

The Evening Herald

Issued Daily, except Sunday, by The Herald Publishing Company, Office: 119 N. Eighth Street, Klamath Falls, Ore.

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Entered as second class matter at the postoffice at Klamath Falls, Oregon, under act of March 3, 1879.

Member of the Associated Press

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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		By Mail	
One Year	\$6.50	One Year	\$5.00
Six Months	3.50	Six Months	2.75
Three Months	1.95	Three Months	1.50
One Month	.65	One Month	.65

MONDAY, JUNE 1, 1925

His "Close Personal Friend"

Having recovered from the first shock of chagrin, editors of afternoon newspapers in Portland are enjoying a quiet chuckle at the expense of President William Sproule of the Southern Pacific and one of his "close personal friends", who operates a morning newspaper in Klamath Falls.

When President Sproule announced the purchase of the Nevada, California and Eastern railroad as well as the Strahorn founding the story "broke" at 8 o'clock at night under personal orders from the Southern Pacific executive.

Editors of the afternoon newspapers in Portland were openly peeved and they sent their railroad reporters to Southern Pacific offices there to learn why the story had been given out at night instead of during office hours, as is generally always done.

The railroad company's excuse was illuminating, to say the least.

In effect, President Sproule was quoted by Portland officials of the company as follows:

"I have a close, personal friend who owns a morning newspaper in Klamath Falls and I released the story at night as a favor to him, as well as to keep it away from an afternoon paper in Klamath Falls which favors the coming of the Hill lines to the Klamath country."

Here in The Herald office we are a bit curious as to the identity of the "close personal friend" of President William Sproule. Who is the Klamath Falls half of this "partnership" which causes a railroad president to hold up a news story of nation-wide importance?

We are not certain, of course, but we have a pretty good hunch that William Sproule's "close personal friend" is a San Francisco financier who holds directorships in more than one power corporation as well as in railroads and banks; a suave, cultured gentleman who employs a personal press agent at a salary of \$15,000 a year, and who is known throughout the Pacific northwest as a man who believes the one way to stifle public opinion is to own newspapers at various points in the territory where his power corporations and railroads and other business enterprises operate.

The Evening Herald is honestly glad that Sproule's announcement was given to morning newspapers; glad because it realizes that in its fight for the farmers and workers of the Klamath country, it has succeeded in getting under the thick-skinned hide of President William Sproule.

Because it is working with the farmers in their fight for the Hill lines or any other railroad which desires to come to the Klamath country, The Evening Herald has been appropriately slapped on the wrist by the Southern Pacific. But President Sproule and his corps of publicity men cannot write fast enough or give out propaganda news stories fast enough to stop The Evening Herald in its determination to lift the yoke of Southern Pacific and power company domination from the bent shoulders of Klamath's farmers.

WE HAVE WON

A great victory for the farmers of this county has just been won by the board of directors of the Klamath Irrigation district and its attorney. For seven years every effort has been put forth by those who have opposed the theft of the water power and power sites from the district, to submit a record upon which a fight could be based. Until the hearing that was held here last week, this effort has been defeated by the Reclamation Service. At this hearing the foundation was laid for future proceedings. Notwithstanding the chairman of the Board of Survey and Adjustment stated that he could not see in any of the mass of evidence presented "one scintilla of fraud," the directors and their attorney are well satisfied. The one objective of a seven-year fight has been gained and from now on the traveling will be easy. We have won the fight.

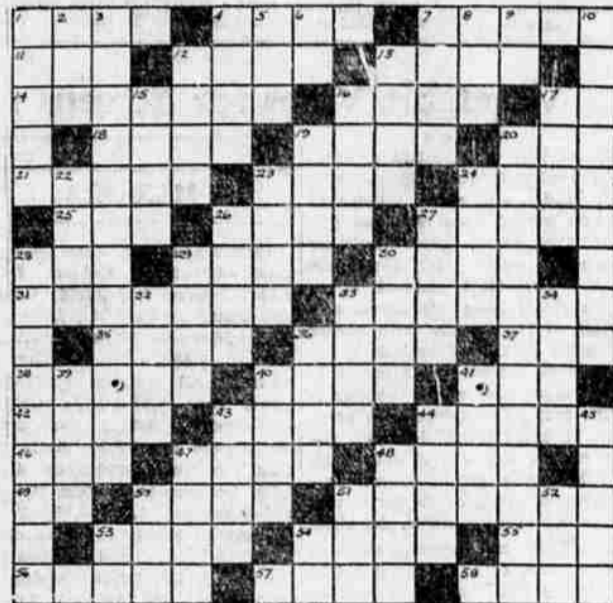
The Herald wants to assure the farmers under the Klamath project that they are going to have returned to them the property that was stolen by dishonest government employes, that the cost of their irrigation will be paid out of the revenue derived from the power; that every acre of land that should come under the waters of Klamath lake will be irrigated; that the well laid plan of the Reclamation Service to steal the water that belongs to these lands and turn it over, free of cost, to the California Oregon Power company, will fail; and, finally, that the Klamath Project, like the Salt River Project, will be one of the best paying enterprises in the west.

R. E. Bradbury and Joe Jacobs, of the board of directors, and J. H. Carnahan, the attorney for the district, are deserving of the united thanks of every farmer in the district. We know that there are some who have opposed these men and done so honestly, but we know

the time will come when even these will be their staunchest supporters. They have made a wonderful fight and the result is going to be complete victory for the district.

The secretary of the district, A. M. Thomas, is equally deserving of credit for his efforts in behalf of the farmers. His every moment has been given to them and his labors have been effective. For the first time in years the farmers have men at the helm who have fought for their interests; who have made the interests of the California Oregon Power company and the Reclamation Service secondary to those of the farmers; who have resolved doubts in favor of the men who hired them; and who have had the courage to stand up under the most disheartening conditions and battle ahead for the rights that have been so long denied the district. Such men are deserving of the support they are receiving, for they have earned it.

TODAY'S CROSS WORD PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL

- Common house plant.
- Measurbs for cloth.
- Orbs.
- Part of verb to be.
- Region.
- To last under use.
- Passage through or over.
- A pile.
- Father.
- Final cause.
- To thaw.
- The Jack of clubs in 500.
- Speaks imperfectly.
- Brown stone.
- Journey.
- To regret extremely.
- Mentioned.
- Edge of a lake.
- To sew.
- Grasp.
- Disc on a radio.
- Material used to make smooth roads.
- To repair.
- Portion of duration.
- Prescribed course of food.
- To howl.
- Becomes bankrupt.
- Victuals.
- Self.
- Stain.
- Tense.
- Path cut in one course in nowing.
- To hasten.
- Opposite to narrow.
- To come together.

VERTICAL

- Printer's measure.
- Bottom.
- One kind of people in Asia.
- Rescue.
- Call in golf.
- Metal in natural state.
- To live in idleness.
- Destiny.
- Provident insects.
- Deadly.
- To sin.
- Act of taking something for granted again.
- Name of a lake bordering Ohio.
- To allow.
- Melancholy note.
- Chair.
- To rap lightly.
- Measure of area.
- Ran away in panic (cattle).
- Questions.
- To join metal by a fusing heat.
- Back part of neck.
- Flock.
- Two of a kind.
- Girl.
- Extension.
- Anger (pl.)
- To season.
- Singular of those.
- Bottom of shoe.
- A star of proceedings.
- Half blooded.
- Things of hogs.
- Action.
- Part of sword.

- To create a tumult.
- Portion of plant below ground.
- Information concerning previous performances of horses.
- A chemical.
- To lose freshness.
- Females of sheep.
- To get up.
- Dry.
- Sharpens as razor.
- To signal.
- To prohibit.
- Cooking vessel.
- Skill.
- Therefore.
- Fourth note in scale.

YESTERDAY'S SOLUTION



Letters from the People

To the Editor—I note in your paper of Wednesday the 27th inst., a saying by the wet element of this country "That it would bankrupt this nation if the prohibition law were enforced."

It is a strange fact in this country of ours, that any man or woman, who claims to be an American citizen can think such a thing, let alone giving utterance to it.

Here we have a basic law passed by our law making body in Washington, D. C., and then ratified by three-fourths of the states of this nation; a law that spells wood in the fire box, bread in the cupboard, a roof over the heads and clothes on the backs of millions of our people that would not know what these things were like were it not for that law; a law that Americans can point to with pride and say it is my law for my country and its people, and please God it will not have to hire men to make me obey it. Men and women, who, no matter how much they may not like it, will obey it as long as it is there. That is good citizenship, and our country is woefully in need of good citizens to uphold these laws and to change them by the proper way and means if they do not like them.

I wonder how many so-called good American citizens can walk the streets of Klamath Falls or any other place in this nation with their head up, looking their brother man straight in the eye, knowing full well that they are obeying, not breaking, that basic law. I wonder.

MORRIS E. BRUNER.

A Blending of crisp new merchandise with economy at Moe's Annual Sale of Progress, Friday, June 5th, 9 a. m.—Adv. 1-2

Moe's 9th Annual Sale of Progress will point the way to satisfaction and economy. Begins Friday, June 5th, 9 a. m.—Adv. 1-2

Stewart's Washington Letter

BY CHARLES P. STEWART

NEA Service Writer

WASHINGTON—A horse cab was passing just to see what it felt like to ride behind a horse again, I flagged it and got in "Home, James." I told the driver, mentioning the address.

The cab was of the phanton pattern and no rat-trap, but sprucey kept, with a fat, sleek horse between the shafts and a dignified, white-haired, plug-hatted old dandy on the box. As we jogged along, he gave me some information.

"Day's eight of us left in Washington," he told me, "out of a vast multitude. In summa we does ve'y well. Num'ous pussans rides with us jes' fo' th' experience, like you all's doin'. An' dey's fally lib'ral mos' goin' west, I calculate, as we's a novelty, an' dey reckon we oughta be rewarded commensu'ately."

"But in winta things gits to'able oleaginous fo' us. F'ist place, ya can't heat dis yeab specie o' veehicles. An' second place, I calculate, o' dis yeab asphalt on a hoas's feet gits t'ible when it's col' an' slippy."

"An' hoasmanship ve'y dang'ous, yer ast, with all dese yeab mot' cabs? Well, suh, it's a fac' dey's a cert'ain type o' homogeneity acts to'able reckless an' some o' em I s'pect o' right down m'ignancy. But gen'y speakin', folks regards us as a dyin' genus an' takes middlin' good care of us."

"Why don't I git me a cabcab?—you all asts me. Lawdy, boss. I's too old to degen'ate into no shoofs. F'oty-seven yeab I bin divin' hoas cabs in Washin'on. I reckon I'll keep at it lon'a I lings in de yeab vale o' synthetic rightousness."

WHO'S entitled to credit for discovering the airplane?—its first discovery? Professor Langley? Or the Wright

brothers? Secretary Walcott of the Smithsonian Institution claims it for the former, Orville Wright claims it for himself and his brother, Wilbur. It belongs to neither, according to friends of Augustus M. Herring, whose application for a patent on a workable heavier-than-air flying machine is on record in the patent office under date Dec. 11, 1896.

E. C. Huffaker, who was Langley's assistant in all his experiments, is authority for the statement that the professor's machine, which, after his death, proved a successful flyer, post-dated Herring's "by more than a year." The Wrights did not begin their experiments at all until 1901.

Herring didn't get his patent, however. The examiner refused it, on the ground that he "regarded the apparatus, as a whole, as incapable of practical use."

As good an authority as James V. Martin, world record holder for airplane efficiency, contends that it was perfectly practical. The machine flew, at any rate. Many witnesses testify to it. "We have hardly been able to improve today," says Martin, "upon Herring's disclosure in his 1896 patent office application."

Old and ill, Herring is spending his last years in poverty.

JACQUES-DALCROZE of Paris, Geneva and London expects to visit America soon. He's an educator, founder of the school of "rhythmic expression," which seeks to train mind, voice and body simultaneously. In Europe, where his method has a wide vogue, he's a famous man. Here he isn't known so well, but his expected visit, on the invitation of the Maret French School, in Washington, where his system is followed, may make him so.

Watch For The Lumberlogue Issued By The Evening Herald Every Wednesday

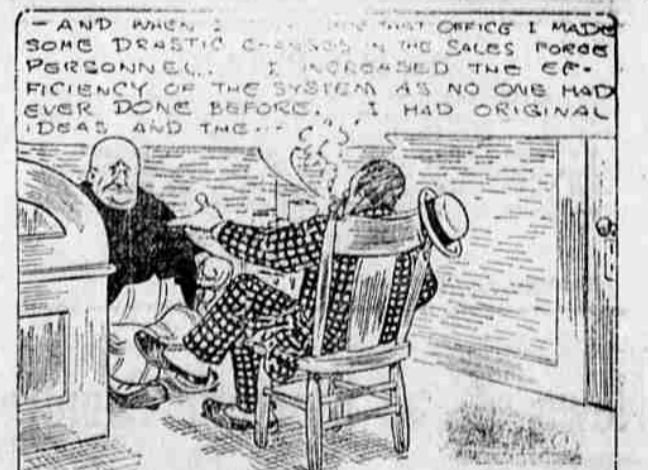
THE OLD HOME TOWN



Read The Herald Classified Ads—Page 7

EVERETT TRUE

By CONDO



"Most Any Little Boy Would Rather Bathe Himself"

