

The Evening Herald

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The Wind-Tester

MAYOR Mahoney sticks a wet finger in the air, tests the direction of the popular winds, and then tries to hoist his sails accordingly.

The trouble with that technique is that it is all so obvious to any open-eyed observer. Particularly so when the winds change and, at the expense of consistency, this political sailor changes direction to stay with them.

Apparently Mayor Mahoney has decided that, with the kind of voters that fall for his style of campaigning, the supreme court isn't so popular just now. So he tells an audience at Eugene he would remove the supreme court from its traditional place in American government and make it secondary to congress.

This snapping of fingers at the constitution and ridiculing the supreme court comes from the same man who, not so long ago, was shouting vociferously hereabouts about constitutional rights, and so on, and it was he who rushed the Knox liquor law to the state supreme court for a constitutional test.

As a matter of fact, the mayor's present passion for the Townsend plan was acquired cautiously and with frequent wind-testing. All of this talk about his early espousal of the Townsend plan ignores the fact that for some time he was endorsing old age pensions "along the line" of the Townsend plan, or qualified in some such way. Even the city council resolution, so often referred to as evidence of the mayor's early-day Townsendism, wasn't for the Townsend plan 100 per cent. Instead, it endorsed the "principles" of the Townsend plan only, and we know a councilman or two who made much of that fact when asked the next day about the resolution, which presumably was prepared by the mayor.

In these days, lots of people like a wild campaigner. They like the spectacle and the thrill of violent, exaggerated talk. But most of them have sense enough to want a fairly reliable and responsible office-holder. In the past, Mr. Mahoney has tried with some success to give them both in himself. But he does so much campaigning that he cannot but expect that people will begin to take the campaign wild man as the genuine Mahoney. He may be regarded as particularly dangerous when the office he seeks is one in which he may avert direct responsibility for keeping the ship on even keel, as is done by all too many in the legislative halls.

Peace Plans

AT this writing, dispatches from Europe indicate that both Mussolini and Haile Selassie may be willing to accept the latest League of Nations peace program.

Notable, of course, is the fact that the League plan would permit Mussolini to keep that part of Ethiopia he has conquered.

It Duce has indicated he will be content with that, Selassie, perhaps getting a little desperate and weary of fighting the modern war machine of the fascists, is ready to accept anything that will call off the dogs and leave him some remnant of his kingdom.

When it is considered that the peace plan does not take the belligerents back to where they started, and gives over to the aggressor that which he has conquered, it is hardly convincing support of the League's claim to the title of fair and competent peace-maker.

Not Entitled to Immunity

Salem Capital Journal

SENATOR BORAH, who is recognized as a constitutional authority declares that a member of congress has no more immunity from arrest than any other citizen.

The constitution says that congress members cannot be arrested during a session, or traveling to and from one, except in cases of "treason, felony and breach of the peace." But Mr. Borah holds that the exceptions cover "all infractions of criminal law" and therefore the only immunity granted is from arrest in civil cases, such as those involving debt—which is obsolete nowadays.

Congressmen have been ruthless in breaking traffic laws at the capital claiming immunity, and policemen have been keeping hands off because of special congressional license tags on their autos, which was the occasion of the Borah assertion. The same logic holds good for members of the legislature, who during a session, break every traffic law in the land and defy the police, who in Salem as in Washington keep hands-off.

Fellowship of Prayer

FRIDAY, March 6: "Blessed are the open-minded, the self-controlled, the eagerly aspiring, and those who are able and willing to get under the load."

To solve our problems in building a better world we must have the right kind of people, the right kind of objectives, the right kind of methods and the patience to endure. We must have the right kind of people. To fail here is to fail completely. To succeed here is to succeed finally. Much of the difficulty comes not from the wickedness of the wicked but from the blindness and from the short-sightedness of the well intentioned. The moral obligation of a Christian is to become intelligent, Jesus' description of the qualities which He regarded as essential is most challenging. According to Mathew's report He put the emphasis upon eight such qualities, four of them personal, four of them more distinctly social. Blessed are the open-minded, the teachable. How difficult it is to win the discipline of the open mind

until one is ready to face the facts and take the consequences! Why should anyone want to believe anything that is false? Blessed are those who are able and willing to get under a real load. Blessed are the eagerly ambitious. The real satisfactions belong to those who are never wholly satisfied. Blessed are the self-controlled. "Meekness is the best side of a man under provocation, maintaining itself in the best mood and so controlling all men."

Prayer: Oh God, we pray for the Church of Christ set in the midst of the perplexities of this rapidly changing order. We pray that we who bear the name of Christ may be able to enter into His spirit or may permit His spirit to enter into us until we share His outlook upon the world. His compassionate understanding of men, especially of those who have lost the way. May the joy of the Lord become the strength of life to us. Amen. Read Romans 16:1-16.

SIDE GLANCES—by George Clark



"Surely SOMETHING must have gone on at the office today. You people don't just sit there without saying a word to each other."

WASHINGTON

NEWS BEHIND THE NEWS

The Inside Story From The Capital

By PAUL MALLON

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WASHINGTON, March 6.—The quiet little game of congressional leaders now is to provide President Roosevelt's corporation reform taxes with what may be more or less seriously called "safeguards."

Mr. Roosevelt failed to mention any of these in his message, but, of course, they are necessary. One eminent house leader suggested a flat \$500,000 exemption before the sound of the reading clerk's voice had died down. An equally prominent senator pointed out that such-and-such additional exemptions were advisable. There will be many more of these before and if the corporate phase of the bill is enacted.

Consequently all the present excitement as to the effects of the reform appear to be premature. The proof of the pudding will be in the making and eating thereof, and not in the recipe which the White House submitted. The real effect will not be the tax, but in the exemptions.

That matter is being taken care of with a smoothness and celerity which suggests mutual consent, if not pre-arrangement. Note—There are two accepted congressional methods of killing a White House suggestion with which the leaders are not personally in sympathy. One is to fight it, and the other is to smother it with affection, to safeguard it to death. The latter method is always less painful in a campaign year.

HUMOR
Mr. Roosevelt's smile was as wide as a watermelon rind when he sent his tax message to congress. In fact, one of the reasons why he did not go up to read it himself is supposed to be that he could not trust himself to keep from laughing.

The inner mirth was widespread. Some of the New Deal tax reform experts fell out of their chairs chuckling. The reason for all the merriment was this: Here was Mr. Roosevelt, who tried last year to tax bigness, and congress turned him down. Here was a congress passing a bonus bill and the supreme court knocking out a processing tax, both over his objections. So what does he do but disguise his old bigness-tax idea as a needed revenue correction and ship it back up to congress as almost a routine suggestion!

Everyone except the congressmen could see the joke.

EXCUSE
Congress and Wall street may have been a little confused about Mr. Roosevelt's purpose, but any

tax expert could see through it. What they generally saw was this: Mr. Roosevelt took a bad enforcement defect to start with. Several rich people are escaping high surtax rates by having their corporations accumulate undivided profits. Everyone is against that. Vice-president Garner, who is not exactly a brain trust, campaigned against it for years. He wrote several restrictions into tax laws designed to correct the situation, but all have been ineffective.

Upon that technical defect, Mr. Roosevelt built a new and bigger idea. He proposed to plug the loophole with a whole new system of corporate taxes. He would force all corporations to distribute all their earnings hereafter and then get his tax revenue out of the stockholders who receive the earnings.

It is essentially the same fundamental attack on bigness as represented in the Frankfurter-Brandels tax philosophy. That is as large a peg as has ever been offered for a minor loophole.

MORALS
It was hardly an oversight that Mr. Roosevelt neglected to go into the moral benefits of such a tax. Those of his advisers who know what moral benefits were considered, and who favor them, outline them something like this: The control of corporations "would be moved from Wall street to Main street." Executives would have to rely on stockholders for their capital market. The stockholders would get all the net earnings in dividends and thus the executives would have to come to the stockholders to raise money for consolidations, plant expansions, increasing their own salaries, etc.

Thus it would decentralize control of business, would put a straitjacket on the existing size.

WOOLIES
No one ever contended that Wall street is logical. No one will, after the market went up on the basis of the new tax program. Woolly thinkers up there jumped to the conclusion that a distribution of all corporate earnings would increase the value of stocks. It would, but not under Mr. Roosevelt's program.

The fundamental fact is that Mr. Roosevelt proposed to tax \$620,000,000 a year more out of corporate earnings. Anyone can see upon reflection that his program would actually depreciate the real worth of corporate stocks by that amount.

The price of stocks is supposed to be based on net worth. This means reserves as well as earnings and dividends. To distribute all the earnings does not change the material value of the corporation. Instead, the distribution weakens the financial position of the corporation, and the additional taxes makes its stock worth that much less.

Now Playing
RIP-ROARING ROMANCE!

Thriller Laughter
Clarence E. Mulford's "Hop-along Cassidy"

BAR 20 RIDES AGAIN

WILLIAM BOYD JIMMY HANSEN RAY KOTTER

ALSO
ODDITY, COMEDY
SONG AND NEWS

V25X

The Country Doctor

A Serial Story Based on the Motion Picture by the Same Name and Starring the Dionne Quintuplets



BEGIN HERE TODAY
DR. JOHN LUKE, country doctor in the little north woods settlement of Moosetown, receives an emergency call. In the lumber mill when MIKE SCANLAN, lumberman, is crushed under a fallen log. Both of Mike's legs are seriously injured.

NURSE KENNEDY assists the doctor as Mike walls, "I don't wanta live if you cut my legs off!"

Moosetown is in a state of excitement because the "season's work at the mill is ending. Next day the last boat south will depart, taking the crew of lumbermen home for the winter.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY
CHAPTER II
MIKE SCANLAN didn't die. Nor did he lose the sturdy legs that had meant a living. It was itself, to him. Dr. Luke's practiced and sensitive fingers served for X-ray, and Mike was soon encased in two mummy-like casts up to the hips. Far into the night worked Dr. Luke, to get Mike comfortably installed in his boarding house.

To soften the blow of missing the morrow's boat and the dreary prospect of long months in bed instead, there was the promise of a small radio. What if Mike's pay for the season was scarcely enough to pay for his board and keep for the winter, let alone pay Dr. Luke for saving his life and his legs? The radio would be there anyway. Dr. Luke would be the only one who could tell you how it got there. But it's not likely that he would.

So by the following day, Mike Scanlan was as happy as a man with both legs in casts can be. He could hear the steamer whistle echoing across the hills. For the river boat, "North Star," waits for no man when she sails from Moosetown on her last trip in autumn to the southland. She dares not wait. Soon, all too soon, the winter descends, and Moosetown is isolated, the waters frozen, the roads well-nigh impassable except for sleighs and dog-teams.

The "North Star's" whistle drew to the boat-landing everybody who could walk at all. Three or four lumbermen on deck, all a little drunk, were working away at barroom harmony that was less accurate than heartfelt. Cateails, whistles and boos greeted the effort.

Constable Ogden was there, his jaw doubly swollen by the recent tooth extraction and a fresh quid of "plug." He had a couple of Indians in tow with claims against one of the lumbermen leaning on the boat. Dr. Luke and Nurse Kennedy, intent on placing last-minute orders for precious medical supplies, were at the purser's window.

"Bring us back some aspirin," reminded Nurse Kennedy, running her finger down a long list. "How much?" inquired the purser.

"About a bushel."
"And iodine..."
"How much?"
"About a gallon..."
A lumberman elbowed his way up to Dr. Luke.

"I was looking for you, Doc. Wanted to pay you."
Down into breeches pocket went a griny hand, emerging with several greasy bills, and a handful of small silver.

"Five-sixty, five, eighty-five, five-ninety-five, six!" he counted as the coins dropped.

"That all you got, son?" inquired Dr. Luke, with a wry smile.

The youth grinned. "Just made it, didn't I Doc?" he commented.

With a furtive look about him, Dr. Luke pressed the money quickly into the grimy hand. "Keep it," he whispered. "You'll need it 'outside.' Pay me next year." And suddenly the doctor had vanished into the crowd, leaving behind him an embarrassed youngster with a fistful of coins.

Soon, however, Dr. Luke was back at the purser's window. The last opportunity to make sure of precious medical supplies was too important to overlook a single bet. The whistle was blowing again in final warning as the purser chirped, "Anything else, Doc?"

"I guess that's all," speculated Dr. Luke. "Oh, yes, a pair of baby scales." He grinned in a mocking, grumbling manner. "More government stuff—as if I couldn't weigh a baby in my hands! Shucks! Let 'em go this time. I'll get 'em next year. So long, George. Have a nice winter!"

"Got enough detective stories till spring?"

"I guess so. Everybody left me something, detective stories, movie magazines, those confounding things. If they ever give out—well, I can always read Pickwick Papers again!"

A chorus of good-natured hoots from the roistering lumbermen on deck drew their attention.

"Hey, papa!"
"Come on, stork!"
"Run out o' names yet?"

So the banter ran as a worried little man, anxious, humorless and disgraced, came loping down to the gang-plank.

"Look who's coming again," noted Nurse Kennedy, meaningly. "It's Asa Wyatt! Looks to me as though you're going to need those baby scales sooner than you expected!"

Asa Wyatt, whose brood of youngsters, regularly augmented, had become a sort of symbol even in a region where babies were part of the annual routine, came hurriedly aboard, calling, "Doc! Hey, Doc!"

Nurse Kennedy turned to Dr. Luke resignedly. "Well, I guess it's another Wyatt!" she said quietly.

"Impossible!" spluttered the doctor. "Too soon!"

"Not for her!" said Nurse Kennedy firmly.

"Can you come now, Doc, right away?" implored Wyatt.

"Sure, sure, let's go!" reassured the doctor. And nurse, doctor and the distraught Wyatt descended the gangplank, to a chorus of catcalls and good-natured comment from the lumbermen on deck.

Dr. Luke leaned toward Asa with quick reassurance. He whispered, "Don't let anybody think they can tease you about babies, Asa. It's good to have babies, plenty of 'em. Nothing sweeter in life than babies, and don't you forget it!"

But even as they stood at the gangplank, there was a new diver-

sion. Elbowing through the crowd, his face set and grim, came MacKenzie. Without a word he pushed his way up the gangplank and into the cabin of the "North Star." Men fell silent, the rough jokes and songs stopped, as he passed. There were few who in their hearts did not fear MacKenzie.

"Whoever he's after, brother, I'm sorry for him!" whispered one.

"Yeh! I remember there was a fellow last fall... Holy Mackerel, it's his daughter!"

The grim-faced MacKenzie was just emerging from the cabin and descending the gangplank, looking neither to right nor left. Behind him, her face averted in shame, her slender wrist locked in MacKenzie's hairy fist, came his daughter, Mary. A suitcase swung in her free hand.

The girl, her eyes glancing with tears, revealed all the fresh loveliness that is a part of youth. She was obviously still in her teens. She hurried with uneven steps to keep pace with her father's furious strides.

Dead silence fell over the crowd on deck and on the dock, adding to the shame that colored her down-cast face. The story was as plain as if written out for all to read. She had clearly been trying to leave Moosetown and her father, on the last boat of the season to the "outside."

Dr. Luke, Nurse Kennedy, and Asa Wyatt stood still as father and daughter passed. The harshness with which MacKenzie treated his daughter were more than a legend in Moosetown. The eyes of Dr. Luke and the nurse were cold as father and daughter passed them.

"The big gorilla!" whispered the nurse.

"He's a rough, hard man," meditated Dr. Luke, almost to himself, and as though he were thinking of something else.

"He doesn't have to be so tough on his own kid!" returned the nurse indignantly.

The "North Star" gave a last hoarse whistle, echoing across the river and back from the dark spruce woods that line the shore.

Har ropes, holding her to the river wharf, were slipped from the piling, and slowly the boat edged out into the stream, on her way back to civilization. Already at her prow there was a faint crunching sound as thin sheets of ice, like cardboard, crumpled in her path.

(To Be Continued)

Four-H News

HENLEY, Ore.—The Henley "Will Be Cook" held a meeting March 2. It was called by our president, Maxine Mayfield. The minutes were read by the secretary. She also called the roll.

It was announced that four of our members have finished their lessons. They were Shirley Fairclough, Margaret Murphy, Wilma Graham and Mary Jane Manning.

The 114 basketball players will come over Friday, March 6. It was planned that the cooking club should have a home-made candy sale at this time.

As soon as the weather permits the club will have a hike.

LOUISE BAILEY.

Sixty-five per cent of the manufactured products used in Argentina are imported from other countries.

ENDS TODAY

LIONEL Barrymore

In The Voice of Bugle Ann

PELICAN

Starts TOMORROW

When it's forty below and there's nothing but snow, that's where the WEST begins!

Out where the whiskers grow just a little bigger
Out where the he-men are faster on the trigger
Out where there's gold awaitin' for the digger
That's where the WEST begins!

See the spell of the Yukon
MAE WEST
"KLONDIKE ANNIE"

With that Big Bold Sea Dog
VICTOR M'LAGLEN

A Paramount Picture directed by Raoul Walsh
Another PARAMOUNT Best Picture of the Month

NOTE CHILDREN UNDER 16 WILL NOT BE ADMITTED

BREVITY AND SPORT PINE TREE NEWS AND MAGIC CARPET

Coming Sunday

Reunited in a charming story...so modern it might happen to you!

Marlene DIETRICH
Gary COOPER

Desire

JOHN HALLIDAY
WILLIAM FRAWLEY
ERNEST COSSART
Directed by Frank Borzage

Children under 16 positively not admitted

PINE TREE

MUST END SATURDAY

IT TAKES A LITTLE BOY TO PROVE THAT A HEART REALLY BEATS IN THE BREAST OF THE HARDEST MAN ON EARTH — THE "SOLDIER FOR HIRE"

VICTOR M'LAGLEN
FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW

Professional SOLDIER

ADDED
Charlie Chase Comedy
Benny Rubin Act
Latest News

PINE TREE