

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

This Idea Caught Hold

CIVIC IMPROVEMENTS WIN SUPPORT

Unusual? Well, we Proved it

Getting Ready for Tourists

Editorial writers are ever on the watch for reactions to the ideas they toss on the waters of public opinion. Often they are disappointed, and occasionally pleasantly surprised. The slightest articulate response is usually considered indicative of considerable interest.

It is with pleasure, therefore, that we report a favorable and quite pronounced reaction to suggestions made in this column just one week ago today. At that time there had been a general thaw for a week, the streets were in a deplorable condition, and we offered a suggestion that something be done about it.

Not only did the street department show a willingness to help the situation, but there was a generous support for the expressed idea along the length of Main street. It was plain enough that the public in general wants such conditions improved—that a policy of letting nature take its course with snow, ice and dirt on downtown pavements was not in accord with public will.

This seems significant to us. It indicates an awakening of civic pride. It hints of what may be accomplished in the future in a general improvement program which should go far toward making Klamath Falls a better city.

There are many things which could and should be done in such a program, many of which will be enumerated here in due time. We invite, in the course of the next few weeks, suggestions of this kind in letters to this page. Not long ago we had one such letter, discussing the pole situation on Main street, but the failure of the writer to sign his name consigned it to the waste basket.

In the coming summer, and in future summers, tourist visitation to Klamath Falls will be ever on the increase. To the tourist, the physical appearance of the community makes the greatest impression. He is not usually in the city long enough fully to appreciate the fine spirit of its people, a thing which would make Klamath Falls a desirable place under any circumstances. With a little effort, we can so improve these outward appearances so much that the outsider may be persuaded to stay long enough to find out these things about Klamath Falls that we who live here know so well.

Banner Line Proved It for L. A.

Snow on the streets of the nation's sunshine capital? Impossible. But there it was, two inches of it, spread over pavement and yard in Los Angeles, Friday.

Many an erstwhile midwesterner must have rubbed his eyes that morning and imagined himself for a moment back on the old farm. How the telephone wires at the chamber of commerce must have hummed. What a pleasant surprise for the youngsters, who are overfed on sunshine but never before had experienced the joy of frolicking in the snow.

Well, the best thing the Los Angeles folks can say was that it was unusual. And they must be right, because where else could a two-inch snowfall rate banner lines in newspapers 1000 miles away. We proved that much for them.

When An Early Start Means the Right Stop

Sergeant Carl Cook of the police department, who spends quite a bit of his time thinking up tips which will help the automobile driver of Klamath Falls, offered one today. His suggestion was that drivers approaching a stop street, during the period of ice and snow, begin stopping at least half a block behind the sign, or even farther if conditions require it.

On the whole, automobile drivers show a high degree of caution during such conditions as those prevailing at this time. During the last snow, there were no reports of injuries, although there were frequent reports of slightly damaged automobiles because of inability to stop at intersections. Those who take Sergeant Cook's advice will do much to eliminate that hazard.

Those who produce rhymes that click deserve the plaudits of their fellowmen. But those who can produce rhymes and make them fit the rigid requirements of headline-letter counts should have an even higher reward.

Thrift week is coming up. Personally, we would call it thrift year.

Who said anything about a dry cycle?

JERRY-and-JOAN

By Cleo Lucas

CHAPTER XXX
Joan heard Jerry's key in the lock. Hurriedly she wiped her eyes and ran into the bedroom and powdered her nose.

He was drunk. She was sure of that even before she saw him. She could always be fairly sure of that now, it seemed.

"Lo, honey!"

He was smiling a little sheepishly, Joan thought.

Joan went out into the living room. Jerry's hair was disheveled, and he had some white powder of some kind all over his suit. She went over to him and kissed him.

"Hungry, Jo?"

He reeled over onto the davenport and lay down.

"There isn't anything to eat, honey. I didn't have any money to get anything with."

Jerry sat up and stared at her. It seemed to surprise him—the way she said it.

"What, no money?"

Joan shook her head.

"Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard, but when she got there the cupboard was bare."

Joan smiled.

"The cupboard is bare, honey. There's no doubt of that."

Jerry fumbled in his pocket and drew out a crumpled dollar bill.

"Here, darling. I'll go out and buy us a great big steak and bring it back and you can cook it and we'll eat it."

"Maybe you'd better let me go, Jerry. You need to bathe and dress up a little, dear."

Jerry waved her aside. He got up unsteadily.

"No, I'll go. You sit down and rest. Been working hard all day, I know."

Joan could not forgive herself for leaving him.

"I shouldn't," she told herself. "I shouldn't love him. I should get up now and tell him exactly what I think of him. He's been rotten to me, I know that. I don't have to stand for it. I can leave."

Jerry came over and took her in his arms. The smell of liquor sickened her.

"And while I'm gone, darling, my bootlegger will come, no doubt. Let him in peacefully. It's all paid for."

"Oh, Jerry," she heard herself screaming at him. "How could you go and buy liquor? Why, we haven't any food in the house."

"I'm going to get the food, now, darling, and then we'll have both food and liquor in the house."

"But why, honey, why did you go and buy a lot of liquor?"

"For the party."

"What party?"

"Our party."

"What are you talking about?"

Jerry was insistent.

"Our party that we're having tonight."

"But, we aren't having any party tonight."

"Yes, we are. Everybody's coming. Bud and Marie and Bill and Vi and the press agent and Miss Lemar, and—"

Joan was stunned. She didn't know whether he was so drunk that he was just raving or whether he had really invited some people over for the evening.

She ran to the phone and called Bud.

"Bud, Jerry just came home. He's tight. He says we're having a party here tonight. Do you know anything about it?"

End did. It seems that Jerry had been drinking all afternoon up in a suite at the Blamark where a press agent had been giving a party, so Jerry had telephoned for a case of gin to be delivered to his apartment.

Then he had invited the entire party to come up there.

Joan shut her eyes. She wondered how she could go through with it. What was he trying to do to her? Hurt her so she would leave him? What was she to do this business, just the one not to be considered at all, just the silent partner who sat at home waiting for him to decide what he wanted to do with her life?

There she went again. Soliloquizing. Fool! She had married him, hadn't she? She hadn't known, of course; but then no one knew. Other people were game enough.

The party began badly. Claire Hemsted came. When Joan saw her she felt as if she could never face the thing through.

She hated her, despised her, and Claire knew it, yet she had the nerve to come into Joan's own home, into Jerry's home. Joan had known that this would come, though it was inevitable.

One of those things that had to happen to bring things to a climax.

Everything waited in front of Joan when Claire walked through her living room, her long white chiffon dress trailing behind her, long white eardrops dangling beside her snow-white cheeks.

"So sweet of you to have us out," she said to Joan in a nonchalant manner. "We ran out of liquor up at Cid's, you know, and we didn't know what we were going to do until Jerry came to the rescue, as he always does, of course."

Joan thought, yes, as he always does. That was the

trouble. Jerry was always coming to the rescue where liquor was concerned, either to drink it or to get it. And someone like Claire asking him to do it.

"We were glad to have you," Joan lied. "I told Jerry when he called me to ask you all to come out here as we didn't have anything planned for the evening."

Claire dropped her white velvet evening wrap on Jerry's bed and looked around her.

"What a charming bedroom!"

"Thank you."

Joan thought that no one would ever come in. If they didn't soon, she was going to have to go out anyway. She couldn't stand being in the same room with Claire Hemsted.

Violet Lang came in. Joan liked her.

"Hello, Vi. I'm so glad you came, honey."

Seeing Vi always made her a little more sure of herself. She didn't know why. Maybe it was because nothing ever worried Vi. She seemed to disregard men as far as loving them was concerned. They were only a financial proposition with her.

"I happened to be over at the Blamark this afternoon and ran into Jerry in the lobby, and he said to come on up as they were having a party, so I went up, and then when everybody switched, I switched with them and here I am. Got some rouge."

Joan went over to the dressing table and brought out some rouge and powder. Claire had wandered out into the living room and was talking to Jerry over by the davenport. Joan felt her heart come up in her throat and stick there. She wasn't going to be jealous, she wasn't going to watch them, let people think she was caring at all about the affair that was really breaking her heart. Violet saw her looking at them. She patted her arm.

"Be broad-minded, Jo. It's all in the game. The game of life, I mean. There's no accounting for men."

"If only I didn't care so much about him. Vi, I suppose it would be different, but I do."

Vi nodded.

"I know, we all care. But the trick is to get over caring. When you have done that you are ready to start living."

Vi rubbed the carmine rouge hard into her cheeks.

"I'm tight now, Jo, and I want to get tighter. How about a drink?"

Claire was sitting in the chintz chair and Jerry was leaning over in front of her, smiling. Joan

thought she couldn't bear to walk past them. But she did.

Bud was out in the kitchen mixing drinks and he fixed a big one for Vi and a small one for Joan.

"Take a big one," Vi urged. "Get tight, Joan. That's the thing to do to forget your troubles. It will help you get through the evening, honest."

Joan thought probably she was right.

"Make me a big one, Bud."

Joan drank a lot that night. Every time she looked at Claire she went and took another one. She needed it. She couldn't have stood the evening without it.

When she thought about it afterwards she thought Violet must have known what was going to happen and had made her get drunk enough to steel herself against it.

She fooled around in the kitchen a long time with Bud and anyone who came out for a drink. Every time anyone else drank she drank. And then everyone drifted back into the living room, and she got there too, somehow. The party was pretty noisy, and Joan got hilarious along with the rest of them. She remembered that Claire had seemed positively to cling to Jerry. Each time he got up and started in Joan's direction, Claire pulled him down again, and got up closer to him.

Mustn't look at them, mustn't let them or anyone know that she was watching them. Things were moving faster and faster, whirling about her, the world had caught her up and was throwing her on to her fate with each second that passed. Something was going to happen. It had to happen. She couldn't stand there much longer pretending not to see Jerry holding Claire Hemsted's hand, or maybe Claire was holding Jerry's hand. Anyway, they were together. In a second now she would rush over to them, hit Claire, pull off her long white earrings, slap her hard on those too white cheeks.

"It's my husband you're making love to, Claire Hemsted. Don't you think about that? Don't you consider that he's married, that he belongs to me? The nerve you had to come into my apartment and deliberately make love to my husband under my eyes, on my davenport!"

Joan was hurling her hands at Claire's cheeks, but they were only hitting the back of the green chair where she was standing, saying to Bud Higelow and Violet.

"It was a scream-m-m, Vi. The biggest man hit the littlest fellow I ever saw, and the little fellow said 'You can't hurt me. I'm a cop and the big fellow said 'The hell you say.'"

Bud said, "I'll have to see that show."

(To be Continued)

Some People Say—

Seriously, there are not enough unwellings or enough hangings in New York City.—Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, veteran crime fighter, New York City.

The real trouble with the market is the unwillingness of the public to buy.—Richard Whitney, president N. Y. Stock Exchange.

Our past accomplishments will in time seem but footnotes in a long line of achievements as we move forward.—Alfred P. Sloan Jr., president General Motors.

A speculator becomes an investor when the price does not go too high and he holds on.—Charles E. Mitchell, international banker, New York City.

The Gulf stream failed. France would be an uninhabitable winter. But France would probably go into the refrigerating business, to be frant about it.

SIDE GLANCES By George Clark



"I thought I'd burst my sides. They never did figure out how he made that dime disappear."

Earlier Days

January 16, 1914

How the Bonanza fire started early Friday morning still remains a mystery that cannot be solved. The fire started in the postoffice, and when discovered at 2:00 o'clock, the building was a mass of flames. Losses near \$10,000 with insurance less than \$2,000.

The debating team of the Klamath county high school defeated a team from the Ashland high school before an enthusiastic audience at the Houston opera house last night. The victory was a decisive one, the vote of the judges being unanimous for the local team.

All voters of the city and county must re-register now for the ensuing two-year period. All registrations made before January 3 are absolutely void, because of the recent decision of the supreme court declaring the 1913 election law invalid.

Society in the Village—Friday afternoon fifteen happy children gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Rogers on Bridge street, the merry occasion being the celebration of Jean Rogers third birthday. The afternoon was spent in a joyous mixture of playing and eating.

Mr. and Mrs. George J. Walton and family are expected home this evening after an absence of three days. Mr. Walton attended to business matters in Medford, while Mrs. Walton visited relatives near Montague.

France would be an uninhabitable winter. But France would probably go into the refrigerating business, to be frant about it.

We Observe—

the Klamath Development company will move its business offices to a Main street location within the next few weeks.

Klamath Names

MUNSON POINT

(From "Oregon Geographic Names" by Lewis A. McArthur.)

This point and the valley just to the east were named by Captain Oliver C. Applegate for a Doctor Munson, physician at Klamath Indian Agency, who died from over exertion while climbing near the point in 1871.



The Klamath News and the Evening Herald Primer

Stands for Columns

On Sports and On News

Joe Pigney, Frank Jenkins

Write unrivaled views.

One of the most recent developments in newspaper service, and one which has met with complete approval of the public, is the interpretive news column.

The Klamath News and Evening Herald carry such a column on general news and progress written by Frank Jenkins and a column devoted exclusively to sports by Joe Pigney. Both rank near the top in their respective fields.

These columns are valuable because they give the reader not only the news, but also the facts behind the news. In other words, they tell "the inside dope," and explain the effect of the events related in the news of the day.

The First National Bank

takes pleasure in announcing the officers and directors who will guide its destinies during the coming year.

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C. B. Crisler, Vice President
S. E. Martin, Vice President
Leslie Rogers, Cashier

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