

NATION WIDE SAFETY DRIVE IS UNDERWAY

An organized nation-wide effort to reduce the appalling number of preventable automobile accidents, which last year claimed 33,000 lives and injured 900,000 people, was announced today by Paul Johnson of Paul Johnson's Super Service station.

It is backed by governors, police chiefs and prominent public citizens all over the country who are cooperating with the Pacific Goodrich Rubber company to give the movement force and effect through enlisting the public's signing of the Silvertown Safety League pledge, he said.

Local officials yesterday received notification of full details through local Goodrich representatives.

While the movement to cut down careless driving and auto accidents has received the attention of public officials and serious-minded citizens for many years, the death and injury list continues to grow, and this is the first time that a concentrated drive, worked out in a practical manner, has been sponsored by a large nation-wide organization.

Safety Pledge
By the plan of the Silvertown Safety League, any automobile driver who is willing to assist in the safety campaign signs a pledge by which he agrees to observe certain safety rules. These rules were developed by a national safety committee. In connection with the pledge, he is given an attractive metal emblem to be placed on the radiator of his automobile, a membership certificate in the Silvertown Safety League, and a membership button.

The pledge follows:

1. To drive at speeds in keeping with the safety of others as well as myself.
 2. To keep on the right side of the road, except when passing.
 3. To pass only when I know there is ample time and space—never on blind curves or when nearing the crest of a hill.
 4. To go through intersections only when I have the right of way.
 5. To observe all traffic signals.
 6. To give signals myself that can be clearly seen and understood, before turning or stopping in traffic.
 7. To drive only when in full possession of my faculties.
 8. To keep my brakes, lights, and horn in good condition.
 9. To operate my car on tires which assure a positive grip on the road—safe traction—and freedom from hazardous tire failures.
- Prominent officials and citizens all over the United States have endorsed the movement. The list includes Governor James R. Thompson, Jr. of California; Grover Whalen, former police commissioner of New York City and chairman of Mayor Walker's official reception committee; and the following police chiefs: William J. Quinn of San Francisco, William Copeland of Cincinnati, Fred H. McDuff of Birmingham and R. E. Stecker of Los Angeles.

Would Limit Wheat Crop to Local Demand

ROME, March 25, (AP)—A project to have the United States produce wheat solely for domestic consumption, eliminating wheat exporting, was presented to a preliminary executive meeting of the International Grain Conference today by John A. Simpson, of Oklahoma City, president of the National Farmers' Union.

The conference, which begins Thursday, seeks to solve the world's wheat overproduction crisis.

The Simpson project centers around a government operated system of licensing to purchase wheat at fixed prices, which the American said should be around \$3 a bushel. Only licensed millers and dealers would be permitted to purchase and then only a fixed percentage of the farmers' crop, depending on the estimated national production in proportion to the estimated consumption.

Export would be forbidden entirely and import would be eliminated through a prohibitive tariff.

Asst. Postmaster Is Short Big Sum

ASTORIA, Ore., March 25 (AP)—Postmaster Charles Haldeman announced today an audit of the books of H. F. Peacock, missing assistant postmaster, had been completed and the total shortage was found to be \$9,590.53. Peacock was under a \$6,000 bond. His properties in Astoria and Warrenton have been attached by Haldeman and are believed to be of sufficient value to cover the balance of the shortage.

No further clues to Peacock's whereabouts have been developed since the finding of his abandoned automobile Saturday morning on Tongue Point.

NO PLAYTHING
MONTREAL—William J. Ledger and Alphonse Dorais, young bank clerks, decided to stage a hold-up drill while other employees of the bank were out to lunch. Ledger, representing the robber, advanced on Dorais with his finger as if it were a revolver. Dorais grabbed a weapon on the teller's desk and pulled the trigger. Ledger fell with a bullet through his stomach. Both men told the police they didn't know the gun was loaded.

MAD MARRIAGE

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

CHAPTER XIX.

Ellen Wallace broke a roll and muttered "I talked with Mr. Lambert of the real estate company today," she said, addressing her nephew. "They're going to let me move into the house down the street next week."

Jim looked up. "Why—I didn't know you were thinking of it. Sure that's what you want to do?" he asked.

Miss Wallace nodded. "There's no place for the late any longer," she said. "I've never believed an older person should live with a young married couple. Mr. Lambert says they can have the place ready next week as well as not. I'd like to move and have it over with. The house was tinged with resigned martyrdom."

"Now you know, Aunt Ellen," Jim began, "you're welcome to stay here just as long as you want to. Gypsy and I are both glad to have you."

"Of course we are," the girl put in.

"I've told them I'd take the place," she said, "so it's settled. I'm going tomorrow morning and see if they've fixed those cupboards the way they promised. You might go around and find out what the transfer company will charge to move my things."

"I'll do it," Jim agreed, "if you really want me to."

"Is there anything I can do to help?" Gypsy asked.

The older woman said if there was she would call upon her. The discussion shifted to furniture. All through the house there were articles belonging to Miss Wallace. The cottage down the street had six rooms. She had more than enough to furnish the place, Aunt Ellen said. She asked Jim to notify the gas and electric company to install their service.

It was an embarrassing evening. Gypsy tried to keep from showing how the news pleased her. Jim, too, though he constantly assured his aunt that his home was hers as long as she wished, seemed relieved.

After dessert and coffee had been served they went into the living room. A fire, as usual, was burning in the fireplace. Jim twisted the dials of the radio and the voices of two comedians floated into the room.

"Oh, Jim! Do turn that thing off!" his aunt protested. "You know I can't stand that nonsense!"

There was a while of static and then strains of a slow, melodious waltz greeted their ears. It was the last few bars of the chorus. The station announcer's voice was being relayed from a New York studio.

Jim turned toward his wife. "Make you lonesome?" he asked.

She smiled, shaking her head in denial. Jim looked at her closely. Unless his eyes deceived him there was a tear on that eyelash. Gypsy turned her head away, and when he looked again the tear was gone.

He came over and sank beside her on the davenport. "Pretty quiet around here, isn't it?" he said. "Get your things and we'll see if we can't find a movie worth looking at."

"I'd rather not if you don't mind," Gypsy answered.

Wallace eyed her questioningly, then leaned back, staring into the fire. The click of Aunt Ellen's knitting needles was the only sound to break the silence. Five minutes passed. Then they heard the shrill of the telephone.

"I'll answer," said Jim, rising. It's probably Harrison. He disappeared, and came back a minute later to announce, "Someone to talk to you, Aunt Ellen."

With a flurry of her silk skirts Aunt Ellen hurried from the room. Jim dropped again beside the girl on the davenport.

"I'm afraid it's been dull around here for you," he said. "Listen, after Aunt Ellen moves you can fix this place over to suit yourself. You know, make it look up to date. Like Anne Trowbridge's place. Would you like that?"

"I'd love to!" Gypsy told him. "All this stuff here is old. Jim went on, with a wave of his hand. "Clear it all out if you want to! Get rid of it. I've been wishing the place could be fixed up for a long time, but I didn't want to hurt Aunt Ellen's feelings."

"But the old things are lovely," Gypsy interrupted. "We'll keep all of them. Only I'd like new curtains and rugs instead of this carpet. And I'd like to change that book case. Oh, and if we could only find an old-fashioned wing chair instead of that rocker and a little foot stool to go beside it. You know, this could be made into a wonderful room!"

"Go ahead, I think it needs improvement! Say, that's a good tune, isn't it?"

The radio orchestra had swung into a lively dance piece. Jim began whistling the melody and Gypsy, unconsciously, tapped one toe in time with the beat.

Suddenly Jim grinned and swung to his feet. "Let's dance," he said. "Like to?"

The girl smiled and arose. Jim's arms slipped about her and they moved away, dancing with the music. The entire floor was carpeted. It was a poor surface on which to dance, but Gypsy knew instantly that Jim was a skillful dancer.

He held her closer. It was the first time there had been anything like a caress between this strangely married pair. They were laughing and executing a whirl with a flourish when Aunt Ellen appeared in the doorway.

They heard her explosive "Well—!" and Jim turned his head. "Come on in, Aunt Ellen," he called. "Can I have the next dance with you?"

For an instant Ellen Wallace hesitated, her face a mass of storm clouds. She was about to speak when suddenly she whirled and was out of sight.

"Now, you see, what we've done!" Gypsy said in a low voice. "Listen here, girl, I've found out you can dance! You and I are stepping out one of these nights soon. Some place where

there's a good floor and snappy music. You and I are going packed."

"That would be fun," Gypsy agreed. Her eyes were shining, but even then Jim could not tell whether it was happiness or the blur of misty fringes that made them radiant. She stepped to the mirror, patting her hair into orderliness.

The next six days were a period of furious activity in the Wallace household. Gypsy, who already considered Aunt Ellen a model of efficiency, now marvelled at her generalship. Innumerable boxes were packed. Though the move was only half a block down the street, every object had to be crated as if for a journey. Every closet and cupboard had to be ransacked. It was Aunt Ellen's creed that the house she was leaving must be as spotless, as thoroughly scoured as the one to which she was moving. Cora Matson came each day during that week and worked from early morning until late at night.

There was a new interest for Gypsy in planning how the rooms were to be redecorated. Many of the most objectionable heirlooms were being packed and crated to move to Miss Wallace's cottage. The big living room, with its old-fashioned fireplace, had splendid proportions. It reminded Gypsy of a room she had seen once in a museum. She made a trip downtown to an interior decorator's shop and talked the matter over tentatively with the gray-haired, soft-spoken proprietress. It was agreed that Miss Christopher, the decorator, should come and view the house and submit suggestions.

The afternoon before her departure Ellen Wallace climbed the stairs to Gypsy's room and knocked on the door. The girl opened it.

"Won't you come in?" she said, her surprise apparent. It was the first time Miss Wallace had visited her in her room.

The older woman entered the room, declining the chair Gypsy put forward.

"I've come to tell you," she said, "that as soon as I'm settled in my house I'm going to give a dinner party. It will be a housewarming, and it will also be an opportunity for you to meet the other relatives. There's my sister, Edna. Can you know I'd have had them all here before if it hadn't been for this business of moving?"

"Well," Gypsy said, smiling, and trying to look pleased, "that—that will be very nice."

Aunt Ellen did not smile. "The Wallace," she said loftily, "have always kept our family traditions. The Wallaces were one of the first families to settle here. Came from New England before that. There are not many left now, but we manage to get together occasionally. There's my sister, Edna. Can you know I'd have had them all here before if it hadn't been for this business of moving?"

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window in the living room and saw the green roadster turn into the driveway. Three hours later he was on the porch she swung the door open for him.

"Good evening!" she said, smiling. "Well—have we a new butler? What's the news of the day?"

She told him about the party next week.

"Oh, Lord—another one of those!" the young man grumbled. "Listen, this gang of relatives of mine is pretty terrible. Maybe we can crack up an excuse for not going."

Gypsy shook her head. "I'm afraid not. It seems we're at least one of the reasons the party's being given. It's to introduce me to the family."

He nodded. "Oh, yes—sure! I know all about that. And sit through for three hours listening to Aunt Sophronia tell over again how Uncle Ezra suffered in Andersonville prison and how the Wallace won the civil war! You don't know as much about these gloom fests as I do!"

He was so mournful she laughed at him. "That's not what your aunt said," she told him. "She says the Wallaces have traditions to maintain."

"Forget the Wallaces!" Together they entered the living room. Jim's left hand slipped into his coat pocket. "Gypsy," he began, "I've got something I want to show you."

"What is it?"

"Well, I'll tell you—" Before he could continue they heard Miss Wallace's voice from upstairs. "Gypsy!" she called. "Will you come up here a minute?"

"I'll be right back," the girl said, turning to answer. "I'll hurry."

Jim glanced over his shoulder to assure himself that she was out of the room. From the coat pocket he drew forth a small black plush box. The lid snapped back, revealing a square-cut diamond.

For an instant he held it so that the light fell on the gem, multiplying and transforming its rays to white fire. He moved the ring. The jewel grew more dazzling. Smiling, Jim Wallace closed the case and returned it to his pocket.

He walked up and down the room waiting. There was a book in the chair where Gypsy had been sitting. Jim picked it up. Edna Ferber's new novel. He turned through the pages carelessly, came to a marker. It was a kodak print. The face of a young man, handsome, and wearing a French beret, smiled up at him.

(To Be Continued)

WE'RE FOR THIS
ROME—Italy now has a list of 19 holidays, in addition to Sundays, on which no work is done in the country. This is in comparison with the six or seven observed in the United States. There are now three national holidays in the country. The first Sunday in June, on which Italian unity is celebrated, is first; the anniversary of the march on Rome, October 28, is the second, and Armistice Day is the third.

In Fiji boys are taught by their fathers to strike their mothers, this being a practice to prevent the boys from becoming cowards.

Gassy Stomachs Made Well

Every person who is troubled with gas in the stomach and bowels should get a package of Bismarck's Gas Tablets and see how quickly they will relieve all distressing symptoms.

Sharp pains in the abdomen or about the heart are often due entirely to gas pressure. Sometimes the circulation is restricted, causing the hands and feet to grow numb. Usually there is much burping or rumbling in the bowels. Many sufferers complain of a gnawing feeling in the stomach, extreme nervousness, heartburn, drowsiness after eating, headaches, dizzy spells, or labored breathing.

Bismarck's Gas Tablets taken at meal time not only prevent all bad effects from gas, but they invigorate the weak nerves of the stomach and assist in restoring the whole digestive system to proper working order.

Genuine Bismarck's Gas Tablets—in the yellow package—can be found at any good drug store. Price 25¢ everywhere.

Always on hand at **STAR DRUG CO.**

SIDE GLANCES

By George Clark

Illustration of a man and a woman in a room.

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KENO GRANGE HOLDS MEETING

(VELMA SNOWGOOSE)

KENO, Ore., March 25, (Special)—The local grange held its regular business meeting on Friday evening in the high school auditorium. The visitors were C. A. Henderson, county agricultural agent and Mrs. C. A. Henderson, county music teacher. Mrs. Henderson lead the group in singing and Mr. Henderson gave a talk on farming. Mrs. A. W. Shell and Bill Goddard of Ivan were taken into the grange as new members.

The Keno high school girls basketball team played the Malin high school team a game of basketball at Malin on Friday evening. The game resulted in a victory for Malin. This will be the last game played this season.

D. R. Doten, postmaster, transacted business in Klamath Falls on Thursday.

Thomas McCormick spent a few days attending to business out in the Malin district during last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Foster and sons, Walter and Warren made a business trip to The Dalles, Oregon over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Brooks and children enjoyed a visit from Mrs. Brooks' mother, Mrs. Brown of Merrill on Sunday.

Kenneth Long, who is employed at Beck's logging camp of near Rocky Point visited here, Sunday with his mother, Mrs. R. A. Broyles.

The Wheeler store has just installed a new ice plant.

The student body of Keno high met Tuesday morning for the purpose of electing the following officers for the County High School Annual. Senior class editor, Mary Kerns; Junior class editor, Merle Anderson; Sophomore class editor, Sherman Hensell; Freshman class editor,

Valve Grubb; Advertising manager, Iola Powell; Jokes, Helen Othoff; Society, Helen Hefer. Sometimes Mrs. Vera Grubb was elected editor, and Elmo Howard was elected business manager of the school annual.

C. S. DeWitt, photographer from the Klamath Studio in Klamath Falls spent Tuesday afternoon taking photographs of the Keno high school students for the County School Annual.

Miss Dorcas Boe of Weyerhaeuser camp, junior of the Keno high is absent from school this week on account of illness.

The Misses Margery Nihart and Ottilie Mae Dugger and Prof. L. Turnbaugh, teachers of the Keno schools attended the teachers' association at Chillicothe on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Yapple after spending sometime visiting here with Mrs. Yapple's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chester Wilson, moved to Medford, where they plan to make their home for the future.

Johnnie Crossline motored over to Medford and back on Monday.

Mrs. Della Nichols, teacher of the Worden school attended the Grange meeting held here, Friday evening.

R. F. Gorham suffered with a relapse of influenza, and was taken to the home of his sister, Mrs. Ward to be taken care of. Mrs. Gorham is at present visiting relatives in the east.

Isabelle Brinkley, county school supervisor was a visitor at the local grade school the first of the week.

S. G. Nimms returned home, Saturday from an extended visit at his old home in Nebraska.

Lee Doten accompanied by Mrs. Adams of Merrill were visiting with relatives and friends in Keno, Wednesday.

Bob Kyle of the Rogue River Valley was in Keno on business, Tuesday.

Charley Besser spent Wednesday visiting in Ashland.

Many of the people of the locality are ill with bad colds and influenza this week.

R. W. Nelson, D. J. Puckett

and H. E. Kerns returned home the first of the week from Salem, Oregon, where they went on business.

Prof. L. Turnbaugh, wife and small daughter, Alta and niece, Virginia Turnbaugh spent Sunday at their ranch in the Tule Lake district.

MARKED FOR PLANES
WASHINGTON—Two states, Tennessee and Oklahoma, have signified their willingness to cooperate with the United States government in marking state roads for airplanes. Tennessee has adopted the Federal plan of marking its highways every ten miles to guide cross country and other fliers.

COUGHS
Stopped almost instantly with one swallow of **THOXINE**
STAR DRUG STORES

WOOD
For the Present
DRY SLAB
and
BODY WOOD
Will Be Delivered
At Once.
BLOCK WOOD
orders are being held a few days.
Utah and Rock Springs
Coal for Brooders.
Fuel Oils and
Oil Burners.
PEYTON & CO.
"Wood to Burn"
126 S. 7th. Phone 533

STAR DRUG STORE
Fifth and Main

Week-End Specials

Cascade Linen
24 Sheets paper and 24 Envelopes to match, vellum finish, large bill fold sheets.
Regular price 15c
Week-end price **49c**

Electric Percolators
Eight-cup 11-inch high heavy nickel-plated black, red and green handles and cord.
Week-end price **\$2.79**

Electric Flat Iron, 6-pound highly plated, chrome heating element with cord and plug.
Week-end price **\$2.79**

New shipment Tooted Leather Handbags. By all odds the finest line we ever presented to our trade. Better than last spring. **\$4.98**

Assorted New Spring Bars. leather fancy and alligator grains, black