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Budd, The Doer, To Move

DANGER GAINS WHILE CITY WAITS

Jap Activity Is Consistent

Remark Made Here Now Significant

WHEN Ralph Budd was speaking before several hundred Klamath county people at the Willard hotel the other evening, he said something which assumes considerable significance in the light of later developments.

Glancing down the table at tall, bald Frederick E. Williamson, president of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, Mr. Budd said: (as we remember it) "When you heard Mr. Williamson speak, you were listening to a real railroad man. When you folks ship something east, either over our line by the northern route, or over the Western Pacific and Denver and Rio Grande, Mr. Williamson gets it. He catches you both ways."

The tribute was not only to Mr. Williamson, but also to the railroad he headed. It indicated the strategic and important position of that railroad in the scheme of things.

Today, Ralph Budd is, to all intents and purposes, the president of that railroad, and Mr. Williamson has gone back to the New York Central, from which he came west. That remark of Mr. Budd's at the Klamath Falls dinner is worth remembering.

What Mr. Budd is expected to do in his new assignment is, of course, unknown to the public. The public does know, however, that Mr. Budd is a doer, and an aggressive one. He has the spark which gets things done. And that is the reason why wise heads in the railroad world are looking with new interest at the Burlington line. It looks as if somebody may have some plans for that railroad.

William P. Kenney, the new president of the Great Northern, (if predictions are confirmed), is a big man with a big record. Those who know him predict great things under his leadership for the Great Northern, in whose development he already has played an important part.

What About the Esplanade Bridge?

PROCRASTINATION may be a thief of time, but it also can be mighty dangerous to life and limb when practiced by a city faced with a problem of public safety.

That is brought home to us forcibly with the arrival of frosty streets, which makes all the more dangerous the situation at the Esplanade bridge, where improvement work might have started several weeks ago.

At that time, city officials stated that they were waiting for water to be removed from the canal before starting a moderate program which, for small cost, would take care of the bridge situation for a time at least. The water has been out of the canal for a month, and we have heard no reports of bridge discussion at council meetings, nor have we seen any evidences of work at the bridge.

We know the city's problems, and sympathize with the officials who must work them out. But the Esplanade bridge situation is something which should not be allowed to wait.

GEMS of PERIL

BY HAZEL BOSS HAILEY

"I reckon so," he answered. "Why? Somebody down there you want to see?" She laughed excitedly. "I should say so! How long will we stay?" "Why, long as you like, two-three weeks, I suppose. Danged if I'll open the house though! I was hating the thing—looks like an old station. No vacation for me—go all the way to Miami and live in an old station! We'll live on the 'Gypsy'."

He was avoiding the palatial Spanish "cottage" which had been Mrs. Jupiter's favorite among her various homes because her memory was too vivid there, Mary knew. But she did not care; the "Gypsy" suited her purposes even better. A plan of almost diabolical cunning had occurred to her! As she rapidly thought out its details, she knew that she must speak to Mr. Jupiter about it now, for certain preparations would have to be made before-hand, to insure safety all around—for herself. Bowen says he's the smartest crook unbug. Maybe that's why they call him The Fly. He's so hard to swat."

—that though it had been The Fly's gun with which Mrs. Jupiter was shot, Eddie's hand had fired it. If that were true, she would not other people to know it if it could be helped. So they must do without that out. And in that one respect, at least, she meant to respect Eddie's wishes. His name would always be coupled with hers since the official announcement of their engagement, even if—her mind refused to follow up that painful "if." She would not drag him into this if she could possibly avoid it.

All this she had to make clear to Mr. Jupiter, as well as her plan to capture The Fly. When she had finished, he asked: "You sure he'll be there?" "It's almost a certainty, Bowen thinks. His horse races at Hillsdale on the 16th. He'll show up, all right—he doesn't take the law seriously, you know. He's been arrested many times, but they've had to let him go. He's careful. Bowen says he's the smartest crook unbug. Maybe that's why they call him The Fly. He's so hard to swat."

could not read his thoughts. Everything hung on his answer—he almost prayed. "If I thought you two youngsters were right—that that man was the one—I'd never rest, while he was above ground! Every cent I've got would go to see him hung!" Spots of red burned in the bloodless cheeks; Mary had not seen him so realized with life since the first few hopeful days of the police search for his wife's murderer. The thirst for revenge gave him an unexpected zest in life. It might be a better thing for him, in the end, than the coddling Dr. Jordan had enforced on him.

Jupiter slapped the arms of his chair. "If you were a boy, now—but a girl like you—what will people think if I let you walk up to that room with a fortune hanging around your neck? No, sir, I can't let you do a crazy thing like that, Mary—" "Then," Mary said quietly, under the terms of your wife's will, I will choose the necklace. Although it really doesn't matter now whether I actually have the necklace in my possession or not—The Fly thinks I have. Those stories will have told him that and he saw me wearing it. It's too late now to back out. As soon as he thinks it safe again, he'll be making another try for it. And all the papers say you've given the necklace to me. I'm in danger now, and I always will be, while he's at large. For my own safety, the best thing I can do is to bring him to justice as quickly as possible. As for seeking him out, I'll be far sater knowing his movements than I'll ever be with him at large. . . . you see that, don't you?" "It may take a little time," Mary continued, "but it can be

done. Don't you mind me! I wasn't frightened before when I saw him in Sbay's—I was thrilled as any school girl, and glad. I can't tell you how glad! I thought it wouldn't be long until—but he got away. We'll have to wait a while—flush him again, as Bowen calls it, but we'll get him. I don't want them just to send him to jail—I want them to hang him! I do!" Her own vehemence surprised her, but she knew it was true—that these unbecoming, blood-thirsty sentiments were truly hers.

She turned on him, demanding defiantly. "Does it sound awful? I mean it. I never knew I could hate anyone as much as I hate that man!" She walked about, her eyes stormy, her face flushed. But Jupiter was not looking at her. He was seeing visions of his own in the pattern of the rug, his hand clenching and unclenching on the crook of his cane. He held it at arm's length, like a weapon, and banged the floor with it.

"If he's the man," he said, "I'll see him hang! I have not put every cent I've got behind it. By God, I'd like to tend to it myself! If you can tell him on board the 'Gypsy'—"

"I can. I can trick him. I know I can!" Her throat was tight with excitement, and resolution. The door behind them opened. Mary whirled about. Bruce Jupiter's voice spoke suavely in the tense, quiet that followed her last words: "I'm sure you can, Miss Harkness. You do that sort of thing so well!"

Old Mr. Jupiter stared at his son, mixed emotion on his face. "Well!" he snapped. "So you're back, eh? I thought you'd come by your senses. You can't live on love, even in Paris, I understand." He chuckled harshly. There was a hint of eagerness in his voice which he tried to hide.

Mary shook her head involuntarily—it was so much a moment for that Jupiter was employing so little of it.

But Bruce paid no attention to his father. Tossing the black, wide-brimmed "parson's hat" he affected on a table, he sat down on the arm of a chair, and pulled out a cigarette—starting rudely at Mary meanwhile.

Mary marvelled at the change in him. The dreamy brown eyes that had rested so warmly upon the throaty-voiced stren last night were black with anger. The luxuriant wavy hair was more awry than before; it stood up in an indignant ruff above the high, bronzed forehead as if five agitated fingers had been run through it. The lean, sensitive fingers that tore with the cigarette trembled visibly. But Bruce's eyes before it stood up in an indignant ruff above the high, bronzed forehead as if five agitated fingers had been run through it.

"Oh, yes, I've come to my senses," he murmured, his gaze still boring into the girl's. Mary flushed and retreated involuntarily before his brazen stare. "It is just as you said, father. I have stayed away too long, things have taken a surprising turn during my absence. Such a turn as a sensible man might have foreseen. But I am not a sensible man. I am an artist."

Office Cat

Jamerson—Why does a red-headed girl always marry a quiet fellow? Perkinson—She doesn't. He just gets like that.

The following legend was clipped by a friend of this column and mailed us. It is from the Menu Card of Hotel Farrar Cafe, self styled "The Worst Hotel in North Carolina," at Tarboro, N. C.

Our food is poor: Our service is worse: Our prices are high: We admit it. This is a novel means of forestalling complaints and expressing their guests with the high quality of their food and service, and the reasonableness of their prices, based on that quality.

Some fellows' idea of a square deal from the world is to buy cheap clothes, take a long vacation winter and summer, freedom from detail, and three hours for golf on any pleasant day. . . . The first day her children go off to kindergarten a woman takes a deep breath, looks in the mirror, and suddenly realize that she's lost her girlish figure.

Jimmie—Are you going to smoke that pipe? Willie—No, I only have one match.

A visitor to a Klamath Falls Sunday School was asked to address a few remarks to the children. He took the familiar theme of the children who mocked Elisha on his journey to Bethel, how the young ones taunted the prophet and how they were punished when the two bears came out of the woods and ate forty-two of them.

Visitor—And now my children, what does this story show? Little Girl in Front Row—Please, sir, it shows how many children two bears can hold.

Wisecracker—Haven't I always given you my salary check the first of every month? Mrs. Wisecracker—Yes, but you never told me you got paid on the first and fifteenth, you emblesler!

Klamath Names

CHOPPIE PRAIRIE (From Oregon Geographic Names, by Lewis A. McArthur) Choppie Prairie lies between Sadie mountain and Chiloquin ridge, on Klamath Indian reservation. The name is derived from a Klamath Indian word meaning hidden, or secluded, which well describes this prairie.

SIDE GLANCES

By George Clark



"All right, I'll take one, if you're sure they're out of season."

Health Talks

Infection of the human body from any cause, indeed any type of wasting or so-called debilitating disease, is likely to be followed promptly by a deterioration in the quality of the blood. This deterioration takes the form of anemia. It may follow hemorrhage, malnutrition, pregnancy, infestation with hookworm, malaria, Bright's disease, tuberculosis, cancer, or any one of a number of similar causes.

So much has been learned about anemia since the discovery of the value of liver in pernicious anemia that the person with this type of disorder can now be treated successfully in the vast majority of cases. It is recognized that anemias represent a deficiency in the hemoglobin of the red coloring matter of the blood, a deficiency in the formation of the red blood cells, or an increased rate of destruction of the red blood cells.

It is known that iron is necessary for the development of the product called hemoglobin, that liver contains some factor which is of importance in stimulating the formation of the red blood cells and that the vitamins are frequently of value in aiding such formation. There seems to be no doubt that liver is most effective in the type of anemia called pernicious anemia, when the difficulty probably lies in the formation of the red blood cells in the bone marrow.

Many infections cause increased destruction of red blood cells and at the same time interfere with the formation of blood. Obviously therefore it is of the greatest importance to control the infection rather than to stimulate the formation of any blood cells. If the infection is brought under control and the increased destruction stopped, the tissue will probably arrange to supply the blood cells rapidly.

Investigators in China, Doctors Keefe and Yang, recently studied the various methods for stimulating the formation of blood cells in various types of anemia. They find that recovery from anemia due to chronic loss of blood is accelerated following the giving of iron and of iron. If the anemia is very severe, it is frequently desirable to give large injections of blood by transfusion to overcome the anemia emergency. Anemias resulting from malnutrition are frequently controlled by giving well-balanced diets with plenty of vitamins and an increased amount of iron so as to accelerate the formation of hemoglobin. Anemia due to hookworm infestation is helped by iron or liver, but it is desirable to get rid of the hookworm as soon as possible.

Some People Say—

Such a nice city, New York. Five hours in it is not very much.—Josette Laval, daughter of Premier Laval of France.

There is a strong love of the exotic in America. An architect once showed me his plans for a courthouse in Nebraska, I think it was. They are entirely Assyrian. He justified this by saying, "I think our civilization is almost entirely Assyrian."—Jacob Epstein, sculptor.

You will never get what you want if people see you want it.—Joseph Hergensheimer, American author.

The greatest victory is that which is achieved over one's inclinations.—Alcala Zamora, ex-provisional president of Spain.

Matters present in the universe measured in protonic equals 7 with 78 zeros after it.—Professor William de Sitter, University of Leyden.

Twenty years hence the whole population of this country (England) will have all the virtues of the traditional public school type, but will be free from defects.—H. B. Lees-Smith, M. P.

Food Chats

By Ethel M. Hall

Red Rock Cod On our Pacific Coast is found a group of fish known as the rockfish, and of these the red rock cod is probably the best known and is a variety of fish which is rapidly gaining in popularity. This week an abundant supply makes red cod the best kind of fish to select when one desires a fresh fish at a moderate price.

The red rock cod weighs from one and a half to three pounds and so may be used for baking, or if preferred, the ready prepared fillets may be purchased. While these are a little more expensive per pound than the whole fish, still one must remember that there is no waste, and also time and labor in handling the fish are saved.

Large bones and a large head are noticeable characteristics of red rock cod and should be taken into consideration when purchases are being made, as their removal appreciably lowers the amount of flesh left for serving.

However, these need not be entirely discarded for they may be simmered later for some time and the resulting fish stock used as a base for soup or chowder or for savory sauces to serve with the cooked fish.

Baked Fillets Two pounds fillet of red rock cod, salt, pepper, one-half pound sliced fat bacon, four tablespoons flour, two cups boiling water or fish stock, one tablespoon vinegar, one tablespoon finely minced parsley.

Oil a baking pan and place the fillet on it. Sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper, add the bacon and straw it over the fish, place in a hot oven (450 degrees F.) and bake 15 minutes. Place fish on a hot platter and drain off the bacon fat. Place three tablespoons of the bacon drippings in a saucepan, add the flour and cook together, then add the boiling water or stock and cook until thick, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Add vinegar, salt and pepper to taste and the chopped parsley. Pour over the fillets with the minced bacon and serve immediately.

Spanish Rock Cod Three pounds rock cod. One half cup corn oil. One clove of garlic. Two medium onions sliced. One No. 2 can tomatoes. Salt, pepper, sugar. Two tablespoons finely minced parsley. Remove skin and bones from

fish and cut in about nine pieces. Heat the corn oil, put in the garlic clove and the sliced onions and cook until tender, having fire low and pan covered to prevent burning. Add tomatoes, then the sections of fish, seasoning and a little boiling water if necessary. Cover and simmer until fish is tender. When cooked, thicken sauce with a little flour moistened to a smooth paste with cold water. Pour on serving dish and sprinkle with the minced parsley. If preferred, the fish with seasoned sauce may be placed in a covered casserole and be baked in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.).

Rock Cod Mornay Two cups red rock cod flaked. One-half cup cream. One-half cup grated cheese, salt, paprika. Two cups thick cream sauce. Three tablespoons butter. Two teaspoons table sauce, lemon juice to taste. To the hot cream sauce add the cheese gradually, the additional butter bit by bit, then the cream, flaked cod and seasonings. Cook over hot water as mixtures should not boil. Serve on hot toast, in bread croutades, in patie shells or in sweetish timbale cases.

Spanish Salad On a bed of lettuce leaves arrange alternate thin slices of Bermuda onions and oranges. Serve with French dressing made with lemon juice. Garnish with finely minced parsley.

Earlier Days

November 13, 1918 A new logging camp has been established near Kane by the Big Basin Lumber company, and a big crew of 30 men is at work getting from the forests to the water the embryo houses.

Following the dismissal of the forger charge filed against Frank Hoover, Klamath Indian, Justice of the Peace Gowan resumed the same charge residing against Mrs. Hoover.

Superintendent Edson Watson, with the assistance of Mr. Miller and men representing Bill Hanley, Thursday completed the distribution of the latest shipment of blooded cattle to the Indians on this end of the reservation.

Some hard fought football contest will be the spectacle tomorrow afternoon at Medco field, when the Merrill high school 11 marches on the field in an endeavor to revenge themselves on Klamath county high school.

A litter of pups, six in all, as devoid of tails as half a dozen guinea pigs, is an attraction at the Smithfield ranch on the Midland road, that is baffling all theories. The pups are a cross between a bulldog and a collie.

HENRY'S MARKET Mothers Are Rejoicing Henry is Selling Grade A Milk From Now to Xmas 6c Per Quart Again Henry Leads Shoulder Pork Roast lb. 11c Pork Chops (comb) lb. 15c Pork Steaks lb. 12 1/2c Bacon Backs lb. 12 1/2c Sliced Bacon sugar cured lb. 14 1/2c Spring Chickens lb. 23 1/2c Choice Milk Veal Oregon Spring Lamb Veal Stew, lb. 6c Shoulder Mutton, lb. 5 1/2c Veal Roast, lb. 10c Breast Mutton, lb. 4c Leg of Veal, lb. 15c Leg of Mutton, lb. 10c Extra Choice Steaks lb. 8 1/2c Beef Roast lb. 8 1/2c Millers Bacon sugar cured lb. 17 1/2c Cudahys Pure Lard 2 lb. 17c Rex Nut Oleo 2 lb. 21c Cudahys Shortening 2 lb. 15c Just Received—Large Shipment of Eggs 2 doz 49c Creamery Butter 2 lbs. 65c Mannings Coffee lb. 30c Fresh Hamburger 2 lbs. 11c Silver Salmon lb. 7 1/2c