

The Evening Herald

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Tuesday, Feb. 1, 1927.

The Herald's Program for Klamath

- 1—Parks for the Future Klamath.
- 2—General clean-up of streets, alleys and vacant property.
- 3—More oiled and improved roads for Klamath County.
- 4—Modern street lighting system.
- 5—Revised building code.
- 6—Adequate police and fire protection.
- 7—50 Carloads of clover seed annually.

HOLY REVERENCE A SIGN OF WISDOM:—And unto man God said, Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding.
PRAYED:—My Lord and My God, I have esteemed the words of Thy mouth more than my necessary food.

Lucky Legislators

If Governor Patterson is to take over their responsibility attached to finding a way to meet the state deficit it must be admitted that he is treating the present legislature with a great deal of consideration and relieving that body from a lot of worry.

We doubt if the governor is doing this as a matter of choice, but prefer to think that his safe methods and cautious political acts prompt him to take the thing in his own hands in order to be sure that some solution will be found this session and that adjournment of the legislature will not occur without a clear program being adopted for meeting the conditions that confront the commonwealth.

It is said he has four tax planks in his platform, one to tax theatre seats, another to tax excess values in corporations, another to tax intangibles, and the last to charge the different funds administered by the state a fee of five per cent which will go into the general fund to pay debts and running expenses.

We doubt the wisdom of his theatre tax for that is handed immediately on the theatre goer which nowadays includes every human being. Such a tax would be about as popular as a consumption tax on commodities. While it might be theoretically of consequence, yet in practice we doubt if the people would stand for it any length of time. It probably would meet the same fate that the Washington state poll tax met, immediate repeal.

The Patterson plan to tax intangibles cannot be questioned, and as for excess in corporation values if we understand his theory correctly, that also seems sound.

But, finally the thing that will raise the money to meet the debts is the tax on different funds handled by the state. We see no particular harm in that. On the other hand, there is a great deal of argument for it. It is admitted that it would be the easiest way out, for aside from the few who are enthusiastic over certain departments, we believe the people would view it as a sane and safe way to handle the matter and very likely a just way.

With the legislature more than half over, it is agreed that some plan must come to the surface soon and be sponsored by the governor in order to be passed at this session. Unquestionably, in the face of the state's condition, the many bills demanding new things should be pigeonholed. The new institutions can wait, as many other things can wait, when money is short.

When the individual is short of funds he ceases smoking cigars and smokes a pipe. This is the time for the state of Oregon to begin smoking her pipe.

It looks like Spence as market master and Bill Moore as insurance commissioner will have to make room for some Patterson Republicans. And there will probably be others as the days go by. Remember, Patterson is new yet and naturally is feeling his way along quite a slippery pathway.

The little manufactured splinters are still used by the billions, but not in the spotlight, as formerly.

Saccharine, according to a news item, is the sweetest thing in the world, but such an awkward word to spring on her.

Underwear manufacturers say men are bigger than they used to be. This information should be relayed without delay to tie makers who operate on a theory that most of the population wears a 12 1-2 collar.

Municipal Music

It is nearing the time when we begin to consider the springtime and summer in Klamath; when we think of the people who will enjoy the evenings down town with a band concert in progress.

In order to have band concerts we must necessarily have a band and in order to have a band we must support it. An organization of nearly fifty men now constitutes the Klamath Falls band and it is a going concern. But it needs encouragement; it needs your support.

Director Selak is laying plans for the coming season, even to the extent of possibly taking his band to Salem for the state fair engagement. Open air concerts will start, we are told, as soon as the weather softens and spring comes, all of which means the band is to be a very strong part of municipal life this year.

In a great many communities a band is supported by taxation, the general public carrying the load needed to properly support a musical organization.

As yet we have not reached that point here and the support is entirely voluntary.

The Herald is for the band. We don't believe a city can get along without one. In order to have it, let us all get in behind a movement to give it proper support.

Whims Rule

That which is popular today is forgotten tomorrow. Great factories are built today to manufacture products which will be obsolete a few years from now. Today's fashions are tomorrow's antiques. Man's tastes and needs change constantly.

Ten years ago ninety-eight per cent of the automobile production was in open cars. In 1926 seventy-four per cent of the production was in closed cars. The open automobile will be a rarity in another decade. Consider what a great investment this has occasioned the automobile manufacturers. But the whims and wishes of the people rule.

The lay public seldom appreciates the great expense and losses involved in swift changing styles in clothing for men and women. Frequently the changes are so radical as to make obsolete entire stocks of goods. But both women and men are willing to pay a premium for the latest creation of the modiste or tailor.

Billions of dollars invested in phonograph manufacturing plants are menaced by the popularity of the radio. Undoubtedly some phonograph companies will be forced out of business by the keen competition created by the radio. Large sums will be needed to convert these factories for the production of radio apparatus or other products.

Business on the vast scale that it is conducted in this country is capable of producing huge profits, but it also involves sweeping losses and great wastes.

All Wearing Silk

It is noted that the greatest single item of American imports is silk. This country has been buying silk to the value of \$4,000,000,000.

Silk is not for the wealthy alone. All classes insist on it. It may have a wide range in quality but so long as it is silk one is properly dressed and possessed of self-respect. Silk is the emblem of our democracy where one is as good as any of the others, if one has the proper amount of silk on the person. That wool or cotton would be just as good for the purpose, even better perhaps, is not a reason for wearing them. They're not silk, therefore not to be tolerated except by those who look to comfort and warmth regardless of the material.

In former times to most women, a silk dress was the purchase of a lifetime and not unlikely it was both wedding gown and shroud, while the man confined himself to a necktie, if we except the "silk hat." But we have progressed far since those times and silk is commonly used now for articles which would not have been mentioned then in society. We insist on elegance and we find it in silk.

Stewart's
WASHINGTON
LETTER

By RODNEY DUTCHER
NEA Service Writer
WASHINGTON—What a lovely target Capitol Hill is for snafus!
And yet, how totally neglected! Senators and congressmen seem to be immune from that sort of thing. Anyway, none of them will admit receiving anything sweeter than an occasional letter of thanks from a constituent.

Senator Henrik Shipstead of Minnesota is the handsomest man in Congress. If the girls wrote to anyone, it would be Henrik. And he goes alone, year in and year out, totally ignored by the mushy element, despite the fact that he is a better movie type than many favorite stars.

The secretary to the best-looking man in Congress today was secretary to the homeliest man in Congress 25 years ago. The secretary is Henry T. Ronning and the homeliest congressman was Congressman F. M. Eddy of Glenwood. Shipstead, Eddy and Ronnell all come from Glenwood.

Eddy, who is still living, made no attempt to dodge the distinction. In fact, he gloried in it. He was even homelier than Shipstead is good-looking.

"How homely was Eddy, any-

way," one demands of Ronning. "Haw-haw-haw!" roars Ronning as if words failed him. One hears that no one has since equaled Eddy's total lack of beauty.

Among Eddy's successors have been Andrew J. Volstead and the Rev. O. J. Kvale, incumbent. It should be pointed out here, in case the chance never again rises, that you don't pronounce Kvale's name like "kale," the vegetable, with a "v" in it. The correct pronunciation is "Kwawley," as per the Norwegians.

BROWNING CASE
NEARING CLOSE

(Continued from page one.)
and after she had been introduced to me, she asked me to dance." Browning said, "After the dance she gave me her telephone number. She was twenty-three, she said at first and gradually reduced the age as I got better acquainted."

Browning said he had given the girl \$300 and her mother \$300 which was to be put toward her education, but excuses were made that she could not gain admission to the schools, and preferred to go on the stage anyway.

Browning said that he had legally adopted Dorothy "Sunshine" Browning and had "her" since she was a wee little mite.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

Jan. 31, 1927.
To the Editor of the Evening Herald,
Klamath Falls, Oregon.

My dear Sir:
As a member of the Klamath and Modoc tribes of Indians, I wish to make a statement through your paper in the form of a letter which I will ask that you be so kind as to publish.

In the year of 1924, there was enacted by Congress, a law declaring every Indian born within the United States to be a citizen of the United States and the State within which he or she resides.

Whatever the enactment of this law, our people are still held by the government in tutelage and are denied their privileges and rights of having anything to do with their tribal affairs or any voice in the management of their tribal affairs. In addition thereto, they are denied their rights and privileges of managing their own property affairs and business.

Large sums of money is rapidly becoming due and owing our people for the sale of tribal timber. Notwithstanding the enactment of Congress declaring us to be citizens, this money is still withheld from us in the U. S. Treasury.

Regardless of how competent a man may be to manage his own business, the fact that he is an Indian seems to give the government some right or privilege to withhold his money, while he and perhaps his family and children are suffering.

At the present time there are sitting in the very shade of the great forest on our Reservation women and children suffering for the very necessities of life. We believe that the restrictions placed on our people by the government is due to the instrumentality of the present agent and we also have reason to believe that he has recommended certain rulings to the department recommending that our money be withheld from us. This is not only causing great suffering, depriving us of our lawful rights, but is affecting the business men and merchants who are extending us credit and furnishing us with food, clothing and other necessities.

We, as members of the tribe, believe that something should be done and are going to try to do something to better conditions and relieve the suffering of our people and are going to petition congress for the relief as well as the commissioner of Indian Affairs, and demand that something be done, even if it is necessary to have the present agent removed if he is a barrier to our people and prosperity, as we believe he is.

As a member of the tribe I wish that the people of Klamath County would give this due consideration and whatever petition may be presented to the people of this county to have conditions remedied, and our people relieved of their suffering, would be given consideration.

Thanking the Herald for the many considerations that it has always given the members of our tribe in matter pertaining to our tribal welfare, I remain,

Very respectfully yours,

TOM BARKLEY

To The Evening Herald:
I note an editorial in a recent issue of the Herald on "Peddlers." I agree with the thought expressed in the editorial. But why not bring up a more vital question to the citizens and business interests of Klamath Falls, the building issue.

We have a group of curbstone contractors using many methods to get work, telling there would be clients what they have done here and there and the lodges they belong to. But when it comes to delivering the goods, it is just a mass of boards placed one over the other, not a joint in the building in a great many instances.

They hire common unskilled carpenters, charge their clients a commission and make from \$1 to \$2 a day on men by the excess charge method. With no building inspector, they get away with these methods.

It is time to wake up. We have plenty of home contractors and mechanics. Why not make it so unpleasant for this class that they leave our city without taking our money and leaving nothing but three to ten year buildings, to be a detriment to the community.

Our town will not prosper under such or "curb stone" methods. Boost for the home workers and then watch Klamath grow.

(Signed) ED. BROWNE.

Read the Herald's Classified Ads.



How to Play BRIDGE

A new series of lessons by
Wynne Ferguson
Author of "PRACTICAL AUCTION BRIDGE"

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ARTICLE No. 16

The purpose of the informative double is to obtain the best suit bid for the combined hands. The no-trump bid should not be bid in answer to an informative double unless you hold a double stopper in the suit bid. For example, note the problem hand given in the preceding article.

Answer to Problem No. 15
Hearts—Q, 8, 7, 5
Clubs—A, 10, 4
Diamonds—A, J, 10, 7, 3
Spades—K, 10, 3

No score, rubber game. Z dealt and bid one spade. If A doubled, Y passed (informative) and Y passed, what should B bid? Should he bid one no-trump or two hearts? B should bid two hearts. He has only a single stopper in the suit bid.

Problem No. 20
Hearts—8, 5
Clubs—none
Diamonds—A, 10, 9, 8, 5, 3, 2
Spades—K, 8, 7, 6

Hearts—Q, J, 10, 9, 6, 2
Clubs—A, Q, 10, 7, 3
Diamonds—6
Spades—3

Hearts—A, K, 7, 3
Clubs—J, 6, 4, 2
Diamonds—4
Spades—A, J, 9, 2

No score, first game. Z dealt and bid one heart. A doubled. Y passed and bid three clubs. Z now bid three spades and all passed. A opened the ace of clubs and Z trumped in diamonds.

Problem No. 21
Hearts—K, J, 8, 6, 3, 2
Clubs—none
Diamonds—K, Q, J, 9, 7, 4
Spades—9

Hearts—A, Q
Clubs—8, 2
Diamonds—A, 10, 8, 3, 2
Spades—Q, 10, 8, 2

Hearts—7, 5
Clubs—A, Q, 7, 3
Diamonds—6
Spades—A, K, 7, 6, 5, 4

No score, first game. Z dealt and bid one spade. A doubled. Y passed and bid two clubs. Z bid two spades and all passed. The bidding of this hand is not sound but the only question to be decided is: Can Y-Z score game at spades?

Problem No. 22
Hearts—none
Clubs—A, J, 10, 8, 4, 3
Diamonds—none
Spades—J, 10, 6

Hearts—none
Clubs—9, 7, 6, 5
Diamonds—none
Spades—K, Q, 7, 5, 4

Hearts—J, 8, 5
Clubs—Q
Diamonds—10, 8, 7
Spades—A, 3

There are no trumps and Z is in the lead. How can Y-Z so play the hand that they will win at least five tricks against any defense? Solution in the next article.



Copyright, 1926, Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.
"Don Juan," screen play by Bess Meredyth, starring John Barrymore, is a Warner Bros. picturization of this novel.

SYNOPSIS
Don Juan's dissolute father warns him: "Destroy women or they will destroy you; take their love scornfully and forget!" This advice has made Juan the greatest lover of all time. But his cynicism is suddenly checked in Rome by the dissolute innocence of Madama-like Adriana Varanese. Leaving her madly, he comes to live a clean life. The affair is dangerous because infamous Lucretia Borgia loves Juan, while Donati, her kinsman, covets Adriana. Lucretia spies upon Juan and Adriana, and sets her fearful vengeance in motion against them.

CHAPTER VI—Continued
And Lucretia Borgia also watched, her mouth curlier even than it had ever been in all the vicious days and nights of her merciless life. Watched, and planned, the vengeance that was soon to be hers.

By nightfall terror stalked through the narrow streets of Rome and over all its seven hills. People huddled in doorways, whispering together.

"The Borgia have attacked the Orsini," they told each other. There had been three arrests—two men and one woman. They had been strangled at once, in the grim depths of San Angelo, the grim prison, conveniently situated on the Tiber, so that dead bodies could be thrown into it and carried away to oblivion.

Some of those who clung together in the doorways or went skulking through the shadowy streets knew that they were fairly and so long as they did nothing to offend the Borgia; their own insignificance was a protection—and yet, no one ever knew how long that would be so.

Others there were who realized that if they remained in Rome their days were numbered. And so it happened that heavily cloaked, stealthily moving figures slipped from the shadow of one

building to that of another, making their way slowly toward the outskirts of the city, intent on leaving it perhaps only until the Borgia should fall from power, perhaps forever.

There were women whose velvet gowns dragged heavily on the rough paving stones, whose jewels gleamed when for an instant their cloaks fell back from their shoulders. There were men, stern-faced, hands ever on their sword hilts, who scanned every step of the way before they took it.

And sometimes, too, there were sinister figures who followed them, tip in the narrow, darkened streets, and after a few brief moments the stone paving would be red with blood, and one or two bodies might mark the failure or success of another noble family's attempt to outwit the Borgia.

None of them suspected that this new outbreak of ruthless persecution was caused by the fact that a slim, lovely girl had unwittingly come between Lucretia Borgia and the man she loved.

The Duke della Varanese knew it. His household knew it. Behind the barred doors of the palace, in the great entrance hall, waited only his command to take to flight. Some there were who would be safe enough in Rome, if they concealed the fact that they had been in his employ—ever so small a thing as that was reason enough for meeting death. Some would make their way out of the city, like moles creeping through the earth, and seek refuge elsewhere.

Varanese had laid his plans carefully long before, knowing that the time would come when he and Adriana would no longer be safe in Rome. They would leave the city on foot, stealing through the streets to the place where horses would be awaiting them. Then would begin the headlong flight southward to Naples. But not even there would they dare to rest; they would go on to France, and remain there as exiles.

He looked about the lofty hall, a place almost sacred to him, because always it had been the home of his family. He did not dare to hope that he would ever see it again. Adriana might come back; she would live to see the day, he hoped, when the Borgia were no longer in power. But he was too old; this night would give him his last glimpse of his home.

Adriana knelt weeping at his side, her rosary clasped in her trembling hands. She wept at leaving her home, and from terror over the impending flight, but she wept even more at the thought of leaving Juan.

Had it not been for her father, she would have chosen to remain in the city, daring death itself to be near the man she loved. When she thought of slipping away through the darkness, never to see him again, the pain was intolerable. Yet she could not ask her father to stay, knowing that to do so meant certain death for him.

The servants were huddled close about her and her father, talking softly, the women weeping, holding their children close. Would it be better to go or to stay, they asked each other. There had been other outbreaks like this one, and they had come through safely—perhaps this time, too, nothing would happen. And yet—perhaps—what could tell but what this time would be the fatal one?

Adriana, lifting frightened eyes to her father, noticed one of the men retainers who stood a little apart from the others. He had been in her father's employ but a short time; she had hardly noticed him until now.

He was smiling a little, a sinister smile that frightened her. The terror of the others seemed to amuse him greatly. Adriana tugged at her father's sleeve, wanting to warn him, not knowing what to say.

He had been talking to one of his men, giving some last orders. He turned to her at once. "Come!" he exclaimed, lifting

her to his feet. "If we are not out of Rome before the hour they will kill me as they killed the prince. We must hurry!"

"But—oh, let us wait!" she cried, her eyes on the man who stood smiling. She dreaded having the bars drawn back and the great doors swung open. "Let us wait until tomorrow—I beg of you, let us wait!"

Varanese patted her shoulder consolingly. "Do not be frightened," he urged. "It is no more dangerous to go now than at any other time. Come, my daughter!"

Reluctantly, clinging to him, Adriana led him toward the outer doors. She clenched her hands as the bars were drawn back; she wanted to throw herself against the doors and prevent their being opened. But her father cut short her remonstrances—of course she was frightened at the prospect of their flight, but all would soon be well, he told her.

And she, with nothing but the sinister smile of a paid retainer as reason for this new fear, could say nothing.

The great bronze doors were opened, letting in the warm spring night.

Waiting in the courtyard, their soldiers massed behind them, were Cesare Borgia and his cousin, Donati.

And Adriana, crying out in terror, turned, and saw the man who had smiled, nodding to one of the men who stood closest to Cesare Borgia.

CHAPTER VII
Someone must have betrayed him, one of the servants, perhaps, although his plans had been known to so few that that seemed hardly possible.

How the secret had leaked out mattered not at all, how far. The red was near at hand now. Cesare Borgia was smiling, and in his eyes was the expression that comes into a cat's as it sees the mouse on which it will eventually spring.

(To be continued)

INSTALLMENT SIXTEEN
NEW YORK — Frank Cropper, who is serving on juries in civil cases has decided views as to women's clothes. Called to sit on a case involving a woman tripping and being hurt, he addressed his honor: "No wonder women have accidents. Look how they dress. How do they expect to walk with those high heels?" The court readily granted his request to be excused.

HARRISBURG, Pa. — One woman objects to men in high hats, striped trousers and apats.

Read the Herald's Classified Ads.