

COUNCIL HEARS OBJECTIONS TO PAVING PLANS

Petitions remonstrating against the proposed paving unit in Dixon, Hillsdale additions and the Terrace were filed last night by property owners of those sections.

Those signing the petitions asked that a former petition presented last Monday night, which requested the paving of Erie, Levy, Hillsdale, Dixon and Auburn streets, not be granted on the grounds that the first petition was not signed by the majority of lot owners and that the cost of improvement is prohibitive as compared with the assessed valuation of lots.

Chilcote Speaks

Among the property owners present was E. M. Chilcote who stated it is his belief that a majority of those who would be affected by the paving unit had signed the petition favoring it, and as for the assessed valuation he pointed out that in Hillsdale addition lots are valued at \$170 and corner lots from \$200 to \$340, and was of the opinion that the assessed valuation would not be greatly raised by pavement since the paving improvement in Mills Addition made little difference in the assessed valuation of lots.

Councilman Van Camp was of the opinion that this property can stand paving assessments better than some other sections could, which have been improved.

E. A. Thomas, city engineer, stated that he considered it advisable to wait another week before acting upon the petitions to give other property owners a chance to sign, then check the names on each petition to find out which has the majority.

Bid Awarded

N. M. Wollander of the General Building and Contracting company was granted a bid for construction of a utility building for \$370.

Other bids were Thomas Phillips, T. B. Westfall and O. P. Anderson.

Two bids to supply 250 cubic yards of crushed rock to be used in the cemetery, one from W. D. Miller and the other from Dunn & Bar, were the same, \$500. These bids were referred to the cemetery committee with power to act.

Motion was passed that bids for a cemetery fence be held over until next Monday night to allow an extension of time to several who wished to place bids but had not yet received whole-sale prices.

Ordinance Passed

An ordinance was passed designating a charge of \$50 be made to residences on property adjacent to the city limits when owners desire to connect with the city sewer.

Ask School Signs

Guy Merrill, police captain, requested the council to install school signs on Riverside Drive to eliminate keeping an officer stationed at this corner when the children are going to and from Riverside school.

Councilman Van Camp thought that Boy Scouts should be appointed to handle the traffic at this point, but it was pointed out by Councilman Vannice that Scouts would not be out of school when the smaller children are dismissed. The matter was referred to the police committee with power to act.

Seek Protection

A letter signed by Rev. Preston of the Community Congregational church in Mills Addition was presented by Councilman Bagley, stating that East Main street on which is located one of the largest schools in the city is becoming a speedway and it is especially dangerous to children exposed to this traffic before and after school hours.

Bagley asked if a policeman could be stationed at the school to direct traffic during these hours. This was also referred to the police committee.

Clean Up Alleys

Councilman Van Camp asked that the cleaning of alleys in the city be brought under the supervision of either the police or fire department to notify property owners and eliminate the dirty condition now prevalent.

Fire Chief Taylor reported that his department has already started work on cleaning the alleys since they constitute a fire hazard.

Upon recommendation of the police committee, the appointments of Chris Sterling, H. A. Lalonde and James Hayes as patrolmen were approved.

The matter of grading East Main from Shasta Way to Sixth street, as requested by property owners, was referred to the street committee with power to act.

Grant Permits

Permits to operate were granted to the Mecca pool hall, Mecca lunch counter, Washington cafe, rooming house at 741 Walnut, Bradburn apartments, Baker rooms, Anchor hotel, Music Box dance hall and Dale rooms.

MAD MARRIAGE

by LAURA LOU BROOKMAN Author of HEART HUNGRY, etc.

CHAPTER VI

Gypsy collected the work on her desk and arose. "I'll come right away, Miss Tuttle," she said.

What was it that had gone wrong now? As well to get the ordeal over. Gypsy followed the other woman into the adjoining office. It was a tiny room with barely space for Miss Tuttle's desk, two chairs and a wooden cabinet. It was always used for interviews, which gained importance by the office executive's brisk, "Come into my private office."

Still puzzling over what could be wrong, Gypsy entered the room.

"Close the door, will you?" Miss Tuttle said with what seemed forced brightness.

There never had been any great friendship between these two. Miss Tuttle six months previously had been transferred from the book-keeping department. She was thoroughly impressed with her own importance. The transfer was a promotion, and Miss Tuttle had energetically instituted "efficiency measures"—to the irritation of Gypsy and others accustomed to the old routine. Clara Howard and one or two of the other typists had won preference by flattery. Gypsy, on the other hand, had a reputation for independence.

"Sit down, Miss McBride," the older woman motioned toward the chair.

Gypsy sat down. And it was at that moment she realized what was to come. Those figures she had typed Saturday—the directors' report! She had failed to check them and now an error had been discovered. Her mind whirled as she thought of the consequences.

Miss Tuttle leaned back in her chair, folded her hands upon the desk. It was an attitude which meant the interview had begun.

"How long have you been with the MacNamara company?" she asked.

"Two and a half years."

The older woman's nod was business-like. She had not asked the question for information. She had known exactly how long Gypsy had worked as MacNamara's.

"You are probably aware," Miss Tuttle continued, "that your record of service is longer than any of the other typists in this department."

"Yes."

Why couldn't Tuttle break the bad news and be through with it? Was she actually enjoying this delay?

Evidently the discussion was not to be hurried. Miss Tuttle hesitated, cleared her throat, and then went on.

"One of the policies which I wish to enforce," she said, "is to base advancement upon the length of service. It is, I believe, recognized that this makes for efficiency. You are in line for the next promotion."

Gypsy said nothing, waiting.

Mr. Reynolds' secretary is leaving the first of next week," Miss Tuttle continued. "I believe you can do the work and have recommended you for the place. Mr. Reynolds will give you some letters to test your speed at dictation this afternoon."

"Why, Miss Tuttle—you mean—?"

"There will be an advance of \$2 a week after you have shown that you can do the work satisfactorily."

Still Gypsy could hardly believe her ears. There was a pause. Evidently Miss Tuttle was expecting some word of appreciation.

"I hope you are pleased, Miss McBride," she said a trifle stiffly.

"Oh—oh, yes. Thank you. It's a big surprise. I—well, I wasn't expecting anything like this. It's—it certainly is a surprise."

"I'll let you know when Mr. Reynolds is ready. It will probably be about 3 o'clock."

Gypsy understood she was dismissed. She also sensed that she had incurred displeasure.

"It's awfully nice of you to give me this chance, Miss Tuttle," she said, rising.

"I only hope you justify my recommendation."

The tilt of Miss Tuttle's head indicated that Gypsy was to return to her work. She went back to the outer office.

"What happened?" Jean Foster tried to keep her voice down but Gypsy was aware the others were listening.

"Nothing."

"Was Tuttle sore about anything? Did she have you out?" Gypsy shook her head.

Jean sighed with relief. "Well, that's great! Gosh—I've been sitting here shivering. Know what I thought? I was just sure it was something to do with those figures we copied the other day. You remember—when you were in a hurry to meet your boy friend? Say—if I'd gotten you in bad I'd never forgiven myself."

"Don't worry any longer," Gypsy told her. She placed a fresh sheet of paper in her typewriter. Apparently intent on getting the sheet just right, Gypsy kept one eye on Clara Howard.

There was a pause. Then Gypsy added casually, "Mr. Reynolds' secretary is quitting and they're offering me the job."

"Gypsy—how marvelous!" There were general congratulations. The other girls who had tried to conceal the fact that they were listening now gathered around Gypsy's desk. There were excited comments—a promotion would mean a new girl—someone to take Gypsy's place. Were there going to be other changes? Wasn't she thrilled?

"Just look at her!" Jean exclaimed. "We're all excited and Gypsy's calm as a judge. Would you ever think she'd just got a raise. And a swell-looking boss like Mr. Reynolds, too! Say, Gypsy, you certainly are the lucky girl!"

Gypsy tried to answer their questions and turn aside the jokes. In a few minutes the others were at their desks again and she was able to go on with her typing. Her fingers, she discovered, were clumsy.

"Lucky girl," was what Jean had called her. Lucky? Of course. Wasn't she going to get a raise? The job she had hoped for without much encouragement for over a year? Lucky? Of course she was lucky!

Gypsy hit the wrong key and tried to erase the damage. It left a smudged spot.

Five letters—all capitals—ranged themselves before her eyes. They danced on the fresh white expanse of paper and screamed at her. The letters would not go away. "LUCKY!" they leered at her. "LUCKY-K-Y!"

She had never felt more unlucky in her life.

Gypsy was not given to tears. Emotional in other respects she seldom cried. Now she frowned at the notes to be copied and slowly, deliberately continued typing.

It was hard work because she could not keep her attention from roving. How could she possibly feel lucky after that quarrel with Alan? "What was a job, a raise in salary or anything else compared with knowing Alan hated her and never wanted to see her again?"

The typewriter keys were behaving queerly. Gypsy wondered if she would ever get through the morning. She could still see Alan's white face and hear the scorching tone of his voice.

Oh, there was no doubt that she had ruined every chance to make him care for her again.

When lunch time came Gypsy was behind with the morning's work, but she rose from her desk with relief. She was glad of the chance to get away from the pressing tasks of her neighbors. Of course they knew something was wrong. Even when they were congratulating her about the new job they must have seen she was miserable. ... Clara Howard had mentioned circles beneath her eyes. Well—let them talk!

Gypsy went to the locker room for her coat and hat, pausing an instant before the mirror. She

did look a fright. Automatically she drew the vanity case from her purse and dabbed her nose with powder. It was not a great improvement.

Downstairs at the drug store counter she lunched on a sandwich and cup of coffee. It was all she could eat. Even the coffee, which was always appetizing, did not tempt her.

Twenty minutes remained of her lunch hour after she had finished eating. Gypsy decided to walk. She went out of the building, joining the throng on the sidewalk.

The air was cool but there was sunshine. Gypsy walked briskly. Twice she had to wait for traffic. Six blocks from the office building she turned and retraced her steps.

The exercise was stimulating and gradually the girl felt her courage revive. She would see Alan tonight and apologize. She would swear that she was sorry—shoulder all the blame. Not one word would she say about the other woman—Mrs. Langley. All that she would ask for would be for Alan to forget their quarrel and remain friends.

It was amazing how this resolution improved her spirits. Gypsy, back at work, could scarcely wait for the afternoon to pass. She was suddenly herself again, energetic and eager.

At a little after three Mr. Reynolds was ready for the dictation. The girl took her stenographic pad and went to the office at the far end of the corridor. Reynolds was one of the youngest men in the organization. He was a nephew of a member of the firm. Gypsy had never spoken to him.

She knocked at the open door and the young man at the desk looked up.

"Miss McBride," he asked. "Won't you come in?"

Gypsy entered, took the chair he motioned toward.

"At a little after three you wanted to dictate," he said.

Reynolds nodded. He was a well-set-up young man with pleasant blue eyes and lightish brown hair. He had the look of a man who likes outdoor activities. Without delay he leaped into the waiting correspondence. He dictated clearly, not too rapidly. There was no reason why Gypsy should have missed a word, yet when he had finished and she closed her notebook the girl knew she had written the words automatically.

"Leave the letters on my desk if I'm not here when you finish," Reynolds instructed.

Gypsy agreed. Then she hurried back to the outer office to transcribe the notes.

She wrote the letters swiftly, and was pleased with their appearance. There was no one in Reynolds' office when she laid them on his desk.

An hour and a half later, entering the door of Mrs. O'Hare's rooming house, she met Alan Crosby.

(To Be Continued)

This County Third in A. A. A. Membership

Klamath county is third in membership in the Oregon State Motor Association, affiliated with the American Automobile Association, according to a statement made by F. C. Perry, crack A. A. salesman in the United States.

"At present Multnomah and Marion counties lead Klamath in A. A. memberships," Mr. Perry said. "But before June we believe that Klamath will outstrip Marion."

Mr. Perry visited Klamath county in 1930, and he announced today that the association had not lost a single member in Klamath Falls, and that membership renewals were 100 per cent.

The A. A. A. given service to members all over the United States and Canada, and the Oregon State Motor Association is the only organization that is affiliated with the national association.

Mr. Perry declares that every year small automobile clubs make the claim that they are affiliated with the A. A. A., but these claims are false, according to the salesman, whose record is more than 100 members a month for 1929 and 1930.

The A. A. A. maintains more than 1000 clubs over the United States, and the Oregon State Motor Association, its subsidiary, operated 16 offices in the state.

An exhibit in the windows of the local chamber of commerce points out some of the advantages of membership in these organizations, and illustrating services given by the A. A. A.

The official A. A. A. Garage in Klamath Falls is the Motor Inn, and Mr. Perry declares that local service has received compliments from California tourists as well as those from more distant states.

CIVIC OPERA CO. TO OPEN IN PORTLAND

The Chicago Civic Opera company with its host of opera songbirds arrived in Portland Thursday of this week for the opera season, for which Portland has been preparing for months.

The Chicago organization headed by Claudio Muzio, John Charles, and by some 30 or 35 world-famous stars such as Tito Schipa, Thomas, Frida Leider, Maria Diawoska, Alexander Kipnis, Theodore Strack and many others, will unfold its 300 persons and its special trainload of scenery and equipment at the depot early Thursday morning and will set to work at once preparing for the opening performance, "La Traviata." It is anticipated that the brilliant season will open before one of the largest throngs ever assembled in the Public Auditorium at Portland.

The repertoire for the Portland season, with the principal stars appearing in each opera, is as follows:

Thursday night, March 2, "La Traviata"—Claudio Muzio, Tito Schipa, John Charles Thomas, Lodovico Oliviero, Desiro Defrere, Alice d'Ormaney, Eugenio Sandrini, Antonio Nicolich and others. Ballet. Conductor, Robert Moranzoni.

Friday night, March 13, "Die Walkure"—Frida Leider, Maria Glaswieska, Emma Redell, Alexander Kipnis, Theodore Strack, Chase, Baromeo, Cee Glade Sonia Sharnova and others. Conductor, Emil Cooper.

Saturday matinee, March 14, "Lucia di Lammermoor"—Muriel Salvi, Tito Schipa, Richard Bonelli, Chase Baromeo, Giuseppe Cavadore, Alice d'Ormaney, Lodovico Oliviero. Ballet. Conductor, Frank St. Legor.

Saturday night, March 14, double bill: "Cavalleria Rusticana"—Claudio Muzio, Jenny Tourel, Antonio Cortis, Desiro Defrere, Constance Eberhart. Conductor, Roberto Moranzoni. Followed by "I Pagliacci"—Hilda Burke, Charles Marshall, Cesare Formichi, Giuseppe Cavadore, Desiro Defrere. Conductor, Frank St.

Leger. Followed by Travotore Ballet.

For the benefit of out-of-town patrons, of which there will be many thousands, ticket reservations will be accepted to the last minute by long distance telephone or telegraph, or tickets may be ordered by mail and will be held at the box office. All communications should be directed to the opera company at Sherman-Clay's store, West Park and Alder streets, in Portland.



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THE arsonist more and more is becoming a discouraged criminal. So relentless is the search—so greatly improved are the methods of detecting the deeds of this foe to all society—that fires started either for revenge or gain are steadily decreasing in number.

Likewise the pyromaniac, with his abnormal mind, is being cured. More than half the states have amended their laws to more effectively check the operations of men who endanger the lives of others in their efforts to profit through destruction by fire. Other states are joining the movement.

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