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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*

WHO AM I?

I have scattered bread crumbs, tin cans, Sunday supplements and paper plates from the caves in southern Oregon to Mount Baker in northern Washington.
 I have hacked forest trees and left camp fires burning from the California line to the Canadian border.
 I have hooked pears from a McLeod orchard and walnuts in the Willamette valley. "Rome beauties" from beautiful Hood River and "Delicious" apples from the broad Yakima valley.
 I have rolled rocks into the sapphire depths of Crater Lake and thrown tin cans into Lake Chelan.
 I have seen all, heard all, and in my weak way, have managed to destroy much.
 I am the careless and thoughtless American tourist!
 The lumber industry represents investments totaling \$12,000,000,000, employs 800,000 persons and indirectly about 1,000,000, and its annual output has a value of more than \$3,000,000,000. Annually through destruction of forests by fires left by careless campers or smokers, it and the nation are subjected to timber losses which aggregate millions of dollars.

MINING STRENGTHENS NATION'S CREDIT

The American Silver Producers' association was recently formed in order to promote the interests of the silver industry. The United States senate also appointed a commission of gold and silver inquiry for the same purpose.
 The silver producers and the commission are endeavoring to popularize the use of silver for monetary purposes, as well as in industry and in the arts, and to find new uses for this metal throughout the world.
 They are also trying to arrange more orderly marketing methods and to improve trade relations with silver-consuming countries.
 One of the nation's greatest assets is its precious mining industry. It is essential that it be offered every legitimate encouragement.

MORE COSTLY EXPERIENCE

Farmers should take note of the decline in wheat prices, and plan their year's crop accordingly. The high prices of the year have stimulated producers to the point of over-planting, so that it will undoubtedly mean loss for any one to hold high-priced wheat over the coming of the new and probably cheaper crop. In consequence, the price had to break, to the dismay of armies of foolish speculators. An over-production is imminent, which will mean lower prices than wheat is actually worth.

Every true American loves a manly, outspoken chap, unless he is on the other side.—Nashville Tennessean.

Yale moves its fossils to a different museum. This is better than keeping them on the faculty.—Boston Transcript.

Perhaps the most hopeless combination on earth is that of a jaywalker and a jaydriver.—Okmulgee Democrat.

Bank bandits are said to have a horror of buckshot fired from a gun. It's a form of broadcasting with which static has no influence.—Newark Star Eagle.

The hardest part of public speaking is to learn when to stop.—Akron Beacon Journal.

A lot of "young intellectuals" are neither young nor intellectual.—Lynchburg News.

By laughing at two bandits, a plucky Boston girl saved an \$1800 payroll. When a revolver tickles your ribs it's quite proper to laugh.—San Antonio Express.

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 Joanie 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.)

FORTY-FOURTH INSTALLMENT

"There!" cried Flora Lee triumphantly. "Admah wants you to stay."
 "Well, I don't exactly say that—I just said—why, of course I want her to stay."
 There was no reproach in the still gaze which Margaret fixed upon his floundering face. But Flora Lee grew more animated.

"Admah will have everything arranged for you," she went on sparklingly. "Maybe he can fix you a studio in the garage so you won't ever have to go to town."
 Margaret flushed suddenly, a hot, insistent red. She opened her mouth to speak and Admah, in the thankless role of peacemaker, found himself interrupting with a series of feeble sounds like, "please don't!"

"Please don't what?" asked Flora Lee. "Please don't go? Is that what you mean?"
 "No, I didn't. I meant—"

"Goodbye," said Margaret, very gently and went out of the room. Dumb and somehow outraged, he watched her go down the stairs. Then turning to Flora Lee he saw her eyes winking him, her arms outstretched. Obeyingly her puppet, he knelt while she entwined his neck and passed her fingers through his hair.

"Take her to town," she begged. "I can't have her in my house. How does she dare stand there and talk to me like that?"

Margaret had said six words and, as Admah recalled them, they were not of an inflammatory nature.

CHAPTER 73

According to Admah's calendar everything was dated forward to June 15th and the annual elections. Flora Lee had quarreled with her sister on the 12th, and that was but three days before two important meetings, to be held in the offices of the Pulpit Trust Company. In the morning the stockholders would elect a new board of directors for the T. & P. In the afternoon the directors would elect officers. Since Flora Lee's sudden illness Admah had lived in turmoil, affairs at home and affairs at the Works warring one against the other. Bentley was plotting for his throne. Flora Lee was disregarding her doctor's orders. Colonel Atterbury had made himself inaccessible, so had Margaret Peake. During those days he missed Margaret and wondered vaguely. That morning when he had taken her into town she had said a queer thing as he bade her goodbye in the lobby of her apartment house. "Poor Admah!" she had whispered and covered his hand with her own. What had she meant by that?

Poor Admah he might have been at home, but certainly not in his office. He had found his enemies now and their methods; he had counted his friends and his own devices. The new directors would be Atterbury's committee, controlled just as Admah was controlled. They would sit in meeting watching Jim Atterbury's thumbs, if they twiddled up an officer would be retained. If they twiddled down, off with his head! And Admah Holtz had no intention of losing his head on the afternoon of June 15th. If some go about talking their heads off there are others who, upon occasion, can talk them on. In spite of Jim Canfield's busy tattling and the gesticulations which General Bentley called an "intensive campaign," Admah knew that Atterbury realized how little these men had to offer. Holtz understood the T. & P. He had lifted it from the wreck once, he could do it again; and since Atterbury did not make or break men for sentiment's sake, Admah saw his way clear. He had but to appear in person at the meeting on the 15th and give his reasons why he should continue as president of the T. & P.

But the morning of the 14th, when his concern should have been public rather than private, he found a handsome grey envelope in his breakfast mail. As it was engraved with the name of Cummings and Company he knew it had to do with Flora Lee's bracelet. He refused to open it; it annoyed him like some bad luck token, but he kept it in his pocket, pretending that it amounted to nothing.

Colonel Atterbury's return from his Eastern trip was made manifest to Admah when he saw the old gentleman before luncheon at the Pickwick Club. They met in a crowd and Col. Atterbury's greeting was cordial. A good auspice for the morrow. More auspicious still, Bentley, his curly hair wild as a wind-blown cypress, had entered Admah's office that morning and offered to make peace. He had never dreamed of the presidency, said Bentley, all he

wanted was a small raise of salary. Wearing a straight face to mask his inward glee, Admah promised the bribe and resigned a friend. But what was in the air?

After luncheon, cheered by favorable signs, he went into the club library, opened Cummins' grey envelope and read:

"In re diamonds and platinum bracelet sent to your address on approval on the 5th inst, we take the liberty of asking if the article was found satisfactory to Mrs. Holtz. If not would you be so kind as to inform us, as another customer has inquired after it."

This, in the language of trade, was a civil demand to pay or return the goods. But it meant more than that. It meant that the city was no longer trusting Admah Holtz. It meant that Admah Holtz, whose credit should not have been questioned at that crisis, had purchased what he could not pay for.

In the cool quiet of the big crown library he lit a cigar and relaxed himself against the leather cushions of his chair. He tried to think this out, this comparatively simple problem. Somebody had been talking to Cummins. One of the Canfield crowd. As a grandstand play he ought to march right over to Cummins, sign a check, close his account, swear and walk out. But he hadn't the ready money to back such a gesture. And on a day like this he couldn't afford to go round selling stock or borrowing.

Heigho! How his bones ached! He slid deep down in his chair and allowed himself to know how tired he was. He had felt like this once thirty years ago when the River was high and he had tried to swim upstream to catch the stern of a coal barge. . . . Heigho! . . . Just a few weeks' rest. . . . He'd been driving pretty hard. . . . Pretty hard. . . .

Thunders growled in his ear and he awoke to find that he had been snoring. His unaccustomed nap had brought on a headache—another one of those damned things. He'd have to do something about those headaches. If you keep on taking patent drinks for them you're liable to weaken your heart, he reflected dimly. He had gone to sleep with a lighted cigar in his mouth, and it had turned into a foul cinder. He looked at his watch. Gosh! He'd been asleep nearly an hour.

At the prohibitional bar he ordered another patent drink. Queer that he'd fallen off like that, right in the middle of the day! Sort of an old man trick—certainly he hadn't reached the age for that! He stood stupidly by the bar, feeling his sore muscles. Then again he thought of Cummins' letter. He could see only one way out of the bracelet situation, now that his mind was going again. He'd have to clear the thing away from Flora Lee. Gosh, how he hated to do that. She loved it so, and she'd been so tender with him when he gave it to her. But he'd make her understand.

Attempting to soothe himself with bits of philosophy which, like the fiery drink, gave temporary relief, he made his way through the suburbs and out toward the River Boulevard. He had telephoned his secretary that he wouldn't be back. What was the use fooling round the office, he thought, when he needed rest and a chance to save his strength for the big fight tomorrow? Something simple and easy was what he wanted. Only there was that business about the bracelet. He hoped that Flora Lee would be reasonable.

CHAPTER 74

Rolling up the winding drive toward his big white house Admah experienced the feeling of elation which would come to him at unexpected moments, lending a rose-glow of optimism to every prospect. For him the pink June roses were beginning to open on their trellises and the baby blue hydrangea to blossom in their tubs. The whole place had a rich air, a princely air, rolled lawns, trimmed hedges, precisely gravelled roads. Here was a gentleman's home. Such a home as the Peakes would have been proud of in the days when they had plenty of money and slaves to indulge their indolence. But the Peakes—sometimes he treated himself to this triumphant reflection—had gone to sleep on the job, let the property run down. Not so Admah Holtz. He had fought every inch of the way. Who was it that had told him that? Margaret, perhaps. . . .

At the formal front door he leaped from his car as lightly as though the fat of middle age were not upon him, as though tomorrow's battle were already won. He gave his hat to Calvin and made some blundering joke about taking his hat holiday. The mulatto man grinned appreciatively and showed his new gold teeth as he repeated his formula. "Yassa, Mist' Holt, Yassa!"

On his way upstairs Admah had formulated a plan. When the election was over and he was safely in saddle again he'd give Flora Lee a big party. A bigger one than they had opened warming with which they had opened their fine new place. He might find some way of buying back the bracelet, slipping it on her wrist as a surprise.

At the first landing he saw old Linda, standing like a skeleton carved out of an ebony pole. She had been in charge since Miss Sullivan's departure. "Is Miss Flora Lee awake?" he asked, half whispering lest he should arouse her.

"No sah, Mist' Holt," replied old Linda grimly, unlike Calvin, she had never received Admah in the Peake family.

Her manner chilled his spirit a little, brought him back to the delicate business at hand. His step had lost its spring as he went down the velvet carpet of the corridor, walking cautiously lest his adored one might be nodding, might resent his clumsy tread. He had just turned into the L, leading to her room, when his progress was arrested by unexpected sounds; Flora Lee's pretty, excited laughter, then the mumble-mumble of a man's voice. She was having company. Why had Linda said she was asleep?

A few steps farther and he found himself looking into her room. It was only a glance, but a comprehensive eye-which, like the shutter of a rapid camera, takes in unexpected details.

First he saw the coverlet on her gilded bed; that fancy French thing, embroidered with bounds and swans and pheasants whose coarse significance, only vaguely comprehended, he had always hated. Sitting up among foamy pillows, her little head outlined in a lace cap, her lips parted in an eager smile, Flora Lee was looking into the eyes of Hunter O'Neill. He too was smiling; his face, like hers, was quick with pleasure.

That was a flash. At a glance later both had seen the shadow in the door. Their bodies had sprung into attitudes of self-conscious innocence. "Hello, Admah!" both were drawing casually, frightened perhaps at his blank look. What had he seen? Nothing. Yet suddenly the hate in his brain seemed to liven and sizzle scaldingly like frying lard. He had seen nothing. Yet he knew. Flora Lee and Hunter O'Neill had just kissed.

His first impulse was to fall upon O'Neill and come to grips dog-fashion, doing murder honestly in the presence of murder's cause. Instead he sat down and said something about the day being hot. He was unusually dull in his conversation, and all the time his inner mind was asking: If she feels that way about him, what can I do but make things worse?

CHAPTER 75

After that he went to his room. Without removing the shoes from his feet or the coverlet from his bed he had thrown himself down and succumbed to the ache in his muscles. At dinner-time Calvin's knock awoke him, and he went to his wife's room to find her cheerfully dining off a tray. She held up her mouth to be kissed and wanted to know why he was such a bear with poor Hurtle. He complained of his headache and she called him an Old Groucher to be working so hard when everybody else was up in Maine keeping cool. And why couldn't they take the McCoy cottage at Bar Harbor?

Charitably she made it impossible for him to believe what he knew. Finally he went down to dinner where he ate sparingly and drank much. In the quick reverie which comes upon the solitary drinker he wished that he had not let Margaret go; but what could he do when Flora Lee, sick and nervous, wanted her sister out of the house? O'Neill! The practical side of Admah's character came to the rescue and he banished O'Neill with a gesture. It couldn't be possible that Flora Lee, who had run around with kings and dukes in the Old Country could see anything in that poor nab. Certainly not.

Whatever it meant, thought Admah he couldn't afford to have a family row tonight. For the last two weeks he had been holding on to his nerves like a swimmer to a raft. One at a time, that was his motto. First he'd settle with Jim Canfield, then with the rest of the Judas Iscariot Club down at the office. Then O'Neill's turn would come round, and the skunk would have to face the biggest man in the State instead of a dummy president, fighting for his job.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FOR the KIDDER

The Adventures of Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy

By JOHANNY GRUFFLE

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"Those must be very wonderful magic trees you have, Grampy Hoppytoad!" Raggedy Ann said. She and Raggedy Andy and nice little Nedding Grampy Hoppytoad so he could point out Ned's nice mama had gone.

"They are very fine ones, Raggedy Ann!" Grampy Hoppytoad said. "Just put them on and try them." Ann put on Grampy Hoppytoad's magic green spectacles and she saw little Ned's mama's footprints just as can see the footprints when a naughty boy has newly laid cement walk. So Raggedy Andy and so did little Ned.

"Now we will follow you, Grampy Hoppytoad," Ann said as she returned the magic green spectacles to Grampy and took them off.

Grampy Hoppytoad went first, then came with little Ned, then Raggedy Andy came last, until they came to a very thick part of the trees were very large and the branches were they could hardly stand upright. Finally they walked up to them, they swooped their branches swept him back off his feet, just like mother a paper doll standing on the floor.

"Now! Isn't that funny?" Grampy Hoppytoad stood up and brushed the sand from his coat must be magic to do that!"



Raggedy Andy and the trees and he just like Grampy to be seen sweet back prints of little Ned plainly right in Grampy Hoppytoad's enough when he Ann and Raggedy the magic green too could see "Then I'll tell you Hoppytoad," Raggedy "Whoever has taken mama away, has work magic, for they have walked right through trees and the branches have not bothered them."

"Do you 'speak it could be a magician!" Grampy toad asked.

"I do not know!" Raggedy Ann replied. "I will not be able to get through the magic certain!"

Then a loud, deep, gruff voice came from the trees and said: "No! You will never be able to this magic forest, so you may as well turn around. You will never find little Ned's mama!"

"Ha!" Raggedy Andy whispers to Raggedy Grampy Hoppytoad, "the owner of that voice is little Ned's mama came through here." And have an idea which I shall try. Then if the do not sweep me back, you must follow me right.

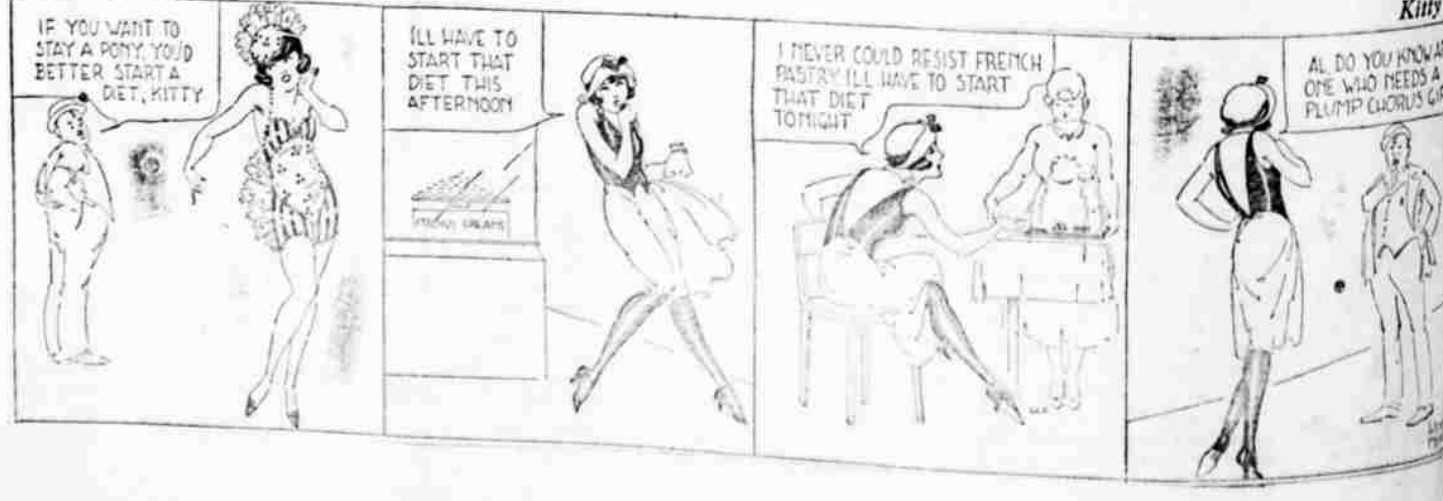
So Grampy Hoppytoad and little Ned and watched Raggedy Andy. He walked almost trees, then he turned around with his back to walked backward. Sure enough, when he branches did not move. So Raggedy Ann and Grampy Hoppytoad turned around and walked after Raggedy Andy until they had passed safe magic trees. "That's the time we fooled the Andy laughed. "They thought just because we towards them that we were walking the other way."

And, as they came to a nice big patch of candy they all sat down and ate a whole lot, for ward so far had made them very hungry.

"Now, when we rest a while, we shall start Grampy Hoppytoad said as he wiped his spectacles with his pocket hanky.

(More about the Raggedys tomorrow)

Kitty on a Pastry Diet



IF YOU WANT TO STAY A PONY, YOU'D BETTER START A DIET, KITTY

ILL HAVE TO START THAT DIET THIS AFTERNOON

I NEVER COULD RESIST FRENCH PASTRY, ILL HAVE TO START THAT DIET TONIGHT

AL DO YOU KNOW ONE WHO NEEDS A FLUMPY CHORUS GIRL