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Relief Demands Are Great

TRUE PICTURE MUST BE PAINTED

We Ask For Consideration

Discussion Brings Out Stark Facts

Wednesday night's discussion of Klamath county's relief program brought out emphatically the failure of the county, so far, to paint its unemployment and relief problem in colors sufficiently dark to give a true picture of the situation.

It is useless and dangerous to seek to gloss over the situation. We face an emergency that is probably unequalled in the state. It is well that the citizens of the community, first of all, realize that, and that they spare no effort to make the fact known to those in charge of statewide relief efforts.

Distress Serious

Klamath Falls is an industrial center, the largest in Oregon outside of Portland. More than 50 per cent of its population is engaged directly in industrial pursuits, and another large portion of the community is engaged in work that depends largely upon the continued activity of industry.

What makes the situation more serious for us is the fact that the community's industrial life is based largely on one industry, and that industry is suffering the greatest decline in its history. Its present slump antedates the depression that has more recently brought a decline in other lines of industry.

The prolonged slump spells greater distress in the homes of the workers. Last summer, when he might have been expected to lay up resources for the winter shut-downs, industry was operating on a curtailed basis and the workman was barely able to make enough to care for current demands. Through no failure of his own thrift, he went into the winter without anything to fall back upon when the slump hit bottom.

Should Recognize Situation

That's a picture we don't like to paint, but the time has come to look at facts as they are and to make them

known. These facts, in no way exaggerated, should be given full consideration in the dispensation of the state highway unemployment relief funds. Another bond issue for this purpose is likely to be floated—it should, by all means, be floated—and in the apportionment of this fund to the counties, Klamath county's emergency should be fully recognized.

There is a feeling, and reports justify it, that Klamath county's situation was not given full consideration in the allotment from the first bond issue. This county has received from that fund \$2280 a week, reporting more than 1000 unemployed, and that is a low figure. Agricultural Sherman county reported 145 unemployed, but received \$3040. Deschutes county, in a number of ways comparable to this county, has received \$4330—not too much for Deschutes, but indicative of what Klamath county ought to be receiving. Clatsop county has received \$3705, Baker \$2916, and Malheur \$2219, virtually the same as Klamath county.

This county in submitting facts and figures to form the basis of its appropriation, was extremely conservative. It has done nothing to encourage registration of unemployed, choosing rather to let the unemployed voluntarily make their needs known. There undoubtedly are scores who are actually suffering but have refused to appeal for help.

Could Work Many Men

In connection with future appropriations, it is well to point out the fact that in Klamath county is to be found one of the most satisfactory unemployment relief road projects in the state. The section on The Dalles-California highway from Barclay Springs to Lamm's mill lends itself admirably to this type of work. It has been authoritatively stated that from 800 to 1000 men could be put to work on this job and kept there for several months. Not only do state highway appropriations for unemployment relief in Klamath county help the unemployed, but they count for much in actual work accomplished.

These are facts which stand out. They constitute a forceful argument. If properly presented, they will surely bring results. They MUST bring results.

JERRY-and-JOAN

By Cleo Lucas

CHAPTER XXXIV There might not be any future. And God's idea was to take the best. The ordinary people—the people who didn't count—were left to clutter up His imperfect world.

Jerry sat a few minutes and tried not to blame anybody because Clayton Summers had died. Everybody died sooner or later. It didn't make much difference when it happened. If there were only some explanation, but there didn't seem to be any. The more you thought about it the deeper you got in, then you got weary thinking about it.

Jerry fell asleep, and when he woke up his wrist watch said twelve o'clock. Joan was home alone. He started the motor and whipped the car back on to the highway. There was a full moon in the sky and the air was warm and soft-feeling. Things were all right again.

Joan was in bed when he got home. He turned on the light over by the window so as not to disturb her, but she was awake. "I'm glad you came, honey." That was all she said.

He went over and sat down on the edge of the bed and kissed her. "Clayton Summers died this afternoon, Joan."

So that was it. Dear Jerry. He had wanted to be alone. That was all.

"I should have told you before I left, I should have explained why I wanted the car. I had to get away."

He laid his head down on her breast. "I understand, Jerry."

Jerry looked up at her. "You do, don't you, Joan? You do understand me?"

She leaned over and kissed his forehead. "Of course I do."

Dear Jerry, he would never know how hard it had been to say that.

Dashes By Damery "It seems that the great Corbett-Prentice love match has cooled since the beautiful Claire Hemstedt made her debut to Chicago and to the stage. Claire, we understand from an old college friend, is an old college friend of the well-known critic."

ery have let them alone? Give them a chance? Well, there wasn't any use fighting when everything was against you. "You can't go on forever hoping." Violet had said. "When Alden marries again, I'm through. It's easy to be through when you've made up your mind."

The phone rang. It was Dick Taylor. "Come on out to the Dunes with us Saturday, Jo. We're going to have a swell time. Besides, I want to see you."

"But, Dick—" "I know what you're going to say, but I won't listen to it. I've got to talk to you. Not about me, but about you."

"I can't say I'll go right now," Joan said. "Give me a little time to think about it."

"Shall I call you again Saturday morning?" "Yes, I'll know then. Sweet of you to have called me."

"Oh, Jo, honey, I'm so sorry about everything." Joan knew that it was of no use to lie. She was tired of lying. She was tired of excuses. She was tired of hoping, of waiting. She wondered if she were not just a little tired of loving, of loving so hopelessly.

"Don't talk about it, please." "Isn't there something I can do for you?"

Yes, I think if you call me Saturday morning that will be quite enough. The receiver slipped from her hand.

The phone clicked on the other end. "That's the way it would be," she thought, "just a click. Just like signing off, hanging up."

Her head was whirling. She thought, "It all depends on Jerry. On how he acts from now on."

She prayed: "Please make him love me, God."

Jerry made it easy for Joan to decide about the trip to the Dunes. They were at breakfast Saturday morning. There wasn't any use trying, she knew, but she would put up a front. She bit into a piece of toast, but it stuck in her throat. She couldn't swallow. She took a drink of coffee and washed it down. She didn't want to cry. She wouldn't let Jerry see her crying now. If she could only hear him say, "Joan, I love you, honey, there won't ever be anybody but you and me, alone together." She had wished that a thousand times, she believed. But he only sat there cranking his cinnamon toast and eating his soft-boiled egg, without looking up. He wasn't thinking

of her, she was sure of that. What should she do? "Oh, Jerry, I love you so much. Let's make up. I'm so unhappy this way. It's killing me, honey, killing me without your love. Don't you see, I'm dying. Like a tree that has been cut in half and the broken pieces has been torn away. The piece that still stands dies all so." What was she thinking of? Drama, absolute melodrama. He would laugh at her if she said anything like that to him. Glad she hadn't spoken her thoughts. Kat.

She took another sip of coffee. Jerry looked at her. "I'm not hungry this morning, I guess. I had a few bites while I was getting breakfast."

Jerry kept on looking at her. "Spoiled my appetite," she added quickly. "You haven't been eating lately at all."

Then he had noticed. Then didn't he know why? Was he so dumb that he didn't know the reason she didn't eat was that there was a lump in her throat that nothing would go past? Hadn't he ever been so hurt that his heart ached so badly that the very thought of food was nauseating?

If she had asked him those questions Jerry would have been obliged to say "No." He had never felt that badly about anything. It was not in his way of living. That was something one should overcome early in life. He remembered when he had conquered it. Claire Hemstedt. He knew Joan was lying. He had been pretty negligent lately. Too bad that this press party came tonight. He really should take Joan out. He had tried to get out of it, too, but there wasn't a chance. He'd lose out on the whole story of Daley's new play. He couldn't afford to miss it. The editor expected his story to appear in the Sunday edition. Oh, well Joan would understand. She always did. Still it was a little hard to tell her.

He finished breakfast and Joan got up and followed him to the door.

There was a moment of silence as they stood there in the hall together. Joan made up her mind to tell him she was going out with Dick.

They looked up at each other at the same time and both began speaking at once. Jerry said "What?" and Joan was embarrassed.

"Nothing, what were you saying?"

Jerry put his arm around her. "We're having that press party tonight for Denham, you know."

Here it was. Just as she had

anticipated. Well, it might as well be now as next Saturday. It would always be the same. She knew that now.

Jerry wondered whether he had mentioned the Denham party to her before now. He had forgotten. He had meant to tell her about it.

She was going to play it through with a smile. "No wives or relatives, of course?"

Funny she was smiling. Joan was a brick. Perfect. Jerry smiled back at her.

"No, as usual. But I'll be home early. I'll call you when dinner is over and we'll hit off some place. Shall we?"

Joan hesitated. What should she do? If he would only carry out his promise, if he would only stay a little while at the party and then come home to her so they could go out some place together. Her heart danced for a moment with the possibility of it. But she knew how it would be. He would go to the party, start drinking, and forget all about her until twelve or one o'clock, and then stagger to a telephone and ring her up with his usual sorry story.

Was there any reason for her to believe that this might be the turning point in this time might be the one when he would actually come home? None at all. She remembered what her father had said: "Think a long time before you do anything to change your life or anyone's life. Then when you have made up your mind, go through with it. Don't be a quitter."

This thing took courage, a lot of it. She wished there were some other way out but there didn't seem to be. She couldn't look at Jerry's eyes, she was afraid she might change her mind. She stood with her eyes on the smooth polished floor and told him.

"No, Jerry, I won't be here tonight waiting for you. That is, Dick and a few friends of his are having a little party out at the Dunes and I've been invited."

There was a terrible silence. Why didn't he say something so that she would know how he was reacting? But then, of course, he wouldn't. He never talked when she really wanted him to talk.

Nothing. Not a word from him. It didn't make any difference to him that she wouldn't be waiting to go out with him. He didn't think she knew how to react. He was so sleepy and tired that there wasn't any place else for him to go.

How she longed now to tell him all this, to get it all out of her heart so that he would remember that she had wronged her credit. She knew Joan, repeat look up at him. His blue eyes were gazing at her strangely, as if they comprehended her thoughts and were ashamed by them. She couldn't speak. She looked down again at the floor and suddenly she heard the door slam and she knew that she was all alone. Her knees were shaking so, she sat down on the floor until she could get her strength back again.

So that was the way it had ended. No kiss, no goodby touch, nothing. Just a look, but it was a look that made Joan repeat everything. She had decided. She knew he loved her. Oh, dear Jerry, of course he loved her, and she understood how things were. Life was tragic, people couldn't control themselves. What they wanted to do most, they left undone; the people they loved best were the ones they took the most delight in hurting. Why—oh, God, why?

Joan struggled with herself. Torture. Life with Jerry would always be that way. She knew that in spite of themselves they could never change it. Life with Jerry—well, she had decided. She felt as though she were a thousand years old as she dragged herself up from the floor.

(To Be Continued)

Klamath Names

LOST RIVER (From "Oregon Geographic Names" by Lewis A. McArthur.) This stream rises in California and flows into Oregon. It formerly debouched into Tule Lake, it is now controlled for irrigation, and as a result Tule Lake is being dried up and reclaimed for farm land. During its course through Langoll Valley, Lost River disappears for several miles, hence its name. The famous natural stone bridge, by which the Applegate party crossed Lost River, July 5, 1846, may be seen near Merrill. The rocks were submerged when seen by the compiler, and seemed more like a series of stepping stones than a natural bridge. Lost River was discovered by Fremont early in May, 1846, and named McCredy river for his good friend, but that name did not prevail.

Boy (visiting a shoemaker)—"What do you make shoes from?" Shoemaker—Hide. Boy—Why should I hide? Shoemaker—Hide! Hide! The cow's outside. Boy—Let the ol' cow come; I'm not afraid.

Office Cat

Wise or otherwise. It's an excellent idea not to want the things you can't get. . . . The largest bone in the human frame is the wishbone. . . . Fish bite, but nobody seems to want them

For Deep Coughs You Need the Safest Help

Creomulsion is not the cheapest help for coughs or colds. It is made to do the utmost whatever the condition. It combines in one prescription seven of the world's best helps. It is made in particular for coughs and colds which hang on. There is where one dare not risk a help of lesser value. But it is wise in any case to trust a less effective help?

Creosote is in it, blended, emulsified and tasty. In an ideal way it presents the supreme help for soothing membranes and combating cold germs. But there are also white pine tar, wild cherry bark, menthol, ipecac, etc. Each is best for some coughs.

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A three-day cough is a danger signal. There you must use Creomulsion to be sure. But is it wise to trust any cough to lesser help when the utmost is at your command? You never know where a cough may lead. Treat it with the best men know.

Creomulsion for Different Coughs and Colds

SIDE GLANCES By George Clark



"Oh, yeah? Well, tell him I won't cook it any longer! It wouldn't be good for him."

Health Talks

When a person is depressed he loses weight, his digestion becomes disturbed and he may manifest changes in the circulation of his blood. Thus, irregularity of the heart has been noted and serious effects on the blood pressure may follow long-continued worry or irritability.

Beyond these physical effects of emotional disturbance there are also effects on mental reactions which may be exceedingly serious. The judgment of a critic, the decisions of a statesman, indeed, even the willingness of a banker to grant a loan may be influenced by the fact that a quarrel has just passed through a quarrel with his wife, or received news of some peccadillo of a son or daughter at college.

Many of our emotions are almost uncontrollable, due to the fact that they are instinctive responses to situations that have arisen thousands of times in the previous history of mankind. The human being is marked, however, by the ability to reason and to act according to reason. The more frequently he falls to exercise reason and the more frequently he responds to instinctive reactions rather than to judgment, the further is he removed from humanity.

Children, having less training than adults and therefore less control over their inhibitions, respond instinctively far more frequently than do grownups.

Thus the degree of emotional control of human beings depends largely on their age, but still more on their training. It is interesting to observe that as a human being becomes older and begins to reach that period commonly called second childhood, there develops again lessened control of the emotions. Thus, the aged are stirred quickly to anger, weep easily and find grotesque actions more humorous than do human beings in middle age.

The hygienist who advises human beings in their conduct in relationship to health observes with interest the part that emotions may play in human life. In his advice he is frequently between two horns of a dilemma. He must indicate the necessity for a certain amount of control of emotional reactions, but he knows at the same time that emotions may be too strongly controlled and that such control may, in itself, produce morbid conditions. The human being who refuses to give way on any occasion to joy or to grief, who does not find himself stirred by close competitive athletic activities, who represses every response, finds himself soon unable to respond even should he wish to do so.

The temperamental person who insists that he or she, and it is usually she, cannot control the emotions, is exhibiting a form of egotism and selfishness that is an indefensible trait of character.

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Fashion Tips

Are your fingers smooth, soft and white? I know of a young woman with perhaps the most shapely pair of hands I have ever seen. But she recently had a harsh surface along the outer edge of her first fingers on both hands. She didn't know what caused them. The rest of her hands were their usual soft, white firm selves.

However, she set to work to remedy the defect. She used her little facial brush with tepid soap suds and carefully rubbed and scrubbed the surfaces. Next, she used a piece of fine pumice stone, again not overdoing it, but going at it patiently. After this she used warmed olive oil for a few nights, bandaging both fingers with tape, loosely, just to keep the oil on them. After that she used a new hand cream just put on the market this winter and the total effect of all her care are two perfect fingers again.

For Callouses, Too The ends of some fingers become calloused. Across the mounds of the fingers inside the palm of the hand is another spot for callouses. A person who writes much by hand or sews is apt to have one bluish finger that sends out callouses to protect itself. The above treatment is good for them all.

One of the most ungloriously on a really womanly hand is a brown nicotine stain. Sometimes both the first and second fingers of one hand become temporarily bluish by this brown stain. It needs soaking, scrubbing, a good softening with cream and then a bleach. After the bleach use a hand cream. And, if you think you are going to stain them again use a holder for your cigarette!

Some People Say— A man must be a self-starter. Too many people are waiting to be cranked.—Henry Ford.

I like Hollywood. . . . It seems like a great place to relax and also turn out some work.—Tullulah Bankhead, state and screen actress.

It is magnificent to grow old—if one keeps young.—Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick, Rockefeller's minister.

If the spirit of self-seeking nationalism prevails, then there is no way out of (world disaster).—Archbishop of Canterbury.

A. M. Crystal, the man claiming the distinction of having the only second class saloon in the city, has been a sufferer for the past two weeks with a crippled foot. Mr. Crystal is able to be out of the house now.

SAVE Money, Loss of Time and Health with the VICK PLAN for better 'Control of Colds.'

Use Together VICKS Nose & Throat DROPS VICKS VapoRub



The Klamath News and the Evening Herald Primer

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