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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF KLAMATH FALLS

"Let us have faith that right makes might, and
 in that faith let us to the end dare to do our
 duty as we understand it"—Abraham Lincoln

FRANCE AND HER DEBT

America realizes that she is depicted as a money-grabbing Shylock by the press of Europe, particularly in France, all because we furnished the financial sinews of war in the early stages—even more needed than manpower in that crisis. France is bitterly unfair to this nation in her attempt to evade payment of principal or interest. The three billions we lent France came out of the pockets of our people in liberty loan subscriptions. But we did not stop there. We sent the flower of our young manhood to France, many never to return.

France believes that her tremendous losses in the war should cancel her loan. But in what way were we responsible for these losses? And were we not to a large extent responsible for the fact that they were not greater and that France is not a vassal nation today, ground under the heel of Germany?

It is not that America seeks to embarrass France financially. The war has been ended for more than six years and we have never pressed France for a penny of principal or interest.

It is not that France cannot afford to pay. America would have been satisfied with a fraction of the millions being poured into the French air service annually—millions which have made France the leading power in the world in the air.

The question should not be discussed with rancor. America has every sympathy for her valorous ally. America wishes to do nothing which will retard reconstruction in France or work a hardship on the French people. But justice demands that terms for settlement be agreed upon. Unless satisfactory liquidation is determined on, French credit will be permanently impaired and the franc will never reach par.

TYPICALLY AMERICAN

The annual report of the American Telephone and Telegraph company is always interesting reading because it is a record of achievement which is typically American. It is a democratic institution with uniform and universal service. Fifty years after the first words were transmitted by telephone, 15,906,550 telephone stations in the Bell system are serving some 110,000,000 people.

Rich and poor alike use the telephone. Service to the most isolated farm is the same as that rendered to the finest mansion in New York city. In both instances it is possible for each station to talk with any one of the other 15,906,550 stations. The average telephone user has no conception of the value of equipment at his disposal when he has the power to connect up with 15,906,550 other telephones. It is an inspiration to review the fact that one man and a few friends made such a service possible. They had the courage of their convictions and put up the money to back their ideas. The average banker and investor thought they were crazy. They, however, laid the foundation for the greatest telephone service in the world. Today it is owned by the people of this nation, as it has a total of 345,466 stockholders, which number is increasing at a present rate of over 60,000 a year.

Among the more recent telephone accomplishments are ship to shore wireless conversations, trans-oceanic radio telephoning, broadcasting of a presidential message to the whole nation, and photographs sent by telephone circuit almost instantaneously.

While the rest of the world is astounded by the American telephone system, we take it as an everyday matter the same as we drink a glass of water.

If some of our Jackson county boosters would develop the same ability in passing a ball that they have in passing the buck, we could have a basketball team that would make national champions look like amateurs.—Gold Hill News.

Before a doctor can put you on a diet, he must know what you like best.—Newark Star Eagle.

The Season's Greatest Novel of Marriage

"The Golden Bed"

By WALLACE IRWIN

Produced as a Paramount picture by CECIL B. DEMLLE from a screen adaptation by Jeanie Marpherson with Rod LaRocque, Vera Reynolds, Lillian Rich, Warner Baxter, Theodore Kosloff and Julia Faye in featured roles.

(Copyright, 1924, by Famous Players-Lasky Corp.)

THIRTY-EIGHTH INSTALLMENT

He reflected on this, saying nothing. The Junior Street tenements had been empty since the City condemned them a year before. What was her game? She caught his glance and lowered her eyes before resuming the stilted monologue: "It's dingy, isn't it? I should think you'd have the factory all surrounded with flowerbeds and statues of Ceres. She's the goddess of hayrakes, you know."

"Did you come to see me?" he asked bluntly.

"Are you in an awful hurry?" she counter-questioned, looking at him with blank, smiling eyes. "If you aren't, I'd so love to drive around a spell."

"Fine!" He had several hours to waste before he could see Flora Lee again.

Saying little, they took their way through shabby streets, past Bradbury Downs and out toward the autumnal acres of River Park. Once in the woodlands he slowed his car, enjoying the bright color of maples, rich red and orange like the folds of a Paisley shawl.

"I did want to talk to you," she admitted at last, turning him from his dream.

"What's been troubling you lately, Margaret?"

"Have I been silly?" she asked. "I didn't mean to be. Things get on my nerves."

"I've been thinking," he said, "you oughtn't to plug so hard on those darned drawings—excuse me, Margaret. They're right pretty—but why don't you take a lay-off?"

"What else have I got to do?" It was one of the few complaints he had ever heard from her lips. "Admah," she tried again after a pause. "I don't think I know exactly what to say. Maybe it ought to be sort of poetical, the way you've laid the stones and all piling up a tower. You want to build it high and reach up—"

"What for?" He was impressed by her changed tone.

"So you can hold a star in your hands, I think."

"Shucks," he muttered, embarrassed. "That's just what I don't want to do—shucks," she said softly. "Your work mustn't turn to shucks—food for pigs—the way ours has done. We're down where we deserve to be because we couldn't or wouldn't fight for what we had. But you've fought every inch of the way, Admah. That's what's fine about you. And—there isn't a fighting bone left in the Peakes."

"Seems to me you've been putting up a mighty good scrap," he replied, strangely touched.

"I'm trying to learn what we've forgotten," she admitted, "and it's the best thing that could happen to me. But it's about you that I want to talk."

She looked pensively down, ordering her thoughts into speaking form, then—"You mustn't spoil your life."

"How?" With the question he let his engine stall. Everything seemed to stand still as he regarded this girl with a mind so strangely burdened.

"Monkey-thoughts and dirty little shadows and imitation rainbows. When you get to playing with them you're gone. You've got to be yourself, Admah. If you'll take care of what you've got—I don't mean the money, so much as the character—you're bound to do a lot for yourself and the world you live in. There!"

"You think I'm in wrong some way. Some sort of danger?" He ventured this as Alexander might have done before the oracle's thin vapors.

"You told me about a girl you once admired. A girl on Dutch Hill."

"Mabel Stek," he supplied.

"What would have happened—suppose you'd been a little older and getting on with your work—what would have happened if you'd married her?"

"I'd have gone to hell in a hurry—excuse me."

"I didn't know her," said Margaret in a thread of her voice. "But I knew—I know that the man who married her went to hell in a hurry. He was very fine, Admah, but that's what she did to him. And can't you see?"

Her words fell away, and when he looked at her he was surprised at the hurt in her eyes.

"I can't see you go like that, Admah!" she cried suddenly and clutched his sleeve as if to save him from some

demented act. It was full a minute before he gathered his wits and asked the direct question:

"Margaret, is it Flora Lee you mean?"

"I know I'm disloyal." His face was set stonily on the road ahead.

"Then you do mean Flora Lee," he decided gruffly.

"You mustn't!" She spoke rapidly now like one possessed by another's spirit, compelling speech. "She's never touched any man's life without ruining it. Look at poor Huntie O'Neill—he was a good, clean boy when she first got hold of him. Look at half a dozen others—maybe they weren't worth her trouble, but she spoiled them just the same. And Sam Plar."

He would have interrupted her, but she shook her head impatiently and hurried on with her condemnation:

"You mustn't want her. You mustn't love her. It's not her fault that she is the way she is. It's our rotten blood."

What am I saying? Admah. . .

Again she was motionless, staring, and out of the silence he heard himself clear his throat and ask:

"What is it you want me to do, Margaret?"

"I want you to tell me the truth. Do you intend to marry Flora Lee?"

He waited an instant to control his voice, but when it came his reply was unusually calm.

"No, Margaret. I wouldn't even ask her. I'm not quite a damn fool."

"I'm glad," she whispered, then crumpled against the cushions and began to cry.

CHAPTER 61

On Halloween night the dinner was set for half past eight, an hour which Admah seemed just another practical joke on that night of pranks. But she had called it chic. That settled it unquestionably, so it was arranged that his guests should begin their *hors d'oeuvres* at about the time Dutch Hill was going to bed. After his visit to the barber shop Admah had a bowl of tomato soup and two mutton chops in the Hamilton grill. This was treason, but the food strengthened him for the evening's trials.

At eight he killed his headache with a fizzy sedative at a soda fountain. Then he went up to the ballroom and peered in. It had been transformed into a big, gaudy restaurant with plenty of floor space in the center. On a dais, under a canopy of blue grapes and autumn leaves Rosengarten's Saxophone Eight—which Flora Lee had wheeled him into importing from St. Louis—were tuning up their terrible silvery noise-machines. The chandeliers were covered with gigantic orange lanterns which resembled either pumpkins or harvest moons; Admah couldn't decide which. Pink and purple cosmos, on stalks as tall as young trees, were banded around the room.

It should have been a great night for Admah Holtz. On his account the haughty Sycamore Club had seen its annual dinner shrink to a very minor affair. An emperor's room had been decked for him; and wasn't it a delight to know that the town was coming to do him honor—the town that had kicked him from gutter to alley less than twenty years before?

But all the time the question rang like a cracked bell through his brain: What am I doing here? What's it all about? Aren't these fine people coming to please Flora Lee, who belongs, when I don't?

To add to his depression a boy brought up his mail, and he found several belated regrets. They were from elder and more solid Satsunas, those whom Flora Lee called the Dull Set. An epidemic of bad colds had broken out in the Dull Set. He was cheered a little when Mr. Browne Folsom, manager of the hotel, came up rubbing his hands: "Looks pretty nice, hey, Mr. Holtz? Biggest private dinner we've given since Lord Mackintosh came here with his polo team. Now about the drinks. I've got a sideboard fixed in the Red Room—with one of those signalling looks we have learned since alcohol became illegal, hence universal."

The Marquesa fixed it with the Chief, so you can go as far as you like. Wonderful little woman, Mr. Holtz."

Admah opened another note.

"Dear Admah," he read in Margaret's clever hand, "I was going to come, but I find I just can't. I'm working like fury on an extra job. But that isn't my excuse. I hope your party will be a big success, if that's what you want."

"What I want," he echoed vaguely. "What in hell does she think I want? I wish she could tell me."

CHAPTER 62

He had an impression of all sorts of hands popping out to shake his, delicate, tapering things some of them, jeweled fingers and a cold, reluctant clasp. He had an impression of Flora Lee in a gown of pale rose like a flamingo's wing. She developed a terrible energy and pulled him from place to place to shake more meaningless hands. He had an impression of jumbled people talking faster and faster, an impression of intimate, chubby boys shot under his nose or over his head, and of a comic fat boy trying to make him drink with everyone he met; then an impression of Flora Lee, entering a group of men, laughing shrilly, exchanging funny insults, kissing an old fellow on his bald spot.

That shocked Admah, but only vaguely. The Atrébryns came in. He joined them in a cocktail, one too many, and had an impression of Mr. Canfield's rancid smile.

Admah wandered about a great deal, holding a fixed expression until his jaws stiffened with it. Somehow separate from his guests, he was amused to think of himself as the proprietor of Hersinger's, passing from table to table to see that everybody was being properly served. While young Satsuna drank up his cocktails, refusing to dine while the drinks lasted, their host found himself stranded in corners or walking briskly from group to group, his eyes glassy-bright in pretense of recognizing a newcomer. . . .

Vaguely at his shoulder he heard voices in discussion—it was at the door of the Red Room where the crowd was thickest. . . .

... and everybody who's been to Paris has heard about Savarac . . . when he gives a lady a tea-party or a pleasant talk. . . . And when he went to Spain to dodge the War he went right on . . . greatest collector in Europe. . . .

"Tea-hee!" . . . a tenor voice responding. . . . "Collector is good. . . . I notice she hasn't bragged about him since she first got home from Spain. . . ."

Admah turned suddenly to see two men, a tall one and a short one, flushed with amusing gossip. At sight of him they checked their mirth, as by tact consent, and strove away into the Red Room. . . . They hadn't wanted him to hear. Savarac. . . . They'd been talking about Flora Lee. . . .

When at last the crowd began moving toward the tables and the saxophones struck up a diabolical blare he saw her coming toward him through the press; and because he could no longer feel surprise he was only mildly interested to note that she was leaning on the arm of Huntie O'Neill.

O'Neill. . . . He was just another face, another item in the puzzle. Quite impersonally Admah studied his thickening brows and sudden eyes. "He was a good, clean boy when she first got hold of him," . . . plainly he remembered Margaret's criticism. Shucks, thought Admah, and decided that Margaret was wrong. Flora Lee hadn't done this thing to O'Neill. Nobody had. Only God who seems to mould so much useless bric-a-brac. . . . Why had he made O'Neill and so many more like him, to clutter up and go to a devil who, as an economist, must resent such inferior fuel. . . . And who was this Savarac they'd been tittering about in a corner?

Then came Flora Lee's sweet voice at his elbow, and as her slim, naked arm led Hunter O'Neill it was plain to see that the fellow liked it. He was actually smiling!

"You know Huntie, don't you?" she asked quite casually. The saxophones became urgently noisy and she fell into O'Neill's ready arms. "We're at the big table, Admah," she called out, her little feet already twinkling to the music.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FOR the KIDDIE

The Adventures of Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy

By JOHNNY GRUELLE

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"Gilly Imp and the Bugaboo wanted to capture Ann and me and take our candy hearts!" Raggedy Ann and Grampy Hoppytoad, after running a long way and ping to rest. "But as soon as I told the bugaboo we not have a candy heart, he began fighting Gilly Imp and we escaped!" "I'm glad you did!" Grampy Hoppytoad. "I know where we can have lots of fun and it isn't here, either!" "Then, if you are rested, let us have some fun, Grampy Hoppytoad!" Raggedy Ann.

So the three friends went under some bushes, another path through the woods and followed it a way. Then Grampy Hoppytoad stopped and scratched his head and looked all about.

"We are on the wrong path!" Raggedy Ann they were lost, because then she knew they might adventure much sooner, but she did not say it, for the woods they heard some one crying "Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" So they ran to see what was the trouble. As they bend in the path they came to a great, big, large giant and he was crying, "Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"



"Why do you sit so loudly, Mr. Giant?" so loudly, Mr. Giant. Ann asked as she came up to him. "Because," replied, "As I was store to buy a lot of orphan children for stung me right upon Raggedy Ann looked reproachfully and said, "Well, Mr. Giant, going to eat a lot of orphan children for it served you right for you on your heel!"

"Dear me, Raggedy Ann!" the giant said, "cry. "Did I really say that?" "That is just what Raggedy Andy told the giant."

"Well," the giant cried, "that wasn't what I meant to say, that I was going to the grocery to buy for some nice little orphan children! That's what I keep all the nice little orphan children at my heels they haven't any mamas and daddies. And we have lots of fun, too!"

"We are glad to hear this!" Raggedy Ann thought at first you were a mean giant who ate children!" So Raggedy Ann pulled the bee sting from her heel and made him feel very much better.

"Giants do not eat little children!" the giant wished I could catch the person who first started a big fib! Giants are just as nice as little people—much larger hearts! Just then, the bugaboo and came running up and caught hold of Raggedy Ann and one pulled one way and one pulled the other and Ann could feel the stitches in her dress rip.

"Now, you stop!" she cried. "We want a heart!" the two mean little creatures cried, in their not even seeing the giant sitting there watching.

Raggedy Andy gave Gilly Imp a great push, gave the bugaboo a great push which sent them flying. "Now we shall both fight you!" Gilly Imp and aboo cried as they rushed at Raggedy Andy. But Raggedy Andy stooped down and picked up Gilly Imp in one hand, bugaboo in the other and bumped their heads together.

"Now, I spect after this you will let my friend Ann alone!" the giant said as he opened his mouth and pretended he was about to bite the two mean little creatures.

"Please let them go, Mr. Giant!" Raggedy Ann the giant put the two mean little creatures down on the ground and gave them each a "snip" with his finger sent them head over heels.

"Now we will go to the grocery!" the giant picked up the Raggedys and Grampy Hoppytoad and on the rim of his hat. And it was fun riding that way as the giant walked along towards the grocery.

(More about the Raggedys tomorrow.)

Girls Will Be Girls

