Editorial and Feature Page of Klamath News

THE KLAMATH NEWS

Owned and Published by

KLAMATH NEWS PUBLISHING COMPANY (Incorporated)

Officers and Directors: Nate Otterbein, president; Byron B. Hurd, vice-president; Ben H. Stevenson, secretary; Walter Stronach, treasurer, (constituting the owners of the entire outstanding stock issue).

B. H. STEVENSON ..... Managing Editor

Entered at the Postoffice at Klamath Falls, Oregon, as second-class matter.

Published every morning except Monday.

Office I. O. O. F. Building, 102-122 So. Fifth St.

Telephone 877

Address all communications and make all remittances payable to The Klamath News Publishing Company.

In ordering change of address, subscribers should always give old as well as new address.

Subscription Rates—All Subscriptions Payable in Advance

Delivered by Carrier, per month	$ .50
Delivered by Carrier, six months	2.50
Delivered by Carrier, one year	5.00
Outside Klamath County	5.00

Full leased wire, United News and United Press. (Longest in the world.)

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

GAMBLERS IN FOOD

Do you know why farming is a gamble? Do you know why honest grain goes up or down in price without particular reference to the world's hunger?

Do you know why good foods are classed with wild-cat speculations? The National City bank of New York undertakes to tell in a recent bulletin. It says that a rising market attracts an ever-increasing number of speculators. They buy on margin. The bulletin continues:

"Profits are made the basis of further purchases until a pyramid of holding is built up on a small original investment. In short, the crowd that is following a rising market, whether the holdings are grain, stocks, oil town lots or farming lands, tends to get all of its resources up in options or margins, spreading its capital out as thin as possible in order to cover the largest amount of property, which is expected to go on rising."

The longer the rise, the more the margins, until at last this pyramid of broad top and narrow base does the inevitable. It topples. In the meantime the farmer back on the Oregon wheat ranch who puts his all into seed and labor and anxiously watches for a price which will allow him the cost of production, at least, finds himself in exactly the same catagory of loss as the purchaser of stocks in barren oil fields.

Foods should not be a gamble. Our daily bread should profit the grower for his labor, the miller for his grist and the baker for his loaf. But the speculator ought not to have the power to add one cent.

TAKE OFF THE BLINDERS

Most persons will admit that political developments of recent years reveal the glaring shortcomings of our citizenship. It is hopeful, however, that a new spirit of inquiry has been aroused. People are asking how American boys and girls may be better fitted to face the complicated problem of politics and civic affairs.

One possible path to improvement proceeds from the discovery that in only six states—Arkansas, Nevada, Ohio, Oklahoma, Tennessee and Washington—is the teaching of United States history required by state law.

Especially startling is the fact, revealed by the United States bureau of education, that, while 1,693,928 boys and girls in American high schools study English only 329,565 students in those high schools study American history.

Certainly these facts reveal the need of immediate legislation in most states to provide the citizens of tomorrow with the knowledge of their country's political growth and development which they must have if they are to deal intelligently with the problems they will face when they reach voting age. The makers of future American history must not be permitted to advance to their task blindfolded.

LET US HOPE SO

There is a prospect that we shall have a regular service of passenger-carrying planes between Boston and St. Paul this summer. We invented the plane, but we have let Europe lead us in air travel as a regular thing. If we want to hold our own in military aircraft we must become a flying people. Europe subsidizes commercial planes. We do not. Let us hope that private enterprise may succeed without subsidies. Why should an American business man to whom time is valuable think more of flying from New York to Chicago than a British business man from London to Paris? It is another case of "get the habit."

Once the number of rooms governed the price of a house. Now it's the number of baths.—Flint Journal.

When a man marries his stenographer she usually stops taking dictation.—Meridian Star.

The Season's Greatest Novel of Marriage

"The Golden Bed"

By WALLACE IRWIN

Produced as a Paramount picture by CECIL B. DEMILLE 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.)

FORTY-SECOND INSTALLMENT

"Just to make it simpler, I guess," observed Admah. "If you hit the road and the piano—like this——" he demonstrated——"maybe some ice cream will be comin' along."

"Lafe!" exclaimed Aunt Brownie. She had thrust a fairy thumb in the water and was moving the bowl unsteadily over the cloth. When it came down finally only a few drops spilled, and she sighed aloud.

Flora Lee returned and sat down with an apology. Her air was even more animated than it had been.

"It was Huntie," she rippled, responding to her husband's look. Then beaming brightly on her guests, "I hope you won't think it horrid of me. But they're putting a silly little show on at the Sycamore Club next Saturday night. And Mr. O'Neill—he's on the committee, you know—had a lot of things that just have to be settled right away. I did my best to put him off—this with a swift glance at Admah—"but he insists on coming right over. Isn't it a bore?"

Bore it might have been, but the elder Holtzes made no sign. To Admah this was all news. He had never heard of this urgently imminent show at the Sycamore or of Mr. O'Neill's hard-pressed committee. But there were so many things Admah never heard of until they happened.

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The burden of entertainment fell on Admah; and why not? They were his kin, not hers. The party had no sooner separated into two camps than restraint fell away on both sides. Flora Lee could be heard laughing and chatting, her own sweet self, in the room beyond. Uncle Lafe expanded again in the presence of Brownie and his favorite nephew. He drank great quantities of Admah's cognac. Once he brought out his plug, gazed, sighed and restored it to his pocket.

"I was in to see Jim Atterbury," he said after an hour of roaring philosophy. For this statement he had drawn his chair nearer and lowered his voice to a giant whisper.

"What did he say?" Admah was suddenly calm.

"Not so much. Let's have another o' them seegars." He bit off an end and spat it into the fireplace. "Jim's a funny cuss. Polite and smooth, always playin' poker. Regular banker. He never forgits that you're his president, Ad; he marks his figgerheads."

"I found the T. & P. in the mud and pulled it out," said Admah. "Has he forgotten tha t?"

"Keep yer shirt on," invited Uncle Lafe. "No, he ain't forgot. But he's beginnin' to look round like a regular banker. The Principality owns yer britches. You're a hired man. If Jim thinks you're makin' good all right——"

Admah stirred as if to speak, but the shrewd old hog farmer went on, "When I hire a hand I don't like to see him blowin' his wages on a dress suit—takes his mind off his work. You remember that opera tune 'I Dreamypt I Dwelt in Marble Halls?' That's a pretty dangerous dream for a young feller."

"Did he mention Canfield?" broke in Admah.

"Well, he didn't mention him—sort of admitted him. Ad, that election's about two weeks off, and you've got a fight on yer hands."

Admah smiled like a Tartar chief and reckoned he had.

"They'll go through the hokus-pokus of an election," said Lafe, "but Jim Atterbury'll be the ballot box, as usual. He'll be there to make or break you, jest by turnin' over his hand. What's that Mother Goose word? Poppa Gander. Well, there's a lot of Poppa Gander bein' used against you. Canfield invented it, I guess. Uncle Sim's blamin' you for the money we lost in the Lyons & Watterhouse failure. I know you can explain when the time comes. But nothing happens but Sim Canfield runs and tells teacher. And you know how them bankers are. They can get boilin' drunk in private, but if a snappy young business man begins settin' up late they can't stand it. It don't look good. Not when business begins to slide——"

"T. & P. stocks are twenty-one points higher than when I found 'em," Admah asserted a little bitterly.

"Maybe so. But Canfield and Poppa Gander are at work. Sim's the boy with the keyhole eye. He knows how much you owe and how much stock you've sold—that's bad business—and he calls on Jim every fifteen minutes with a written report. And now he's boostin' Bentley for president."

"That's funny, too. I put Bentley in as publicity man, gave him a bigger salary than he ever heard of," said Admah. "Queer Canfield took such a shine to him all of a sudden."

"God works in a mysterious way," repeated Lafe not irreverently.

"I don't like the Bentley idea," admitted Admah, "because I hate to be stabbed in the back. But as far as he's concerned, he's nothing but a bagpipe—all energy and wind. When Atterbury hears Bentley's program he'll laugh in his face. The Colonel ain't throwin' the business away just for sentiment."

"What's your program?" asked Uncle Lafe abruptly.

"I'm layin' low." Admah smiled confidently. "I've got the support of Harlan Kinkead and Wen Peebles. I've known Wen all my life and Harlan helped finance me in the candy business. They're pledged to back me on anything I say. And I've got you, Uncle Lafe."

"That's no lie!" roared Lafe, smiting his knee with a hand that was like one of his celebrated hams.

"I've seen Atterbury," said Admah, "and he's promised not to pledge himself to anybody until the meeting. Then I intend to give him a show-down—tell him just what I know about the T. & P. and what I plan to do. Maybe I've been sittin' up a little late, but I haven't been asleep on the job. If anybody comes in with a better scheme than mine he's welcome."

"He certainly is," agreed Uncle Lafe, and his look of satisfaction revealed what he felt.

"There's only one thing I'm going to stick for," grunted Admah, "and that's the resignation of Sim Canfield."

"I guess you can suppress the mutiny without much help," decided the Captain, striving to light his cigar whose wrapper had loosened and hung like a tattered flag.

"Lafe!" called out Aunt Brownie from the corner where she had been dozing over the Life of Benvenuto Cellini.

"Hey, Sweetie!" bawled her husband.

"Glory be, look at the time. Ten o'clock."

"Well, the best of friends must part," said Uncle Lafe with a wise air, as if he had just discovered the maxim. When he came to his feet the chair, having clasped its wooden arms around his bulging hips, came up with him.

"Hell!" he roared.

"Don't fly off the handle, Lafe," his wife besought him.

"I guess there wouldn't be room for me and Brownie and the chair in the same Ford," he said as she released him. "Well, we better be pressin' on. D'you think maybe She——" in sudden bashfulness he pointed his thumb toward the sun-room from which Flora Lee's laughter floated gayly.

Admah found her beside Hunter O'Neill, empty glasses and a hill of cigarette stubs on a tray between them. The announcement that her guests were about to go moved her to a martyred sigh, and very dutifully she went to the door. Aunt Brownie shook hands distractedly, protesting, "It's been very enjoyable, I'm sure."

"So nice of you to come, Mrs. Holtz," decreed the vastly different Mrs. Holtz. Then on Lafe she turned the same set smile with, "So nice of you to come, Captain Holtz."

"Don't mention it, ma'am," implored old Lafe.

"And I hope you'll come again some time." This in the voice of an exceedingly sweet charity worker inviting an orphan to a soup kitchen.

"Thankee, ma'am," replied Captain Holtz. "But I don't think we will."

For an instant Flora Lee's cheeks flushed under the pale color they habitually wore. Then she laughed honestly. It was the first natural sound she had uttered in Admah's presence that evening. When he returned from seeing the old people off in their Ford he found her standing in front of the fireplace. She was still laughing.

"The old thing really has a lot of self-respect, hasn't he!" she exclaimed, then went back to the sun-room, to O'Neill.

CHAPTER 70

To continue Uncle Lafe's simile:

The young man who dreamt he dwelt in marble halls might have awakened with a start to find that his dream had been realized. High pillars would loom over him and carven cornices and a gilded ceiling; no Bohemian girl would be sleeping at his side, but a lady of quality, proud and greedy and extravagant. Then might he sit up in bed and blink and groan, thinking of the weight in platinum and diamonds that his infatuation had cost him and the bills he'd have to pay as long as he kept his marble halls.

But Admah Holtz dreamed on, half awake at times, stirred feverishly between fact and fancy. We often wonder what goes on in the minds of men like Admah, men who have so frequently that they develop themselves at every turn. Foreign Men are not really deceived; are they not acting an absurd part, as opposite subjects do, while their other minds go on observing, giving everything its just proportion?

Into Admah's dream would come echoes of Uncle Lafe's warning. The president of an industry whose business is on the decline should avoid a reputation for prosperity. Canfield was basing his whole malevolent campaign on the supposition that Admah Holtz was a spendthrift, a drunkard and a fast liver. The charges, so harshly brought, were founded on fact; that was the worst of it for Admah. But what was there to do about it? Flora Lee had set the pace.

A few days after Uncle Lafe had said bad and farewell to the big house on the River Boulevard a matter of minor importance took Admah to the new Principality Trust Building. At the executive offices on the third floor he was disappointed to be told that Colonel Atterbury had been "called away" to Indianapolis. The young man who gave this information was a blue-chinned, sharp-eyed person with a Harvard accent. He introduced himself as Mr. Canfield, Col. Atterbury's secretary. Sim Canfield's nephew had a cool, respectful look . . . rather an amiable fellow, Admah concluded, and was made uneasy by the knowledge that old Sim had placed an able confederate in the king's council chamber.

Their talk was brief and pleasant. Admah had a feeling that young Canfield saw through his every word and knew that the president of the T. & P. was making his trivial errand an excuse for an important interview with the president of the Principality Trust. The Colonel's new secretary took Admah's message with a shade of that patronizing deference which the servant of a great lord might show to the petty chieftain of some tributary state.

On his way to luncheon at the Pickwick Club he paused at the window of Cummins' jewelry store. Cummins had recently moved into the best corner of the Principality Building and was giving himself Fifth Avenue airs. His main window, very small and framed in polished black marble, was lined with grey velvet. An elaborate bracelet centered his display. It was built on the principle of a caterpillar tractor, a number of platinum squares having been linked together; its outer surface had been set with as many diamonds as it would hold, complimentary to one handsome flat-cut gem. The town was proud of Mr. Cummins' window; but to Admah it gleamed with an intimate personal appeal. This was Flora Lee's birthday. . . . He couldn't remember just how the subject had come up. She had been so delightfully sweet and he had, as usual, ceased to consider consequences. Anyhow, it was her birthday . . . she'd be right disappointed if he didn't. . . .

He took two irresolute steps toward Cummins' entrance, then signed and turned back.

At the Pickwick Club he lunched with Wen Peebles and Harlan Kinkead, close friends as Admah had. Success in the office supply business had fattened little Wen until his neck had disappeared; as in the days of Palfer's he laughed easily and looked up to Admah as a hero among men. Kinkead was scrawny and bald; a patch of hair remained like a sample to show that he had once been red headed. A Satsuma by birth, his shyness and independence had made him rather unpopular in the Pickwick Club; possibly that is why he had sought out Admah Holtz. Peebles and Kinkead were the sort you meet at the club only; and because they were mutually interested in the T. & P., it was not strange that Admah should have asked: "Say, when did this young Canfield get to be the Colonel's secretary?"

"He's been with the Principality right smart of a time," said Wen. "The Colonel took him on last month."

"He looks mighty capable," admitted Admah.

"Sim Canfield thinks so," said Kinkead drily.

"Would that influence the Colonel?" Admah was working into the ribs of a jack salmon, and feigned indifference.

"Poison affects most of us," replied Kinkead.

Admah had opened his mouth for another and larger question when he was aware that a colored page-boy was requesting Mr. Holtz to come to the telephone; wherefore Mr. Holtz followed to the booth and heard a pretty drawl come over wire. It was so like Flora Lee that he responded, "Hello, darlin'," only to be cut off with a quicker, harder tone.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FOR the KIDDI

The Adventures of

Raggedy Ann and Raggedy A

By JOHNNY GRUELLE

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"Someone has been eating from my ice cream puddle! Someone has been eating from my ice cream puddle!" A loud angry voice cried.

Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy and Gilly Imp and the bugaboo were the ones who had been eating the ice cream. They had eaten so much of the pink which was made of cherries and strawberries, and of the chocolate, which was made with nuts in it, that they could not run away.

So here, coming towards them, was a tall man who he carried a long stick.

"Someone has been eating my ice cream mud puddle! Someone has been eating from my ice cream mud puddle!" shouted as he walked right up to the four friends. "I know you are!" the tall thin man cried as he gave Gilly Imp a hard thump with his long stick.

Of course, this did not hurt Raggedy Andy or Gilly, for he was stuffed with cotton. "I am glad the angry man did not hit Gilly Imp, or the bugaboo," Andy thought to himself.

But as he thought this, the tall, thin, angry man began to thump Gilly Imp with his long stick, but Gilly Imp got out of the way. Then the tall, thin, angry man tried the bugaboo with his long stick, but the bugaboo got out of the way. Then the tall, thin, angry man thumped Raggedy Andy again.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Raggedy Andy laughed as he fell backwards. "That didn't hurt a teeny weeny bit!" The tall, thin man thumped Raggedy Andy so hard the stitches rip out of Raggedy Andy's rag head and cotton stuck out. "Now then, Mister! See what you have done!" Raggedy Ann cried. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"Is that cotton sticking out of his head?" the tall man asked.

"Yes it is!" Raggedy Ann replied. "And you must take Raggedy Andy home and sew it up with a needle and thread. That's what you will have to do!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" the tall, thin man laughed. "I shall take him. I shall take all the cotton out of his head and use it to make a mattress for my bed. That's what I will do!" And he caught Raggedy Andy and started off with him.

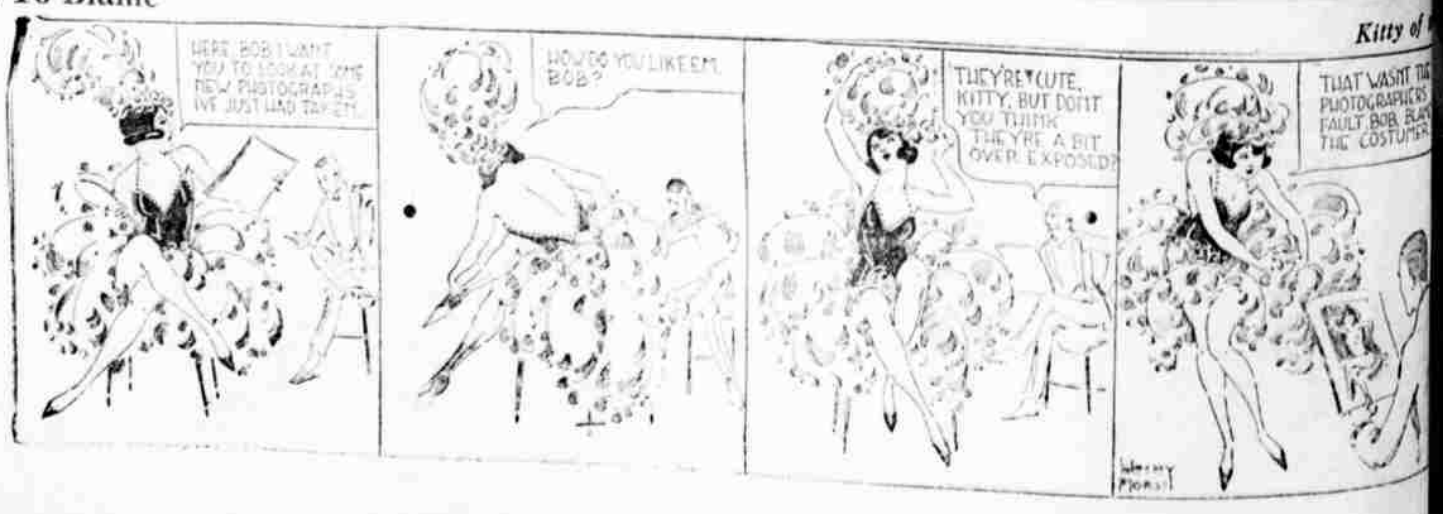
Raggedy Ann and Gilly Imp and the bugaboo ran after the tall, thin man, but they could not catch him. He ran into his house and slammed and locked the door behind him. They could not climb in the windows. So Raggedy Ann shouted to Gilly Imp and the bugaboo. So Gilly Imy and the bugaboo ran and kept the tall, thin man from locking the windows, Raggedy Ann ran back to the mud puddle for the long sword which Jack, the Pirate, had given to Raggedy Andy. When she returned with the sword, the tall, thin man had all the windows and doors locked tight. And as the doors were made of iron Raggedy Ann broke the sword all in pieces trying to cut open the door.

"Aha!" the tall, thin man cried through the window. "Did you ever get left?" But Raggedy Ann called Gilly Imp and the bugaboo to one side and whispered to them. Then the three took the tall, thin man's wheelbarrow and shovels and ran to the ice cream mud puddle.

Then they wheeled the ice cream and piled it up in the tall, thin man's house until the inside of the house was covered with frost.

"How do you 'spect me to take the cotton out of Raggedy Andy when it is so cold in here?" the tall, thin man asked.

"We will make it still colder if you do not bring Raggedy Andy out!" the bugaboo cried. So the man was cold and had to bring Raggedy Andy out. "And as soon as it is warm, you shall sew up Raggedy Andy's head!" the bugaboo cried as he gave the man a such thump it made him feel so much warmer. So the tall, thin man got a needle and thread and sewed up the damage he had done.

(More about the Raggedys tomorrow.)

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