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Relief Bond Issue Needed

BEST WAY TO MEET SITUATION

Game Commission to Visit

Work Must Play Part in Relief

An expression of supporting sentiment from the counties and the public is necessary if the state highway commission is to issue another \$1,000,000 in bonds for unemployment relief work. The first million will soon be exhausted, and questions of authority, need, and public desire arise in connection with another issue that can best be settled by a definite expression from the public through the county relief committees.

When the present fund is exhausted, the unemployed will still be with us, and in as great numbers as at present. There is no question as to the necessity for doing something for further relief.

Neither, it seems to us, is there any question as to the type of thing that must be done. It must be based on a program that will not only feed those in need, but will give them opportunity to work for what they get.

We have, at this time, thousands of people in Oregon who WANT work, but cannot get it. They are walking many miles every day in search of the opportunity to do honest labor for a living. If this determination is broken down through any ill-chosen system of relief, it will constitute the greatest harm done by the depression.

Granting that the best way to provide relief is to provide work, what kind of work will it be? Road work is the answer. There is nothing else that can take care of the situation.

It is estimated that the state highway unemployment relief work is probably 50 per cent efficient, due to the use of hand labor instead of machines. Yet, that loss of efficiency is well worth the price, if it preserves the self-respect and the will of the thousands in our state who are out of work.

Ordinarily, we would not favor more bond issues. But we have here a situation which demands that something be done, and this is the best way to do it.

In British Columbia, a bill is proposed that would require all working, single women, to marry unemployed men. Hard times certainly give birth to novel ideas. This is one that won't get very far.

Definite Program Plan Held Sound

The state game commission comes to Klamath Falls on Tuesday for conferences with sportsmen of Klamath and Lake counties. The commission comes to obtain information and to get an expression of sentiment that will help in the formation of its ten-year game program for Oregon.

The commission's line of action is laudable, both in seeking a statewide expression of sentiment and in mapping out a long-time program for game preservation and development.

One of the greatest mistakes we made in our game program in the past was failure to get it on a definite, long-time and scientific basis. Swift changes of policy in response to shifts in the political winds, and procedure on some phase of development without sufficient preliminary research to chart the way have lost much in the past.

The game commission's plan for a 10-year program will do much to right these mistakes and to "make Oregon famous for fun." The commission is coming to Klamath Falls to get assistance of the sportsmen of this part of the state in working toward this much-needed goal. A full response from throughout the basin area is in order. Let those who stay away keep quiet if, when the final plans are drawn up, things are not altogether to their liking.

Yes, We Have Moisture

The moisture situation, which has contributed more than anything else in months to a general upturn in the spirit of the Klamath country, continues to improve.

As this is written, official figures show the season's precipitation to date at 5.04 inches. The normal, which is based on 39 years of records, is 5.74. Last year, the precipitation to date was only 2.97.

Pleasing figures.

eyes were heavy and swollen. She didn't look like Joan. "What are you doing?" Jerry waited a minute before he spoke. He couldn't say, "I'm going away." He couldn't say that to Joan, because he knew it would be a lie. He couldn't go away. Oh, God! He couldn't live without Joan's love. If he could only go over to her now and kiss her, if only she could understand. But was there anything to understand? He wondered. "There isn't much else I can do honorably," he said very low. (To Be Continued)

Speaking of the Weather

(By Charles Fitzhugh Talman of the U. S. Weather Bureau)

The poet does not sing that "Untroubled by the winds, shall rise again," but it is a painful fact that certain popular efforts bob up serenely as often as they are knocked down by the bludgeon of science. Meteorology has its share of the invincible fallacies to deal with.

Here are a few of the things the man in the street knows about weather that aren't so:

1. "The climate has changed. Especially the winters. In our childhood snow lay on the ground for months at a time. Those good old days of unlimited sleighing! On Christmas Eve, for instance, St. Nick always had plenty of snow for his sled and reindeer. Did you ever see Christmas Eve depicted on a Christmas card without snow?"

2. "The moon regulates the weather." Why not? Doesn't the moon cause tides in the ocean? There are dry moons and wet moons, and the moon and the weather are likely to change together. For a hundred years the almanac has been printing a table ascribed to the great Sir William Herschel, for predicting the weather from the hour of the day at which the moon "changes." (Sir John Herschel indignantly denied that his father was author of this astrological production.)

(It has also been known to follow a dog fight.) Think of the drenching downpours our soldiers had to endure in France during the world war—all due to the violent cancanading. (Abnormal weather (anywhere on earth) during the war was caused by the discharge of explosives, if you would believe these weather seers.)

3. When the sun "crosses the line" in spring and autumn we generally have an equinoctial storm." Well, so do we have Easter lilies somewhere around Easter; which is even more remarkable, because Easter is not confined to a fixed date, while an equinox is, or nearly so.

4. "Indian summer is a definite event in the calendar, following an equally definite 'aquaw winter.'" In Europe they tie it down to a particular date, which differs, however, from one country to another. In England, and France the date is November 11, St. Martin's day. Strange to say, when the calendar was changed from the Julian to the Gregorian, setting all dates ahead ten days, this event in the weather calendar shifted with it. A funny world.

SIDE GLANCES By George Clark



"Why, my dear, I haven't seen you for ages. Let's drop into a movie."

Telling the Editor

Klamath Falls. To the Editor: The governor's relief committee have been asked for the settlement of the people, by the state highway commission, in regard to continuing the highway relief work.

The highway relief commission sold one million dollars worth of bonds and divided the money with the counties of the state for this relief work.

That one million dollars is nearly gone and will the commission stop the work or sell more bonds and keep the work going is the question.

This class of work is expensive and we do not get value received for the money expended—but we owe a humane obligation to the hungry that cannot be sidestepped if we are to continue under our Constitution. To cease this work would be a direct challenge to the needy and do more to stir up an immediate revolution, quickly, than any other action possible.

The highway commission has only a shred of authority to sell these bonds, under the law, and have asked for a statewide expression of public opinion to guide them.

These bonds are largely paid for by the tax on gasoline and auto license fees and the tourist as well as the home folks contribute. On the other hand if the state does not continue this relief work the burden of this duty will fall directly on the county taxpayers.

In view of the "balanced budget" of the county I believe the less painful way to meet the situation is to give the state highway commission an overwhelming sentiment in favor of selling more bonds, continuing the work, and asking the commission for a larger share for Klamath county, as our situation is more serious than first reported. A. G. M.

AMONG THE FIRST

It is said that the Library of Congress probably has a larger collection of books than any other library in the world, with the possible exception of the Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris. The library now has more than 4,292,200 volumes, exclusive of maps, manuscripts and musical compositions.

THAT'S HOLDING IT

The record for staying under water with the breath held is that of M. Pauliquen, who stayed under water 6 minutes, 29 seconds in Paris in 1912.

Disease germs cannot live in the Antarctic region, which is perhaps the healthiest area on the face of the globe.

It is estimated that a beech tree consumes about 80 quarts of water a day.

And then, of course, in the years to come the men who accept Leap Year proposals can always say that they were sweet and young and that worldly women talked them into it.

A writer says Poland is rattling the saber. So is Japan, and if India starts, it's likely to become a racket.

If the League of Nations doesn't stop Japan, where are we going to get our laundrymen?

Yet, even if the Soviet government had a birthday cake on its recent 14th anniversary, it would be hard to hold a candle to it.

MOON MINERALS Scientists of the Carnegie Institution have eliminated from the moon's surface geology such materials as basalt, granite and sulphur, leaving as possibilities only pumice, volcanic ash and other rocks of high heat-insulating value.

A plant native to only one volcano, the Haleakala Silversword, grows in the crater of dormant Haleakala, in the Hawaii National park.

Health Talks

From the point of view of nutrition, it is well to recognize that we are not all built alike. Members of some families are naturally thin and those of others are naturally fat. Apparently this distribution of fat in the body and this accumulation of fat is associated with glandular activity.

Three groups of glands are especially important in relationship to diet—the thyroid gland, the pituitary gland, and the sex glands. Overactivity or underactivity of these glands is associated with a tendency to excess size thinness or to definite overweight.

When the thyroid gland is overactive, the heart beats faster, and food taken into the body is burned up so rapidly that there is a reduction in weight, even though more food than the average is eaten. If on the other hand the thyroid gland is underactive, the opposite condition results.

When the pituitary gland is underactive from birth on, the human being will tend to be short rather than tall and to put on weight. The fat in such cases is distributed over the body, especially in the upper arms and thighs and about the chest and abdomen. The hands and feet may remain rather small.

It has been well established that people who are of abnormal weight are less likely than those who are definitely underweight or overweight to develop certain diseases. Tuberculosis and certain other infectious attack many people who are in a severe state of undernutrition. Such people are also likely to have a nervous breakdown, and they may suffer with disturbances of digestion due to a lack of support of the abdominal organs by normal padding of fat. Those who have long been overweight seem to be more susceptible to diabetes than those who are underweight, and there is also a definite association of overweight with breaking down of the circulation and of the action of the kidneys.

Klamath Names

OLENE (From Oregon Geographic Names" by Lewis A. McArthur). Steel says this name is an Indian word meaning eddy place or place of drift, and that it was

applied by Captain O. C. Appligant in 1888. The original location of the postoffice was up Lost river from the present site.

MOUNT HARRIMAN

(From Oregon Geographic Names" by Lewis A. McArthur). This prominent peak is west of Upper Klamath lake. It was named to compliment Edward H. Harriman, the great financier and railroad magnate, who for a time had a summer camping place on Pollock bay nearby.

Earlier Days

January 18, 1914

A movement is on foot to organize a society of ex-heroes, the membership of which is to be composed of men who served Uncle Sam in the Spanish-American war, or visited China during the Boxer uprising.

Klamath cattle men have a chance to bid on the supplying of cattle to the Hualapai Indians, for the Indian service has just issued a call for bids for livestock to be distributed among the tribesmen. The cattle are to be delivered at Peach Springs, Ariz.

What promises to be an interesting, instructive and important gathering of men and young men, will be held this evening in the dining room of the Grace M. E. church. This is the Father and Son banquet under the auspices of the men of the church.

Mrs. A. E. Whitman, wife of druggist Whitman, left Sunday morning for a two weeks visit with friends in Medford.

Dr. and Mrs. George H. Merryman and son, and Miss Bee Summers leave in the morning for Long Beach, Calif., where they will spend a couple of weeks.

County Sealer J. O. Hamaker returned Monday from Bonanza where he went immediately after the news of the fire reached here. He lost his newspaper plant, building etc., saving from his office only his desk, typewriter and library.

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OVER 100 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

JERRY-and-JOAN

By Cleo Lucas

CHAPTER XXXI
VI said "You're getting noisy, Jo. It's not like you, my dear," in a real staccato voice.

Funny how she wanted Bud and Vi to keep on standing there talking to her. She didn't know what she would do if they left her. She grabbed Vi's hand.

"Let's go out in the kitchen and have another drink, Vi, Game?"

Vi said, "O. K., baby," and they started out.

Joan had not noticed that while she had been standing there Jerry and Claire had disappeared from the living room.

Violet was in front of her and when they got to the kitchen door Vi stopped short and Joan bumped into her. She reeled a little because she was tight and the shock upset her. She was tight, she knew that, but she remembered everything. How wonderful it would have been, she thought afterwards, if she had been tight enough not to remember.

Joan regarded her equilibrium and brushed past Vi.

"Put on your spotlight, dearie, when you make a quick one, see, because we nearly had a wreck."

Joan laughed loudly.

"Nearly had a wreck," she repeated drunkenly.

Vi grabbed Joan, but she pushed past her and went on into the kitchen.

Claire Hemphred was sitting on the kitchen table and Jerry was standing in front of her with his arms around her. Claire was leaning over and they were kissing each other passionately.

Joan felt something go inside her. It was like the loosening of a dam that had held turbulent restless water and had suddenly broken. If she had been sober, it would have been dreadful. Everything whirled about her head, things came crashing down on her head, there was a lot of din and noise that she couldn't account for. It must be coming from the other room. She walked straight over to them.

Claire drew herself up proudly on the kitchen table. She looked as if she had been very rudely interrupted. Joan half expected her to ask Jerry to order his uncouth wife out of the room. Joan turned around and looked at Vi. Then she laughed hysterically. Jerry was terribly drunk. He looked up at her blindly.

"What's the matter?" he asked dumbly.

Joan went on laughing wildly. "Nothing," she said, "the matter, you were just interrupted by your wife. So sorry."

Joan bowed politely and Jerry bowed to her in return.

What was it all about anyway? Why was he bowing to Joan? Why was she standing in front of Claire Hemphred? Why was she looking down at him so coyly? Why was Joan there? Why were Joan and Claire both there?

Something was wrong. It couldn't be right, for Joan to be standing there when Claire Hemphred was there too.

Joan was screaming and laughing at the same time. She ran to the door.

"Come in, everybody. We all invite you, Claire Hemphred in the flesh, doing one of her passionate love scenes with a drunken hero."

Jerry got over to her somehow, and grabbed her hand.

"Don't go. For God's sake don't. Please honey, don't."

Jerry suddenly got very sober. Joan pulled away from him.

"You've missed the big scene, but maybe she'll shoot it again if we're all good and don't laugh. It is a comedy or a tragedy, Miss Hemphred."

All the crowd came pouring in to the kitchen.

Claire got herself down very laughily from the table. She came over and put her arms around Jerry.

"With pleasure, Mrs. Corbett. I'd love to reenact the scene."

Someone yelled, "Action! Camera!" and Claire kissed Jerry very picturesquely right on the mouth.

Joan clapped her hands loudly. "Marvelous! Magnificent! You should be a great actress, Miss Hemphred. Or, pardon me, perhaps you are one."

Everyone laughed.

Joan pulled Jerry's handkerchief from his pocket.

"But you should never leave lip rouge on the hero's face. It doesn't look well when he goes home to his wife."

Joan could not see anything except a blur of faces. She saw Jerry's eyes looking at her hurt and wounded like a little boy's eyes after he has been spanked. She wondered what her own look like to him. She wiped the handkerchief across his cheek hard, and flung it in his face. Then she ran into the bedroom and slammed the door so hard that her little china clock fell from the edge of the dressing table and broke into a million pieces.

The party had cleared out pretty rapidly after that. Claire asked Jerry to go into the bedroom and get her evening wrap, but he told her he would see that it got over to her hotel tomorrow without fail.

"Will you bring it to me, dear?" she asked.

Jerry ignored her question. He knew that he wouldn't. He knew that he would never see her again, if he could help himself.

He stayed a few minutes after the rest had gone down the stairs.

"Wish I could help you, Jerry. But I guess there's nothing I can do."

Jerry looked at him without seeing him.

"God! It's awful, Bud."

But fumbled with the door knob.

"Better be decent to her, Jerry. Joan's the sweetest kid I ever knew. She's been so damned square with you."

Jerry spoke with a funny little whimper in his voice.

"That's what hurts like hell."

But thought Jerry looked older than he had ever seen him. He started out.

"Good-night," he said quietly. Jerry did not answer him. He only stood, and heard his muffled disappearing steps on the carpeted stairs, and then he closed the door and put on the night lock.

Funny how terribly sober he was, and he had been so drunk only a few minutes before.

The reading lamp threw a flood of light over the chintz chair. Jerry looked around him at the living room. That was the chair he had picked out, the only one he had really wanted out of the whole furniture store. The gray-green davenport looked awfully lonely. The davenport that he had sat on with Joan so often, held her close to him and kissed her, oh, ten thousand, probably a million times. There were some empty glasses on the little table near the chair, and some more over on the floor by the end of the davenport.

The radio had been left turned on and Wynken, Blynken and Nod were singing a song about, "I love you so much, it's a wonder you don't feel it."

Jerry looked at the bedroom door. He listened, but he couldn't hear a sound. He walked over and cut off the radio. My God! How to start? What to do? Nothing, he guessed, nothing but to go in and park his clothes and get out. He didn't have the guts to ask her to forgive him—oh, God, no, there were some things that one couldn't ask forgiveness for.

So everything was over, then. It was all over for him. He'd go down to New York and meet Charlie Harris and they'd get drunk and stay drunk. Then some day when he was in the depths, he'd pull the gun. That was all. He didn't want to live without Joan. Life would be inconceivable without her. But he couldn't make her understand that. Not after what had happened tonight.

He opened the door quietly. Joan was where he expected to find her. Face downward on the bed. He could see that she was shaking. He walked over to the closet and stepped up on the shoe box and reached for his bag. He set it on his bed and opened it. Then he went to the chest-of-drawers and pulled open the one containing his shirts.

Joan turned her head over on her arm and looked at him, and then at the bag on his bed.

"Jerry."

It didn't sound like Joan. She got up from the bed. Her

Some People Say—

If we had faith, we would join the World Court.—Newton D. Baker, wartime secretary of war.

You don't feel like a boy after 58 birthdays.—Al Smith, ex-governor of New York.

All nations who owe us are simply capable of meeting their debts without reference to reparations.—Senator Reed of Pennsylvania.

I am far too busy to enjoy money; I have more than I want; and the difference in happiness has been negligible.—George Bernard Shaw.

All great artists were men of learning and many were the intellectual giants of their time.—W. Llewellyn, president Royal Academy.

Nineteen Thirty-one has shown that we are neither helpless nor hopeless.—Allan M. Pope, New York banker.

Some Wise Cracks

Now that it's Leap Year, women can propose. After the last couple of years, men will be glad to have them propose almost anything.

And then, of course, in the years to come the men who accept Leap Year proposals can always say that they were sweet and young and that worldly women talked them into it.

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The Klamath News and the Evening Herald Primer

Stands for Development
Of the Big Klamath Basin
The News and the Herald
Are Striving to Hasten.

The Klamath News and The Evening Herald are deeply interested in the development of the Klamath Empire. We are putting forth every effort to further its rapid advancement—working not only toward speedy development, but development on a fundamentally sound basis.

At every opportunity our news columns and editorials are directed toward the betterment of lumbering, agriculture, and other basic industries.

Beside this, we are and will continue to attempt to interest outside capital in the possibilities of this region to the end of securing increased population and payrolls.

It's double acting
First—in the dough. Then in the oven. You can be sure of perfect bakings in using—
KC BAKING POWDER
SAME PRICE FOR OVER 40 YEARS
25 ounces for 25c
MILLIONS OF POUNDS USED BY OUR GOVERNMENT