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Tax Control Plan Advanced

BUT ECONOMY TAKING GRIP ANYWAY

Girl Activity Gets Attention

Objections Seen in State Control

Vesting in the state final authority over certain functions which have been taken care of in the past by local units is included in Governor Meier's recently announced legislative program. Extension to some state agency of authority over local bond issues, local road matters, and local taxes is suggested, and at least so far as the latter are concerned, there is no more evidence of enthusiasm than there was a few months ago when the governor was making a similar proposal publicized as the Indiana plan.

Looking back over the last two decades of reckless tax-spending, one can readily see justification for the governor's concern over local ability to handle taxes and bond issues in a sensible manner, and we harbor no doubt as to the good faith of the proposal.

Even so, it should be pointed out that in those decades reckless expenditure of public funds was not confined to the small local units, but was to be found throughout the length and breadth of government. Furthermore, the rigid retrenchment which is being made the rule in state and national government, and in which Governor Meier's own administration is marking up a most admirable record, is also taking a firm grip on local taxing and governmental units. The situation is righting itself without subordinating local authority as proposed.

One can readily foresee serious practical obstacles to the suggested program of state control over local taxes which, as we understand it, contemplates original local handling of tax matters but with the right of appeal to a state commission by any small group of objectors.

In every community, there are a few radical objectors who are virtually ready to go the limit and declare for no taxes at all. Seldom would there be a tax program to which they would have no protest. They do, perhaps, serve a purpose in balancing off the reckless spenders, but to provide them with the authority to hurl monkey wrenches every time the machinery is set to go would lead to no end of trouble. They like to throw monkey wrenches too well.

These appeals would lead to uncertainties, delays, investigations and expense, and after all was said and done it is problematical whether the decisions of the outside examiner would be any more just than that originally reached by the local budget group.

More hopeful for the cause of local economy, it seems to us, is the governor's opportunity for leadership and the example set by the state departments largely under his control. The rigors of the times will do the rest.

Camp Fire Work Has Worthy Purpose

The attention of the community is directed at this time to the Camp Fire Girls, in whose behalf a leadership institute is being conducted in Klamath Falls this week-end under the direction of a national field secretary of the organization.

The Camp Fire movement affords an opportunity and a means for giving girls of adolescent age a good time, among youngsters of their own age, and in a way that will make purposeful use of their leisure hours and enrich their experience.

The community that is, speaking in the vernacular, wise to itself, takes a vigorous interest in its youth. What with Boy Scouts, and athletics and other activities participated in largely by boys, we are sometimes prone to forget about the girls. We get, somehow, the idea that they are sheltered by the home, and will be taken care of, anyhow.

Yet girls are just as awake to new ideas, just as full of vigor, just as eager for constructive activity and for fellowship, as are boys. The Camp Fire Girls organization, providing these opportunities for the older girlhood of the community, has a definite place to fill. It deserves our warm interest.

U. S. C. Provides Notre Dame Movie

Notre Dame university, it seems, not only produces some mighty good football teams, but it boasts also some bright young men who know all about dollars and cents and the things that bring them in.

While Southern California was locked in a mighty struggle with Notre Dame at South Bend last fall, movie cameras clicked from strategic points, taking a complete photographic record of one of the greatest football games of all time. Came the mighty moment at the climax, when Southern California's Baker booted the ball for a field goal and a fifty-fifth second victory. The cameras got it all.

Now, that picture, which Southern California really "made" by a football exhibition that has seldom been equaled, is going the rounds of the theatres with great success, and reports have it that Notre Dame gets \$100,000 out of the profits.

Southern California, of course, gets a lot of glory among the movie fans, but glory doesn't build stadiums or do any of the other things that college football teams want money for. You have to keep on your toes in this old world, or another and smarter man is going to make profit from your own exploits.

fairs. You were right, it is none of your business."

It was Charlie's turn to be hurt. "Oh, don't, Jo. Don't take it like that. Honey, I didn't mean to—"

"No, you didn't mean to. Nobody means to, they simply throw it in my face at every opportunity. Why don't they let me alone? I'm not looking into your affairs, am I? I'm not telling you how to run your husband."

Charlie picked up her hat from theavenport and put it on without looking in the mirror.

"Good-by, Joan, I'm sorry." She went out and slammed the door hard behind her.

Joan went in the bedroom and threw herself on the bed. Her heart was broken.

The bills were getting more and more embarrassing. Joan had told the milkman all the stories she could think of and invented more reasons why she hadn't paid the grocer bill than the grocer had ever before known.

"But Mrs. Corbett," he said this morning, "I simply can't give you any more on credit. I don't do business that way."

Joan was making her last stand. "But you know I've always paid you before."

"Sure, but before was before, now is now."

There were customers coming to the counter, so Joan hurried away. Once outside, tears came. She didn't mind any more. She was unaware of the passers-by. She didn't see anyone. She turned and walked quickly back to the apartment.

She could go to her father. She could go to him and admit that she had been wrong in marrying Jerry. Tell him how she had suffered during the last few months and embarrassments that had been hers. He would give her money. She knew that. But there was a lot of pride that couldn't be squelched, and it wouldn't be playing square with Jerry.

"Square with Jerry!" She laughed. Was she going to go on as Charlie had said letting him make a fool of her, the laughing-stock of the whole town? She dropped to her knees. O God! What was she going to do? What, God, what?

She was. She was going on with her head held high. She was going to stick it through with the man she loved. It was something just having him there when he was there to love her—to hold her in his arms.

He must love her. Joan argued this with herself for the thousandth time. How could he hold her close to him and kiss her the way he did, if he didn't care for her? He did care for her. She knew that. You couldn't explain things, were they weren't responsible somehow. Jerry wasn't. He never seemed to do the things he really wanted to do or the things he intended doing. He had told her that often. He couldn't help it. Some people couldn't help things.

(To Be Continued)

Some People Say—

To—with fame and fortune. I wish I was back in Brooklyn with the gang—Clara Bow.

You (people of America) are hero worshipers.—Sir E. Denison Ross, London School of Oriental Studies.

When they're prejudiced against you, you've got no chance.—Al Capone.

The call for farm relief has never meant that farmers were hungry.—Wheeler McMillen, associate editor, The Country Home.

Keeping 15 men busy repairing my farm buildings is harder work than being president of the United States.—Calvin Coolidge.

Looking over the front page, it's plain that although our cops have bum vocabularies, every cop knows the meaning of baffled.

SAVE with SAFETY

"What a Healthy Looking Family!"

That's what people will say of your family if you will make Puretest Cod Liver Oil a regular feature of the family diet, not only for the children, but also for the adults. Moreover, they'll really be as healthy as they look, for the unusually high quantity of Vitamins A and D contained in this superior food-tonic will build strength in the bones, muscles and bones. Invest in a bottle of Puretest Cod Liver Oil today.

Joan was crying. Charlie was sorry that she had said anything.

"Don't cry, Jo. I'm sorry, honest I am."

She went over and put her arm around Joan.

"I have to cry. It's the only way I got rid of my terrible feeling."

Charlie tried to comfort her. "Maybe I was wrong, Jo. Maybe he'll get over it. You know a lot of men have a little fling again after they are married. Then they settle down again and live the life of the devoted husband."

"No, Charlie, you're wrong. I don't think Jerry will ever settle down and be a devoted husband. You don't know how I've prayed and hoped and done everything that I thought would help to bring us more closely together, but really it is as you say, he lives in a different world."

"Then why don't you leave him, Joan? Dick Taylor is still mad about you. Everybody knows that. He doesn't even try to hide it."

"I could never leave Jerry, Charlie."

That was the first time Joan had said that aloud. She had thought it to herself a million times, she knew that it was true, now she was saying it to Charlie.

SIDE GLANCES By George Clark



"Lissen, fella! One more crack onto you and I'll muss you up."

Fashion Tips

There is one hopeful thing about a neglected, unattractive skin. It can improve with care! If women who now spend their time fretting about how bad their complexions are would stop worrying and get to work, they would realize how much can be done about it.

Any woman who has ever tended flowers knows how it is with plants. You can water them and let it go at that and maybe they will bloom and maybe they won't. You can prune them and dig the earth up around them and protect them from insects that would destroy them and give them plenty of sunshine, and in nine cases out of ten they show just what care you have bestowed on them.

Add to this a kind of "heavening" over them, a lavishing of attention and affection and, believe it or not, they seem to respond with more blooms and prettier ones.

Well, women who are worrying about their faces might take a lesson from this. Skin, after all, is not a dead thing. It sloughs off the outer layer and produces new layers indefinitely. Why shouldn't proper care and proper food and a certain amount of "heavening" show in your face too?

If a woman with a coarse skin began today to do something about it, and kept on doing something about it daily the rest of the winter and spring, she would be much better looking by next summer.

Every skin needs its own particular kind of care. Most skins need oils in abundance and encouragement to keep circulation going right. All skins, unless there is some unhealthy condition to prevent it, need a little scrubbing, plus a daily soaking in cold water to close the pores.

Quit fretting and get to work! And from the first moment that you start, try to see yourself with that lovely complexion you are going to have. It helps!

When the Democrats mention Roosevelt, Baker, McAl, it sounds a little like the sidewalks of New York.

We Observe—

Many blocks of sidewalk, not only in the residential district, but in the business section, that should be cleared of their coating of ice in the interest of safe pedestrian traffic.

Earlier Days

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 15.—Protesting against the action in closing the Williamson and Sprague rivers to logging, Congressman Hawley has presented to Secretary Lane a mass of evidence regarding the conditions there showing what serious hardships closing of the streams work.

Figures received from the Klamath chamber of commerce show that mills with an output of 200,000 feet daily depend upon logs along these streams, and that many contracts are held up on account of closing the rivers.

Is the town of Bonanza perpetually hoodooed by the fire demon?

For the second time in six months and the fourth time in four years, the Clover Leaf City was devastated this morning, when fire discovered at 3 o'clock swept out a big portion of the remaining business district. The loss is roughly estimated at \$10,000.

Klamath county is today in a state of isolation so far as communication with the outside world is concerned, with the exception of telegraph service, as far as Dorris, and an irregular telephone service between here and Ashland.

The storm swept Klamath basin early this morning, but aside from a high wind it amounted to nothing, and no damage was done. The snowfall was heavy, but with the sun shining this afternoon it is rapidly melting.

In Northern California, however, the storm was heavy, and the extent of the damages has not yet been determined.

Health Talks

The coronary blood vessels are the arteries that supply the heart with nutrition. They are thus among the most essential tissues in the human body. It has recently been pointed out that there is an apparent increase in angina pectoris and in diseases of the coronary arteries, and that many of our leading men and women are being incapacitated by such conditions at the period of their greatest productivity.

Dr. H. S. Oppenheimer feels that this increase may be due to the fact that more people are living longer than they used to, but it is possible also that this increase is due to the stress and strain of modern life in our large cities.

Other physicians have ascribed the increase to the more widespread use of tobacco and to errors in diet, but for none of the views is the evidence absolutely certain.

The person with coronary disease may suffer with weakness of the heart, with pain in the heart, and with digestive disturbances. There are some cases that do not manifest themselves with sufficient severity to make the patient notice the condition until he suddenly has a severe attack. If one of the blood vessels is suddenly blocked, a serious condition results with complete incapacitation; indeed, 16 per cent of people die following the first attack. A second or third attack may be immediately fatal. Records are available, however, of patients who have remained in good health for 17 or 18 years without suffering a second attack. Much more can be done by preventing a serious condition of this character than in curing it.

These conditions are frequently found in association with high blood pressure, diabetes, gout and similar disturbances. When there is high blood pressure with obesity, much can be accomplished by providing a reducing diet. There is frequently a drop in blood pressure which parallels the loss of weight.

Many physicians believe that patients with such conditions should do without smoking, at least for a trial period, to find out whether or not attacks are less during this period.

There are many ways of treating this condition with sedative drugs and with various preparations affecting the circulatory system. Physical treatment including bath, perspiration and light massage may be used. A

represent the ultimate development of poppet valves for automobile and tractor motors. DIA-CHROME alloy is the result of several years patient research by metallurgists and engineers to develop a superior material to resist the oxidation, corrosion and extreme stresses developed in modern motors. DIA-CHROME is not excelled by any alloy chosen for the same purpose, and its resistance to wear, heat and distortion enables it to function without attention, for several times the life of ordinary valves.

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Make snapshots of him now, before it is too late—before he changes. Make "visible memories" pictures of his childhood... that you will cherish throughout the years. Keep a Kodak handy. All supplies here.

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The Rexall Store

JERRY-and-JOAN

By Cleo Lucas

CHAPTER XXIX

Charlie came back. "Hurry up, Jo. What's the matter?"

Joan did not look at her. "Nothing—I mean, I guess Jerry forgot to pay my charge."

Charlie didn't seem to notice. "Put it on mine."

"No I don't want to do that." She waved her hand at the girl.

"Never mind, then, about the gloves—I'll get them later."

The girl took the gloves from the package and put them back in the drawer.

"Sorry, madam."

It wasn't the fact that the account had not been paid that hurt Joan so much as it was that Jerry had told her it had been paid. Why did he have to lie to her? He could have said that he didn't have the money to pay it if it had been true. He had broken her faith in everything now. She had rather a million times to have known the truth than to have him lie to her.

Funny how something like that could get you down in such a hurry. When she had met Charlie she had been full of pep, she had almost forgotten about her troubles—at least she was trying to forget them—and now...

They walked away from the counter, and Charlie said, "I don't see why you didn't use my account. For heaven's sake, I think they had a lot of nerve, anyway. Why didn't you tell them you were Joan Prentice? That would have been sufficient."

"But I'm not Joan Prentice."

"Well, you were. You had a charge account here, didn't you, all your life?"

"Yes, but that was different."

And her different, Joan thought to herself.

They stopped at the jewelry counter and Charlie held up a bracelet for Joan to pass her approval on. Joan didn't see the bracelet.

"It's pretty," she said absently.

"Why don't you get it?"

"It looks cheap. Let me see that one in the case," Charlie said, pointing to a jade bracelet.

"This one is forty dollars, madam."

Charlie laughed.

"Well, what of it?"

It always got on her nerves when prices were mentioned, as if she couldn't afford to get

whatever it was she was looking at.

The saleswoman winced a little. "Well, you said you wanted something inexpensive."

"I'll take that one," Charlie said shortly.

Joan smiled. "Imagine buying a bracelet for forty dollars, Charlie! It makes me laugh. Where do you get the forty dollars?"

"You could be doing it if you had married Dick," Charlie admonished her.

Joan had thought about that a lot lately. That "if" had married Dick.

"Forty-dollar bracelets aren't everything in life."

"No, there is love, isn't there?" Joan felt that Charlie was making fun of her. Well, she guessed, she had a right to joke about it. She knew how Jerry had been treating her. Everybody knew it. Damery's column had helped to tell the world about it. They drove out to Joan's apartment and had lunch.

Joan had not noticed until they were sitting there together how really shabby she looked beside Charlie. She suddenly felt ashamed of herself. Charlie tossed a package of cigarettes on the table and Joan took one out and lit it.

Charlie began cruelly. "Listen, Jo, I want to talk to you. You know that I have a right to speak frankly. In the first place it's none of my business, I suppose, but—"

Joan interrupted her. "I know what you're going to say, Charlie. Only it isn't any use. I mean, talking about it won't do any good, and anyway nobody really understands."

"I understand enough to know that you're being made a fool of by that measly little newspaper tramp and the rest of his tribe."

Charlie leaned over. "You know what I think of you, Jo. You're the best friend I ever had. I'm crazy about you, but you're too damned good for Jerry Corbett. You always were, only I always figured that if he treated you decently and if you loved him, why, it would be all right."

"It is all right, Charlie," Joan said weakly.

"It's no use evading, Jo," Charlie said determinedly. "I know and everybody knows what he's been doing. You aren't his

type, Jo. If you were put in a class you would be called the 'country-club' type and he would be called the 'night-club' or 'beer-club' type. The two are in different worlds. Anyone can get in a night club."

"I know you're right about that, Charlie. I'm going to talk to you because I have to talk to someone. I've been nearly crazy keeping it all to myself. You're right about the types, but that doesn't have anything to do with love. Nobody ever takes that into consideration. I love Jerry—love him, do you hear me! It doesn't make any difference what somebody is or does or anything when you love him. You've never loved anyone or you would know that."

Joan was crying. Charlie was sorry that she had said anything.

"Don't cry, Jo. I'm sorry, honest I am."

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"But, Jo, you can't be a doormat."

Joan was weeping loudly now. "I'm not a doormat," she screamed at Charlie hysterically. "You don't understand. Nobody understands. I know what I'm doing. I don't want anybody telling me what to do about my af-