

The Evening Herald

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FRIDAY, JUNE 14, 1929

The Dead Man's Chest

UNIMPORTANT news is sometimes rather startling. A brief news dispatch the other day announced that scientists of the Rockefeller Foundation, having completed some sort of research at a desolate station in Labrador, are going to St. John's, in the Virgin Islands, to start on a new task.

St. John's Island, it appears, is in the heart of the old pirate country. It is isolated and peaceful. The place where the scientists will settle overlooks Sir Francis Drake Sound, and across the water rises an insignificant island with the perfectly incredible name of—Dead Man's Chest!

Names out of Treasure Island don't belong on real maps. These Rockefeller scientists are sober chaps, given to serious work; why should they go to a place that we all supposed existed only in romantic literature? What can medical specialists do in the region where there were once

Fifteen men on the Dead Man's Chest—

Yo! Ho! Ho! and a bottle of rum!

Drink and the devil had done for the rest—

Yo! Ho! Ho! and a bottle of rum!

One would give a good deal to accompany this expedition. Any man who read Treasure Island as a boy would, beyond doubt, rather see the islet named Dead Man's Chest than any of the world's more famous sights. Piracy and topic islands with a bloody, romantic history are not for us; to learn that we actually could (given the time and money) go to this island is an unsettling sort of surprise.

Life has odd corners in it, though. When we were young we knew that the world was a bright and exciting place, with piracy only one of the attractions. Didn't we all plan to build a raft, float down the old river and make for the glamorous Caribbean, where we could live gory lives of ruthless slaughter amid blue waters, blue skies and brilliant tropic jungles?

Of course, as we grew older, we found we were fooled. Instead of becoming pirates we became wage-earners. We traded our chances in Caribbean dawns for sunlight that is strained through dusty city windows. The Dead Man's Chest became something less than a childhood memory.

But we were wrong again. The Dead Man's Chest does exist. There are lucky men who are actually going there, to live amid waters where Drake and Morgan and Blackbeard cruised, pitching their tents on the very beaches where these hardy ruffians careened their galleons. We weren't so far wrong as children, after all.

That's a pretty good thought to hang on to. For it is usually the child that is right and the man that is wrong. The world can be just as glorious and breath-taking as the child supposes, if the man that the child grows into will only look about him.

EDITORIALS

From Over the Nation

THE SONG OF THE TEACHER

Kansas City School Service Bulletin: If an Agassiz finds pleasure in digging among fossils in order that he may interpret the great story of prehistoric life; if a Thoreau by Walden Pond is delighted with his study of bugs and beetles; if a John Burroughs on his little patch of ground in the valley of the Mohawk glories in his life among the birds and bees; if a Luther Burbank is enraptured with his work of transforming a worthless desert cactus into "edible fruit or in producing a sweeter rose or a fairer lily; if these and other workers, whose names are legion, revel in the love of their work—then by what term shall we designate the joy that should be the teacher's, who works not with mere fossils, nor with bugs or beetles, nor with birds, bees, or flowers, but with the child, who is at once the most complex, the most plastic, the most beautiful of God's creation. Yes, it's a wonderful thing to be a teacher: it's a great thing to teach school!

A MAID OF ERIN STATUE

Saturday Herald, Cork, Ireland. That was a noble suggestion from the American in Oregon who wished that our harbor commissioners would erect a statue at the entrance to Cork harbor similar to the great statue of Liberty at the entrance to New York. One was to be a replica of the other, the only difference being that Cork was to have a Maid of Erin instead of a statue of Liberty. Our Maid of Erin was to hold erect a guiding light to sailors and was to be a symbol of welcome to the returning Irish man and Irish woman.

It would not be a bad idea if America erected this statue for us. Considering that she got her own statue at the entrance to New York from France, she in her turn should do something for some European country, and Ireland should come first in her thoughts.

After all, Irishmen did as much, and a good deal more than all the others for American liberty and American ideals. It would be a kind and generous gesture to this newborn state if

America, by giving a statue of the Maid of Erin to Cork harbor, showed their appreciation of our fight for liberty as the French people showed to Americans when they won their freedom.

A HUMBLE BEGINNING

Nation's Business: More than half a century ago a man with a basket over his arm used to stop each day at the big wholesale hardware store of Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co., to Chicago, and buy an assortment of small household utensils—as many as he could carry away in his basket. He then set out to offer these articles for sale from house to house.

From time to time he learned that one device was more in demand than another among householders and he changed his purchases accordingly. He aimed to buy each morning only what he could sell that day, thus having a complete turnover of capital each twenty-four hours. Naturally, it was no fun lugging that basket filled with hardware about the streets of Chicago and the man used to dream of having a store from which he could fill his orders instead of having to walk to each customer. He did actually launch a business and a limited number of customers began to write to him when they needed anything in his line.

His business grew until today it is an enterprise of considerable proportions. You have heard of it and probably sent orders to it. If you had invested only a few thousand dollars in the business about the time Mr. Coolidge was elected you might now be fairly wealthy. The man in Chicago who sold hardware from the basket over his arm was Montgomery Ward.

TOO MUCH WHOOPIE

NEW YORK, June 14, (AP)—Goodbye some midnight whoopee on the waterfront. The French line is abolishing midnight sailings, because gaiety of friends seeing folks off to Europe has got to be a little too much.

TIMELY QUOTATIONS FROM PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE

"THE American woman has much personal charm, much spirit, much individuality or temperament, but now to make beauty of these gifts, she rarely knows. Hurry is the great evil of her life."—Antoine, French Coiffeur. (Collier's)

"I cannot see that, as a general rule, American universities or colleges leave the slightest cultural impress upon those who attend them. Once out in the world, the ideals and interests of most of the university men are identical with those of any 'go-getter.'"—James Truslow Adams, (Forum).

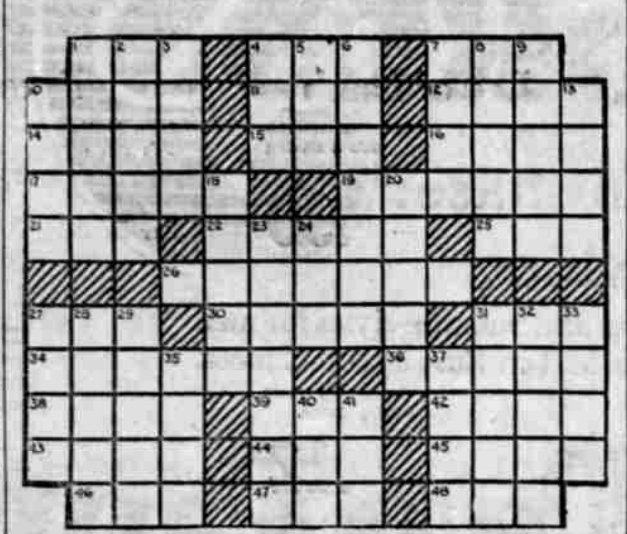
"CORPORATIONS lending money are violating their charters. Nearly every corporation violates provisions in its charter when it loans money on all Street."—Senator Couzens of Michigan.

"THERE is no more reason why the power trust should own newspapers than why men engaged in the manufacture of shoes or sewing machines should own newspapers in their business."—Senator Norris of Nebraska.

"BEYOND a doubt the time is not far distant when every one may fly. We shall be able to buy a seat and fly anywhere. But I doubt that we shall ever see the airplane rival the automobile as a privately operated vehicle."—Igor Sikorsky, airplane designer.

"THE true patriot will understand the real meaning of a state. He will dwell with satisfaction upon the declaration of Aristotle that 'neither walls, theaters, porches, nor senseless equipment make states' but men who are able to rely upon themselves."—Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University.

Cross-Word Puzzle



- HORIZONTAL**
- Door rug.
 - Unit of work or energy.
 - Satisfactory.
 - Vat for green fodder.
 - Implement used in rowing.
 - Thought.
 - Exclusively.
 - Mineral spring.
 - Observed.
 - Most unimportant.
 - Swimming.
 - Uninteresting.
 - Swift.
 - Solution used in making of soap.
 - Guest.
 - To jump on one foot.
 - Ferocious animal of the cat family.
 - Portion of a circle.
 - Shrewdness.
 - Pertaining to one's birth.
 - Shrewd.
 - Withered.
 - Highest form of affection.
 - Devoted in time.
 - Correlative of neither.
 - Over again.
 - Born: used in introducing
- VERTICAL**
- Digger of gold.
 - To appease.
 - Playthings.
 - At once.
 - To knock.
 - Rock similar to marble.
 - Dubbed-up hand.
 - Standard of perfection.
 - Very small.
 - V. tied.
 - To put up a poker stake.
 - Hackneyed.
 - To decorate.
 - Like a donkey.
 - Hog.
 - Ill-fated metal lock.
 - The deep.
 - Pocketbook.
 - To make expiation.
 - Ranted.
 - Hint in solving a mystery.
 - To measure.
 - Wing-like.
 - To cry as a dove.
 - Sea eagle.

THOUGHTS ON U. S. AFFAIRS

(Continued from Page One)

dinner in Crescent City. But don't ask for sea food, they don't serve it over there—it is too common for those beach combers.

"SONS OF THE BEACH"

is an organization of Crescent City business and professional men, according to O. B. Robertson. He says every morning when the cold gray dawn streaks across the sky dome of the Pacific ocean shouts can be heard as members of the "Sons of the Beach" take their morning splash in the ocean.

As a result men never die in Crescent. They apparently live forever. Look at Judge Childs. Lincoln's inauguration as president of the United States did not happen until he was a grown man with a full beard. We were there on Decoration day and one cemetery we observed had but a few graves which the neighbors were decorating with home grown flowers and the occupants of those graves are said to have been killed in a shipwreck just off the coast.

THERE is no business for a florist

in any of that country. Hill or Moeller would starve to death for every home has a bower of flowers. The roses grow in profusion and wild blossoms adorn the coast points. It is a paradise for flowers, milk cows, tourists and a few moon-shiners.

CARRYING the banner of progress

the people are alive to their jobs. They never quit and they are after rail connection with the interior country. Louie Hill was down at Crescent a short time. He surveyed it with his "Empire-Builders" eye, sampled all the good things there including the home grown garden vegetables and pronounced the country good. So good in fact did he think it that Crescent people have fond hope that they have made the impression on Louie they hoped for.

HERALD CLASSIFIED ADS BRING RESULTS

Here's Answer For Yesterday

DRAMA'S ORATOR
RICE NEW SORE
EAT ROVES GET
S. REPOSES O
DOTTED L TOWER
EDIT TUB WART
NEP SATAN GAS
DECIDED
SAGA TOE RATA
AWARE N PALES
DEPEND NABLES

LETTER GOLF

STOP
HERE

START TO STOP

If you're looking for a puzzle—STOP HERE. Par is seven and one solution is on page 5.

THE RULES

- The idea of Letter Golf is to change one word to another and do it in par, a given number of strokes. Thus to change COW to HEN, in three strokes, COW, HOW, HEW, HEN.
- You change only one letter at a time.
- You must have a complete word, of common usage, for each jump. Slang words and abbreviations don't count.
- The order of letters cannot be changed.

One solution is printed on page eight.

The great dam at Gatun in the Panama Canal is 7500 feet high, 2,160 feet wide at the base, 398 feet through at the water surface and 100 feet wide at the top.

DAILY LETTER ON AFFAIRS AT U. S. CAPITAL

Prosperity and Mass Production Have Increased Visitors at Washington—All Want to Shake Hands With President.

By RODNEY DUTCHER
NEA Service Writer

WASHINGTON, June 14—

Mass production and prosperity, in which President Hoover takes such a deep personal interest, have brought the country to Washington and have added to the presidential woo.

Many more citizens are now able to afford the trip to the capital, and the automobile factories, annually expanding production, have given nearly everyone a car. Indirectly, they have also often given Mr. Hoover a sore hand, and before him it was Mr. Coolidge who suffered.

That's the reason why Washington becomes more and more crowded by transients. Not only is there a daily jam at the White House, which becomes barely manageable on the day the president shakes hands. It's getting so that progress through the halls of the Capitol is often seriously delayed, between throngs being guided about and long lines to persons trying to get into the galleries. The other night, about 9 o'clock, your correspondent found the main steps of the Congressional Library, which are quite commodious, full of visiting high school kids, while hundreds of others within turned those ordinarily quiet and peaceful precincts almost into a noisy riot.

Wanting to Shake Hands

The first months of any administration always draw out-of-town visitors to the White House. Most of them simply want to see the new president and shake hands with him, for there hasn't been a new president here for several years.

If a Democratic administration had been elected some members of the White House staff probably would have resigned. They remember the terrific rush when Wilson came into office. It seemed as if every able-bodied Democrat in 48 states was taking advantage of the first party victory since 1892.

Hardly anyone ever comes into the White House without the idea of seeing the president. Those with genuine special missions are usually turned over to George Akerson or Lawrence Ritchie or one of the other secretaries, who decide whether the person or the mission is important enough to warrant a personal interview. The others are disposed of by Patrick McKenna, who has been disposing of them ever since Roosevelt's time.

If you happen to have a letter from your congressman and it's on a Thursday, Mr. McKenna will allow you two privileges: First, he will give you a little card which permits you to go through the White House, except for the second floor, where the president and his family have their living quarters. Second, you can come back at 12:30 and stand in a very long line to wait your turn to shake the presidential paw. If it isn't Thursday, you can inspect the White House, but can't see the president.

Congressmen have generally abandoned the custom of escorting their constituents to the White House. Wilson used to have little handshaking parties for their benefit at 10 a. m. Now, if a large group of an especially important constituent comes to town, the member usually delegates his secretary to do the honors. The other day, however, your correspondent observed Fred Hartley, the bright 26-year-old congressman from New Jersey, escorting a visiting high school class into the White House.

Strangers who want special interviews with the president are McKenna's principal problem. Most of them can be talked out of it, but often it takes time. Any Californian who ever lived within 200 miles of Palo Alto is likely to claim special privileges. Lots of others pretend that they were classmates of Hoover's at Leland Stanford University—and don't get away with it.

Many reasons given for seeing the president are quite simple.

Some Queer Reasons

"This is my annual visit here," says one man. "I always like to say my respects to the president." If it isn't Thursday, he doesn't.

"I'm just an old man, 76 years old," says another, as if that ought to let him in.

"This little boy hasn't ever been to Washington before and may not get here again," explain a mother and father, as if being kept out of Mr. Hoover's office were something of a tragedy.

McKenna, after his many years of service, knows nearly everyone whose name the reader would recognize—and a lot more. So do Sergeant Clarence L. Dalrymple and Sergeant Ernest M. Seaman of the White House police, who guard the outer gate of the executive offices. Dalrymple came to the White House in 1898 and Seaman in 1902.

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and reliable of all
pills for the relief of
all the common ailments
of the human system.
They are sold by
all druggists and
grocers.

QUIPS AND QUIRKS OF AMERICANS

Robert Quillen's Pointed Satire and Broad Humor Gives Refreshing View of Human Traits.

By ROBERT QUILLEN

And yet, no man ever won a place in history by trying not to hurt anybody's feelings.

Inscription on a bronze statue in the year 2085, when the world is perfect: "He attended to his own business."

They have raised the taxes on Mr. Hoover's farm, and that means no tractor again this year.

It's a queer kind of tariff relief that makes the farmer pay more for the sugar used in sweet mash.

The world is so full of a number of things, it's no wonder we're all as broke as kings.

At last a way to make the kids keep still. Get a movie camera and learn to make action pictures of them.

The debenture plan, briefly, is a scheme to enrich brokers and keep the farmer voting right.

Man's vocal reactions to a fly: (1) "Shoo!"; (2) "Damn that fly!"; "Gr-r-r! You're a heck of a housekeeper!"

Greater love hath no modern than this, that he permit a friend to use his car.

Americanism: Acquitting a man who burns an orphan asylum; sending him to jail for seeing the judge.

Education pays. The ordinary millionaire in jail doesn't know how to do anything but pound rocks.

Ah, well; perhaps it's all right to call them the talkies—if you call that talk.

An educated man is one who knows what become of those who flew the Atlantic before Lindy did it.

A he-man doubtless is the kind that swallows his tobacco when the clerk shows him pajamas decorated with little flowers.

Happy thought! If France can't get reparations from Germany, she can affect her financial status just the same by disarming as Germany did.

Heredity is a great influence. The harder dad's nose is pressed on the grindstone, the more the kids' noses turn up.

It seems strange in this efficient modern world, that nobody ever encourages the hen that delivers two eggs in one wrapper.

"Louis XIV" by Sisley Huddleston (Harpers) is so good you could enjoy it even if a book club selected it.

Gatun Lake in the Panama Canal is the largest artificially-formed lake in the world. It has an area of 164 square miles.

Summer Vacations

Before you leave on that Summer vacation trip, see that all accounts are paid in full

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Approved by Oregon Retail Merchants and National Credit Association



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Narrow Widths—Wide Widths
Combination Lasts
All Moderately Priced



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