

The Evening Herald

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Saturday, January 3, 1931

Action, Not Words, Is The Need

THE dawn of the New Year, a time when people take stock of the events and accomplishments, as well as an inventory of the lack of achievement in their respective lines, prompted Elisha Walker to make a significant statement. Walker, who is chairman of the Trans-America corporation, said:

"The turn of a New Year is an appropriate time for action to displace words and faith to be supported by deeds." Elaborating on his statement, the financier pointed out that "recovery from recent prevailing subnormal conditions will be hastened . . . by what business men do rather than what they say."

"If the business men of America will supply themselves with renewed energy to the task of achieving prosperity, rather than awaiting its happening, I have not the slightest doubt of what the outcome will be."

The statement of Mr. Walker is easily understood. It requires no interpretation. He means that idle words about what should be done to bring a restoration of normal conditions will avail nothing. He means that moping over the depression which prevailed throughout the old year will accomplish nothing in bringing about an improvement. He means that action, based on sound thinking and a determination to start the wheels of business and industry rolling along the highway to good times, is all that will bring a return of normal conditions.

Briefly speaking, nothing worth while was ever accomplished without action. Action of the most forceful kind on the part of American business men cannot fail to remedy the present unsatisfactory condition.

It is a rare occasion indeed when the ball of prosperity comes rolling of its own accord to the door of any man.

Not So Bad

POSTAL receipts increased in Klamath Falls during 1930 over the preceding year in the sum of \$3,841.91. The amount is not large, but nevertheless it represents a substantial gain, especially when it is considered that most cities and towns failed to show an increase during the recent year.

Building permits in Klamath Falls were only about \$500,000 under the total of 1929, which was the banner year from the standpoint of construction. The total of permits issued during 1930 exceeded those of 1928, which was more of a normal year than 1929, revealing a gain despite a year of depression.

Klamath Falls gained substantially in population during 1930.

The old year, the term to which we apply to a year to which we have just said goodbye, brought new railroad developments which aided in making 1930 outstanding, and which will be highly important in the future growth and development of the city and the Klamath Basin for years to come.

The old year was significant in that it gave to Klamath Falls a number of business structures and homes which typify permanency and which from the standpoint of modernism mark an important milestone in the history of the city.

All in all, growth and development were outstanding in this city during an era when a majority of cities and towns suffered declines in all the major activities by which we distinguish between progress and retrogression.

Klamath Falls made progress when the country as a whole found it extremely difficult to weather the period of depression, all of which affords irrefutable proof that the old year was not so bad.

"As a rule," says William Lyon Phelps, "barbers are interesting men." We like ours because, when discussing important subjects, he doesn't split hairs.

There is much osculation on the screen, perhaps too much for some people. To look at, kissing is not more interesting than a case of mumps.

Lima Beane says the admired sex's paraphrase of the old copybook philosophy is if at first you don't succeed, cry, cry again.

There is the maxim that "beauty is what beauty does." Shifting into reverse, sometimes beauty is what beauty doesn't do.

It seems impossible to reconcile the old formula—"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," with parachute jumping.

Be yourself. And if that means being a bit different from the mine run, so much the better for all concerned.

Ordinarily, as against congress, the president will have public sympathy on his side.

EDITORIALS

From Over The Nation

Bad Jails

Detroit News: Governor Fred Green, through the state welfare department, orders the county of Monroe to discontinue the use of its jail and house its prisoners elsewhere. "The state can not permit," said he, "keeping prisoners in institutions that are a menace to their health and safety."

The order came as a response to a decision of the people of Monroe county not to authorize building a new jail. A vote at the recent election rejected such a proposal. This is the fourth time since 1924 that Monroe voters have said "no" to a jail bond issue proposition. Evidently their minds are made up on that subject.

The 30-year-old Monroe county jail was built to house twelve prisoners, and frequently has been required in recent years to accommodate thirty-five or forty. The most serious objection lies in the fact that the old jail makes no provision for separate detention of women prisoners.

Now that the question is up, other county jails may well come in for much needed publicity. There are others wholly unfit for the purposes for which they are used and it is common knowledge that in the whole chain of evil influences growing out of unfortunate conditions of the penal system, the county jail rates among the worst. The Monroe incident also calls attention to the working of county government, a subject that deserves more consideration than it has received.

Rough Treatment

Spokane Spokesman-Review: Do American women fall into four classes? Are they "beautiful but shrieking female morons," "cute but terrible backstage blondes," "pure little things with hearts of gold," or the "nightmare surprises" that the romantic find them?

J. W. Drawble, editor of the London Chronicle, thinks they are the latter. He charges that the average American movie portrays them as one of the three types mentioned. It is the great sin of the Hollywood pictures, he says, that they give a false picture of American women.

Well, do they, and if so, what of it? They are charged with presenting false pictures of the American home, the American night club, the American business man, the American reporter and the American standard of living. Why should any one expect them to draw the line on American women and present a true picture of them as they are?

There are some sticklers for the abstract in art and literature who declare the final measure of any work is its fidelity to life and the truthfulness with which its characters are drawn and evolved. This is not an easy task as it sounds. It requires literary and creative ability of the highest order. Few writers possess this talent in any marked degree.

Stamps as Assets

New York World: The late Thomas L. Wells, a New York business man, had long been a collector of rare postage stamps. That it was a hobby not without material return is shown in the probate of his will. His stamp collection sold for \$33,456 a considerable item in the asset lists of the estate.

Not age but scarcity is the factor that fixes price in stamps. The first trans-Atlantic air mail stamp, issued by Newfoundland in 1919, brought the Wells estate \$12,000. A 1905 stamp issued for the French postoffice in Turkey brought \$400; a German 1901 3-pfenig stamp and a Straits Settlements \$100 stamp of 1903 sold for the same round figure. All these stamps were dated within the present not so very far advanced century. There could have been much trash in the Wells album; the average value of the 1,470 items was about \$23.50.

Boys who collect stamps pick up painfully a good deal of odd information about geography and modern history. They are buoyed up also by the possibilities of finding something really valuable while in the dealers' lots they endlessly poke over and swap with the other boys. Just suppose a fellow one day happened on the twin of that 1-cent magenta sticker of British Guiana which Arthur Hind of Utica bought for \$32,000, bidding against George, king of Great Britain and emperor of India! Things like that might happen.

Timely Quotations

From People in the Public Eye

Prosperity cannot be restored by raids on the public treasury. —President Hoover.

The beauty of a woman was once looked upon as something signifying the internal beauty of a soul, but this idea today has been cast aside. —Rev. Thomas F. Rider.

By being serious I don't mean being lugubrious. —Sinclair Lewis.

The simple idea that men want nothing but communism is only believed by venerable people, white-haired men like Bernard Shaw. —G. K. Chesterton.

Falling in love with a girl in a book is perhaps the safest way of falling in love. There are no complications. —Dr. Henry Van Dyke.

The chief fault of speech in America is sloppiness and the outstanding defect in England is antipathy. —George Arliss.

DAILY WASHINGTON LETTER

Don't Worry When Government Officials Begin to Act in Terms of Hundreds of Millions of Dollars, for Many of Them Are Wealthy and Know How to Handle Huge Sums.

By RODNEY DUTCHER
NEA Service Writer

WASHINGTON — When the government officials here begin to talk and act in terms of hundreds of millions of dollars, it is perhaps a special comfort to the taxpayer if he realizes that many of the officials and legislators dealing with those large sums know what it is to handle millions of their own.

The higher posts of public service are dominated by millionaires more than ever before. One reason doubtless is that the country boasts many more millionaires than it did a few years ago. And the tendency of men who have accumulated the millions to succumb to the lure of power and glory has become increasingly pronounced. That tendency probably has been facilitated by an increasing popularity for men of great wealth and the virtual disappearance of the once common theory that millionaires were the national villains. Millionaires have become common—and especially so in government.

Morrow and Young At the moment, two very conspicuous millionaires before he was widely discussed as presidential possibilities for 1932. One is Senator Dwight W. Morrow and the other is Owen D. Young of General Electric and the Radio Corporation. There are many who believe that Morrow will get the Republican nomination if President Hoover doesn't get it and that Young will get the Democratic nomination if his fellow New Yorker, Governor Roosevelt, doesn't get that one.

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Secretary of Commerce Lamont made his millions in steel, packing, mail orders and other enterprises. Secretary of the Navy Adams has large holdings in banks, public utilities and other concerns; he inherited a great fortune. Secretary of State Stimson cleared up while practicing law in New York. Secretary of War Hurley, who once drove mules and punched cows, rose to millionairehood through law practice, real estate, banking and oil.

Many Others And then there are such "millionaires" as Undersecretary of the Treasury Ogden Mills, who has just inherited an additional \$15,000,000, and Assistant Secretary of the Navy Ernest Lee Jahncke.

One might go on indefinitely, citing such men in the diplomatic corps as Ambassador Graves at London and Ambassador Edges at Paris (among many others) and such executives as Chairman Legge of the Federal Farm Board. Some Hoover commissions of millionaires.

But enough has been said to assure the reader that his government is in the hands of financially responsible citizens.

EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO IN KLAMATH

"The California Oregon Power company is not an allied concern of the Northern California Power company."

This was the positive statement of George J. Walton, manager of the local plant of the Oregon California company.

The Northern California company is in the limelight again, south over excessive lighting and power rates with the California state railroad commission and a sweeping cut has been ordered.

Abel Ady, president of the Klamath Water Users association, is here from Midland today to attend to business matters.

J. M. Bedford, head forest ranger on the Klamath reservation was in from Chiloquin Saturday. He was accompanied by Mrs. Bedford.

Society in the Village—With the close of the Christmas festivities, the ushering in of the New Year occupied the attention of local people, and it is doubtful if any other event was received with as much festivity by the residents of Klamath Falls as was Little 1932.

A brilliant reception was given the incoming New Year by over 200 masked revelers, who welcomed 1932 to the clink of glasses as they sat around the festive board at the White Pelican hotel. This was the first annual New Year's eve masque ball given at the hotel, but the success attending it makes it certain that it will be held every year hereafter.

Ernest M. Bubb, popular young society man, has returned from Palo Alto and San Francisco, where he spent the holidays.

OLD JUP PLUVIOUS CALLS ON CALIFORNIA LOS ANGELES, Jan. 3. (AP)—Old Jupiter Pluvius descended on Southern California with a double welcome New Year's gift—a general rain, which averaged an inch throughout most of the intensive farmed southland. The rain storm, which opened up in showers late New Year's day, ceased at 8 a. m. today, with more showers predicted tonight by the government weather men.

NEW SCENIC ROAD FROM GRANTS PASS GRANTS PASS, Ore., Jan. 3. (AP)—Construction of a new scenic highway between Grants Pass and Yreka, Calif., will be started by the Siskiyou National forest service within 30 days. J. H. Billings, supervisor, announced today. The road is to be 12 1/2 miles, and will follow a mountain ridge at an approximate altitude of 4500 feet.

Penny's face flushed vividly. "No, I'm not in love with him and I'm sure he realizes I'm not and won't be again. But I had to say yes Sunday! I simply couldn't let you walk in on us, after I'd permitted you to eavesdrop while he was talking, without first saying the one thing that would convince him that I believed in his innocence and hadn't set a trap for him."

"I see!" Dundee acknowledged soberly, but his blue eyes shone with sudden joy. "Oh! There's long distance! Just a minute, darling! . . . Hello! Hello! All right. Try again in 15 minutes, will you?" He hung up the receiver and explained to Penny: "Sanderason hasn't reached the hospital yet, but is expected soon. . . . Go on with your story. . . . Who all played bridge at the Milneses?" You don't mean to say Dexter Sprague was invited, too?"

Penny's face was still a brilliant pink as she answered: "I refuse to have my climax spoiled! . . . When Ralph and I got there, we found that Dexter and Lois had dined with Tracey and Flora and that they were delighted at the prospect of bridge as a relief from endless discussions of the murder. We'd hardly got there before the Marshalls came, poor little Karen not suspecting that she was going to have to play, with the news that Carolyn was in bed and very miserable with a summer cold. Polly walked over from her house, which is on the next hill to the right, and knew she had to play. She said she'd work late at the office, and had promised to call for her about 11, to take her home."

"What about Janet Raymond?" Was she left out?" Dundee asked. "I told you it wasn't a planned affair," Penny reminded him. "But Flora did telephone her, and she said she didn't feel like coming. She's been moping about like a sick cat over since Nita's death. We all know she was

Murder At Bridge

by ANNE AUSTIN, author of "THE BLACK PIGEON," "THE AVENGING PARROT" and "MURDER BACKSTAIRS"

CHAPTER XXXV. "Hello, Penny!" Dundee greeted the district attorney's private secretary Thursday morning at five minutes after nine. "Any news from Sanderason?"

"Yes," Penny Crain answered, recalling the deathly pallor of the girl's face as Sprague had glibly explained away that damning note and all of its implications.

"Well," Penny continued, "Tracey suggested bridge, and at first Karen flatly refused to play, but Hugo finally persuaded her. . . . Karen would do absolutely anything for that ridiculous old husband of hers! I simply can't understand it—how she can be in love with him, I mean!"

"I thought you liked Judge Marshall," Dundee laughed. "Oh, I do—in a way. . . . But fudge! A young girl like Karen being in love with him! Well, anyway, we all went out to the side porch, which is kept in readiness all summer for bridge. Iron bridge tables, covered with oil-cloth, and with oilcloth pouches for the cards and score pads, so there's never any bother about scurrying things on account of rain. It's a roofed, stone-floored porch, right outside the living room, and under it are the garages, so it's high and cool, with a grand view of Mirror Lake in the foreground and beyond, and of the city in the distance."

She sighed, and Dundee knew that she was thinking of her own lost home in Brentwood—the Colonial mansion which had been sacrificed to her father's disastrous Primrose Meadows venture. Then she went on: "You know why I am telling you all this, except that the setting was so pleasant that we should have had a much better time than we did."

"You're an artful mix, Penny!" Dundee chuckled. "You're bringing up suspense for the entrance of the villain!"

"Then let me do it justice," Penny retorted. "Lois and Peter, Ralph and I made up one table for bridge, and Tracey, Polly, Judge Marshall and Karen the other. Flora said she didn't want to play, because she wanted to be free to keep an eye on Betty, although she protested she had perfect faith in Lydia, who, Flora says, is proving to be a marvel with the game. And Johnny Drake asked her to play anagrams with him, in between trips to the nursery. Johnny has a perfect pash for anagrams, and is a wow at 'em. So Tracey got the box of anagrams out of the trophy room."

"The trophy room?" Dundee repeated, amused. "That's what Tracey calls it," Penny explained impatiently, "because he has a couple of golf cups and Flora has an immense silver trophy for children and so on. The last time she was 'the lady tennis champion' of the state for one year. There are also some mounted fish and some deer heads with incredible antlers, but the room is really used as a catch-all for all the sports trophies, racquets, golf clubs, skis, ping-pong table, etc. . . . Anyway, Tracey brought out the box of anagrams, and we were all having a pretty good time when, at half past eight, the butler announced 'Mr. Dexter Sprague!'"

"Your note makes me wish I'd been there," Dundee acknowledged. "What happened?"

"You know how slap-em-on-the-back Tracey always is?" Penny asked, grinning. "Well, you should have seen him and heard him as he came in. Poor Whitson—the butler—as if he were giving him notice, instead of letting him off for the night! And the icy dignity with which he greeted poor Sprague—"

"Poor Sprague?" Dundee echoed. "Well, after all, Sprague had been received by all the crowd before Nita's death," Penny retorted. "I think it was rather natural for him to think he'd still be welcome. He began to apologize for his uninvited presence, saying he had felt lonely and depressed, and had just 'jumped into a

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