

The Evening Herald

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Tuesday, January 6, 1931

Off With The Old, On With The New

ASIDE from several changes in the personnel of the police department and the fact that many new faces appeared around the table at the council chamber, there was little to mark the passing of the old city administration and the coming of the new at the meeting of the council last night.

Those who had expected a display of fireworks were disappointed. Mayor Waters, councilmen and other officials who composed the old administration were not long in clearing the table of unfinished business, indicating that they had the work well in hand, and turned over the affairs of the municipality to their successors without any undue incidents. The change was not made, however, until the retiring members had extended a hearty welcome to the incoming officers, with the sincere wish that their administration be a credit to them and the city they will serve during the coming term.

F. H. Cofer, the new mayor, lost no time in picking up the work where his successor left off. Without delay and without ceremony, the list of appointive officials was announced, committees were named and the new administration had launched out upon the work for which they were elected.

There were no promises of revolutionizing affairs of the city, and no threats of tearing things upside down, as many had thought there would be. Rather, there was no indication of anything other than a disposition to render Klamath Falls intelligent and constructive service, and in their endeavors to serve their city well, Mayor Cofer and members of his administration are deserving of the loyal support of every citizen. They cannot attain the degree of success for which they will strive and which people generally hope they will achieve, without the unstinted support and co-operation of all. This does not mean that there cannot be honest differences in opinion over questions affecting the city. It does not mean that constructive criticism will be barred. But it does mean that members of the new administration are deserving of loyalty and support in their endeavors as a whole.

And, as those who composed the old administration, wound up their affairs last night and turned the management of the city over to their successors, there came the realization that they have labored with all sincerity to render the city service. Those who serve as mayor and members of the council are poorly paid at best, and the least to which they are entitled is the appreciation of citizens in general for their untiring efforts and sincere endeavors to render public service.

The task of running a city which has been experiencing the phenomenal growth Klamath Falls has during the past few years is a difficult one, and it is only through a complete review of the administration's achievements as a whole can one make a fair appraisal of the service rendered by those who have been charged with that responsibility.

What The Report Will Not Be

WASHINGTON reports that the president's commission on law enforcement, weary of its job and especially of the prohibition end of it, will make a report within a few days.

Nobody knows what the commission will say about prohibition, and that no doubt includes the members themselves. For the commission, like the country, is of a divided mind on this subject. Some of them came to the study with dry leanings and others with wet and probably those leanings have been more powerful than anything they have learned.

Two facts about the report, though, may be taken for granted.

One is that if it attempts to say anything definite about prohibition it will not be unanimous. The Associated Press dispatch says that from one quarter came the conviction that the report will be unanimous, but if it is unanimous it is certain that it will not say much.

The other fact is that whatever the report may be, it will not be to the effect that the experiment of prohibition is working beautifully or that the situation it has created is satisfactory to anybody except the few who care more about the form than the substance, and are more concerned in keeping prohibition in the constitution and the statutes than they are promoting temperance and the public welfare.

It had been hoped that some definite conviction might be reached by this commission that, because of the standard of its members, would be a real guide to the nation in determining how to solve the difficult problem. If there is to be any such result, nothing in the news about the work of the commission has foreshadowed it.

Though the crawfish is not to be adopted as an example for human beings to follow, nevertheless it avoids a lot of trouble by throwing its gears into reverse.

EDITORIALS

From Over The Nation

Self-Winding

Boston Transcript: Dr. Robert A. Millikan is quoted as expressing the opinion that the universe is not being annihilated. It is not like a watch that is running down. It may be said to be self-winding. Somewhere in the recesses of space it creates the elements and the energies that it needs in order that like Tennyson's brook it may go on forever. The cosmic rays which descend upon the earth are messengers announcing this fact. To use an expression frequently heard in these days, we may say, on this eminent authority, that the universe is fundamentally sound.

Contemplation of the self-perpetuating abilities of the universe may provide welcome relief from consideration of the troubles of the business world. The cosmic rays may serve as heralds of hope. Reminded that the universe is fundamentally sound it may be easier to have faith that so is business.

Prof. Millikan's investigation of the cosmic rays suggests further help the universe may be to us. The rays may bring about an era in which a weather prediction will be a scientific certainty rather than in considerable measure a guess sometimes good and sometimes bad. Dr. Millikan, of course, speaks of the possibilities with the caution of the scientist, but he goes as far as to say that he believes the electroscopes will be a big aid in bringing about advances in the as yet little developed science of meteorology. Even accepting the implied limitation, we may welcome the cosmic rays and the universe that produces them as aids to the weather man, who will be the first to acknowledge that help will be welcome. It will free him from informed persons who delight in declaring that as things are never gets it right. That is remote from the truth, but if the cosmic ray electroscopes eliminate or reduce the present percentage of error it will be hailed with delight wherever the meteorologist sits among his instruments. The universe and the cosmic rays will have his hearty thanks.

Unofficial Diplomat

Kansas City Star: A brief dispatch from Philadelphia carries the information of the death there of Col. James A. Logan, a New York banker. To the general public Col. Logan was not known. But to the comparatively few who were in close touch with American foreign relations after the war, "Logan" as his friends knew him, was a brilliant and powerful figure behind the scenes in diplomacy. Always an unofficial American representative, he was in constant demand to attend international conferences and to smooth out difficulties. He knew everybody worth while in Europe and sooner or later most of the important statesmen were entered at his famous dinners in the old French house behind the wall in the obscure Rue Monsieur on the left bank of the Seine. He had a genius for friendship and an insight into the motives and aims of European statesmen that was almost uncanny.

It was Logan who saw that France was sick of its adventure into the Ruhr and that Germany was equally worn out by the struggle, and so set in motion the forces that resulted in the appointment of the Dawes commission to settle the reparations problem. It was Logan who, as an unofficial representative at the London conference to consider the Dawes report, was able to avert a deadlock that threatened the success of the settlement. He had a genius for reducing complicated problems to their simplest terms and for bringing contending forces together.

Common Sense

London News and Chronicle: It is excellent news that the vendors of freak fashions are being left to their eccentricities on their hands. For if the dreamers would but believe it, the merely odd is almost never beautiful. It is one of the respects in which the world seems to have grown foolish instead of wiser as it has grown older. The old Greeks had learned the lesson thoroughly; they had no use at all for the merely odd. They thought it "barbarous and hideous; and it is generally both. But perhaps now even the dictators of fashion may be becoming as wise as men were say 2,500 years ago. We must accept progress as it comes, and be thankful.

Timely Quotations From People in the Public Eye

Our American professors like their literature clear, cold, pure and very dead.—Sinclair Lewis

No one sings in opera. You just make loud sounds.—Amelia Galli-Curci.

Nineteenth century England was a going concern. Post-war England is a gone concern.—Dean Inge.

The public ought to censor plays by its presence or its absence.—Rabbi Nathan Kraus.

He whose mind is free of jealousy is in a state of magnificent spiritual health.—William Lyon Phelps.

I want to go down there again.—Dr. Lawrence Gould, second in command of the Byrd South Pole Expedition.

It is good for religion that there should be some atheists, whether it is good for the atheists or not.—Archbishop of York.

If we want material results we must fulfill material conditions.—Rev. Harry Emerson Fordick.

DAILY WASHINGTON LETTER

State Department Faces New Irritation as Exiled Cubans Organize Patriotic League, With Headquarters at It, to Fight for Freedom From Machado Dictatorship.

BY RODNEY DUTCHER
SEA Service Writer

WASHINGTON—Cubans driven from their country by the Machado dictatorship are finally banding together in order to make a concentrated, organized fight for Cuban liberty from within the protective shores of the United States. Exiled Cubans have been increasing in number for several years and now some of them have organized the Cuban Patriotic League, which will have headquarters here and plans to disseminate information about what's happening on the island republic.

The league, it is expected, according to plans, is likely to become a constant irritant to the Department of State, which has consistently ignored the frequent sensational charges against President Gerardo Machado.

"Mussolini is a George Washington compared to Machado," says H. Ralph Burton, general counsel for the new organization. "It is hard for an American to understand that there exists, within a hundred miles of his own country, a state which, in its lack of political and civil freedom, is only comparable with the despotism of Asiatic princes." Burton, who is best known here as the legal representative and spokesman of various national patriotic societies, visited Cuba early in the fall with Senator David I. Walsh of Massachusetts. He has had experience in international politics and was decorated by the Rumanian government for his services to that country in her successful post-war efforts to acquire large tracts of new territory.

Other prominent members in the league are Alfred Retan-court, president; Octavio Seligie, exiled Cuban; Gerald Brandon, newspaper editor; Dr. Domingo Tamarago and Albert L. Laane. The hope of the organization is to organize all Cuban exiles and other anti-Machado patriots now in the United States.

"We save the Cubans a replica of our own constitution with which to govern themselves and now Machado has destroyed it," Burton says. "The Department of State has been negligent in its duty of protecting the liberties of Cuba, as guaranteed in the Platt amendment."

The manner in which people have been shot and imprisoned, to say nothing of having had their property confiscated without compensation, has been unbearable to anyone who has not studied the situation in Cuba. "Machado has persistently refused to permit the organization of new political parties or the registration of old parties. The right of political opposition is entirely denied. As soon as an editor or anyone else speaks up, he is notified to get out of the country or go to jail. When the Nationalist party met for party congress last night, the soldiers with the result that several people were killed and several hundred arrested for disturbing the peace."

"By unconstitutional means, Machado has extended his term of office to at least 10 years, obtaining co-operation of his Congress by increasing the terms of its members and promising to keep them in office. He is in now until May, 1935, as a result of the 1928 election in which he was the only candidate whose name was permitted to appear on the ticket."

"Practically every newspaper in Havana, despite constitutional guarantees of freedom of the press, has either been suppressed or has suspended publication because of Machado's rigid censorship. Machado's enemies have been mysteriously assassinated and boy and girl students killed for asserting their right of petition. Every 10 days, through a lottery, Machado extracts hun-

dreds of thousands of dollars from the desperately poor Cubans in amounts of 20 cents and up, deducting his own liberal share and then dividing among his political henchmen. Small wonder that he dares not so even a few miles into the country without the aid of the road lined with soldiers for his protection."

The Cuban Patriotic League's first move has been to ask Secretary of State Stimson to persuade Machado to allow American representatives to enter Cuba, study the situation and make a public report. It really doesn't expect Stimson and Machado to co-operate, but holds that it has thus called Machado's bluff as Macho when he said recently he was willing to let the American people know all the facts.

EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO IN KLAMATH

The bell used to summon Presbyterians to divine worship may have been rung in the members of the first department to fight a conflagration unless something toward a fire alarm is done at once. This was one of the temporary remedies suggested at last night's meeting of the council when the members discussed the hazardous predicament the city finds itself in at present, sans whistle, sans bell.

At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Stephens on Walnut Avenue, Miss Letta Stevens and Lester L. Leavitt, were united in matrimony by Dr. Henry C. Collins. His approach must have been expected and observed, for it was the master of the house who opened the great front-studded door and invited him into the broad main hall, at the end of which, down three steps, lay the immense living room. The doctor's first glance took in stately arm chairs of the Cromwell period, thick, mellow-toned rugs, and in the living room beyond, splendid examples of Jacobean furniture. In all this dignified but simple grandeur only Tracey Miles—stout, blond, the typical business habit—struck a false note.

"A horrible thing to happen in a man's home, Dundee," Miles was saying, his plump, rosy face blighted with horror. "I don't know yet that we actually sleep as usual with a corpse lying down here all night! And I have only myself to blame."

Who was the Bly man who voted for C. C. Low for sheriff at the last election? If he will make himself known he will receive a commission as deputy sheriff and a nice star to wear on the left hand lapel of his uniform. Sheriff Low received but a single vote in the Bly district, hence his determination to reward this loyal soul.

Mixing Up by Joe Bush
Did you ever stop to think what a newspaper reporter in a city of the size of Klamath Falls must contend with? Never thought of the nice things he does for some of you, but always remember when he gets your initials wrong in the social columns, don't you?

Let's read between the lines. Here's an item that appears in the paper in some form or other every day of the world:

"John Blank, the well-known architect residing near So-and-so, arrived in the city yesterday afternoon and, after transacting business returned home this morning."

Now here is the way the reporter might have told the story of Mr. Blank's visit here: "John Blank, who owns a rock pasture near So-and-so, came to town yesterday morning for the express purpose of getting drunk. He had accomplished his purpose after he had been here less than an hour, and then proceeded to make himself obnoxious. Through the influence of a local merchant, Blank was kept out of jail, and started on his way homeward."

"I would not have interfered," said the merchant, "only Blank owes me a lot of money and I was afraid that if he went to jail there would never be a chance for me to get even."

Biblical Question

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50

- HORIZONTAL 38 Game, 1 Nickname for Wisconsin, 41 One, 42 Supernatural, 43 Constellation, 44 For fear that, 45 Tyrant, 46 Famous, 47 Easy gain, 16 Offer, 17 Uncouth, 18 Labor leader, 20 Platform, 21 To finish, 22 Where a bull fight takes place, 23 Guided, 24 Mean, 27 Membranous bag, 30 Proverb, 31 Colloquial for Japanese, 34 Coral island, 35 Beach.
- VERTICAL 4 Protruding part of a ship, 2 To decorate, 3 Drugged, 4 Mirth, 5 Eve was made from, 6 Adam's—?, 7 Concise, 8 Customary, 9 Shelf, 10 Cornered, 11 Delivered, 13 Nautical, 20 Wise men, 22 Scarlet, 24 To scold constantly, 27 Having flavor, 28 To make amends, 29 Filled, 31 Woman labor leader Mother, 32 To get up, 33 Trivial, 43 Fold of thread, 47 Husk, 49 Land, 50 Uncooked.

Murder At Bridge

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

CHAPTER XXXVII

The Miles home, still known in Hamilton as the Hackett place, since it had been built more than 30 years before by Flora's father, old Silas Hackett, had these several years, dominated one of the most beautiful of the wooded hills which encircled Mirror Lake in the Hreestwood section. Of modified Tudor architecture, its deep red, mellowed bricks had achieved in three decades almost the same aged dignity and impressiveness that characterized the three-century-old mansion in England which Silas Hackett's architect had used as an inspiration.

The big house faced the lake, a long series of landscaped terraces leading down to the water's edge, but the driveway wound from the main road up a side hill, to the main entrance at the rear of the house.

Once before—on Sunday, the day after Nita Selim's murder, when he had come to interview Lydia Carr and had secured the alibi which had eliminated Dexter Sprague as a suspect—Dundee had driven his car up this hill between the tall yew hedges. But then he had taken the fork which led to the hooded doorway over the kitchen; had descended the kitchen stairs with Lydia, to the servants' sitting room in the basement. Now he continued along the main driveway to the more impressive entrance, whose flanking, slim turrets frowned down upon a line of police cars and motorcycles.

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touching the floor at the end of the rigid, outstretched arm. The one visible eye was half open, but on the hollow, thin face, which had been strikingly handsome in an obvious sort of way, was a peace and dignity which Dundee had never seen upon Sprague's face when the man was alive. The left leg was drawn upward so that the knee almost touched the bullet-pierced stomach.

"How long has he been dead, doctor?" Dundee asked quietly.

"Hello, boy!" Dr. Price greeted him placidly. "Always the same question! I've been here only a few minutes, and I've already told you that I shall probably be unable to fix the hour of death with any degree of accuracy."

"Took your time, didn't you, Bonnie?" Captain Strawn greeted his former subordinate on the homicide squad. "Doc says he's been dead between 10 and 12 hours. Since it's nearly 10 now, that means Sprague was killed some time between 9 and 11 o'clock last night."

"Better say between 9 o'clock and midnight last night," Dr. Price suggested. "He may have lived an hour or more—unconscious, of course. Your indications are that he did not die instantly, but staggered a few steps, clutching at the wound. But of course I shall have to perform an autopsy first—"

Dundee crossed the room, stepping over the dead man's stick—a weak affair of dark, polished wood with a heavy knob of carved ivory, which lay about a foot beyond the reach of the curled fingers of the stiff right hand.

"Sprague's hat?" he asked, pointing to a brightly banded straw hat which lay upon the top of the cabinet.

"Yes," Strawn answered. "And did you notice the window screen?"

He pointed to the window in front of which the body lay. The sash of leaded panes was raised as high as it would go, and beneath it was a screen of the roller curtain type, raised about six inches from the window sill. A pair of curved nickel-plated catches in the center of the inch-wide metal band on the bottom of the copper-net curtains showed how the screen was raised or lowered.

Dundee nodded, frowning, and Strawn began eagerly:

"You'll have to admit I was right now, boy. You've sneered at my gunman theory and tried to pin Nita's murder on one of Hamilton's finest burglar people, but you'll have to admit that every detail of this setup bears me out."

"Sure. This is the way I figure it out: Sprague has good reason to be afraid he's next on the program. He's nervous. He hops a taxi at his hotel and comes here—can't stick to his room any longer. Wants a little human companionship. This crowd here—and I have Miles' word for it—ain't any too glad to see him, and shows it. His phone for a taxi to go back to his hotel—about 9:15, that was, Miles says—but decides to walk down the hill to meet it. Doesn't want to go back out on the porch and lie about having had a good time, when he hasn't. Well, he opens the front door, or what would be the front door if this was any ordinary house, but before he steps out he sees or hears something, probably a rustling in the hedge across the driveway, or maybe he even sees a face in the light from the lanterns on each side of the door."

"He feels sure Nita's murderer has trailed him, and doesn't turn on the light for fear he'll be seen from the windows, but he can see well enough to make a shot at the screen work. I'll bet you anything you like Sprague stayed in this room for an hour or two, till he thought the coast was clear, then eased up this screen, intending to climb out of the window which he dropped to the ground. Not much of a drop at that. You can see that the tall hedge on this side of the driveway comes pretty near up to these windows. . . . Well, I figure he laid his hat on this cabinet, intending to reach for it when he was outside, but that he made some little noise which the gunman was listening for, and that when he got the screen up this high, the gunman, crouching under the window, let go with the

same gun and silence that he used to bump off Nita. . . . I've got Miles' word for it that neither he nor anybody else heard a shot. . . . Of course, nobody knew Sprague was in here, and since his hat and stick was both missing from the hall closet, they took it for granted he'd beat it. . . . Any objections to that theory, boy?"

"Just a few—none in particular," Dundee said. "But I grant it's a good one, provided Dr. Price's autopsy bears you out as to the course of the bullet, and that Carraway finds Sprague's fingerprints on that contrivance for raising the screen. Even then—"

But Dundee was not allowed to finish his sentence, for Strawn was called to the telephone, by Whitehead. When he returned there was a slightly bewildered look on his heavy old face.

"That's funny. . . . Collins—the lad I sent to check up on the taxi companies—says he's located the driver that answered Sprague's call last night. The driver says he was told to wait for Sprague at the foot of the hill, on the main road; says he waited there until half past 10, then went on back to town, and a bolted out."

"It doesn't look exactly as if Sprague were afraid of anyone outside of this house last night, does it?" Dundee asked. "By the way, I suppose you've sent for everyone who was here?"

Strawn looked uncomfortable. "But we haven't been able to locate the Beale girl and Clive Hammond."

(To Be Continued)

Public Building Volume 1, 87 Per Cent of '29 Mark

SEATTLE, Jan. 6. (AP)—Public works contracts, excluding buildings awarded during 1930 in Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana totaled \$68,063,069 or 87 per cent of the 1929 figure, the Pacific Builder and Engineer News Weekly said today, after tabulating engineering contracts reported in it. Contracts in the same territory will total \$130,000,000 in 1931 the weekly estimated.

The actual total was more than \$127,000,000, the magazine asserted, because work totaling \$39,000,000 was done during the past year on contracts awarded in 1929.

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