

PAIR ARRESTED ON LIQUOR COUNT

An "Indian" trade on the part of two alleged moonshiners with federal and state officers resulted in Carl Thomas and Joe Hand being bound over to the federal grand jury on charges of sale and possession of intoxicating liquor, Harry Holland, federal prohibition agent, revealed Thursday.

It happened at Wimer in Evans Valley, Jackson county, Holland and state Policeman Art Johnson visited a small sawmill and conferred with Thomas and Hand.

The officers made a deal with the two men to trade them the title and possession of Holland's 1930 Ford coupe, owned by the government, for 30 gallons of moonshine at \$4 a gallon. The deal was taken into effect in setting the price on the car, the officer stated.

Hand wanted a two-seated car but the officers said that they would want 60 gallons of moonshine for a sedan which they had, and the men checked references and decided to take the coupe.

After receiving a letter from the men Holland and Johnson went back. The two men were arrested. The moonshine was loaded into the car and the two men were taken to Medford where they waived hearing and were bound over to the federal grand jury on charges of sale and possession of intoxicants with bond set at \$2,000 each.

The two officers state that they found a 25-gallon capacity still and mash barrels at the mill site. The officer still has the car and the moonshine, too.

Byrd in New York To See Al Smith

NEW YORK, Feb. 11. (AP)—Former Governor Harry F. Byrd, Virginia's favorite son in the lists for the democratic presidential nomination, arrived in New York today to see Alfred E. Smith.

"I'm here," he said, "to see some friends of mine."

Among the friends, he said, were former Governor Smith, and James A. Farley, chairman of the democratic state committee and Governor Roosevelt's unofficial campaign manager.

Flapper Fanny Says



Bright covers sometimes disguise dull books.

The dime-a-dance girl

By JOAN CLAYTON

BEGIN HERE TODAY
Beautiful ELLEN ROSSITER, who works by day as a salesgirl in Barclay's Department Store, lives with her mother, MRS. L. ROSSITER, her sister sister, MYRA, and her 12-year-old brother, MIKE. Irresponsible Molly has long since spent the fortune won by her English husband and the two girls support the family.

Molly foolishly spends money saved to pay the rent. Ellen decides to work at night as a dance hall hostess until the sum is made up. She goes to Dreamland and interviews JACOB SALOMON who offers her a job on condition that she supply her own evening dress. She has no evening dress. Back at the store again, Ellen begins to cry in her bitter disappointment. STEVEN BARCLAY, owner of the store, sees her and asks her to come to his office. When she tells him of her problem he offers to give her a dress but she refuses to accept it. He then offers to lend her one of the dresses worn by the models. She borrows a lovely white tulle dress.

Ellen is half-pleased, half-frightened by Barclay's obvious interest in her.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER IV

WHEN Ellen accepted Steven Barclay's offer to drive her to Dreamland she did so with the same naturalness he had shown in extending the invitation.

But as Ellen sank back into the soft depths of dove-gray cushions and turned her rosy face to him he felt a pang as of anticipated pain. And he believed then that he had been wrong.

He had not known until then why he had been so uneasy and so restless after Ellen had left his office that afternoon; he had not known why the routine business of the store had become so suddenly unimportant or why the hours had dragged so endlessly. But he knew now as Ellen shyly smiled at him that he felt that same light restlessness that he thought had left him years ago.

It was that impossible. He was 27. Ellen was young enough to be his daughter. Almost roughly he leaned forward and gave the driver directions for reaching Dreamland. When he offered Ellen a cigarette and pulled out the lighter for her no one would have guessed that he imagined he had, in the brief space of seconds, put away from him a small, vague dream.

"I don't smoke," Ellen told him. His brows went up quizzically.

"I thought all young girls smoked nowadays."

"Not all of them. I'm not well off enough to smoke."

At his look of surprise she explained. "You see the people we live among and, for that matter, my family, too, are so poor that we must be respectable. On any debatable point—like smoking for women—we're all ultra-conservative. Not," she added still in that light strain, "that I lie awake nights longing to smoke. I don't like it really. If I did I'd smoke."

"I'm sure you would. But I'm rather glad you don't. I can't get used—"

HE broke off abruptly and thought that there was no use appearing in her eyes as an old fogey even if he were old enough to be her father. With Ellen's permission they drove through Central Park before going to the dancehall.

The limousine swished to a stop at the Casino where early diners, men and women in evening clothes, leaned across softly lighted tables talking and laughing. Ellen and her escort went inside for food drinks. Neither of them was hungry.

Ellen looked around with wide-eyed pleasure at the other diners, successful men and lovely, well-dressed women. As her eyes re-



Tony deliberately pulled her one-piece dress over her head.

turned to the handsome man opposite her she began to feel a stinging in her heart.

What fun to be so rich! What fun to be driven in a limousine wherever you wanted to go! What fun to stop at a smart restaurant because you were thirsty, to be served by an impressed headwaiter, to have worries drifted away from her. The hurried, clattery morning with its clashing of milk cans and jangling alarm clocks seemed years away. Here there was only peace and beauty and leisure.

She began, did Ellen, to weave those swift dreams of girlhood, those dreams that need so little substance. Although Steven Barclay did not guess it his own shadowy figure moved through those fantasies.

They drove almost quietly to Dreamland, absorbed in their separate thoughts. They stopped off Broadway. Ellen carefully picked up the box which held the precious dress and stretched out her hand to Barclay.

"I can't tell you," she said breathlessly, "how much I appreciate what you've done for me."

ABOVE them, through the open windows, came a clashing of brasses and a singing of strings. The orchestra at Dreamland was tuning up.

"I'm glad I could do it," Barclay replied.

He meant to stop there. But he heard himself saying what he had not intended to say.

"I would like to do a great deal more for you."

Ellen's heart throbbed queerly but her voice was steady as she told him that he had done a great deal too much already. She was self-conscious, a rare thing for her, as she climbed the stairs—self-conscious, and, now that she was away

from Barclay and what he stood for, a little dissatisfied with herself. How foolish to imagine that the dress Steven Barclay had lent her was a kind and generous man.

What did she know of him after all? He was rich and she had idly dreamed of becoming his young and adored wife, dreamed of the beauty that as Mrs. Steven Barclay she could bring into the lives of Myra and Molly and baby Mike. Dreamed, too, of herself in thin, gay frocks, never chosen for utility, moving in the pleasure spots of the world with never a thought of work or care.

She stopped into Dreamland and ran straight into Jacob Salomon. His face broke into a wide grin.

"Hello—you're back. And with the dress, too! See. Quick work, kid."

Ellen's chin came up. "I might as well tell you," she said coolly, "that I intend to work here only temporarily. For three weeks at the most."

"That's o. k. by me, kid. But since you're here I suppose you won't mind obeying the rules like the other girls. Or will you?"

"I won't," Ellen replied, ignoring his heavy-handed sarcasm.

"Guess this is the only one I didn't tell you about."

HE pointed to a sign on the bright pink plaster wall. Ellen read that the hostesses were permitted no conversation while dancing except "yes" or "no" in answer to questions. She turned her amazed face to Salomon.

"Does look funny," he conceded, still grinning. "But there's good sound business back of it. The hostesses can talk when they're sitting at the tables with their partners. And when they're sitting they order things to eat. If the gents will stand for it. They mostly will."

"Oh," said Ellen Manky. "Our specialty's chop suey," he continued imperturbably. "Price \$1—75 cents to me, 25 cents to the hostess. Thirty-five if the chop suey isn't eaten but that means you can't mess in it with your fork. It has to be good enough to serve again."

Ellen giggled.

"The joint's straight," he assured her seriously. "We don't serve liquor. We don't even admit men that have been drinking—much."

She was a little perturbed by his cheerful outspokenness but she meekly allowed him to pilot her to a cramped dressing room and to introduce her haphazardly to the other girls, some 15 in number. He used no last names. The girls were Alice and Dolly and Sunny and Anne and Marie to him. Ellen assumed they were to be that to her.

Salomon had not knocked but no body appeared surprised. A few of the girls reached for kimonos with mechanical squeals of dismay but most of them serenely continued their toilets. One hard little youngster, whom Salomon called Tony, deliberately pulled her one-piece dress over her head and stood in brief shorts and a soiled satin slip, grinning at them.

A brightly painted screen, gaudy with peacocks and pagodas, concealed a washstand in one corner of the small, hot room. Ellen went behind it to dress. The quarters were cramped and stifling but she did not mean to risk another of Salomon's unconventional entries.

When she emerged only two hostesses were left in the room—Tony and a languishing blond called Anise. They shared a wicker bench, where they had sat smoking and waiting to have a first-hand look at the new hostess.

Ellen looked toward Tony—and met a pair of coolly hostile eyes. (To Be Continued)

Minor Accidents Reported Thursday At Police Station

Two minor automobile accidents were reported to city police Thursday by C. C. Kelly, former city engineer who resides at 520 North Eighth street, and Walter Knutson, 343 Hillside.

Kelly reported that his car, parked at Eighth and Klamath, lost a hub cap when a car driven by Indians side swiped it and knocked off a hub cap at 8:30 p. m. Wednesday.

Knutson stated that a car bearing Oregon license 3553

World Day of Prayer Observed

The World Day of Prayer for Missions was observed in this city Friday afternoon, when women of Klamath Falls gathered at the First Christian church at 2:00 o'clock.

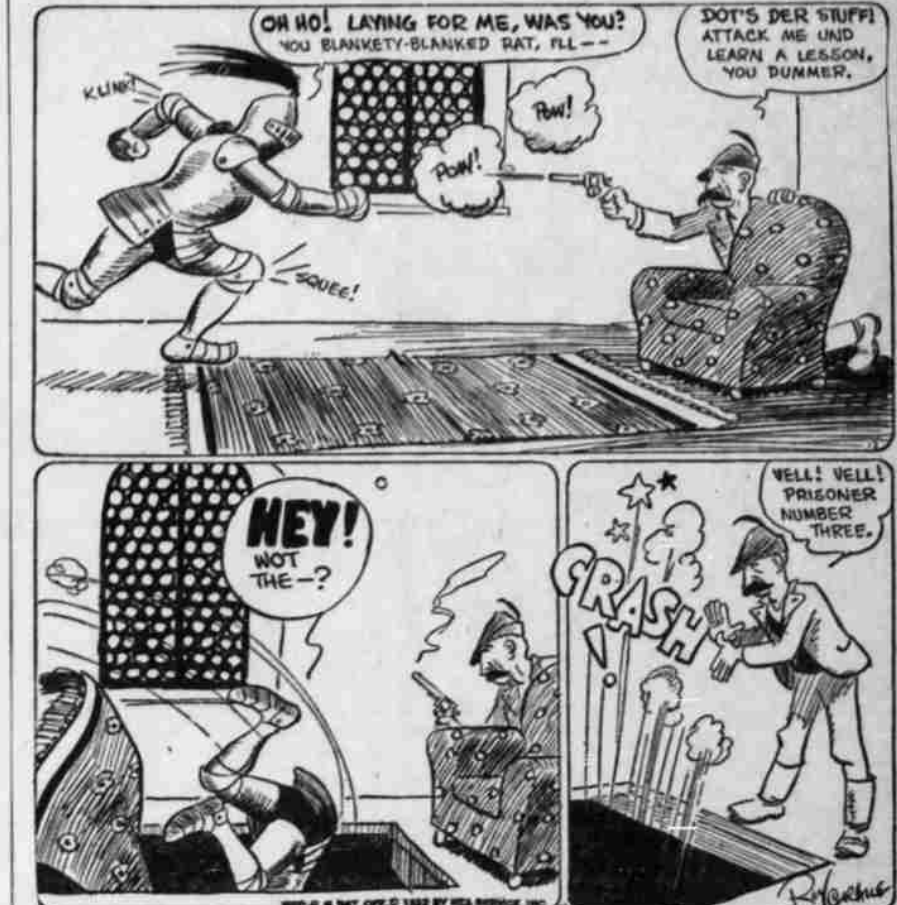
Missionary societies of all local churches held the meeting, which was held simultaneously with similar gatherings all over the world. Mrs. T. Davis Preston, wife of the pastor of the Community Congregational church, led the meeting, and several vocal numbers were accompanied by Mrs. H. Pierce, presented by Mrs. John Yaden.

Dollar Day Rates Attract Attention

Many calls are being received daily regarding Southern Pacific dollar day excursion rates which start February 15, and are on sale to and including February 22, with a return limit date of March 1. L. L. Graham, district freight and passenger agent of the Southern Pacific, announced Thursday.

Graham stated that already there is a large demand for reservations for the sale dates.

WASH TUBBS



BOOTS AND HER BOOTIES



Birthday Question

HORIZONTAL

- This is the birthday of Abraham
- To deprive.
- Thoughts.
- Eon.
- Pulpit block.
- Stay of proceedings.
- Breakwaters.
- To fail to keep.
- Child.
- Shield-shaped.
- Males.
- Type measure.
- Trivial.
- Therefore.
- To annoy.
- To color fabric.
- Large deer.
- To maintain.
- Dried tubers of orchids.
- Chum.
- A pair.
- Lump.
- Petid.
- A bear.
- Virginia.

VERTICAL

- To harken.
- Structural form peculiar

YESTERDAY'S ANSWER

18 Energy.

19 Eye tumor.

20 Epoch.

21 Every.

22 In what state did Lincoln practice law?

23 To devour.

24 Cuplike cavity.

25 Crowd.

26 Measure.

27 Childish.

28 To shine.

29 Suffix denoting result.

30 Falsehood.

31 Conspired together.

32 To devour.

33 Wife was Lincoln's born?

34 Cuplike cavity.

35 Crowd.

36 Measure.

37 Childish.

38 To shine.

39 Suffix denoting result.

40 Falsehood.

41 Conspired together.

42 Depressions.

43 Empty.

44 Moist.

45 One and one.

46 Seventh note.

47 Second note.

48 Territory of famous address.

49 Withal.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36
37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48
49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60

McAdoo Suggests Tax on Profits Of Bootleggers

WASHINGTON, Feb. 12. (AP) A 100 per cent tax on bootleggers' profits and heavy levy on passports to keep Americans and their money at home was proposed by William McAdoo, former secretary of the treasury, to congressional democratic leaders today. He quoted estimates that the illicit liquor traffic profited by \$1,500,000,000 yearly.

In a letter to Senator Thomas J. Walsh, democrat, Montana, McAdoo outlined a new tax program. He asserted the present generation is paying too much of the public debt, and suggested taxes be increased to meet only 40 per cent of the deficit. The remaining 60 per cent would be funded through issuance of long term government bonds, McAdoo said.

Noted for his strong prohibition views, McAdoo said his bootleggers' levy would "dry up" the wholesale liquor business.

Many Klamath Falls blondes are now dyeing their hair and becoming brunettes, which indicates that even the ladies seem to be going off the gold standard. But maybe they have read these two books, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" and "But They Marry Brunettes."

BRINGING UP FATHER



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



By Blosser