

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

Help for a Community Asset

GIVE THE SKI CLUB PLANS SUPPORT

Get a Clear-Cut Decision

Winter Sports Invite to Open

Now comes the annual announcement from the Crater Lake Ski club concerning the winter sports carnival at Fort Klamath, to be held this year on Sunday, February 21. Glowing promises of the greatest show in the history of a great event are given.

The ski club has been doing a great deal of work at the ski jump near Fort Klamath. It is to be a test for the mettle of the best Class A jumpers. Snow conditions at the jump and on the 32-mile course for the annual ski race are ideal. Unless the weather experiences a sharp change, the same condition will prevail at the time of the carnival.

With every indication looking toward a successful show, the club now has the job of giving the event wide publicity. That is something in which we of the Klamath country can all help, and it is an enterprise well worthy of our help. We have the opportunity of developing a great winter playground for ourselves, and for outsiders who may be induced to come and enjoy it with us. Conditions are ideal, the ski club has the thing organized and under way, and nothing stands in the way if the necessary interest and enthusiasm is put into it.

The ski carnival, of course, constitutes the high point in the season, but to make the program really worth while there must be participation in a season-long activity. Any one who talks with followers of snow sports, and especially novices who have just awakened to the joy of that invigorating pastime, cannot help but catch the enthusiasm.

One finds, at Fort Klamath, a most pleasant hospitality. There is a club guide master with a corps of courteous deputies, who gives the novice instruction in the proper use of skis, poles and bindings, and other information. Last Sunday, visitors were invited to hot coffee. Indeed, that is the sort of spirit that seems to go with this delightful and democratic sport, which invites to the wide, white expanses of a beautiful country.

Our little order for snow last night brought such quick results it almost took our breath away. Well, folks, any time you want anything special in the way of weather—

Here's a slap on the back for the Klamath Union high school basketball players. May their triumph in the north be repeated in the west.

JERRY-and-JOAN

By Cleo Lucas

CHAPTER XXVI
It was Charlie King.
"Cyril and I are in your neighborhood. Is it all right for us to drop over to see you? I mean, you're not in bed or anything, are you?" she laughed.

Joan's heart sank.
"Oh, why, Charlie, you surprised me. No, of course, I mean, of course it's all right for you to drop over."
"All right, then, we're on our way."

Charlie banged up the receiver without waiting for an answer. Joan was stunned. She had been so sure it would be Jerry on the wire. She had a fleeting idea that she really should change her dress so she wouldn't have to make an explanation to Charlie. Then she decided Jerry might call any minute, and she wanted to be ready.

It seemed only a moment until the bell rang.

Charlie and Cyril burst in on her in a flood of laughter. They had been drinking and were feeling very jovial.

"My dear Joan," Charlie said. "Oh, did we break in on a party?"

Joan smiled.

"Oh, no. You see Jerry and I are going out a little later. He had to attend some banquet first to get a story for the paper."

She felt as though she were making excuses for him and yet it was the truth.

"Haven't you anything to drink?" Cyril asked bluntly.

"Yes, sure, Jerry has some Bourbon in the cupboard."

"We're dying of thirst," Charlie helped out. "Show me where and I'll do it."

Charlie followed Joan into the kitchen.

"How goes the business of marriage, Jo? Tell me the truth."

"I'm terribly happy, Charlie. He's even made me happier than I had hoped for."

Joan set a pint of Bourbon on the kitchen table, and got down two glasses.

Charlie had paid no attention to her, and had mixed her up a stiff one. It had helped her to mix several more, which had in turn helped her to go through the long night without Jerry.

At twelve Charlie and Cyril said goodnight, explaining that Charlie had to go "way out to Lake Forest, and Joan sat down a little giddily in the chintz chair and picked up the magazine with Vina Delmar's story in it. Bourbon helped her to appreciate Vina Delmar and the story kept her interested for another hour.

At one-thirty she called the Hamilton Club and found that the banquet was still in progress. She didn't ask to speak to Jerry. She didn't want to disturb him, of course.

Another hour passed and she called the club. "The banquet," a voice told her, "has been over since eleven o'clock."

"But I called you a short time ago and I was told the banquet was still in progress."

The voice did not bicker with her.

"The banquet has been over since eleven, miss."

Joan was frantic. She called the Press. She called Bud's room; she called Don Nagle, she called everyone whom she knew knew Jerry. She couldn't reach half of them, and those she did reach had not seen him since morning.

She thought of everything. She could see him some place beneath the wheels of a car, he was in a hospital, he was dying. She called the hospitals, and waited breathlessly while they looked to see if they had received a patient by the name of Corbett. They had not. He must be in trouble, otherwise he would have called her.

The doorbell rang. She was almost afraid to answer.

"Who is it?"

It was not Jerry's voice.

"Your husband."

though she should make some kind of apology.

"He had to cover a story to-night, she said lamely. The policeman laughed.

"He was covering the sidewalk at Adams and Dearborn when I found him."

"Did you bring him all the way home?"

"Sure, Jerry's a friend of mine. I've brought him home lots of times—that is, before he was married. See, I used to take him over to Bud Bigelow's room. Sometimes I took the both of them over there."

"You paid the cab?"

"I didn't have no cab. The driver squad brought me out."

Joan felt as though she were going to faint if this big policeman didn't hurry and get out of her bedroom.

"I think you can manage him. He's out."

Joan suddenly got very brave. "I'm sure I can," she said steadily. "Thank you very much for taking such good care of him."

The policeman started out. "If there's anything I—"

"There isn't anything." She was almost pushing him out of the room. It was all so uncouth, so common.

She shut the door and went into the bedroom. She felt as though she couldn't touch Jerry, and then quite unconsciously, she was over beside him kissing him, holding his limp body close to her and crying brokenly.

Then she began to untie his patent leather slippers.

Joan did not awaken when the alarm went off. Her nerves, strained with anxiety of waiting for Jerry the night before, and her body, tired from lack of rest, had left her so exhausted that when she finally fell asleep sounds could not awaken her.

Jerry was sleeping the sleep of the unrighteous drunkard, and the falling of the heavens could not have awakened him, so the morning passed and Jerry did not appear at the office.

After Jerry had married, Bud had ceased to keep vigil for him. Joan should do that now, he figured. Just the same he wasn't sure that Joan would understand the technique of watching out for Jerry. It was a technique, a very definite one.

He went over to Jerry's desk. Jerry might have come in, he thought, while he had been out of the office for something, have written his story and gone out again. Unusual, though, for Jerry always came over and spoke to

him when he came down in the morning. Jerry's typewriter was still inside the desk, there were no papers strewn over the top, and the waste basket was empty.

Bud went to the telephone. He pulled out his watch while he was waiting for the number. Twelve-thirty. The deadline was one o'clock. He knew Jerry had covered his story because that was where he had told him he was going last night. Something was wrong.

The harsh ringing of the bell awakened Joan. She reached up for the phone.

"Hello," she answered sleepily. "This is Bud. Where's Jerry?"

He hasn't been down to the office this morning and he's supposed to have a story in. I know."

SIDE GLANCES By George Clark



Some Wise Cracks

A prophologist says faults and virtues are betrayed by writing. Especially when read from the witness stand.

And now it's divulged that Lithuania is really ruled by two women. In which case the slogan is doubtless, "Listen, Lithuania."

Things have got so bad that the man on the street says stock market suckers are waiting for a re-bait.

Columbia bull fight fans were disappointed in an American bull fighter's performance because the bull was lazy. Hereafter the public must have bull, it must be interesting.

North Carolina is planning a 10-year plan to draw business. After which it is safe to predict a new and fiercer wave of Carolina melodies.

Klamath Names

LOWER KLAMATH LAKE

(From "Oregon Geographic Names" by Lewis A. McArthur). This is the correct name of the smaller of the two Klamath lakes, not Little Klamath lake.

Lower Klamath lake is on the boundary between Oregon and California, and part of it is in California. Its outlet is Klamath strait, which connects it with Klamath river. Klamath strait formerly flowed either way, depending on the stage of water in Lower Klamath lake, but this characteristic has apparently been interfered with by the construction of a railroad embankment.

Attempts at reclamation have caused considerable variation in the size of Lower Klamath lake in recent years.

Under good conditions seed wheat will keep for two or three years, but by the fifth year its germinating qualities are poor.

Fashion Tips

Muddy complexions often are due to organic disorders. If you face the new year with a muddy complexion, make sure it isn't the result of some stomach trouble, bad circulation or a general run-down condition.

If you are in top-notch health and your complexion isn't clear, you should do something about it or know why.

Begin by taking a cup of hot water with the juice of half a lemon in it when you first get up. Then do a few minutes' exercise to limber up and start your circulation properly. Make sure you get plenty of sleep for a few weeks and above all, eat sparingly of rich foods that tax digestion.

If your skin is oily, start clearing up your muddiness with a face pack. These little packs do more than just cleanse the skin, though that is what they are for. They impart a sort of magic glow to the skin that is infectious and makes you realize how nice you can look. They spur you on to making yourself even more beautiful.

Facial packs are mixtures of herbs and other ingredients, done up in little gauze bags. You can make them yourself or buy them at any reputable beauty salon or drug store. If you make them yourself, have your cheesecloth bags about three to four inches square and divide the following mixture between ten of them: One cup of almond meal, one teaspoon of orris root, one teaspoon lavender leaf, one teaspoon of borax, two-thirds cup of castile soap shavings, cut very fine. Pound up all your ingredients together before putting into the bags.

When you get ready to use a pack, dip it in warm water, not too hot, and use it just as you would a wash cloth. It is too drying for sensitive, thin skins that already lack oil. But for a muddy skin, one over-oily, it does wonders. It also has an astringent effect.

Be sure to rinse your face off with cold water, patting it onto your face in upward strokes to preserve the tightening effect of the pack.

Earlier Days

January 12, 1914
An ordinance providing for the creation of the Second street boulevard passed its third reading at last night's meeting of the city council, and was adopted.

The proposed boulevard will extend from Klamath addition to the county road from the fair grounds, connecting with the

county road at the city limits, a distance of 3,111 rods.

The Ashland Fruit and Produce association sold four-fifths of the fruit sold in Klamath county the past season, which realized the growers \$15,199.

The question of furnishing work for the unemployed came before the city dads in an informal discussion of disposing of the rock on Third street, between Pine and High streets.

In addition to choosing a mayor, recorder, treasurer and councilman, the voters of Klamath Falls at the May election will be asked to decide whether or not the saloons should continue. This was practically decided at a mass meeting held last night at Grace M. E. church.

The Star theatre has now a department for the care of babies, allowing the mothers to see the show without worrying about the little ones.

Some People Say—

The main trouble with the habitual bridge player is that he lacks adequate emotional power and is forced to play cards to stimulate his limp nerves.—D. Charles Gray Shaw, professor of philosophy, N. Y. U.

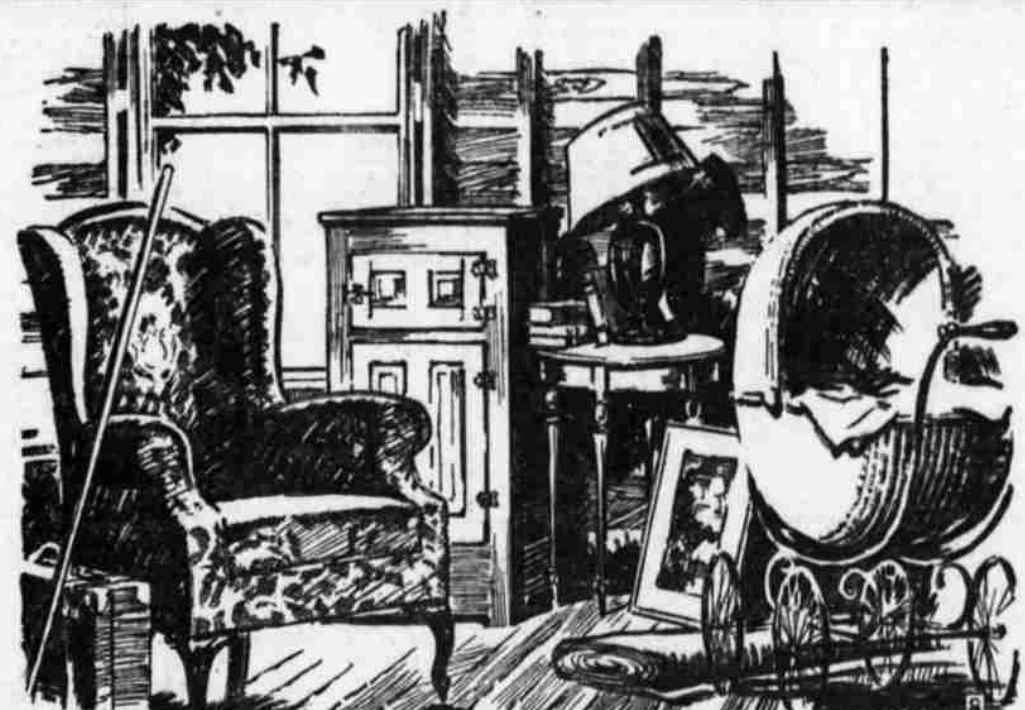
The bright ones will get along without a college education. It is the slow ones who need colleges.—Ruth Nichols, noted American aviator.

Those who speak of the incompatibility of science and religion either make science say that which it never said, or make religion say what it never taught.—Pope Pius.

We are bound to have an enormous human industrial scrap heap representing many thousands of ruined lives.—Professor Sumner H. Slichter of Harvard.

The process is to ask the opposition to forego every partisan consideration and then to acclaim the result as a Hoover triumph.—Senator Robinson, democrat, of Arkansas.

Use the new Vicks VapoRub as directed in the Viek Plan for better "Control-of-Colds." Unless you are delighted with results your druggist will refund your money.



---things YOU no longer use still have a CASH value

JUNIOR doesn't out-wear his perambulator, he outgrows it. Mother doesn't out-service her chairs, lamps, rugs, etc., she simply replaces them with new things better adapted to this year's arrangement of her rooms.

And in this process things often relegated to the attic or storeroom retain service and usefulness for other folks that can be converted into cash.

The easiest and cheapest way to locate those who are eager to procure and pay reasonably for your discarded things is by listing them in the WANT AD COLUMNS of

THE KLAMATH NEWS
and
The Evening Herald

Phone 1900.

Leaving Army



Thirty-five years' distinguished service in the army will end for Col. Timothy M. Coughlan February 29, when he retires at the Presidio of San Francisco. Col. Coughlan saw service in the Spanish war, Philippines and in the World war. He is author of recognized military books, and for eight years was active in Ninth Corps Area reserve instruction and development.

CASH
IN WITH
A
WANT
AD