

MOTHERS GUESTS AT SOCIAL TEA

Mothers of all Campfire girls in the city were guests at a lovely formal Oriental tea given by the various groups in the Methodist church social parlors from 2 until 5 o'clock Saturday afternoon.

The president of each group including Nettie Tompkins, Deewya, Margaret Daggett, Apeya, Dorothy DeLap, Dakonya, Margaret Yaden, Blidella, Yesta Haman, Marna, Bernice Baker, Saraquerra, Dorothy O'Donnell, Aloha-Hanta, Betty Cleghora, Ousekine, Marjorie Southwell, Winema, and Peggy Johnson, Shumakalowa, were in the receiving line.

Mrs. W. E. Merseaux and Mrs. J. C. Yaden poured during the first hour. Mrs. H. E. Hauger and Mrs. J. C. Cleghora during the second hour and Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Gus Johnson during the final hour.

Girls who assisted in serving were Misses Joan Kranenburg, Imelda Telford, Sue Merseaux, Jean Hauger, Everetta Gillespie, Mildred Cullen, Elaine Boral, Marguerite Uerlings, Lucille Hedlund and Marjorie Southwick.

During the afternoon a splendid program was given. Beth Cummings of Apeya group sang "The Japanese Sandman" and a violin duet was given by Mildred Myers and Beth Cummings of the Apeya group. Catherine Cleghorn, also of the Apeya group gave a talk on the work of Campfire. Miss Virginia Duke of Aloha-Hanta group gave a talk on activities of her group and a Chinese tap dance was given by Margaret Yaden of Blidella group. Peggy Johnson of Sub-Markolawa presented a tap dance. Mary Thomas of Dakonya gave a piano solo. Miss Dorothy Schupp was in charge of the program.

Nisetsaki group of Langell Valley was unable to attend, but three girls from Bonanza assisted.

Committees in charge of the event were: Entertainment, Virginia Myers, Elizabeth Lundquist, Beth Cummings and Lillian Reddy; decorations, Imelda Telford, Nettie Tompkins, Mickey Uerlings, Marian Telford; service, Phyllis Murano; receiving, Everetta Gillespie, Pearl Jean Wilson, Mildred Cullen; food, Joan Kranenburg, Dortha Williams, Thelma Fossum; invitations, Dicksey Dryden, Beth Cummings, Bernice Ranker; clean-up, Margaret Slaymaker, Vesta Haman, Virginia Duke, Dorothy Cullen, Ruth Glasco, Louise Ferrell, Vivian Adams.

ACCUSED DEPUTIES WILL GO ON TRIAL

ARDMORE, Okla., Nov. 15. (UP)—What may be the final chapter in the slaying of two prominent Mexican youths by Oklahoma deputy sheriffs is scheduled to be written into the Carter county district court records here next week.

The accused deputies, William E. Guess and Cecil Crosby, go on trial next Tuesday on murder charges in the slaying of Manuel Garcia Gomez, son of a wealthy Mexico City attorney.

The slaying of Gomez and his college companion, Emilio Cortes Rubio, cousin of President Pascual Ortiz Rubio of Mexico, occurred at midnight on an unlighted residential street here last June 7.

In a previous trial which aroused international interest, Guess was acquitted in the slaying of Rubio.

YOUTHS CONFESS KILLING WITNESS

CHICAGO, Nov. 16. (UP)—Three Harvey, Ill., youths and a fourth from Phoenix, Ariz., who police declared confessed to murdering one witness in slaying the murder of three other persons who had witnessed their crime, were sentenced by Judge Walter Stanton today to penitentiary terms ranging from 21 to 40 years.

"Four of a Kind" Wins! CARL A. MORLOK FOR CONSTABLE



Capitalizing the publicity he received in May, 1930, when he became the father of quadruplets, Carl A. Morlok was elected constable at Lansing, Mich., by an overwhelming margin over the closest of his six opponents. Morlok's campaign card, on which appear pictures of the new constable and his four young daughters, is shown above. Morlok carried 27 of the city's 29 precincts.

GEMS OF PERIL

(Continued from Page 5) same man? Was De Loma The Fly? Mary was convinced beyond any doubt that the Count Enrique De Loma whom Ethel was infatuated with was The Fly. And Cornelia Tabor had barely missed having him in her house as a week end guest. It was frightful, and it was laughable. But most of all it opened up a new view of The Fly and his methods. So that was his game—tricking silly society girls with his old, old title racket! Whether his name was really De Loma did not matter; probably it was an alias. If so, it was a new one, for Bowen had searched police files for a record of a man by that name, and found nothing. Also—and this gave her renewed heart for the chase—it was probably the name he would continue to use. She dared not tell Dirk what she was thinking. He would think her utterly mad, looking for The Fly and finding him in every stranger who crossed her path. But there were some questions she simply had to ask. "Did you see him at all—De Loma?" "No." "He didn't give Ethel his picture or anything?" "No." Then he added pettishly, "What do you care, anyhow? Not going to fall for him, too, are you?" She looked reproach at him. But the thoughtful pucker did not leave her brow. "When did he call up and tell her he wasn't coming?" "I don't think he did," Dirk answered after a moment's consideration. "I think she said he failed to show up, and when she called her usual hang-out they told her about his father dying and his having to go home to look after the estate." He looked at her. "You think he just ran out on her? Maybe he did. But Lord, I'd go to South Africa myself to get away from that young catamount. No matter how many millions her dad's got." "Did De Loma know that? About the millions, I mean?" "Probably. I said he wasn't out to marry money." Dirk roused himself suddenly, crushed out his cigarette and put his arms around her. "But why are we talking about them, sweetheart?" he said gently. "Why are we talking at all?" "Why, indeed, Mary thought happily after several blissful, speechless minutes. This was what she had been longing for, for days. How had she ever lived through them alone? She sighed deeply. Well, that was all over now—then she remembered. Tomorrow she was going away! Her heart cried out against separation from Dirk again. She clutched him tightly. "Come with us," she begged. "I can't bear to go unless you do!" Dirk stroked her hair gently. "You really want me?" Her eyes answered him. "Better still," he suggested, "don't go. Stay here." "Everthing's ready. I've got to go. Besides, I've just learned some things that may be of great value. There's too much at stake now, Dirk," she turned toward him suddenly, an agony of pleading in her face. "Dirk, don't you believe in what I'm trying to do at all?" It was very still in the room, which was lighted only by dim wall brackets and the flicker of a small wood-fire. "I believe in you," Dirk said, presently. Mary's searching eyes saw his face and his plain, earnest effort to speak fairly and plainly. "That is, when I'm with you. When I'm away from you, I get—wild ideas. Other people say things and it—hurts. I shouldn't listen, I know. But I do. Because it's you." His hand gripped hers until her benumbed fingers ached with the pain. "You mean so much to me that the least breath—the least suspicion—" He stopped and held his lower lip with his teeth like a man in physical pain. Mary was appalled. "What do they say?" she whispered. "Oh, nothing that's true—at least if it is I don't believe you realize it. I think you're perfectly innocent about it. That the Jupiter money has turned you mean—that you're being nice to the old man just for what you can get out of him. God, if they knew about that will what a jabber there'd be! And of course that newspaper story about you last week was just about the last straw—coming right out with the intimations that you'd had the rotten bad taste to choose that horrible necklace..." Mary was silent, stunned. "There's nothing I can say," she faltered, as Dirk seemed to be waiting for some comment. "My idea was," he went on, for you to give out a statement—just a few lines, no more—denying it in a dignified way. It's too late to stop a lot of fools from gapping over it, but it's the best you can do—now the harm's done, what if you did choose—a ring or a pin or whatever it was, just for the sake of sentiment. It would help to quash this gold-digging notion about you that everybody seems to have—" Mary said, "I couldn't do that, Dirk. I did choose the necklace."

FREE TURKEYS for Thanksgiving Equal Opportunity for Everyone To have a 10-pound Turkey for Thanksgiving. These are fine birds, locally raised and well worth the little effort necessary to secure one. Get— 10 new 3 months Subscriptions to the Klamath News and a bird is yours or secure 5 three-months subscriptions and receive a 5-pound roasting chicken. It is not necessary to secure the cash in advance except on mail orders. The Klamath News carrier boy will collect 65 cents per month from your new subscriber. Turn in each subscription as you receive it. Use the form below if you desire. Be sure your last subscription is turned into the News office, corner 5th and Main, not later than 6 p. m. November 24th. Remember—be sure to turn in each subscription as you receive it.

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