

The Evening Herald

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A. H. RAYMOND News Editor

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Saturday, February 13, 1926

A LESSON IN GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP

The international bridge across the Niagara river, at the famous falls, is brightly illuminated every night, as are the falls themselves, by electric lights, says the Sacramento Bee.

From the Canadian side the electric energy for lighting half the bridge is provided by the Ontario Hydro-Electric commission's publicly owned plant, and the charge is but \$8.43 per month. The other half of the structure is illuminated by an American privately-owned plant with the same quantity of light, at a charge of \$43.10 a month.

These figures are from a Washington special giving an account of the attraction of the falls by night.

It further says Ontario is selling hydro-electric power to factories at from \$12 to \$40 per horsepower, while for like service, corporations on the American side of the river are charging twice as much.

A still greater difference, it is said, in favor of public ownership, exists between the rates charged for electric service by the commission to Ontario homes, and the current corporation rates on the American side.

Furthermore, it appears that while the Ontario commission is steadily reducing its low rates it at the same time is accumulating a large surplus for payment of interest and retirement of its bonds, and all without a dollar of taxation to The People of The Province.

A news item relates that a Kansas aviator and his bride will spend their honeymoon in the air. Shucks! Nothing unusual about that. Aren't young couples usually up in the clouds about that time?

Tear gas bombs were used the other day to prevent the lynching of an accused negro. After the mob had a good cry, it went home and was happy.

Ponzi is in trouble again. It's a lot of fun to get rich quick, but the government is an awful killjoy.

By the way, where is the fellow who looked at the goose bones and the rabbits' fur last fall and predicted the coldest winter in history?

A Portland newspaper proudly cites that a resident of that city took from his garden on groundhog day green onions, cabbage, beets, celery and radishes, all grown outdoors. It made a good item for apartment house consumption, but the initiated know what radishes, beets and cabbages are like that have stood in the garden all winter.

VETERAN FLYER FALLS TO DEATH

(Continued from page one)

pared the cloth for the wings on her sewing machine.

His first flight wiped out what it took Smith six months to build. Undaunted by the crash, in which everything but the motor was wrecked, Smith rebuilt another. This time he was successful and earned enough money from exhibition flights to pay off the mortgage.

In a few years he had acquired a national reputation, taking the place of Lincoln Beachey, on the program of the Panama Pacific exposition in which Beachey was killed.

When the United States entered the world war, Smith began as civilian test pilot and instructor and helped in the design of several new planes. He joined the air mail service April 1, 1923, flying in the eastern division since.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., Feb. 13. (AP)—Art Smith, air mail pilot, killed last night at Montpelier, Ohio, was a native of Fort Wayne, and became prominent when he staged the first "air elopement" in the history of American aviation.

In a home-made plane he and his fiancée started for Hillside, Michigan, to be married. The plane crashed when they were near their destination. Both were badly injured, but were married the next day in a Hillside hospital.

CHICAGO.—Challapin and Duchess of Rutland like being gallery gods. After witnessing "the Miracle" from the heights the basso remarked: "That's where the heart throbs are."

Losing Sight



Habe Ascher, A. E. F. bantamweight champion and pugilistic idol of many an army corps, will shortly undergo an operation to save his eyesight. Not only has the little fellow's ring career been blasted but he's threatened with complete blindness. His case is similar to that of Pete Herman, former bantam king.

"HOME-MADE GODS"

Arthur L. Rice

Minister, First Presbyterian Church
"Thou shalt have no other gods before me," Exodus 20:3.

We sometimes gain a wrong impression from words we read or hear unless we know the speaker, and realize what motive prompted the speech. There is a sort of an arbitrary ring to this first of the ten commandments. It seems almost to resemble the demand of a jealous person, fearful lest he shall not receive all the honor due him. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." It is an unequivocal statement, a direct command; but let us seek the reason back of it all.

Truth must be stated with all solemnity and emphasis. Suppose that I should say, "Two plus two will in all probability be four, unless an exception should occur, in which case it might total three or five." This would be of very little assistance to the learner in arithmetic. Many facts are established beyond dispute, and truth must sometimes be dogmatic in its statement. However, let us human folks be careful lest we claim for our own thoughts or our faulty interpretations the finality of established fact. Too many of us "know so many things which are not true," but when God speaks, surely we can expect a statement without reservations.

However, there is nothing of arbitrariness in this command. Rather it is grounded in a true knowledge of man and prompted by an unselfish love for humankind.

For man will have his gods. False or true, worthy or unworthy, elevating or degrading, some deity is enshrined in every human heart. We often pity or scorn the "poor heathen" who carves an image of wood or stone and then worships it, but there are idols and false gods in plenty, even in our own enlightened city.

The god of our lives is that which we put first, above all else in value. In its proper place, it may even be good, but elevated to the throne it becomes god—and a false god. So we find so-called civilized and cultured people in bondage to their own home-made gods and neglecting the higher levels of life where waits for them the true God.

Pleasure fills the throne room of many a life until it becomes god, and a tyrannous ruler indeed. How may I have a good time? This is the life quest. Speedily old pleasures fade and, like too familiar toys, are cast aside. The tyrant calls for more and more. The dose must constantly be increased to obtain the desired stimulus. The jaded appetite seeks new sensations in questionable and hazardous fields. Do you laugh at the heathen bowing before his gods—you whose lives are poured out in devotion to your god, pleasure?

Again, it may be that there occupies the throne of your life a god of gold called business or the love of wealth. This is a jealous god who demands great sacrifices. Have you friends? He urges that you use them to fatten your profits. Have you health? It may have to be laid upon the altar. Have you ideals of fairness and honesty, of cleanness and decency? The "Moloch" of profits demands that they be made a sacrifice. There is no god who demands more, promises more, and gives less than this god of gold.

Their name is legion, for they are many, these false gods who claim the thrones and hold the loyalties of men

and women. They are numerous, but one characteristic they all have in common. They do not fulfill their promises; they do not satisfy. They appeal to man only on his lower levels and utterly fail to call out the higher loyalties which distinguish man from the brute creation. They cannot satisfy because they do not appeal to the whole man.

How different is the life which places God first! We live at our best, and a constantly improving "best" when we serve God. Each day leads us into new adventures as we apply His principles of love and service. We build, and help others to build, on enduring foundations of justice, purity, and mutual helpfulness. Our success is not purchased at the cost of another's failure. That which we seek may be shared to the gain of both giver and recipient. No jaded appetite must seek farther for new pleasures when we place God upon His rightful throne and throw ourselves into his work of building a world of helpfulness, righteousness, and peace.

It is kindness, then, which prompts the "All-Father" to speak these words to His children of earth. Each heart has a throne which must have an occupant. Shall we fashion our gods from the world of sense and things and bow ourselves before them, spending our years in the quest of the things which cannot satisfy? Shall we serve the baser, the lesser, the trivial, or shall we find joy and challenge and peace in obeying that commandment which stands at the head of all God's requirements for us, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

POLICEMEN STOP DASHING STEERS

NEW YORK, Feb. 13. (AP)—Police in autos, acting temporarily as cowboys, successfully conducted a round-up of 3200 stampeding steers in the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn yesterday. The cattle were being driven from a ship on the water front to slaughter houses when they became frightened and scattered in confusion.

They predict women's hats will be large this spring. We predict the bills will be even larger.

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EARL OF CRAVEN CAUSING GRIEF, COUNTESS AVERS

Noblewoman Barred from U. S. Blames Former Husband for Troubles

NEW YORK, Feb. 13. (AP)—The Earl of Craven, whose elopement with the Countess of Cathcart several years ago is responsible for her detention at Ellis Island on grounds of admission of "moral turpitude" is in New York. He was admitted to the United States last November.

The countess through a mutual friend has sent him a letter appealing for his assistance in her predicament. His presence here, he says, has nothing to do with the countess' arrival and he denies that he or his friends have done anything to cause her exclusion. The earl, whose reconciliation with his wife followed the countess' divorce by the Earl of Cathcart, was found last night at the home of his uncle, Bradley Martin.

"I am not interested in any affair concerning the Countess Cathcart," he said. "All I want is to be allowed to live with my wife in peace and quietness. There is no reason why any relationship should be presumed to exist between me and Lady Cathcart except an impersonal one."

The only trouble he had in entering the United States was over his "tin leg," he said, and no questions were asked him as to his former relations with the countess. He lost a leg in the war.

The countess, meanwhile, faces three more days at Ellis Island until her case comes before Secretary of Labor Davis for final decision.

"I wish it were all over," she said yesterday. "It seems such a cat and mouse game and the suspense is playing havoc with my nerves. I always loved liberty and it is torture for me to be held prisoner, although the Ellis Island authorities are exceptionally kind."

On Monday the immigration board of review at Washington will hear arguments of counsel for the countess, who seeks to upset the decision of a special board of inquiry which ordered her deportation. The board's decision then will go to Secretary Davis.

At The Churches

ZION LUTHERAN CHURCH
Chamber of Commerce Rooms
G. W. Hoffman, Pastor
9:30 a. m.—Sunday School.
10:30 a. m.—Morning worship.
Sermon: "The Call to the Cross."
7:30 p. m.—Bible class. Bible class meets at 1159 Lincoln St.
Top position—1st page sure

CHRISTIAN CHURCH
St. John: 16 Chapter, 24 Verse:
Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name; ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.

Grace Methodist Church
10th and High street.
9:45 a. m. church school. Classes for everybody.

11:00 a. m. morning worship. Subject: "The Negro in America." dealing with one of the chief elements of the Race Problem in America. One of the best choruses in the city will render special music.
7:30 p. m. evening worship. Subject: "Evolution." This subject has agitated society for many years. Special music. The church is interested in the vital questions of the day. It is not an antiquated institution. Come and worship with us.
Thos. D. Yarnes, Pastor

First Presbyterian Church
Sixth and Pine streets.
10 a. m. church school.
11 a. m. morning worship. Sermon: "A Crucial choice." Anthem: "How Long Wilt Thou Forget Me?" Speaks. Organ numbers: "Resurrection" Johnston, "The Rosary" Nevin.

6:30 p. m. Christian Endeavor.
7:30 p. m. Evening worship. Sermon: "God's Law of Progress." Organ program: "Prelude in G," Moore, "Improvisation" Scheve.
Arthur L. Rice, Minister.

At The LIBERTY

If all the world loves a lover, it is equally true that all the world loves youth. Youth! Life's most glorious, golden age! A period fleeting and flighty—when today is lived to the full, and tomorrow is an enchanted land where hopes and ambitions come true. And it is this magic age of youth—of the finest qualities of American youth—that it is Harold Lloyd's delight to characterize in his

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pictures, which have become a world wide vogue.

"The Freshman," which is Harold Lloyd's newest Pathe feature and which is announced for showing on Monday at the Liberty theater, is a story of youth. Its central figure is Harold Lamb, who has arrived at that tremendous stage when a fellow's boyhood is put forever behind him and he goes to college—a man at last! Harold like every normal youth, dreams of being the hero of his college—the man of the hour—the idol of his fellowmen and girls!

Six times Harold went to see the movie, "The College Hero," and, in the privacy of his room practiced the trick mannerisms of the fiction hero. "I'm just a regular fellow," the hero admitted. "Step right up and call me Speedy!" as he held out his right hand for a good, old grip. Harold decided he, too, would be a "regular fellow" and invite everyone on first acquaintance to step right up and call him Speedy.

And he did! It made his entry into college life about as conspicuous as a purple elephant. Amid all the excitement of the meeting of old friends and the razzing of new arrivals, Harold's trick college costume, his step and his self-introduction took the limelight.

From that moment Harold was doomed to be the college boob, but, so sincere and earnest was he in his desire to please that he never suspected his real status among the students. Speedy and Spender, they dubbed him—and saw that he lived up to the reputation. And when the football coach rewarded his indomitable spirit to win a place on the team by making him water boy and letting him believe that he was also a substitute, everyone in the college but Speedy knew the brutal truth. Only Peggy would have disillusioned

ed him, because she was the only one in the whole college town who didn't laugh at Harold. She intended to tell him, but when he came to her with his face alight with the joy of achievement she hadn't really the heart. Only buoyant, healthy, vital youth can endure the disappointments of youth, and disappointment comes to Harold at the time that success and happiness seem to be at their highest. But he eventually surprises the whole world by coming through a regular fellow after all, and not a trick college freshe.

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