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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

DISTRIBUTING REAL MONEY

The Burgess Battery company at Madison, Wis., recently paid its 1400 employees their full regular two weeks' payroll of \$72,000, in new silver dollars. The banks and stores of Madison saw more silver in the next two days than they had seen in years before, for silver of dollar size has been almost unknown.

If silver is a good circulating medium, the Burgess company has taken the right means to Secretary Mellon's money plan into service. When John Sherran said that the way to resume specie payment is "to resume," he proclaimed a fact so old and so common place that financiers and statesmen had overlooked it. That is the case now; the way to use silver is to use it, and the business of silver mining will come back to par.

Though silver has not reached a satisfactory price, this year promises to be a better silver year than 1924. Silver is still the world's choice for hard money; the silverless nations promise to take more for coinage this year than during the past few years. Lead, copper, and zinc, the metals with which silver is almost invariably found, will be benefited by a greater use of silver.

ELIMINATING INVESTMENT RISKS

A. P. Giannini, president of the Bancitaly corporation, the affairs of which company are conducted along the line of a conservative English investment trust, makes an interesting statement about this type of business.

"These trusts are much like banks, except that they deal entirely in securities, rather than liquid capital. They buy stocks or bonds in any part of the world, after a most careful investigation. They expect to make a business profit on their investments, as well as to receive an income. The income received comes from interest and dividends collected on securities owned, and from profits made by buying either stocks or bonds which their investigations show to be selling below intrinsic value.

"The investor who owns the stock of an investment trust holds only one security, but that one certificate represents an interest in many securities purchased after careful investigation. It represents an interest in a fund which is managed along the most approved lines."

This is one way to beat the unscrupulous stock salesman who robs the smaller investors of the United States of hundreds of millions annually.

WILL YOUR BUSINESS BE NEXT?

Last year, 13 states had no gasoline tax; this year, only one is left that has not passed or up to March first was not considering a gas tax law. Arkansas had a 4-cent tax last year, the highest of all; this year, four have decided on a 4-cent tax, and four have made it five cents. Only New York sticks to the 1-cent tax; all the others are from 2 cents upwards. The amount collected last year was \$76,618,851; using the same amount of gas, the states under the new laws may expect to collect \$198,985,138.

Taxes must be paid to support governments but special taxation and unequal taxation has for centuries been a curse to, and a destroyer of many governments.

The Standard Oil company of California has made an open and above board fight against the constantly increasing gas tax, as a matter of principle, not because the tax hurts the Standard Oil company, for it is simply transferred to the public with each gallon of gas sold, but because the system of special taxation is unsound and unless curbed, will gradually be extended from one business to another.

Hereafter the airplane will be the chief factor in anything in the war line that may come up. A whole lot of people are yet afflicted with the war mania and it seems

The Season's Greatest Novel of Marriage

"The Golden Bed"

By WALLACE IRWIN

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

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

THEY WENT TO THE BALL

Flora Lee, a girl, several couples invited to a ball. She stood looking on in amazement. Then she calmed down to remember that people were there to dance, and not to stand around asking questions about the woman who collected beauty and compromised women with tea-parties and pleasant looks. Admah sniffed out, coming back with the thought that she might have asked Flora Lee to dance. That was the trouble with him, he decided, always a lap behind with his society stuff. He'd taken a half a dozen lessons in the latest dance or so the teacher had told him; but the sight of so many people, all going at once, had a confusing effect.

Finally, by dint of much dodging, he got across to the big table, which was too near the fragrant orchestra. He took a look at the decorations and declared them rich with it. A pile of artificial pumpkins and real live corn supported a great possum of dabbles. Careless of the fact that he had lost his name, and not to his plate another marked "Margaret de San Pitar." That was the recompense for all his trouble. In a sudden rush of vanity he forgot the name he had overheard, so he hastily exclaimed, in the Red Room doorway.

In some dignity he waited for the dance to finish. It was a long one and had many changes. Soup cooled in the plates. They certainly didn't come here to eat, thought Admah, peering round the table; a beloved, rather narrow lady, was seated at a place four beyond him. He recognized Mrs. Eustone, the still undeviated village gossip. There was something about her small, protruding eyes that reminded him of a beetle, and the thought came. She'd know about savarac. But their conversation was unusually amiable.

"What a lively dance!" she exclaimed at him. "The glad you like it," said Admah. He had used that formula at Hersinger's when people complimented his soda. "Don't you over?" she begged. Poor thing, she and Admah were in the same boat!

"Like to try this one with me!" he suggested softly. In an instant she was pressed firmly against his waistcoat. The saxophone, which had been comparatively quiet, whined mockingly. He stood interlocked with Mrs. Eustone, wondering, like the centipede, which foot came after which. Finally, deciding fate, he capered toward the center of the floor. "Oh-h-h!" It was a wretched, smothered sound. His foot had come heavily down on one of Mrs. Eustone's rather prominent satin slippers.

"I'm sorry as I can be," he groveled. "I sort of thought I knew this piece." "Oh, you do?" cried Mrs. Eustone, a helpless cripple. "It's all my fault, Mr. Holtz. I never could learn these dreadful things."

After this expression of feminine civility she was led back to the main table. Both slipped water until the others returned.

CHAPTER 43

"Admah, you dear!" whispered Flora Lee in one of those rare intervals when the saxophones were resting and the seats were all filled at the big round table. Her tone and her little caressing word gave him such joy that he would have hired the Hamilton ballroom every night had she suggested it.

"I'm glad you like it," he mumbled, and she laughed recklessly; bright color was showing on her cheeks.

"How could I help liking it?" she whispered. "Think of what a mortgage the old Sycamore must be tonight! Did you notice?" Her eyes pointed out Hunter O'Neill for whom she had found a place a few chairs away. "Well, here's to us!" she raised a glass of the saucer which her boot-lugger had furnished at champagne prices.

Admah drank with her and was more than satisfied. A glance around the table assured him that Flora Lee had done well. On her left she had seated Ferris Crowell, a young gentleman who had entered politics equipped with an hereditary thirst and a passion for public speaking. Mrs. Eustone had been honored in order to still her dangerous tongue. Col. Atterbury and his wife represented stability; Connie Platt, was always charming, drunk or sober. As the evening faded noisily

toward midnight and scattered couples ate scattered desserts the host began to feel that the party was worth his while. Flora Lee a little hand-pot under the table had wrought that change in him. The Atterburys went home early, as did many of the older generation. Again Admah's hand was thrust out to meet other hands while complimentary voices hummed like bees. When these more responsible citizens had withdrawn newer and wilder satsums flowed in to fill the gaps around the table. Everybody danced with everybody—except Admah and Mrs. Eustone. They had moved over and were sitting side by side, as for mutual warmth.

Finally he became aware that the boot-lugger's saucer had poisoned him mildly, bringing on coma. Shaking off his drowsiness he envied O'Neill who had shamelessly gone to sleep in his chair. Couples came and went. They grew familiar with him, slapping him on the back and declaring that he was the life of the party. Then suddenly the orchestra stopped as though its mad musicians, overstrained with effort, had fainted simultaneously.

The impressive Mr. Crowell arose and tapped his water glass with a spoon. Something was to happen. Something important.

"One minute!" The room, which had been filled with bawlings and discords, became still. A speech impended. Admah hated speeches and his head was beginning to ache again. "Ladies and gentlemen!" belled the electionary voice. "I want to propose a toast. A gentleman who has arisen in our midst to be a giant among men and to adorn our fair city with the fruits of his genius and farightedness. Who has caused the flapping wheels of industry to turn again and—er—prosperous unfold. A gentleman who, like another Medici—er—Florence has gathered to himself the good things of this world in order that the arts may be glorified and that our fair city may be second to none in the land. A gentleman, sir, whom it is a privilege to know, an honor to call friend. Tonight, ladies and gentlemen, it is my privilege to raise this brimming glass—"

"The noise would be labeled 'Holtz!'" "Admah!" For he's a jolly good fellow. All this was going on at once and some stout fellow was struggling to shove Admah to his feet. "Get up!" a voice was commanding to his ear. Admah had half raised his clumsy body, a puzzled impulse to obey, when two slim, naked arms, developing astonishing strength, went across his shoulders, forcing him back in his seat.

He looked up stupidly and saw that Flora Lee was on her feet, her eyes flaming against Ferris Crowell's forbidding glare. "Admah, you dear!" she whispered. "I'm sorry as I can be," he groveled. "I sort of thought I knew this piece." "Oh, you do?" cried Mrs. Eustone, a helpless cripple. "It's all my fault, Mr. Holtz. I never could learn these dreadful things."

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him, groping for his hand, already weary of shaking. People pounded him on the back and made a great to-do about happiness. Little Helle Hellingrull rolled her kind brown eyes and thought it had been in the air. Mrs. Eustone jumped at him with a kiss, a sisterly peck. She hoped Flora Lee wouldn't mind. They were such friends.

So that was the situation. For some reason or other they were engaged. The thing he had never dared to consider had come about effortlessly, the goddess of his timid adoration having arisen in pulchre and dropped her hands in his lap. It can't be real, he thought, and again the only voice in his ear whispered, What's it all about?

Everybody was kissing Flora Lee. They had forced the happy couple together, closing around them. . . . Then when she had passed her arm through his and nestled against him he knew it wasn't a dream. He had felt her sweet body like this once before, in an hour too precious for sleep's thin fancies. . . .

At last the crowd seemed to grow tired of saying the same thing about happiness, they rolled away on a wave of noise. The engaged couple were left together.

"Take me home," she whispered. "I'm most dead."

At the door they were overtaken by a weedy young man in a sketchy overcoat. He said he was a reporter. Admah could say nothing—how could he? But Flora Lee led the young man into a writing room and gave him several minutes of her attention.

Admah paid a belated to get her coat and his. Still waiting, he wondered what it was all about.

CHAPTER 44

They drove home in silence. Her body, unusually erect, never touched his a spell had come over them, making it impossible for either to speak. For Admah that was not strange; he had never known her to be still for so long. . . . Once he glanced swiftly and saw that her eyes were lowered toward little hands, folded helplessly in her lap.

He took her up the shoddy marble steps, past the clumsy brick copings of her apartment house. In the vestibule there was a dim night light, and he had just reached out to ring the bell when she seized him by the wrist. He turned to find her looking up at him, mournfully, beseechingly.

"Admah," she moaned, "what have I done?" "It wasn't anything," he answered dully. "Only I was sort of surprised."

"I've done a horrid, rotten thing," she went on. "And you mustn't forgive me."

"Oh, shucks—" he began. "I'd taken too much wine. That awful stuff! I hardly knew what I was doing. I was so proud of you, I think—after Ferris Crowell's speech—I said the first thing that came into my head. Admah, I'm so ashamed."

He made no answer, but regarded her dumbly.

"I'll do my very best to square this, Admah. I know all the newspaper men. I'll go to them and have them hush it up. The Sycamore crowd will understand. They know me. They know how crazy I am—how awful—oh, my dear, how could I do a thing like that?"

She had covered her face and was beginning to cry. That was too much for the reserve of Admah Holtz which had held him, a stone wall. Like a lion he leaped that barricade and seized upon her and crushed her to his breast.

"It's what I've wanted since I can remember," he growled in her ear. "I couldn't believe it, that's all. But I know it now. You're my girl. You've always been, and you're going to be. You're my girl, do you hear?"

"My dear, I am. I know I am!" Her slim, sweet arms went around his neck and she held up her little mouth for his kiss.

"You will forgive me, won't you, Admah?" she coaxed. "I know I've done wrong."

"When?" he asked, puzzled with an idea which he was quite unable to receive.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FOR the KIDDER

The Adventures of Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy

By JOHNNY GRUELLE

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"I'm glad we met the nice kind giant!" Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy said to Raggedy Ann and Grampy Hoppytoad as the giant walked through the deep, deep woods to the grocery store.

"Indeed we are all glad!" Grampy Hoppytoad said. It had not been for the giant, Gilly Imp and the bugaboo who have captured Raggedy Ann to get her candy heart.

The giant's hat brim was so large, Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy ran from one side of the hat to the other as they saw him coming down below. Then they had a game of "tag" and ran around the giant's legs.

After awhile the giant went to the grocery and the keeper was a great big. He had a very jolly large twinkling eye. Raggedy Ann and Grampy Hoppytoad were very glad to see the giant's friend, the kindly giant.



The fat giant grocery keeper gave the Raggedys a lot of candy covered cookies. The giant told the grocery keeper all the nice things to take home to the little orphan children. The giant put everything in a large giant basket, and it was a wagon. Then the giant told the grocery keeper to give the Raggedys and Grampy Hoppytoad a lot of chocolate almonds to eat on the way home.

As the giant, with his great big basket of goodies, went on a bend in the path, he slipped his toe over a wire and the bugaboo had stretched across the path. Down he went, his hat flying through the air, great basket crashing to the ground.

Grampy Hoppytoad held on to the giant's hat. The Raggedys went sailing through the air and landed at all. Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy from the giant's hat and went tumbling head over heels to the ground. But it did not hurt them, for they were with nice clean white cotton. But as soon as they got to the ground, Gilly Imp ran and picked up Raggedy Ann with her away through the woods towards his home. The bugaboo ran after Gilly Imp, for he wanted Ann's candy heart himself.

The nice kindly giant sat up and rubbed his head. "Made me fall like that?" he asked.

"Gilly Imp and bugaboo stretched a wire and now they have run away with Raggedy Ann and Andy said."

The giant picked up his hat and was glad Grampy Hoppytoad was not hurt.

"I will run right over to Gilly Imp's house and get Raggedy Ann!" the giant said as he put on his hat. Raggedy Ann and Grampy Hoppytoad on the way. It only took the giant a short time to reach Gilly Imp, but he found the doors and windows locked tight.

"Never mind!" the giant laughed. "If Gilly Imp opens the door, I shall open the house!" So he took his great big knife and cut the roof off the house. Then he reached down inside and up Gilly Imp and the bugaboo who were shaking and tossed them into the cold brook. Then he opened the door and found Raggedy Ann.

"Now!" the giant said as he winked his eye at Raggedy Ann. "The next time I catch Gilly Imp or the bugaboo, I shall bite off their heads!"

And the two mean little fellows, shivering with cold, were glad to see the giant place Raggedy Ann's hat brim with Raggedy Andy and Grampy Hoppytoad walked away through the woods.

"I shall never bother the Raggedys again!" said. "Nor shall I!" the bugaboo said as he went home to get dry clothes.

(More about the Raggedys tomorrow.)

Girls Will Be Girls

