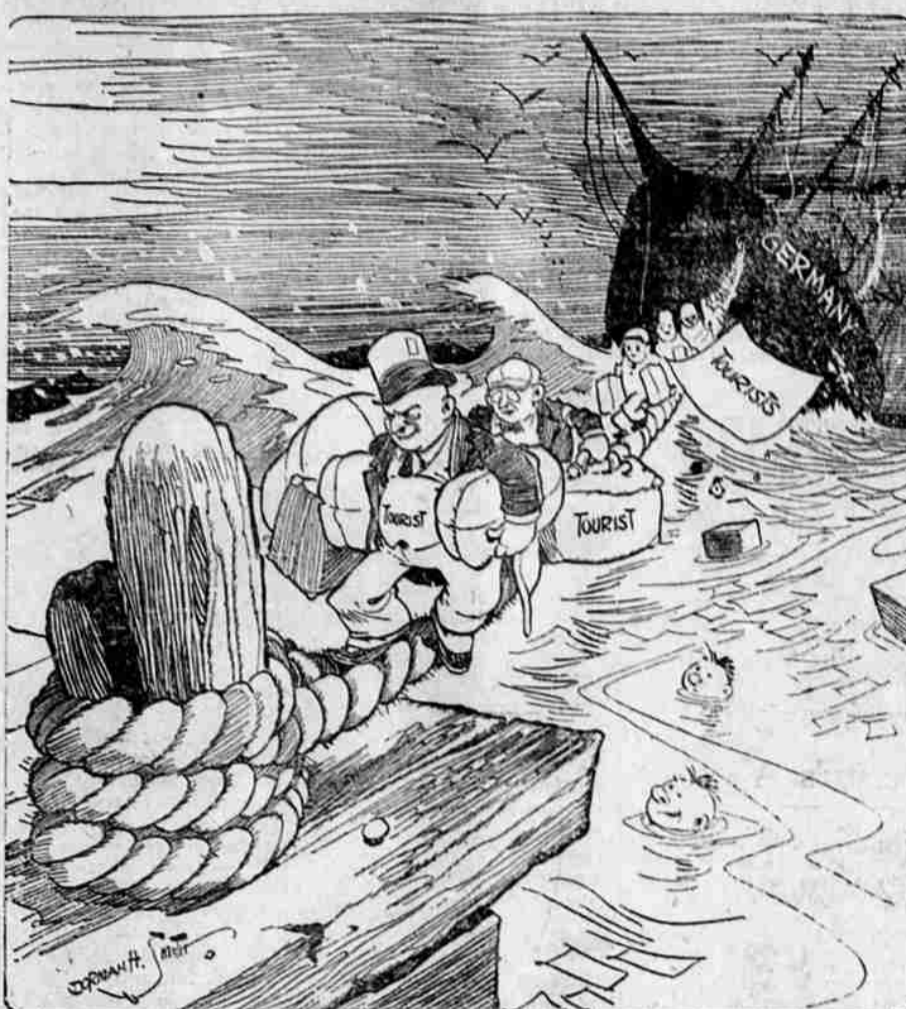
The people who can't remember to pay their bills promptly, usually call around quite regularly to get their pay envelopes.

The folks who throw waste paper in the streets may not be hogs, but they don't seem to mind if their town looks like a pig pen.

If the soviet system were applied to the public schools, the teacher of course would not be permitted to whisper to any of the children.

People who ask why eggs are higher than they used to be, might look around and note all the garages in places formerly occupied by chicken coops.

NEARING THE END?



THE GAME IS UP

WILLIAM J. SIMMONS, emperor of the Ku Klux Klan, has sent an S. O. S. call to Edward Young Clarke, with whom he recently quarreled, offering Clarke full control of klan affairs if Clarke will return to the organization.

Clarke is a shrewd publicity-getter and was the brains, undoubtedly, of the whole nefarious project. Poor old Colonel Simmons, animated with a sincere desire to right evils that he saw out-cropping, living in the romantic atmosphere of an ante-bellum south, saw in the klan an instrument to advance the cause of righteousness and wreak vengeance on the wrong-doer.

The task of putting over the idea was too big for him from the beginning. He called in Clarke, who immediately saw the possibilities in the masked mystery, the secret rites, the noble sounding titles, all appealing to the natural dramatic instinct of man.

Clarke commercialized the idealistic dream of the old southerner. As a press-agent he was the superior product of this era of publicity, an evil genius, it is true, but nevertheless a genius. As an organizer he is equally evil and equally excellent.

He stopped at nothing, stooped to everything, and soon old Colonel Simmons saw his dream child, that was to reform the world by gentle suasion, grown to a terrible maturity, swashbuckling through peaceable communities and countrysides, a cowardly, bullying hulk of a thing, leaving a reign of terror in its wake, hiding behind a mask, scourging the weak and ignorant, maiming, killing, torturing—a despicable, cruel un-American thing.

The chivalrous spirit of the old southerner revolted, and he threw Clarke out with the aid of the courts.

With Clarke, the press-agent gone, public interest withered. The orders for memberships at ten dollars apiece and pillow-slips and nighties at \$6.50 more per costume, ceased to come in.

Simmons, beneath the devil and the deep sea, admits this in his invitation to Clarke to return. The curiosity that prompts the majority to join the klan, deprived of the stimulus and constant appeal of Clarke-directed publicity, has waned.

In a statement to the Atlanta Journal, explaining his reasons for the offer of forgiveness to Clarke, Simmons says:

"Development and progress of the Ku Klux Klan is stopped and disintegration is setting in throughout the entire bounds of the invisible empire, due to lack of leadership and want of constructive programs of activity."

He declared further, the story relates, that "men of great influence had either become indifferent or have withdrawn from the order."

Clarke may come back, but he, not any other man, can restore the breath of life to the klan. The public has seen beneath the cowl and gown, and knows what foathsome skeleton is concealed there.

And what is more Clarke knows. He is too clever a bunco artist not to realize when the game is over. We predict that he never comes back. He will seek new fields for the exercise of his warped talents. And poor deluded fools, all over the United States, who have played the suckers' parts, will tear up the membership cards, burn the paraphalia, and charge the \$16.50, if they were lucky to get off that cheaply, to experience.

Within a year there will be no Ku Klux klan, but the misery and hatreds and community strife and distrust will not be wiped out so quickly. The passing centuries cannot atone the crimes, or undo the damage, committed in the name of the klan.



The Office Cat

Another good endurance test is a 3-year-old son who develops an appetite for water at 2 a. m.

Clarence McIntosh thinks a bachelor is a man wise enough not to get married until 30, and then too wise.

One of the two things a young girl thinks about is the man she might go with next.

Have you ever noticed, asks J. Perkins, that the man who kicks the most about hard work does little of it.

Many a poetic girl who raves over violets and lilies knows exactly what to do with a good dish of ham and cabbage, says Grant Raymond. Yes, chimes in Loyd DeLap, but if she is not watched she will mince the ham and make slaw of the cabbage.

It is unreasonable, however, to expect the farmer to keep on raising oats while the city keeps on raising wages.

From what we know and hear, we imagine some people measure that three miles in the wrong direction.

Man spends half his life cussing the old fogies and the other half worrying about the rising generation.

Children are an educational force, at that. No parent could keep up with the new slang without them.

A lot more kicking is done by the tongue than the foot, opines Bert Cook.

This is a Life of Ups and Downs—so reads the motto of the Elevator Boys' Union.

Some people, in an effort to "bring home the bacon" spill the fat in the fire.

Brains make a man smart, and so does woolen underwear, snorts Austin Hayden.

Some Modern Marvels
The guy who is "Always Chasing Rainbows" and never gets tired or discouraged.
The bird who declares he is getting by "Forever Blowing Bubbles."
The guy whose ingenuity gets him a line on how to exist "Always Building Castles in the Air."

THEATRES MOVIES

AT THE LIBERTY

J. E. Williamson's remarkable undersea picture will be presented for the first time in Klamath Falls at the Liberty theatre, on today and Wednesday as the feature attraction at that house.

"Wonders of the Sea" is a gathering of marvelously beautiful undersea scenes with highly dramatic episodes, such as a battle with a deadly moray and a vicious barracuda, and the capture of a shark on a hook before the eyes of the camera. Romantic sunken ships are the scenes of undersea exploration, and a delightful story of an oceanographer, a stowaway boy, an artist and a beautiful girl binds it together into an unusual novelty. The late Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, appears in the picture, making a trip along the bottom of the sea, and the new chemical diving device by which it is possible to go about unencumbered with ropes and airlines is also interestingly presented in the new Williamson production.

AT THE PINE TREE

A diversified array of pleasing novelties will be seen on the new bill at the Pine Tree theatre on Tuesday and Wednesday.

Snyders animals in a trained animal novelty, the last word in animal training. This is a feature performance of trained goats, monkeys and cats, performing unusual feats and comedy situations. The perverse nature of the goat is known to almost everybody and it is a constant source of wonder and amusement to watch them go through many tricks. Adams and La Della, a clever pair, of female impersonators. Jack Collins, a wise old bird who has a penchant for fun making in "Flames and Philosophy" with an original line of comedy that is away from all other comedians and presented in an exceptional manner. Wallace and Weir in "A Wee Drop of Scotch," both are gifted with sprightfulness and an abundance of talent. Their dances show skill, grace and poetic motion.

AT THE LIBERTY

Orchestra Every Evening—Mr. Harry Borel, Director

WET OR DRY HOT OR COLD

Winter or Summer

Klamath Falls MUST BE Entertained!

That's why we're going to show

"WONDERS OF THE SEA"

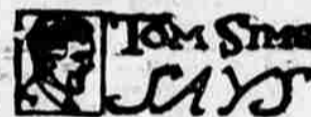
Today and Tomorrow

Instead of holding it back until next winter. It's the year's most interesting picture!

That's saying a LOT but the PICTURE proves it!

I ought to know—I saw it myself.

H. W. P.



"Without work man degenerates," thinks Yale Review writer. With work, in August, man evaporates.

"My ambition is to beat Tilden," says a tennis player in Sport. Ours is to whip a collector.

"Oaths are conservative," says a Bookman writer, who maybe never hit his finger with a hammer.

"Many think authors a superior class," thinks an Atlantic one. Some think some are second class.

"Books are like friends," says Book Chat writer. We don't think so. Books never borrow money.

"Taxes are like death," says Sullivan in Metal Workers' Journal. And, we add, so are taxis.

"China has no commercial crookedness," says a Harpers' writer. As you know, she isn't modern.

"College life is in a state of innocuous desuetude," says California educator. We thought so.

After vacations come the breach of promise suits.

"Stars have social instincts," says Isabel Lewis. Movie stars, we add, have a divorce instinct.

MICKIE SAYS—

I WUZ MAKIN' SOME REMARK ABOUT A DISADVANTAGE OF TH' NEWSPAPER BUSINESS AN' TH' BOSS SET, 'VA GOTTA QUIT FINDING FAULT WITH OUR PATRONS ALL TH' TIME OR QUIT, 'SO YOU MUSTY TAKE ME TOO SERIOUS WHEN I MAKE 'M LIL SUGGESTIONS FOLKS, BECU' I LIKE YA ALL FINE 'N I WOULDN'T WORK NO PLACE ELSE BUT RIGHT HERE!



PINE TREE

Tonight and Wednesday
FOUR ACTS OF

Vaudeville

Wallace & Weir
"A Wee Drop of Scotch"

Jack Collins
Comedian

Adams & La Della
"Some Girls"

Snyder's Animals
Trained Animal Novelty

Be sure and let the young folks see this last act.

Also
CORRINE GRIFFITH

—in—
Island Wives

—and—
CHARLIE MURRAY

—in—
Social Error

ROYAL COFFIN CRUISED SEAS,
WILLIAM LIVED AT DOORN

BREMEN, Aug. 21.—Back in the old days when William Hohenzollern, now living quietly in Holland, used to enjoy traveling about Europe as the German emperor, the steamer Bremen often saw him installed in the imperial suite, built gaudily for his personal use. And at that time it was related, though never proved, that a sumptuous royal coffin was always carried on this vessel, in case of eventualities. It now appears this story was true. The Bremen is today the Constantinople, running between Sandy Hook and the Golden Horn. Down in her hold there was found recently the coffin referred to.