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Tax Reduction In Force

WE PUT OURSELVES ON RIGHT TRACK

New View Of The Police

Rate Cuts
Gratifying

There is reason for general satisfaction in Assessor Lee's announcement of tax summaries for the coming year, which indicate a reduction in all taxes of more than \$600,000 in comparison with last year. The sum total of results from the exhaustive work done on budgets this fall provides a good showing.

At the time a general reduction in assessed valuation was ordered, we were apprehensive lest the tax rates would necessarily be forced upwards, a fact which would tend to discourage outside investments. It is gratifying, indeed, that in spite of the decreased valuations, the county tax rate has been materially reduced, and that separate combined levies are lower. The state's action in eliminating all property tax except that for elementary schools played an important part in the general county reductions, while locally both school districts and the city eliminated special taxes and cut their voluntary budgets materially.

There undoubtedly are still those who argue that the reductions made are insufficient. Others probably feel that rigid economies in certain units will prove damaging, and we will come to see that we should have treated these units more liberally.

Either argument might prove correct. Budget-making requires taking too much for granted on future conditions to be able always to do exactly the right thing.

However, we know enough about the coming year's conditions to say, in general, that reduced expenditures are in order. An expert crystal gazer is not necessary to bring that conclusion.

So, we feel that we are on the right track. A time has come for retrenchment, and we are retrenching. That the public has informed itself better than ever before about its own business during the three months of budget-making no one will deny, and this enlightenment should lead to a fair judgment of results at the end of the year.

Chief Makes
Just Appeal

A fair request was made by Police Chief Guy Merrill at a local church Sunday evening, when he asked for public sympathy for and cooperation with the police department. The chief was speaking with sound reasoning when he indicated that police service cannot be effective without that assistance.

In common with a situation in a good many cities, there is a tendency here to take a belligerent attitude toward constituted authority—which is more or less an American custom. A policeman is considered a necessary, but irritating necessity. Reproof for the little violations of which we all are guilty is taken far too seldom with good grace.

That is not altogether the fault of the public. We are speaking generally when we say that in many cities there has been reason frequently for placing little faith in the police. A suspicion that the police are countenancing law violation in one place, and attacking it in another, has not served to build up confidence in them. Courtesy has been too rare a characteristic in the rank and file of many a police department.

These things are recognized by Chief Merrill, as he indicated in his Sunday night address. That he intends to meet the public half way in this connection he also indicated. Courteous service, and with a record of freedom from crime and orderly traffic, rather than a record of arrests and fines, was the program advanced. If there is a common conspiracy against the police, such a goal as that indicated should break it down.

We have support for our street-cleaning plea from a young lady who declared Monday that curbside splashing had necessitated three changes of hose in a single half-day.

Some time ago, this column made some remarks about the need for a good snow. It snowed. We now remark again about the need for a good snow.

wouldn't call him there. It would be disturbing. She waited another hour. Then the telephone rang. She knew it was Jerry. Funny how even as she walked over to pick up the phone she forgot she had been waiting two hours for it to ring. She forgot that she had been lonely, forgot that she had been disappointed.

(To Be Continued)

Fashion
Tips

In the Mauve Decade, knowing ladies used to call face masks "husband masks." They meant, no doubt, that to keep one's husband a lady had to remain beautiful.

So, in the name of domesticity and happy life, the women of those days used to wear complicated beauty masks, some of which were even cut to measure to fit their faces, from raw veal or beef, and kept on all night long.

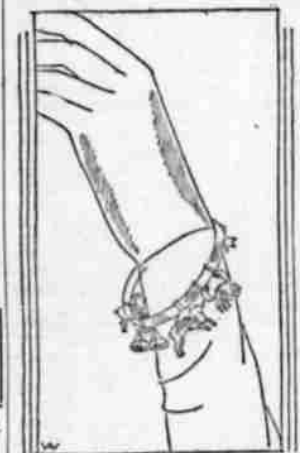
Modern women would call that no way to keep a husband! They use quick masks that do their work in an hour's time and use only fine oils and creams for a thin softening coating to their faces while they sleep.

One of the simplest and quickest masks there is, is made of yeast. Moistened two cakes of yeast with buttermilk, just enough to thin it out so you can spread it on.

Before you begin to spread on this face mask, clean your face thoroughly with soap and tepid water, cream and stricture. Then spread on the yeast, always using an upward stroke. Put a goodly layer on the cheeks, chin, nose, around the eyes, across the forehead and under the chin.

Now lie down and compose yourself for 30 minutes or so. When you get up, unlike every other type of mask, do not wash this off. Begin and give yourself a real facial massage, using the dried yeast instead of any cream. It will roll off in bits, and leave your face soft, clean and tightened.

All you need to do when finished massaging is to use a little facial oil or other softener. Then begin to make up your face, as usual. You will notice a good color, for the massage helps as much as the pack.



SIDE GLANCES By George Clark



"I mean that, too, pretty—you have the sweetest radio of any girl I ever date."

fatigue of late afternoon, but too few office workers practice the art. . . . Did they say prosperity was around the "corner" or around the "corner"?

His Lordship—I wish you would quit driving from the back seat. Her Ladyship—I will, when you quit cooking from the dining room table.

Then and Now In the old days when nights were cold It took two fleeces from the fold To dress a lady fair. But in these days of jazz and bebop A little silk worm does the job With time galore to spare.

Market Report Coffee—Weak Onions—Strong Elevators—Unsteady.

The older a man gets, the younger the young people seem to be. . . . To those interested in the elimination of unnecessary noises, we advance the information that the celery crop is unusually large this year. . . . You can buy a new locomotive for \$100,000. But, like an automobile or a wife, it isn't the first cost, it's the upkeep. . . . Express your opinions, if you like, but advice should be delivered by slow freight. . . . Some Klamath Falls people talk so much that

they resemble a woodpecker pecking on a tin roof. The woodpecker knows he is not accomplishing anything, but he enjoys the noise.

I like to play jokes like handling some dignified person a chunk of ice when I shake hands, just for a laugh.—Dorothy Lee, movie actress.

Let Mr. Klein (assistant secretary of commerce) tell his bedtime stories on the return of prosperity every night, if he wants to, but it won't move one bushel of wheat; won't put one man to work.—Congressman LaGuardia of New York.

Earlier
Days

January 11, 1914 That the saloon question is to play an important role in the coming municipal election is evidenced by the attention that is being given the question. The Women's Christian Temperance Union has planned to have the closing of the saloons put up to the voters, and others are taking this up too.

This evening there will be a meeting at Grace M. E. church, to consider the laying of snares for the entrapping of the Demon Rum.

Considerable interest was manifested in the benefit held Sunday afternoon by the socialist local to raise funds for the families of striking in the Michigan copper country. Considerable money was raised too, by this means.

United Press Service SALT LAKE, Jan. 11.—Ninety-eight unemployed men, who marched from Portland to Salem to demand work from Governor Oswald West, received the surprise of their lives this morning when West bought their breakfasts for them and provided 40 of them with jobs. Those employed were taken to the various state institutions. Here they were put to work doing farm chores, clearing brush etc. They will be paid \$1.50 a day for eight hours' work, and will be charged \$4 a week for board.

Frank Miles of the Miles Sign company, returned last night after an absence of over a year, and will remain a few days to attend to business matters. Since leaving here, Miles has resided in California, and he is a strong booster for Klamath Falls.

Some Wise
Cracks

Wage cuts are the rage. In fact wage cuts are the rage wherever there are wage cuts.

Yet, Hoover has appointed a woman to the Geneva conference on cutting arms. And that, somehow, is disarmament.

Experts say we must either adjust or revise our war debts. Probably meaning we've got to fix it up some way so we know we aren't going to get our money.

And railroad chiefs have suggested a neat pay cut. And if it goes through, it will be plain that the Christmas tree wasn't the only thing that got trimmed.

Building trades heads say the only solution to the depression is adjusting wage scales. Which, after all, may be the right way.

It's evident the nation has decided to grid against the depression. Knowing, of course, that a good article supply support.

The egg cell from which a whale grows is only twice as big as that which produces a mouse.

Health
Talks

There are certain conditions of work in which the finger nails are destroyed. They separate from the nail beds and come off. Most of these cases occur in laundry workers.

One woman reported that her nails came off following the use of a patent washing powder consisting largely of soda. Several women lost their nails following occupation in a position which involved washing the paste from labeled bottles. An investigation indicated that new employees who were apparently healthy developed black spots under their finger nails within 48 hours after beginning work. Within a few days the nails came loose from their nail beds and fell off. The nails grew in again in from four to six months.

Of course, it is fairly simple for anyone who has a tendency to softening and destruction of the nails associated with the occupation in which they happen to be employed to prevent this disturbance by wearing rubber gloves while at work. More and more it is being learned that the skin may be extremely sensitive to various chemical ingredients in certain cases, and that in such cases, even though the majority of people do not have any trouble, a few people who are especially sensitive will suffer irritations and even the loss of tissue following exposure.

The finger nail is a fairly resistant tissue, consisting mostly of keratin. Ordinary care includes protection of hang nails forming at the edges, the proper use of antiseptics to prevent infection, and a sufficient amount of oil or grease to keep the tissue fairly soft and viable.

Today manicuring has become a profession in which the competence of the workers varies greatly from the poorest to the best. The average woman can take care of her nails quite satisfactorily each day. This does not mean the drying and the other fashionable fripperies indulged in by professional manicurists. The average finger nail does quite well if left alone. Manipulations with drugs, chemicals and unknown cosmetics to meet the needs of fashion are responsible for a considerable amount of annoyance and illness.

Mail Carrier (entering P. O.)—Phew! Open a window. Why all the foul air in here?

P. O. Clerk—Can't you see? I just found a couple of dead letters.

Jeff—What is your worst sin, Mabel?

Mabel—My vanity. I spend hours before the mirror admiring my beauty.

Jeff—That isn't vanity—that's imagination.

STAINLESS Same formula, same price. Is original form, too, if you prefer.

20 for COLD'S VICKS VapoRus OVER 10 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

JERRY-and-JOAN

By
Cleo
Lucas

CHAPTER XXV "No, I'll never get over it. Would you get over loving Jerry?"

Joan shook her head. "No, of course not." VI went on. "My love for Jerry is like your love for Jerry; not all people love like that. It usually turns out pretty tragically when something goes wrong."

Silence. Joan could hear Jerry stirring drinks in the living room. "Well, some day when I get weary enough I'll leave the gas on a little too long to agree with me."

Joan had never heard anyone talk that way before. Violet must be joking, but she wasn't laughing.

"Don't say that, VI. Just think, you have your talent. You're going to be a famous painter some day," Jerry said so.

VI laughed.

"Jerry's saying so nearly makes it so. Doesn't it?"

"But everybody says that. Well, nothing means anything. Joan, when you haven't love, don't ever love Jerry. Take it from one who knows. If you see you're going to lose him get out of it first. Better to die while you still have him than lose him and go through the torture that I've gone through."

Joan wished VI wouldn't talk like this.

"But what makes you think I'm going to lose him, VI?" VI got up from the bed and put her arms around Joan.

"You're not going to lose him, Jo. I'm sorry I said anything like that. I didn't mean you, I meant, oh, anybody. It's good advice. Of course you won't ever need to use it. You and Jerry will live together until you are gray and wrinkled and lame and decrepit and—"

"Stop," Joan said. "I think you're terrible."

They were both laughing.

That night Joan told Jerry what VI had said.

"I won't lose you ever, will I, Jerry?"

Jerry smiled.

"You might if I should step in to an uncovered manhole."

Joan laughed and Jerry kissed her hard.

"You love me, don't you?" Joan said.

Jerry squeezed her until she groaned.

"I think you're simply swell," he said.

Joan had dinner ready when Jerry called her.

"Sorry, dear," he said, "but I didn't know until just a few minutes ago that I have to cover a banquet tonight over at the Hamilton Club."

Joan was disappointed, but she wasn't going to show it, of course. He had told her there might be a few times when he would have to cover stories at night.

"I'm going home to dress. Good-by, dear."

She kissed him when he was about to leave. It went with his makeup.

Joan went to the closet and got out his tuxedo. She loved to do little things like that for him,

get his clothes out and his shirt studs. She almost wished there was a little hole some place that she would have to mend for him, but no, the tailor had taken care of that little rent beautifully, that had been made by a cab door. She was afraid she couldn't improve on it. He would want his patent leather shoes. She went to the neat cretonne shoe bag and took them out and laid them on the chair near his bed.

Joan was so beautifully happy even if Jerry wasn't going to take dinner with her that night. Husbands couldn't be home every night, of course, especially newspaper husbands. Newspaper husbands were different from any other kind of husbands. So many times the newspaper had to come first. She realized that. She wondered if any other girl in the whole world was as happy as she was. She decided they were not. Every girl decided that in the first few weeks she was married.

She heard his key. "Darling!" He grabbed her and kissed her twice very, very sweetly.

"Have to go, darling. You wouldn't want them to hold up the banquet for me, would you?"

"Oh, no. Would they?"

"Certainly. They always have to wait for the newspaper reporter before they can start eating. That's an old Early American custom."

"Here's your tuxedo, darling. All ready for you."

Jerry was loosening his tie. "Took a shower at the office."

Joan went out and pulled the door almost shut. There was still something very personal about dressing and undressing.

"Talk to me, darling, while you dress," she called to him.

"All right. Listen, I'm going to stay at the banquet just long enough to get bored and to get a few notes on what it is all about. Then I am coming home and get you and we'll go out something together. How is that?"

"Oh, Jerry, wonderful! Really?"

"Really."

"What time, about, I mean?"

"Oh, about eight. Not later than eight-thirty."

"Why don't you let me drive down and pick you up?"

"Do you want to do that?"

"Certainly."

It was just like making a date with him. Just as thrilling as it was before they were married. Joan hoped it would always be like that.

"O. K., then. Eight-thirty at the Hamilton Club."

Jerry came out and kissed her. "You look sweet, dear," Joan said.

"Not sweet enough for you."

"Silly."

Jerry rushed off.

At exactly eight-thirty Joan Prentice Corbett drove her roadster up to the curb in front of the Hamilton Club.

The doorman came over.

"Will you tell Mr. Corbett that his wife is waiting for him, please. He's in the banquet room."

The doorman tipped his hat and was off.

Joan felt so important saying, "His wife is waiting for him."

She said it over again to herself. It was nice to be married. It was nice to be married to Jerry Corbett.

Joan drew her blue velvet evening wrap over her chiffon dress. She saw a couple of fellows walk past and then turn around and look at her. She felt safe. There was something in being married that made you feel so safe from everything. As if nothing could ever touch you, ever worry you. There was something in being married to Jerry Corbett that made you feel so proud.

The doorman returned in a few seconds. He touched his cap politely.

"Mr. Corbett says he won't be through for quite a little while and he thinks it best for you to go home and wait for him there. He'll call you."

Joan felt hurt. A few seconds ago she had been so buoyant, so full of expectancy. She had visualized Jerry coming out of the club entrance, passing under the awning to light his cigarette, and then getting into the car with her. Probably they would drive out to the club or Lincoln Tavern. Now she was to go back home and wait.

"Thank you."

She turned her motor into the traffic and started home again. No matter now if he did call her. It had taken all the punch out of everything. She didn't feel like going any place. It was doing the things as you had planned to do them from which you derived the most happiness. Then she remembered herself that Jerry was on business, he wasn't doing anything that was a pleasure. Perhaps something had happened to make the banquet late in starting—somebody's train had been late. That could have happened. Easily.

She turned the key in the door reluctantly. She had left the reading lamp on over by the chintz chair, and she went over and threw her wrap on the back of the chair. She picked up a magazine and turned to a story by Vivia Delmar. That should hold her interest if anything could. But it didn't.

She became restless. An hour went by and no word from Jerry. It was lonely in the evening without him. She hadn't minded it in the day time because there was always something for her to be doing, but at night there was nothing to do. She tried to think of something that needed to be done around the apartment, but there was nothing. She had already picked up Jerry's clothes that he had left on the bed when he had put on his tuxedo. She wandered into the bedroom and sat down at her dressing table. Aimlessly she drew out her fingernail file and started to file her already immaculately manicured fingernails.

Funny Jerry didn't call. She picked up the phone. No, she

Klamath
Names

MERRILL (From "Oregon Geographic Names" by Lewis A. McArthur). Merrill was named Nathan S. Merrill, who was born in New Hampshire in 1836, and moved to California in 1869. He moved to Chehalis county, Washington, in 1881, and in 1890 settled at the present site of Merrill. He purchased a ranch in the spring of 1894 and laid out a portion of the town of Merrill, which was named for him.

Office
Cat

A little more care and a little more thought. A little more co-operation and safety is bought. A little less kicking, a little less grown. A little more kindness when a man is down. A little more giving of kindness of life. A little more charity, and end all this strife. So for safety and co-operation and a little less I. Give the flowers in life—not wait till they die.

Small Brother—Betcha he'd kiss you if I wasn't here. Big Sister—You had, had boy! Run away this instant.

Stranger—How old are you, little man?

Bright Boy—Damned if I know, mister. Mother was twenty-six when I was born, but now she's only twenty-four.

Son Ike—Hey, papa, there's a fly in my soup.

Dad Izzy—Vell, Ike, eat the soup until you come to the fly. Then tell the waiter and he'll give you another plate.

Long drives down the fairways is one way a golfer may lower his score. Poor memory is another way. . . . Be honest with yourself occasionally and see how it feels. . . . The "buy now" campaign is just in time for Christmas shoppers. . . . The Optimist says: "When every bone in your body aches, be glad you are not a herring." . . . It wouldn't be so bad to be wealthy and see how the depressing fact of a secret. . . . Sitting erect is one way of overcoming the usual daily

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