

MAN WHO MADE JEWELRY HAUL UNDER ARREST

PORTLAND, Ore., March 24. (AP)—Jimmie Mallahan, 41, alias John Burke, was held today after a five-day hunt by police officers investigating his alleged confession of a \$32,000 jewelry robbery and his "explanation" of five other major holdups that have puzzled Portland police over a period of eight years.

Mallahan was brought here yesterday from Seattle where he was arrested on a charge of assault with a dangerous weapon following a series of taxicab hold-ups.

Mallahan, who said he was a pal of the late Frank E. Smith, gunman, who was killed at Oakland, Calif., last November 30 when he attempted to escape from federal officers after a Southern Pacific train hold-up, confessed, police said, that he, aided by Smith, held up the Cramer jewelry company here in 1923 and escaped with \$32,000 worth of diamonds. He said they sold the diamonds in San Francisco for \$18,000.

Soon after that, Mallahan allegedly confessed, he was sentenced to seven years in Folsom prison for robbery. He was released last September, he said, and presently met Smith in Seattle. They went to California and planned a big payroll hold-up. Smith's death from officers' bullets wrecked their plans, police said Mallahan told them.

Before his fatal brush with the officers, however, Smith allegedly told Mallahan he had "pulled" five robberies in Portland, aggregating \$40,975 in cash and checks. The holdups, Mallahan alleged, included the Park road bank, Portland, in 1925 where Smith obtained \$3500; and several Portland stores, the largest of which was \$25,405 from a department store in 1927.

Oregon Gets Big Sum Forest Funds For Highway Work

PORTLAND, Ore., March 24. (AP)—Allotted \$1,444,741, Oregon will rank second among the 35 states which will receive forest highway funds from the federal treasury in 1932, regional forester C. J. Buck has been notified.

California will receive the largest amount. The total to be expended in the 35 states is \$9,500,000, a like amount to that for 1931.

The work will be pushed to relieve unemployment, Buck said.

Rescue Alaskan Pilot And Mate

FAIRBANKS, Alaska, March 24. (AP)—Pilot Fred Miller and his passenger, Frank Hodges, missing since about March 9, on a flight to Upper Yukon points, are safe after cracking up near the Nabesna river. Pilot Harold Gilliam advised friends today.

Miller's plane was wrecked, Gilliam said. The two men left Tanana crossing Saturday morning for Fairbanks aloft, carrying 90 pounds of mail they had taken for Yukon river points.

Gilliam lacked sufficient gasoline to pick them up, so Pilot Ed Young was to leave here today to bring them in.

FRANCE HONORS CHAPLIN

PARIS, March 24. (AP)—The French news agency, Havas, says today that a decree naming Charles Chaplin a chevalier of the legion of honor will be issued soon by the foreign office.

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MAD MARRIAGE

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

CHAPTER XVIII
"Now there's no use taking it that way, Sophronia," Ellen Wallace said sharply. "It's no worse for you than for the rest of us. Besides, if there was anything to it I'd have done it."

Sophronia Nicholson straightened. She was like a small, older replica of Ellen, dressed in black instead of gray. She wore her hair in the same black knot and when she talked she emphasized her words exactly as Ellen did. The two were sisters. Sophronia, five years older, was the widow of the late Charles Nicholson. Her son and daughter were both away at school. Mrs. Nicholson lived alone and was a leading figure in the Ladies Aid and church sewing circle. She had been knitting, but at her sister's words she put down the needles.

"Do you mean to tell me, Ellen Wallace," she demanded, "that you'd stand aside and see your own brother's son ruin his life?"

Lucia Wallace, third of the trio broke in with "that's exactly the way I feel about it! Surely there's something—"

Lucia was younger than the others. She had been a Wilbur before her marriage to Ben Wallace, cousin of Jim. The Wilburs lacked money, but their social rank was unquestioned.

"I tell you there's nothing to be done," Ellen insisted staunchly. "They're married and that's all there is to it."

"How're you so sure that they are married? With a woman like that you can't tell anything about it!"

"Sophronia—" Ellen eyed her sister sternly. "I don't know where this girl came from. I don't know anything about what she's done or anything about what she's done or been or why Jim married her. But I do know Jim Wallace is a gentleman. Oh, yes; they're married."

"But haven't you been able to find out anything?" Lucia asked. "I've found out that she doesn't want to talk about herself. Always has a way of turning questions off so she doesn't give you an answer. You'll see when you talk to her. I tried questioning Jim, but I'm sorry to say that for the present I am no longer in his confidence."

"Well, all this is getting us nowhere at all!" Mrs. Nicholson had taken up her knitting again and the needles clicked sharply. "What I want to know is what we're going to tell people. There's a meeting of the sewing circle tomorrow and everyone there is going to ask about this marriage. What they'll want to know—and what I want to find out myself—is why did Jim break off with Marcia Loring?"

"And I've told you a dozen times—I don't know," Ellen said emphatically. "As for what we're to say about this matter, well, I think I know how to handle that. When I said there was nothing to be done about what's happened I meant there's nothing to be done—just now. There's only one way to bring Jim Wallace back to his senses—"

The three heads bent forward and the voices lowered. Now and then one of the three nodded affirmatively. They sat there until long shadows darkened the room. It was after 5 o'clock when Gypsy heard the front door close and, looking down from her upstairs window, she saw two black-clad figures going down the walk.

The next three days were uneventful. Gypsy learned the routine of the Wallace household and tried to adjust herself to it. At 5 o'clock each morning breakfast was served, giving Jim time to glance through the morning newspaper before driving downtown to the office. After breakfast Miss Wallace went to the kitchen to consult Harriet about the day's tasks. Harriet apparently was a paragon. She cooked and served the meals and assumed the responsibility for the smooth operation of the entire household. The only other full-time employee was Sam Matson, who kept the fires, took care of the yard and was handy at all sorts of carpentry and repair work. Three times a week Sam's wife, Cora, came to the house to wash and iron and to do the cleaning.

Marketing was one task which Miss Wallace always attended to herself. By 10 o'clock she was out of the house with her market basket on her arm. Gypsy wondered why she carried the cumbersome basket. Almost always the purchases were sent home. Miss Wallace, however, clung to traditions.

Gypsy was not bold enough to ask if she might be included in these expeditions and Miss Wallace did not invite her. Before the older woman's energetic efficiency Gypsy wilted. She was torn between eagerness for something to do to pass the time and fear that anything she might attempt would fall to pique Miss Wallace's critical eye.

There was the time she found

the mending basket on the davenport in the living room. On top was a pair of Jim's socks, the heels worn and in need of mending. Gypsy rummaged in the basket for thread the right color, found it, and set to work. She had never done much sewing. Her needle went clumsily through the threads and for more than half an hour she bent over one sock. When completed the darned place was thick and slightly drawn. Gypsy eyed it with dissatisfaction and tried to make the next darn smoother.

After she had finished Gypsy returned the socks to the basket and picked up a magazine. She was in the midst of a story and had forgotten the mending when Miss Wallace entered the room. She saw the older woman pick up the sewing basket, draw one of the mended socks over her hand and frown.

Gypsy quickly looked down at the page before her. Her cheeks were burning. When she glanced up again Miss Wallace had gone from the room. The socks were no longer in the basket.

It was discouraging, and after that Gypsy did not volunteer to assist with the mending. She spent a good part of each morning in her room. She went through her own wardrobe, making repairs that had long been put off. It was possible, she found, to spend long stretches of time before the mirror, trying new ways of arranging her hair. The hours passed, but they were lonesome.

Afternoon were the dreariest. Luncheon was over by 1:30, and it was 5 o'clock or later before Jim arrived. Gypsy acquired the habit of taking a walk with Pat for company, each afternoon. She enjoyed exploring streets with no idea where they might lead, and wandered far away from the neighborhood of the Wallaces. Pat, trotting along beside her, seemed to enjoy their excursions as much as the girl.

They were returning from such a walk on Friday when the dog suddenly whirled with such force that the leash fell from Gypsy's hand. She turned to see Jim flying full speed across a yard.

"Pat!" the girl called. "Pat—come back here!"

There was no sign that the terrier heard.

"Pat!" Gypsy cried louder. Now she could see what had excited the dog. Half way up the trunk of a tree the bushy tail of a squirrel was visible, then disappeared.

The dog was at the base of the tree, leaping and barking furiously. Gypsy ran forward. She tried to get the leash, but it was several moments before she had it. The squirrel, safely perched on a branch overhead, had turned and was looking down at them. He chattered and scolded shrilly.

Gypsy tugged at the leather strap, but the terrier held back. She coaxed and pled. It required all the girl's will power and a good deal of force before she could drag him, still unwilling, back to the sidewalk. The squirrel's shrill insolence followed them.

The girl sank to her knees beside the dog. "You mustn't chase squirrels, Pat," she told him reproachfully. "Don't you know that? You mustn't run away from me when we go on walks or I'll have to leave you home. That's what I'll have to do!"

Pat's ears drooped with the knowledge that he was being scolded, but one shining, black eye still watched the squirrel.

"You're not paying any attention!" Gypsy began and stopped, standing beside her, with breath coming in great gasps as though he had been running, was a small red figure.

"Did he get the squirrel?" puffed the newcomer.

Gypsy shook her head. "No," she said, "he didn't."

The little fellow might have been four years old. The red knitted suit enveloped him completely. He had blue eyes and a bit of brown hair showing beneath the edge of the red cap. His nose and cheeks were nearly as crimson as his costume. The eyes just then were big with excitement. He looked first at Gypsy, then down at the fox terrier.

"Well," said the youngster, "I'm glad. Ol' thquirrel can run fast, can't he?"

"He certainly can," Gypsy agreed. "Pat was a bad dog to chase a nice little squirrel. I've been telling him he must never do it any more."

"Bad dog," the child echoed after her. He stared at Pat for a moment, then reached forward cautiously and touched the dog's head. The terrier endured this complacently.

"He won't hurt you," Gypsy said. "He's really a good dog except when he runs away and chases squirrels. That's right, Rub his head. Pat loves to have his head rubbed."

"It's his name Pat?" the child demanded.

Gypsy nodded.

"Rub that's my name!" the child told her. "I'm Pat!"

"Really? Then I think you two should be friends. Here, Pat!"—Gypsy raised the dog's right forepaw—"shake hands with this little boy. Now, then, you're acquainted!"

The child was delighted. When he laughed he wrinkled his nose in a way that was irresistible. The terrier responded to the general good humor and wagged his tail. "I haven't got a dog," the boy announced. "But I've got a thquirrel."

"That's nice," Gypsy agreed. "Can you ride it?"

"There! Ride it all the time. Only I can't today. I can't ride it today for a special reason."

"What's the reason you can't ride today?" Gypsy wanted to know.

Small Pat looked at her with perfect composure. "I'm being punished," he announced.

"Oh, that's too bad! What are you being punished for?"

The child studied the dog's collar, apparently preoccupied.

"What are you being punished for?" Gypsy repeated.

"I ran away."

"I'm sorry," the girl said seriously. "It's naughty to run away."

Pat eyed her with interest. "I think it's funny," he said. "I've run away today, too."

If she wanted to scold him she couldn't have done so. The little face was so artless and free of guile.

"Well," said Gypsy, "I think in that case we'd better be starting home. Don't you think so? Where do you live?"

"Oh—down that way."

He pointed in the direction of the Wallace home.

"That's fine," the girl told him. "That's where Pat and I live, too."

They walked slowly. Gypsy would have taken the child's hand but he drew away independently. He was eager to talk, though, and chattered and asked questions. Small Pat announced that he had an electric train, that last summer he had been to the sea shore and that his father could wiggle his ears.

He was a diverting companion. Half a block from the Wallace home the small boy stopped before the walk leading to a brick bungalow.

"Thith it's my houth," he said. "Want to come in?"

Gypsy smiled and shook her head. "Not today," she said. "Some other time. We ought to see each other often because we're neighbors. See that white house down there? That's where Pat and I live."

The child stared. "Down there?" he asked pointing.

Gypsy nodded.

The boy clapped one hand over his mouth and drew back. Oh—he exclaimed, his eyes widening. "Oh, are you the New York woman?"

"Why—I don't know," the girl said. "I used to live in New York."

The child drew away further. "Thath who you are," he said with conviction. "The New York woman. My mother thaid she wouldn't thpeak to you!" He turned, frightened, and fled to war the house.

The little fox terrier, running ahead, turned impatiently half a dozen times, waiting for Gypsy to

Today in Klamath's Theatres

AT THE PELICAN
"Dance Fools, Dance," which will open today at the Pelican theatre, is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's latest talking picture starring Joan Crawford.

This is the most glamorous of Miss Crawford's recent roles, reflecting both the glitter of "Our Blushing Brides" and the tragic drama of "Paid," her last two screen offerings.

The story, with a Chicago locale principally concerns the underworld and newspaper life of the metropolis. It is an original by Aurania Rouverol with screen continuity by Richard Schayer.

Harry Beaumont, who brought Miss Crawford to stardom in "Our Blushing Brides," again directed.

Joel Vall, a newcomer to the screen, who recently made his debut in "Deau Ideal," is Miss Crawford's leading man in her new picture, and the supporting cast includes such film favorites as Cliff Edwards, William Bakewell, William Holden, Clark Gable, Earl Vail, Farnell B. Pratt, Hale Hamilton, Natalie Moorhead, Joan Marsh and Russell Hopton.

Perhaps outstanding in the spectacular episodes is a nocturnal lingerie swimming party staged during a gay yachting cruise in the opening scenes. In this, scores of dazzling dancers strip to unmentionables and dive overboard with their boy friends. Another glittering scene is the night club dance number intriguingly executed by Miss Crawford, costumed in a clinging silver creation.

The story, despite lavish touches, is an intensely dramatic one, the plot motivated by murder on a wholesale scale. It is a daring theme from the society angle and a still more daring one from the viewpoint of exposing crime and racketeering. There is a wealth of newspaper atmosphere, realistically supplied.

Miss Crawford plays the part of a society girl, reduced to poverty who turns to newspaper work for a livelihood. In her hunt for the gangster killers she discovers her own brother to have been involved in the brutal crime. The climax comes when she decides to give her brother up.

AT THE RAINBOW
A hilarious audience greeted the premier showing of "The Golden Calf," Fox Movietone comedy with music at the Pine Tree theatre Sunday.

This latest product of the Fox studios is crammed with comedy, romance, music and personality and bids fair to be one of the most popular films ever shown here.

An all-star cast includes Sue Carol, Jack Mulhall, El Brendel, Marjorie White, Richard Keene and Paul Page and all acquit themselves with honors.

Most interest, of course, centers in Miss Carol and Mulhall, who have the leading roles, but El Brendel, Miss White, Keene and Page run the stars a close race for honors.

The music, unusually melodious, has at least two sure hits, "You Gotta Be Modernistic" and "Can I Help It If I'm in Love With You."

"The Golden Calf" was directed by Millard Webb.

High Students Take Interest In Essays

BY DORIS PORTER
Klamath High Correspondent

The essay contest which has been going on at K. U. H. S. this week has met with much approval from the part of the students. Practically every student in the school has turned in their essay. The English department, consisting of the English teachers, will correct the papers and choose the five best papers of their class or classes. Then the best of these choice papers will be selected by the judges and the winner will receive a prize. The best paper in each class will win one dollar.

ALLOWS THREE MORE DAYS FOR LICENSES

Salem, Ore., March 24. (AP)—County sheriffs today were notified by Secretary of State Hal E. Hoas, that temporary permits for fourth quarter automobile licenses may be issued on March 28, giving the motoring public three days additional time for the final quarter licenses. The licenses terminate July 1.

AT THE PINE TREE
"Packed with thrills" is a phrase that used to be applied to many of the old western pictures, but it is admirably suited to "Good Intentions," the Fox movietone offering with Edmund Lowe that opens today at the Pine Tree theatre.

Directed by William K. Howard, from his own original story, the narrative deals with the romance of an international crook, who tries to "go straight" because of a society girl's love. Played against the background of the modern underworld, the action maintains unusual intensity and ample suspense from the opening scene to its rapid fire climax.

The crook encounters difficulties in his reformation from the beginning. The girl he loves renews the acquaintance of a former admirer; the gang, against his orders, executes a daring holdup. When he gives the girl a costly necklace it is promptly stolen by the gang.

The leader, furious, orders his lieutenant to return the jewels, who, in revenge, evolves an ingenious black-mail plot in connection with their return and the leader is again forced to take a hand. The plot reveals his real identity to both the girl and her other admirer, and the leader, in a breath-taking gun duel, works matters out to an exciting and satisfactory conclusion.

Edmund Lowe, who abandoned his famous sergeant of marines attire for that of a bootlegger in his recent "Born Reckless," demonstrates his versatility by giving a remarkable impersonation of the suave and gentleman crook in this offering. Marguerite Churchill gives the finest performance of her Fox movietone career as the society girl heroine. Regis Toomey, Owen Davis, Jr., Hale Hamilton, Earle Foxe, Eddie Gribbon, Henry Kolker, J. Carroll Nash and Pat Somerset are other

catch up with him on the remainder of the walk home.

Two hours later at the dinner table Ellen Wallace announced her ultimatum.

(To Be Continued)

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BRIDGE PLANS ARE ANNOUNCED

Bids will be called April 9 at 2 p. m., for the letting of the contract for the Link river bridge on Main street over Link river, it was announced yesterday.

Plans have been completed by the office of E. B. Henry, county engineer, in conjunction with the state highway department for the 220-foot span.

The structure will be of concrete with a 40-foot roadway, and two five-foot walks. It will be about 17 feet above the water and will resemble the Fremont bridge in style of architecture.

The bridge will not have any steel girders in it to interfere with the view on either side. Five piers will support the structure, which will take the place of the

present 18-foot wide wooden bridge. The new bridge will cost in the neighborhood of \$50,000, which has been set aside for its construction.

The present bridge will be temporarily moved 200 feet downstream while the new bridge is being built to care for traffic. It will be entered off Main street and will abut Riverside avenue on the west side of the river.

BELLEFONTAINE, Ohio, (UP)—An antiquated mail wagon that was used before the advent of the automobile for rural deliveries has been purchased by Henry Ford from Amos Reed, of North Lewisburg, near here. The wagon has a high box, set on four wheels.

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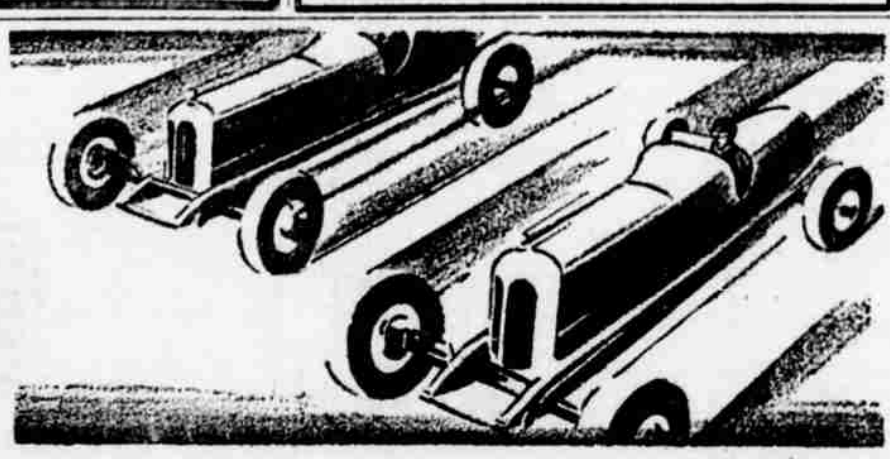
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