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Star Chamber is Condemned

COUNCIL DEALINGS SHOULD BE OPEN

Judge Sparrow's Accident

How to Stop
Unflattering Rumors

The city council was elected by the public to attend to public business. When the council meets, to the public belongs the privilege of listening to its deliberations. When a committee of the council meets, the public has the same privilege.

These are rights long recognized in our way of government, and it would seem hardly necessary to recount them here. Yet it is a fact that when the council met Friday afternoon the mayor denied the press, and therefore the public, admittance to the deliberations.

The statement that the council constituted itself a committee of the whole in no way explains away the action. As council, or as committee, its doors should be open to the public whose business it is considering. The fact that the city fathers stole away to a private meeting place instead of meeting in the city hall, added to the ill-favor of the actions.

This newspaper is prepared at all times to condemn the principle of the star chamber. It believes the council should keep its dealings open and above-board—not so this newspaper can get a story, necessarily, but because public business is public business. And the same goes for other public boards in city and county.

One can conceive of situations in which a conference of public officials, given a broadcast of publicity, might do a great deal of harm. Perhaps it might cause some unwarranted personal injury. Or perhaps publicity would embarrass and impede some line of action which, when completed, would be to the greatest advantage of the public. But those occasions are rare, indeed, and the fact that they might possibly exist cannot be made a curtain behind which a public body may hide at its will.

This newspaper does not hesitate to state that it believes there is too great a tendency toward undercover activity on the part of public boards here. This sort of thing, or at least a widespread suspicion of it, has led to a constant stream of rumors, none of them flattering to the public officials mentioned in the rumor.

If all the things that are said are true, few, indeed, would be the officials deserving to remain in the trust of the people. They are, of course, not all true. Probably most of them are unfounded. The best way to prevent them, or to discredit them, is to maintain a frank, open policy in all public dealing. The star chamber has no place in such a policy.

Jiggs and Maggie have been married twenty years. There should be statistics to show how many times Jiggs has been in the hospital in those two decades.

Warm Tribute
Paid Official

The unfortunate accident which occurred to County Judge Alex Sparrow of Jackson county, while in Klamath Falls this week, has been the cause of widespread concern. It is with pleasure that we report today considerable improvement in the condition of Judge Sparrow, who, as superintendent of the Crater Lake park at one time, and later as judge of the neighboring county, has been widely and favorably known in Klamath county. The following editorial from the Medford-Mail Tribune attests to the high regard in which Judge Sparrow is held in his own county:

At the present writing the news regarding Judge Sparrow, while not cheering, gives hope that he will recover. Certainly if fighting spirit can do the trick, "Alex"—hard bitten army sergeant of the Spanish war—will soon be back on the job again.

In the interim, all the people of Medford and Jackson county will be PULLING for him, for in spite of the small pestiferous minority that did all they could the past few months to make his job a difficult one, no county judge in local history has ever been more universally or more deservedly popular. His injury was the direct result of his insistence upon being on the job ALL THE TIME, looking into problems for HIMSELF, the solution of which affected the welfare of this community.

Even to him, so free from vanity, and scornful of ostentation, the perfect flood of phone calls to his office this morning, inquiring for the latest news of his condition, could not fail to please him.

That is about the only reward there is, in such a job as he has held the past few years,—the respect and gratitude and affection of the people. Certainly he has that, though perhaps during the past few months he at times hasn't thought so.

No more to say. We only hope that we will soon have the pleasure of slapping him on the back and telling him all about it. He will surely smile and shake his head and say something, much more picturesque, but with the essential meaning of "Aw, quit your kidding."

Treated For
What it Was

The sound defeat in the senate this week of Senator Bingham's resolution, asking governors to hold dry-law referenda in their states cannot be regarded as a test of anything but the willingness of the senate to commit itself to a frank evasion of responsibility. The senate spoke on that issue without quibbling. If congress were to adopt such a resolution, it would mean nothing, for it would in no way obligate the states to take any action.

The senate was not voting on direct resubmission of the eighteenth amendment, nor on submission of a modifying amendment, which are the two possible methods of solving the problem. The Bingham resolution should be recognized for what it was.

Prominent words in the language of depression: relief and moratorium.

he, if somebody had to die Not Jo. Lovely Jo, in the green chiffon dress that floated all about her when she walked.

"The time has come, the Walrus said,
To talk of many things.
Of shoes and ships and sealing wax,
And cabbages and kings—"

Jerry flung himself on the bed.

"Oh, Jo, I can't honor, I can't. Don't look that way. Listen, darling. Hear me talking to you? I love you. I love you, darling. Everything is going to be all right. You're going to live and we're going to start all over again. It's going to be swell, honey. Life is going to be swell."

Joan opened her eyes. Jerry could see that it was an effort for her to do so.

"It's wonderful to have you."

"O God, I'll make it all up. Give me another chance. I'm begging you now, God. Pleading with you."

"You're going to be with me now, honey, always. I know."

"You're going to be with me now, honey, always. I know."

"O God, make her hand grow strong, strong and full of life."

Her lips opened and Jerry leaned over to catch her words.

"Sing about gingerbread."

He started to sing. Oh, God, you can't take her. You have to give her back to me.

"First she gave me gingerbread and then she gave me cake. And then she gave me Creme de Menthe for meeting her at the gate."

Jerry thought. Her hand is growing stronger, oh God, her hand is living again.

Someone in a white coat brushed Jerry aside and grabbed Joan's two hands in his own large ones. Then he began to move them up and down from her side to her head.

Jerry did not remember having left the bedroom. Someone must have taken him away. He was sitting in the kitchen and the door to the living room was closed. He was vaguely conscious of voices.

They sounded far away, like voices he had never heard before. There was a deep sonorous voice ringing in his ears.

It was the doctor's and it was saying "she is going to live!"

Jerry insisted that it was too soon for Joan to be up even though the doctor had said it was all right now for her to be on her feet at least two hours during the day.

"I want to get breakfast this morning, Jerry."

Jerry laughed and Joan said, "Why are you laughing?"

"Because I always laugh when I'm happy. Why are you?"

Joan smiled. "Maybe that's the reason I laugh, too."

Then they laughed some more. "We must be awfully happy, then," Joan said.

"We are Jerry said. At ten o'clock Joan remembered. "I told you I wanted to get breakfast for us and it will soon be time for dinner."

Jerry kissed her on the mouth. "But it's so swell to have you, honey. I don't ever want to get breakfast or do anything that will keep me away from you."

"But how would we eat?"

"We wouldn't eat."

"Then what would we do, just sit here on the davenport and starve and each day you would get weaker and weaker until you would only have strength enough to kiss me twice then once then not at all and that would be terrible."

Jerry said: "That would. Maybe we had better eat."

Joan got up and went into the kitchen. The sun was shining through the little blue and white curtains and making the nickel on the stove glisten.

Joan thought: "I am glad I can see the sun shine again. I want to see it shine always."

Jerry had told her he had given up his reporter's job. He was only going to do the shows hereafter. He would never have to cover any more stories at night. And Bud had been appointed his assistant in a way.

"Oh not officially, so don't say anything about it," he had told her, "but he is going to interview the gals so I won't do."

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SIDE GLANCES By George Clark



"As long as I've been coaching you in bridge, you don't know the meaning of a kick under the table."

anything but write up the shows and you can always be with me then."

Life would be great from now on.

"Breakfast is ready, dear."

Jerry had been so quiet. She wondered what he was doing.

She tiptoed to the bedroom door and peered in.

Jerry was sitting on the bed, his head bent over, Joan's little china clock in his hands. On the coverlet beside him were the broken bits of glass that Joan had picked up and hidden away in her dresser.

Joan was over beside him. He laid the clock down and drew her to him.

She felt his eyelashes wet against her cheek.

"I think it can be mended, honey," he said.

THE END.

Antone Castal, for many years a prominent citizen of Klamath county, has ended his life, according to meager details received here. Castal committed suicide by shooting himself, according to

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Fashion
Tips

Nothing is more displeasing than to see a woman's face look dry and parched.

Rouge sticks out on it, powder seems likely to flake off any minute, lipstick is streaked and, if eye shadow is used, it too is streaked.

I would almost go so far as to say no make-up is better than some, when the total effect is as above stated.

Such faces have far, far too dry skins. They need the treatment for dry skins, and they need it at once.

Over and above that, however, there are certain things you can do to alleviate this bone-dry effect.

1. Always use a cream base before putting on rouge or powder. There are many kinds of powder bases. Some are liquid, some are creams. The trick is to try out some that you like and see if it helps restore to your skin that "dewy look" it should have.

2. After applying the cream for make-up, use rouge cream instead of powdered rouge. Use eye-shadow in cream or paste form instead of powdered eye-shadow. You will be surprised how this helps.

On top of your creamed skin a little bit of the rouge or eye-shadow slides over the surface smoothly, give a natural tint and is very effective.

3. An important precaution is to get the right kind of powder. Some kinds are recommended particularly highly for dry skins. They have different ingredients, and a different preparation, and cling to your too-dry skin more effectively than other kinds. Ask your beautician or the drug store clerk next time you buy powder to show you the difference in the two kinds.

4. Never dream of using powder on your eyelids. You never should, anyhow, for nobody does who knows the first thing about make-up. But for a dry-skinned person to err this way is a real error. Instead, keep a little vial of eye-muscle oil. Every time you groom yourself, morning or evening, use a bit of this and take a second off to gently massage around the eyes, both upper and lower lids. This oil will help give your skin a lovely look. With the proper eye-shadow, it makes your eyes beautiful.

Say it with a Classified Ad and all the people who are interested in your message will surely hear it.

Another British observer, Dr. D. Yellowless, points out that certain cases of alcoholism represent an endeavor to relieve an unconscious mental tension. In a case of those who are periodic drunkards, that is those who only occasionally indulge in excessive drinking, but who are usually temperate or who may even abstain entirely from alcoholic liquors in the intervals, it is found that the outbreaks occur when some unconscious mental tension has accumulated until the breaking point. The discharge or the sudden escape from reality occurs in a sudden debauch.

In those cases in which the drinking is habitual, the mental problem is more constantly in the mind of the individual, and he is frequently found to have not a weak will or a bad character, but an unsatisfactory emotional life.

Many a long search ends in the Classified Section.

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JERRY-and-JOAN

By Cleo Lucas

CHAPTER XXXVI
Joan, God, wonderful Joan. We'll start all over again, honey. You'll see. I'll be with you always. From now on, there's a song like that.

The cab drew up and Jerry scaled the steps to the apartment. The door was locked. His key stuck. Hot all over, Joan inside. The door opened. The air was heavy with ether fumes, medicinal odors, a man in a white coat was standing before him. Jerry felt weak, nauseated.

"Joan?" The word stuck in his throat.

The doctor looked at him as if he were going to say something cruel. Then his eyes softened and he gave him a message, sympathetically.

"There isn't a thing we can do. Her lungs are filling."

Jerry clutched at the doctor frantically.

"You know there is something you can do. You can't let her die, I tell you. You can't. You don't understand."

The doctor shook himself loose. "She's all I have. I tell you, all. I wasn't fair with her."

Jerry was shouting hysterically. The doctor put his hand firmly on Jerry's shoulder.

"We all have to face these things, you know. You had better go right in."

Jerry slipped to his knees. "O God, You can't take her away from me. Not now, I've got to have my chance to prove myself to her. I've got to have that."

Suddenly Jerry realized that he was praying and that he was believing in it.

The doctor leaned over and pulled him up. There were people in the living room. He knew that as he passed through but he could not tell who they were. He felt blind. The doctor opened the bedroom door and Jerry followed him in. There was another doctor bending over Joan, and Mr. Prentice was sitting on the edge of Jerry's bed with his head in his hands.

The doctor drew away as Jerry came up. Joan smiled a little as he looked down at her. She looked so frail, so fragile, lying there against the white pillow.

"Hello, honey," he said, trying to hold back the tears. He took her hand. It felt hot. "I knew you'd come." She said that plainly and then she tried to say something else that he couldn't catch.

"O God, don't take her from me this way. Please, God, I'll hate you for it if you do."

Jerry leaned over. "You do love me, Jerry?"

"Oh, God, I love you so much. Why was it easy to say it now? It was easy. He meant it. Why did it have to happen now, now when Joan was dying? Why couldn't he have always loved

her? I have always loved her but I didn't know it. I didn't show her that I loved her. I will now."

"Say that poem for me. 'The time has come.' She was talking very slowly. It was difficult for her to form words."

Jerry fought within himself. Fought God, fought death, fought everything. Why couldn't it be

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Theatre Patrons:

Liberty Magazine gave Four Stars to "Bad Girl" which is now showing at the Pelican. After viewing this picture, one feels that if there were more stars to be given, "Bad Girl" would surely get them.

The adaption of Vina Delmar's best story to the screen is a masterpiece of cinema art. The superb portrayal of every part of the picture by every character is something you will always remember. There are heart throbs and comedy, there is not a dull moment in the ninety minutes the picture is on the screen and the first audience to see the picture in Klamath Falls left the theatre in rapture, vowing it was the best picture they had seen this year.

You will love Sally Eilers, you will laugh and cry with James Dunn, and Minna Gombell will cheer you when you feel the pangs of sympathy pulling at your heart strings.

If you miss "Bad Girl" at the Pelican Theatre, you will miss the year's greatest production, your friends will see it and you will always regret missing Sally Eilers.

If after seeing this picture you do not wholly agree with Liberty Magazine and the Pelican Theatre, just call at the office and your admission will be cheerfully refunded. Don't miss this picture.