

Editorial □ News of Other Days □ Place Names □ Women's Features

School Board Cuts Close

BUT REDUCTION IS GOOD BUSINESS

Prosperity In Headlines

Approval Given Deep Slashing

DRASTIC cuts in budgets have become quite a common piece of news, but the 36 per cent slash announced by the Klamath Union High School board fairly takes the breath away. That is reduction that is reduction. That is meeting the taxpayer all the way.

As the situation stands, the taxpayers of the union district will be asked to vote a voluntary levy of \$33,054.36, which is \$18,165.54 under the tax of last year and \$11,760 under the budget originally drawn up and published for this year.

This is what has happened to the voluntary tax:

Table with 2 columns: Year, Amount. Last year \$51,220.00, This year (first) 44,814.36, This year (final) 33,054.36

In other words, the budget board, aware of the necessity for reduction, originally cut the budget to a point considered safe and reasonable, and published that budget.

Then, feeling that still greater reductions were in keeping with the desires of the people, the board hammered down the figures again. If the original cut was to the bone, the final slice was mighty close to the marrow.

These newspapers, who are in full sympathy with the taxpayer in his plight, believe that this was the right thing to do. They would have looked askance at any tendency to do otherwise. They agree heartily with the new taxpayers league when it votes to voice its approval of the board's reductions.

This general and deserved approval assures the passing of the special tax, now cut to the minimum of safety. The necessity for voting a special tax in Klamath Union High School district grows out of a situation unparalleled in the state wherein Klamath County High School was gradually turned over to the newly formed union high school district in 1926-27.

Klamath Union High School established a part-year operating expense to take care of the part-year operation necessary in connection with the change. The low base is, of course, far inadequate, as later operations were on a full-year basis and the school grew rapidly in those first years. Hence, the special tax has become virtually a routine matter in the school operation.

The passage of that tax this year, in view of the remarkable reductions finally achieved by the board, would seem a foregone conclusion.

Al Capone's bodyguard asked for mercy on the charge that he carried a loaded pistol into court during Al's trial. Maybe he just carried it as a plaything—a rattle.

Financial Headlines Proclaim Optimism

"THE depression is over" was the enthusiastic remark of a visitor as he tossed on the editorial desk the front page of the business and industry section of a San Francisco newspaper, dated Saturday. "Take any heading on that page you want," he said.

Here they are: "Wall Street Bulls Stage Brisk Rally," "Bond Market Closes Higher in Every Group."

"Pacific Public Service Net Profit Gains," "Grain Prices Climb After Early Break."

"Six Hour Day Tried out Successfully," "Bar Silver Hits Year's Peak at 34 Cents an Ounce."

"\$250,000,000 Construction Is Under Way," "Lower Bill Rates Expanding Credit."

"Trade Reports More Optimistic," "Oklahoma Oil Men Jubilant," "Western Stocks Register Gains."

Those are the larger headlines, without a sour note among them. The small headings on the page kept to the same tone. No question about it—it fairly shouts with optimism.

We Recommend A Grid Recruit

THIS writer knows this about Guy Merrill's football game Sunday: it was sufficiently sensational to generate the maximum enthusiasm in at least one member of the crowd, and the Klamath All-Stars had a first class interference runner in the grandstand instead of on the field.

It happened as Otto Vitus was making one of those rip-roaring charges that used to raise our hair back in college days. As he came around the end directly in front of us and cut in, the Chemawa end and a back pressed in on him.

Suddenly, we discovered ourselves in the position of one of the defensive tacklers, being nicely blocked out of the picture. The gentleman on the bleacher seat beside us, who had been showing some evidences of real enthusiasm and knowledge of the game, was doing the blocking, and he was doing it well. His eyes and thoughts were apparently fastened on the field, but his shoulder was against us, and had we been a Chemawa enthusiast, with a similar desire to make a mental tackle of the charging Vitus, we would have been well taken care of.

The whistle, of course, ended our little encounter as well as the one on the field, and brought sincere but unnecessary apologies. We liked the enthusiasm thus shown, although we were a bit apprehensive thereafter every time a Chemawa ball carrier was roughly tackled. And we know that Coach Fred Flock of the All-Stars is missing a bet in letting this first class blocker sit in the grandstand.

Dirk said. "What'll it be, a new car?" "Forget it," Bowen scoffed. He seemed vastly pleased with himself.

"But you could have got yourself killed, you fool!" Dirk protested. "Yes, I lost a good fingernail saving your worthless hide," Bowen agreed amiably, squinting at the injured digit by the aid of a street light.

Mary was almost bursting with bewilderment, and growing more curious every minute. What is it all about? she wanted. "You've shushed me long enough. Tell me, or I'll scream!"

"You're a bright girl, you ought to know," Dirk said. "Bowen stopped that other car from coming down Nassau street, all right, didn't he. Do you know any other way he could have done it? Your little friends from the speakeasy were trailing us apparently. Well, they didn't get near enough to see which door we were parked before, I guess that ends it, for tonight, anyway. I might have given that cop a tip-off to keep an eye on the place, though. Wish I had."

"Then it was The Fly?" Mary cried. "The Fly? Don't be silly." There was something about the pleasant voice in which Dirk spoke, whether he was saying something agreeable or disagreeable, that was maddening. A trick learned at the court room, no doubt. Whatever it was, it made one want to strike him, dent that implacable politeness somehow.

Mary drew away and looked at him through narrowed eyes, feeling the rising of a temper she had never known she had. "Why did you?" "Is he the only thing who knows a valuable article when he sees it? Any crook in Christendom would have taken out after anybody with no more sense than to display a thing like that in a speakeasy? Might have been that Lou Chaney waiter, for all we know."

"But Dirk," Mary said, with ominous calm "that car was the same car that killed Eddie. I told you that."

Dirk smiled wryly down at her. "Now don't start that all over again," he said lightly. "You could not recognize a particular car of standard make, like that, in that light, at that distance. I wouldn't put you on the stand myself with such a statement. Opposing counsel would make monkey out of it. You saw it under similar circumstances, hitting someone, and you were already wrought up and ready to believe it was the same. Consequently, you think so. That's all."

Mary hurried at him furiously, for lack of a more appropriate epithet. "I don't care what you say, it was the same car, I'd swear to it!" She appealed to Bowen. "Tell him it was the same car!"

But Bowen merely answered, "What's the use?" "Unexpectedly, even to herself, Mary began to cry. Helpless tears rained down her cheeks, and she covered her face with her hands and wept.

Bowen looked straight ahead, and said nothing. Dirk patted her knee awkwardly. "Don't, don't," he begged. "You've got to see this thing straight some time. It might as well be now."

Dirk went on, gently. "The trouble is, Mary, you're taking the whole thing too hard. You oughtn't to blame Eddie so much. A young kid like that—you can't know what he was up against. No woman could. He—"

"I understand that he didn't do it. Do you?" Mary asked, with terrible calm. She was looking at him as at a stranger.

"Perhaps not," Dirk replied after a moment's hesitation. He looked at her, and now he could never explain himself—his dead. What if no one ever knows—the papers, I mean? The police? Do you suppose it means nothing to me that YOU think it—that your father and mother think it? Do you suppose it won't make a difference between us, always? It would be like living with a ghost. Some day I'd hate you—"

She huddled between them, dabbing her eyes with a small ball of handkerchief. If she had looked at Dirk, the hurt look that came into his eyes at her last words might have changed her, made her weaken again. But she did not look up.

Another traffic stop, and the three people sat uncomfortably silent. While they were waiting, Dirk reached into the pocket of his top coat, fished out the shell back of them, and brought out the gun Bowen had given him. He balanced it on his hand in the glow of the dashboard.

"Nice little gun," he said judiciously. "Got a permit to carry it?"

Mary, pressed against the two men by the narrowness of the car seat, distinctly felt Bowen start. She looked up and caught a look of embarrassment on his face.

"No-o," he admitted. "It's not mine, exactly. I—"

"38 calibre Colt, isn't it? An old-timer, but it's in good condition. Where'd you pick it up?" He darted a look at Bowen, who changed color, opened his mouth to speak, gulped and was silent.

Dirk nodded. "I thought so," he said. Bowen burst out: "What was the use letting the kid take the rap for Sullivan law violation? If he'd lived I was going to give it back to him. It slipped out of his pocket when he fell, and I picked it. It wasn't his, though."

"I owe you something for that,"

SIDE GLANCES By George Clark



"Hello, Dear. I just wanted to hear you tell me how much you love me. But, remember, this is a long distance call."

Klamath Names

CLEETWOOD COVE (From Oregon Geographical Names by Lewis A. McArthur) This cove was named for the boat with which Will G. Steel sounded Crater Lake for the government in 1886. In a dream Mr. Steel fancied he heard the word applied to a golden arrow. The dream was so vivid that he christened his boat "Cleewood."

Fashion Tips

Lipstick is the favorite cosmetic of most women. Forget your powder, "wear off" rouge for a few days, omit eye makeup, but don't neglect your lips. Nature has given very few of us enough natural coloring in our lips. And since your mouth reflects your every mood, be sure that the frame which shows the reflection is a lovely one. Choose a shade of lipstick which blends exactly with your rouge. If you don't wear rouge, then get lipstick which is bright, young, natural looking, and cheerful. The pinkish and orange shades are becoming to most women. If you are the Spanish brunette type, you may find that the deep rose shades are better, but as a rule, bright shades are nicer for everyone.

Lipstick should be applied with the finger tips rather than directly on the lips from the "stick" itself. Your fingers have a tendency to make it soft and flexible and you are less apt to leave harsh edges. Relax and open your mouth a little way when you start to make it up. Begin at the center of the upper lip and work outward to the edges. Be sure that you apply along the inner edge so that a white streak will not be visible when you smile. You can improve the shape of your mouth by applying your lipstick with that idea in mind. If your lips are thick, keep the paste within the line of the edge. If they are thin, carefully apply it over the natural line of your lips with the cushion of your fore-finger. It will take a good deal of practice to perfect this trick, for, unless you are extremely careful, the lip rouge will show on your white skin above and below the lines of your lips. If you have an exceptionally long mouth, do not rouge your lips way out to the corners. The reverse is true if your mouth is too small—simply be generous with your lipstick on the corners. Unless your lips are very thick, accentuate the cupid's bow.

A little trick which you can accomplish with lipstick and one that has been used for centuries is leaving your upper lip free of color in the very center and arching the color on the curve of the lips on both sides of the center. You'll look quite naive and childlike.

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(To Be Continued)

at present difficult to evaluate it exactly.

There are, of course, other types of cases in which lack of oxygen in the blood is conspicuous such as, for example, collapse of the lungs after operation, severe cases of asthma, severe cases of apoplexy, heart failure, and other disturbances of the heart.

Today many of the leading hospitals of the country have installed oxygen chambers, rooms especially fitted for supplying oxygen to the patient while lying in bed, the entire bed wheeled into the oxygen room.

Earlier Days

November 10, 1918 Has the city the authority to order the reclamation service to put in bridges over the canal wherever desired? This was one of the 1,001 questions up for discussion at last night's meeting of the city council.

The question arose over the Hot Springs petition for sidewalks to and over the Esplanade bridge. The council favors lowering the bridge to street level. The street committee of the council will report on the matter in two weeks.

Eighth grade pupils must take up agriculture if they hope to enter high school, according to a recent dictum of Superintendent Churchill of the department of public education.

In some penal institutions, it is said, prisoners are fed daily on bread and water; in some they labor industriously 14 hours a day at such easy tasks as breaking rock, making stoves etc. while in others they are merely kept in their cells.

Sheriff Low today established a new custom in the treatment of prisoners. He took three of them for a ride in his automobile.

The guests were Bob Pettus, M. Clark and Eugene Seston. All these men have been in the county jail several months, awaiting the December term of court.

W. T. Lee, president of the Oregon-California Auto company has left for San Francisco, Lee will bring back a new 1914 Overland self-starting car for demonstrating purposes at the Central garage.

Some People Say—

A great many divorces are caused by the woman's unwillingness to live up to her part of the contract.—Feggy Hopkins Joyce.

If we would establish peace, we must first establish justice.—Senator Swanson of Virginia.

Most people realize that there has been a profound industrial depression.—H. G. Wells.

If the League cannot prevent war, there is nothing that can.—Newton D. Baker.

Russia has us fooled, beaten, shamed, shown up, outpointed, and all but knocked out.—G. H. Shaw.

All European countries are hoarding gold at present.—Gates McGarrath.

Various "schools" of psychology are characterized by the same narrow bigotry as may be found among contending sects.—Dr. Charles B. Myers.

We are now extending to all classes the facilities for good living which the wealthier Creoles had 3000 years ago.—Sir Banister Fletcher.

Office Cat

THE LEADER IS PREFERRED

The boss drives his men; the leader coaches them. The boss depends upon authority; the leader on good will. The boss inspires fear; the leader inspires enthusiasm.

The boss says "I," the leader says "We." The boss assigns the tasks; the leader sets the pace. The boss says, "Get here on time," the leader gets there ahead of time.

The boss fixes the blame for the breakdown; the leader fixes the breakdown. The boss knows how it is done; the leader shows how.

The boss makes work a drudgery; the leader makes it a game. The boss says, "Go"; the leader says, "Let's go."

The hand that once darned the socks now socks the darned golf ball! . . . What is Service? To know what to do is wisdom. To know how to do it is skill. To do the thing as it should be done is service. . . . Now comes the story concerning a local woman who bought a dozen eggs on credit at a grocery store and then sold them for cash at another store in order to buy a ticket to a movie.

"The only sensible road to prosperity is to live within our income," says an editorial. But few of us would care to be such misers.

Amos—Your breath smells of gin.

Sam—Yeah, I'm trying to get rid of the smell of liscine.

Ad in paper—Large, lovely tapistry love seat, will sell or exchange for two occasional chairs.

Waiter—Where's the paper plate I gave you with your pie? Customer—My word! I thought that was the lower crust.

She—The doctor says I must throw up everything and take a sea voyage.

He—That ought to be easy if you take the voyage first.

There are two classes of people who fool nobody but themselves: The old women who try to appear kittenish, and the fussy grandpas. . . . Someone asked us if we thought cranberries were healthy. Well, we never heard any of them complain. . . . Times are not so hard yet. You have not heard of any silk business, etc., factories shutting down and cotton mills starting up. . . . We think there was a bridge party out in our end of town the other night which the society editor failed to get in the paper. Anyway one night last week we heard six shots.

Give a woman a check and she'll soon start talking SHOP.

About the most painful job one can imagine is to see a lightwad endeavoring to have a good time.

Mildred—Times have certainly changed.

Hazel—How come? Mildred—You know that story about Pharaoh's daughter finding Moses in the bulrushes?

Hazel—Yes, but what's that got to do with it? Mildred—Well, can you imagine a girl getting away with that story today?

Chief—How did you come to raid that barber's shop? Dry Agent—Well, it struck me kind of funny that such a lot of fellows should buy hair restorer from a bald-headed barber.

Some people are so narrow minded there isn't room for two ideas to pass.

GEMS-of-PERIL BY HAZEL ROSA HAILEY

CHAPTER XXI

"What is it? What is it?" Mary whispered, trying vainly to see into the street from the other side of the window. Her view was cut off by a cornice. Dirk was leaning far out to get a clear view of what had happened. He waved one hand as a signal to keep quiet. To the waiting girl the suspense was agonizing. Angry voices floated up and various bumps and thuds, as of a weary car settling to rest.

He pulled his head in and shut the window quietly before speaking. "Just that blamed idiot, Bowen, and his rattletrap," he said indignantly. "Somebody's smashed into him. Looks as if he tried to turn around, and they rammed into him awfully." He shook his head wonderingly. "Of all the prize hooches—! Come on, let's go down and look at the wreckage."

He looked about the room, tried the lock on the safe door to make sure it was fastened, turned off the light, looked the door and they trotted downstairs.

Mary was scowled. "Do you suppose he's hurt?" "Couldn't see," Dirk said. "Hope they didn't hurt our car. Guess not. It's further up the street."

As they came out into the street there was the sound of footsteps running, drawn by the magnet of an accident. A policeman was visible, pounding along at the lower end of the block, his night stick clapping against his leg as he ran. Bowen was nowhere to be seen, but the street was completely blocked at the upper end by his car, up-ended and lying on its side. Jammed into the other side, like a locomotive whose cow-catcher has scooped up a mass of debris, was a black limousine with platinum trimmings.

As Mary and Dirk started forward, the limousine's engine rumbled in reverse, freed itself from the quivering mass of metal which was Bowen's machine, and shot

backward out of Nassau street, stopped, shot ahead toward Broadway and was gone. Not even the enraged policeman's command to stop had any effect. He pulled his gun, but before shooting, apparently thought of the people, who came running from all directions.

Mary stopped stock still under the shock of the realization that came to her. "Dirk! Dirk!" she screamed suddenly. That was the car that killed Eddie!"

Dirk stopped running a second, long enough to stare at her dumfounded, then raced on. A warning, unsteady figure was crawling into view from under the tangle of leatherette and canvas that was the top of his car. He had just gained his feet and was looking in the direction taken by the departed limousine when Dirk reached him.

Mary saw him wringing one hand and cursing whole-heartedly. Between curses he stuck the injured finger in his mouth and sucked it. Apparently it was the only injury he had suffered.

"What the—! Holy—jumping!" He broke off as he saw Mary's white anxious face at his elbow. "Hello, Rayther. I'm all right. Let's get out of here—leave this wreck where it is. She'll never travel again."

But there were explanations to be given the big, breathless policeman first. "What were you tryin' to do, turn around in the middle of the block?" he accused, after inspecting the position of the wrecked car. Bowen took his abuse without a word of self-defense. Mary burned with indignation, but Bowen only listened with what she could have sworn was a self-satisfied smile on his face.

"Yep, you're right, officer. All my fault, he kept repeating. "Anybody see the number of that car?" the policeman asked loudly. The curious crowd began to babble all together, but no-

body could give a connected story. "It was 3N and something—," "Naw, it was 3Y"—The policeman closed his book in disgust. "On your way, all of 'em." He swung his stick menacingly.

When they had scattered he came up to Dirk. "No. We just came up. That's my car down there," Dirk answered negligently.

"Tell him," Mary whispered. "Tell him about the car—you know—" Her eyes were black with fear and her teeth were chattering.

Before another word could be said Bowen jostled between them, giving Mary an unmistakable jab in the ribs with his elbow. The jab winded her, and the surprise took the words out of her open mouth.

He took the officer aside and they held brief conference. Bowen's police card helped to smooth matters over. Dirk's quick "sh!" kept Mary from making any further attempt to speak of the other car. Puzzled, but quietest she let him lead her back to the coupe. His animosity toward Bowen seemed to have melted abruptly. Presently Bowen and the policeman parted, and Bowen came straight to their car.

"Where do you want to go?" "Climb in," Dirk invited. "No, I can get a cab," Bowen "Go in!" Dirk commanded. Mary moved closer. Dirk and Bowen obediently climbed in on the other side. "Let's get away from here," he said.

Uproven they sped for some time without a word spoken. Dirk was first to break the silence. "So you're the kind of a driver who turns around in the middle of the block, in a street that's too narrow to turn around in," he said.

Mary bit her lip, vexed that he could continue quarreling after what had happened. "But Bowen laughed. "Yep, that's me," he said. "I owe you something for that,"



The DEAD MONTHS that follow FIRE

FIRE in stores, factories and other commercial buildings are followed by dead months. Trade stops—customers go elsewhere for goods—expenses pile up while the building is being replaced or repaired. It is sound business to insure a continuance of your normal profit—and dividends—during the non-earning period following a fire. The insurance that gives this guarantee is called Business Interruption (Use and Occu-



Stock Fire Insurance Companies are represented by Capable Agents in your community THE NATIONAL BOARD OF FIRE UNDERWRITERS 85 John Street, NEW YORK CHICAGO, 222 West Adams Street SAN FRANCISCO, Merchants Exchange Bldg A National Organization of Stock Fire Insurance Companies Established in 1866