

FABIANI RAPS PROMOTERS OF CIRCUS-TYPE

PHILADELPHIA, March 13. (AP)—Ray Fabiani, Boston and Philadelphia wrestling promoter, made a plea today to keep wrestling from the promoters of circus-type promoters who import athletes from other sports as a serious threat to the game, he said.

"Now that professional wrestling is profitable and drawing record crowds all over the country and a new and better type of man is going into it from the competitive side," Fabiani said in a formal statement, "there are many new promoters rushing into it."

"They know little or nothing about wrestling or wrestling. So they get football players like Joe Savolli, Gus Sonnenberg, Ed George and Tex Hamer and boxers like Carnera and George Godfrey and try to make a circus out of it."

"So surely as athletic commissions in the various states permit them to do this, they will be killed; so surely will the public abandon it as quickly as it has taken it up."

"Bringing every Tom, Dick and Harry into the wrestling game because he had starred in some other sport eventually will drive the fans away. They go to football games to see gridiron stars and to prize fights to see boxers. When they go to wrestling matches they want to see wrestlers."

Jury Selected For Petersteiner Case

Circuit Judge William M. Duncan recessed court this morning in the case of State of Oregon versus Peter Petersteiner because of the absence of the defendant, charged with illegal sale of moonshine whiskey. The case had been appealed from a conviction in justice court, and is classed as a misdemeanor.

Judge Duncan issued a bench warrant for Petersteiner, and recessed court until 2 o'clock this afternoon. A jury had been selected, and opening statements begun before court was adjourned pending the arrival of Petersteiner.

High School Band To Present Program

By DORIS PORTER
Klamath High Correspondent
The high school band will present a 35 to 40 minute concert at the Pelican Theatre Friday and Saturday, March 20 and 21, under the direction of John Stovall, leader.

The concert has been arranged through the courtesy of Harry Poole, theatre owner, for the purpose of raising money with which to secure more uniforms and equipment. The program will be announced later.

Last year a similar entertainment was given under the leadership of E. Derry.

Horses have the power of sleeping while standing. Their legs are provided with muscular mechanisms which cause them to lock, as it were, and permit the animals to rest somewhat as if they were standing on stilts.

MAD MARRIAGE

by LAURA LOU BROOKMAN Author of 'HEART HUNGRY', etc.

BEGIN HERE TODAY

Gypsy McBride, 10-year-old typist meets the man on which Alan Crosby returns from a year and a half studying art in Paris. They are not engaged, but there has been an "understanding" between them. Gypsy sees a beautiful woman on the pier whom Crosby identifies as Mrs. Langley, a ship's acquaintance.

Two nights later he breaks an engagement with Gypsy on a plea of business. She goes to the theatre alone and encounters him with Mrs. Langley. There is a scene. Mrs. Langley, who is 34 and a divorcee, drives away alone. Gypsy and Crosby go home in a cab, quarrelling all the way. Next day Gypsy is miserable. She hurries home from the office determined to apologize to Crosby. In the interview following he makes it plain his affection for Gypsy is ended. Next day Gypsy is repulsed for some careless work, and in a petulant mood resigns. She accepts an invitation from her wealthy cousin, Anne Trowbridge, to take the place of a dinner guest who cannot appear.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER IX
Phil Trowbridge stood with his back toward them as Anne and Gypsy entered the living room. He was offering a cocktail to a pretty girl whose blonde curls and frothy white lace gown made her resemble a figure on a French miniature. The girl was smiling. A look passed between them, and Trowbridge turned.

Across the room an elderly man with gray hair was in conversation with a woman in black. A fat, youngish man with a small mustache stood beside them.

Anna went forward. "Mrs. Lucas," she said in the tone of voice reserved for such occasions. "I want to present my cousin, Miss McBride. Gypsy—Mrs. Lucas."

That was the beginning of the introductions. There was a succession of them, including so many names and faces that all were confused jumble to Gypsy. Other guests arrived immediately. She discovered the man with the gray hair was Mr. Montgomery and the pretty little blond was his wife. She noted Mrs. Montgomery paid scant attention to her husband, and generally there were at least two men beside her.

Trowbridge stepped to compliment Gypsy. "Say, girl, what have you been doing to yourself? I thought you were Greta Garbo when you came in!"

"What have you been doing to your eyesight?" Gypsy retorted. "Don't you know a blond from a brunette?"

"Minor detail—Inconsequential!" he told her. "Anyhow you're a knockout."

Gypsy smiled. She knew Phil was trying to be kind, and she was grateful. It was pleasant to know that she looked well.

Anne came for her and there were more introductions. Gypsy shook hands, smiled the mechanical smile she was rapidly acquiring, and then found herself beside Mrs. Lucas, the woman in black.

"Are you stopping with Mrs. Trowbridge?" the older woman asked.

"No—I live in New York."

"Oh, do you? Anne must bring you to tea some time. You're very like each other, aren't you? I'd almost say you were sisters!"

Gypsy was relieved. The conversation took a welcome turn toward a musical event of the past

week. Gypsy knew nothing about it, but she could not and smile at the proper intervals. That was what others did. She had been so afraid Mrs. Lucas was going to ask her address. Wouldn't it sound well to Anne's wealthy friends?

The maid entered with more cocktails. All of the guests had arrived. Dinner was announced.

"You're to go in with Horace Page," Anne had told Gypsy.

Page had been one of the last to arrive, and at one glance Gypsy resigned herself to a dull evening. He was the type of middle-aged bachelor frequently encountered at dinner parties given by such hostesses as Anne Trowbridge. Slim but not tall, Horace Page wore rimmed glasses attached to a gold chain. His eyes, behind the lenses, were vaguely gray. He had sharp features, pink cheeks and thinning hair.

They went into the elaborately appointed dining room. Gypsy had never seen anything so elegant as the long table with its covering of heavy lace, the brilliant sheen of ruby crystal, gleaming silver and soft candle light.

Anne, at the far end of the room, was looking charming. The flame of her gown reflected on her cheeks. It was a proud moment for the hostess.

The dinner party was one of the most ambitious entertainments young Mrs. Trowbridge had undertaken. The guest list represented weeks of cultivation and tireless effort. That was why Gypsy's arrival to take the place of the injured Miss Lane was so important. Anne Trowbridge, for all her frivolity, took one subject seriously. She was striving with tact, diligence and a surprising amount of insight for the social position to which she aspired. It was her wifely duty thus to aid Phil (so she told him) by entertaining the right people. It was also a form of competition which held feverish attraction for Anne.

Tonight marked a triumph. Seated at Phil's right at the opposite end of the table was Mrs. Charles Littleton Fox—THE Mrs. Fox whose name was so well known in social columns and whose pictures never appeared even in the most conservative of journals. Mrs. Fox's presence at the Trowbridge dinner was distinctly a social triumph.

Charles Fox sat beside Anne. He made no pretense of the fact that horses and race track gossip were the only things which interested him. If there was no one about to discuss the Whitney two-year-olds showing in the south or to make predictions about the Preakness, Charles Fox subsided into grumpy silence. He was silent now, but not grumpy—a concession owing to the fact that his hostess was so young and pretty.

Two of Phil Trowbridge's business associates were included in the group. One of these was the gray-haired Montgomery with his young wife. There was a Miss Matthews and her brother, both middle-aged, who had been friends of Anne's mother. They had Social Register ratings—and little money. They had been extremely useful to Anne.

Most of the others were recent acquaintances of the Trowbridges. Gypsy supposed they must have prominence or wealth—probably both. All of them impressed the girl as being tiresome and uninteresting.

Anne was the prettiest woman

in the room, Gypsy reflected. Some, of course, might prefer the blond Mrs. Montgomery, who wore four bracelets, mostly diamonds, and a diamond pendant, but tilted constantly in a high, childish voice. Gypsy had taken a dislike to Mrs. Montgomery.

Now a butler was bringing the soup. There had never been a butler in the Trowbridge household before. Anne was clearly outdoing herself.

Horace Page was asking if Gypsy had seen the latest Guild play. It was on the tip of the girl's tongue to reply truthfully that she had tried to get tickets, but no balcony seats were available. Instead she said she had not gotten around to it.

"They're hit the wrong tempo," Page told her. "Altogether the wrong tempo!"

"Tempo?" Gypsy had supposed they were talking about a play.

"Of course the symbolism is dominant," the man continued, "and it's impressive. Oriental thing, you know. Very colorful. But there's no excuse really for misplacing the tempo. One doesn't expect that of the Guild."

Gypsy thought she must have misunderstood. "It's the new play Lynn Fontanne's in, you mean, isn't it?" she asked.

Page nodded, bringing the bald spot into prominence.

"Over-rated actress," he said, briskly. There followed a ten-minute monologue on what was wrong with Miss Fontanne's dramatic portrayals.

Horace Page advanced the information that he was secretary of a Little Theatre group. He deplored the commercial theatre and the public's failure to appreciate true art.

"But we're reaching them!" Page declared with feeling. "We're reaching them!"

Why, Gypsy asked herself, had she ever given up the peace and quiet of her room. This was a hundred times worse. She moved restlessly, tried again to fasten her attention on what Page was saying.

Down at the end of the table she caught a glimpse of Mrs. Fox. Her aristocratic chin was elevated, but her table manners, the girl

thought, might have been improved. Poor Phil, striving to entertain the guest of honor, looked hard-pressed.

All around the table were women wearing expensive gowns and lavish jewelry. The names of the men represented social position and wealth. Gypsy studied their faces, and decided she had never seen so dismal a group.

An evening of gaiety! She had come out because she wanted to forget, and every moment was making her more miserable. How long must this ordeal last?

Now Page had progressed from the theatre to art. Something was wrong with art as well as the theatre. When he passed the girl murmured inaudibly. Try as she would she could not keep Alan Crosby's face from appearing before her.

Gypsy would think about him! Gypsy told herself, firmly. "I won't!"

Yet in spite of herself the vision returned. She saw Alan smiling, Alan tossing his hair back with that familiar shake of the head.

Would this abominable dinner never end?

It seemed hours before the cheese and wafers came. And at last! Heaven be praised!—Anne Trowbridge was rising from her chair.

The guests straggled into the living room. Coffee was served by the maid, and then the bridge table appeared.

"But Anne!" Gypsy protested. "You know I don't play!"

"I know, dear. Neither will I. It's going to make three even tables."

In the confusion of selecting partners and getting seated at the bridge tables Gypsy slipped from the room. She made her way to Anne's bedroom. She would leave a note and escape.

With one hand on the door of the room the girl hesitated. What was that noise across the hall?

She heard it a second time. It

was a scraping sound, and it came from behind the door at the left.

Gypsy pushed the door open, switched on the light.

Facing her, in the half-opened window she saw a man.

(To Be Continued)

MINOR AUTO MISHAP OCCURS NEAR CITY

A minor automobile accident occurring about a quarter of a mile outside the city limits on South Sixth street was reported by A. Z. Dean to the sheriff's office yesterday.

Dean, driving his own automobile, turned from the right side of the road to the left to negotiate the driveway beside a store, the report states. Because of the lights, Dean failed to judge his distance correctly and struck the front wheel of a car driven by J. P. Sexton, whose little son suffered a cut lip.

CATERPILLAR CLUB

LONDON—England has its famed Caterpillar club, similar to that of the United States. To become a member, it is necessary that one's life be saved through a forced parachute jump. Twenty-four members were added to the club in 1930. There are now 250 members of the club.

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