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B. H. STEVENSON Managing Editor

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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

LONGER LIFE AND GREATER HAPPINESS

Wouldn't it be a good thing for the United States to begin saving daylight hours to give its citizens longer life and greater happiness?

Last Sunday London set its clocks ahead one hour for the summer season, under an act of parliament that establishes daylight saving as an annual institution without needing new legislation every year. From now on daylight saving is a part of the fabric of British government and a good one.

Daylight saving was one of the good things that came out of the World War. America had a chance to try it, and liked it. Men and women are glad to start the day's work an hour earlier by the sun when it means quitting with the best hours of the afternoon ahead for enjoyment.

After the war daylight saving was permitted to lapse into a local affair. It became a football for prejudice based on old habits. It was made the target for opposition as bitter as it was vague. Some of this was blamed on the farmers, for just what reason no one has been able to get a clear idea. It is significant that it is in England, where agriculture is more fostered and better protected than anywhere else, that the great reform has become a permanent national institution.

Since America is too late to lead the way in this humanitarian enterprise, no time should be lost in falling into line.

To be successful, daylight saving must be national and operated under a federal statute. Congress should pass a law providing that for official time, all clocks should be set ahead one hour at midnight, March 31, and set back an hour September 30 to our present time, for the term of the winter.

Undoubtedly many objections will be raised, but none is important enough to stand in the way of this progressive step, and most of these will be found to have no force once the plan is working.

THE SHORTER BIBLE

The shorter Bible is much shorter. Its compilers were obviously drowsy, and being drowsy, undoubtedly fundamentalists. Mr. Bryan is the country's best known dry and best known fundamentalist. He is certainly both. The belief of the fundamentalist is in the literal meaning and inspirational source of the Bible itself. They do not require an ecclesiastical interpretation or tolerate a scientific one. The words are as they stand, mean what they mean, and are accepted as in themselves definite and final.

Some fundamentalists will quarrel with that statement and say that interpretation is needed, but they are safe only when they insist that the literal meaning is plain and to be accepted. The dry fundamentalists in shortening the Bible edited the favorable mention of wine out of it, particularly out of St. John and St. Paul, striking out the miracle of the wedding feast at Cana and St. Paul's advice that a little wine was good for the stomach.

They also, among other things, eliminated the account of the regrowing of the grape vine by Noah and the consequence of that. They also approved of "raisin cake" as a better translation of the original than "wine." To shorten a work you must take things out, but this shortening took out things which the drowsy could not reconcile to a dry dogma. They ceased being fundamentalists when they found something they did not want to believe. The word is not literal to them when it conflicts with opinion.

The most significant three-letter combinations are: C. O. D., S. O. S., F. O. B. and P. D. Q.

The moving van breaks about everything except the hideous vase Aunt Lottie gave you.

Reading often makes a man full of words that he is unable to pronounce.—Bridgeport Post.

The Season's Greatest Novel of Marriage

"The Golden Bed"

By WALLACE IRWIN

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

FORTY-FIFTH INSTALLMENT

He allowed his coffee to cool, drank it at a gulp and went to the veranda where he finished two strong cigars before making up his mind to approach Flora Lee. The clock on the stairs had just struck nine when he went to her room.

She was propped up in bed, sipping smoke through a long ivory holder and reading the *Evening Democrat*.

"Admah," she drawled, her eyes on the page, "do you know that the Finchester Stock Farms are for sale? The advertisement doesn't say why, but I think I'd like to get you interested, but you must spare him to death." She waited an instant for a reply, then went merrily on. "It's one of the famous horse-breeding farms you know. Just ask your uncle. He's a stock breeder, isn't he?"

"Ham and sausages," grunted Admah, then feeling that he should be more gentle with a sick woman, "I don't know an awful lot about horses."

"But you could learn. Old Goose," she cried.

"Like a diver, peered above some uninitiated tide, he chose this instant for his plunge."

"Flora Lee," he began huskily, "I know you come from the sporting family."

"What do you mean by that?" The paper fell to the floor.

"Well, about luck. You're a thoroughbred, used to chances. I'm just an old plough horse. Now I'm in a fix where I thought maybe you could give me a little boost."

"What sort of fix do you mean?" He was sorry he had spoken, for her look had become strained and he knew that she was not strong.

"Oh, it's all right," he went on, attempting to be light. "Only that bracelet I gave you for your birthday."

"What's the matter with it?" she asked sharply.

"Nothing. Only it ain't paid for."

"But our credit—"

"That's the trouble," he interrupted. "Cummings wants cash for it or he wants it back right away."

"That poor white!" she laughed scornfully. "Why, we've been dealing with him as long as I can remember. Has he lost his mind?"

"I reckon so," said Admah dully. "But if he don't get cash he'll make trouble. And I can't afford any more trouble right now. The annual election's tomorrow and I've got to come through clean."

"Why don't you pay for it and hush Cummings up?" she asked, and through the rift in his illusion he saw how worn and old she could look.

"Oh, well," he said gently, rising to leave the room. "I oughtn't to bother you. It was a birthday present—"

"Admah!" she called so shrilly after him that he faced about and saw the panic in her eyes. "Admah, left as bad as that? You can't afford to pay? You have to send things back? People won't trust you?"

"Just about," he told her plainly. "We've been going an awful pace, Flora Lee. We could have pulled through if stocks had held up. But they've gone down. If we keep this house and I keep my job—"

"Your job?" She clutched at the detestable bounds on her French coverlid, and even in his excitement Admah realized how he hated those cumbersome bedsteads.

"She didn't say in particular, Mist' Holt. But she went about ten minutes ago in the car."

"Alone?"

"No sub, Mist' Holt. With Mist' O'Neill, I reckon."

Admah hung up the receiver and applied himself to the serious business of intoxication.

CHAPTER 76

The Pickwick Club made him sick. Everybody gathering around tables in little rooms, passing their pocket flasks and laughing at him behind their hands.

Hadn't a man a right to do as he pleased at his club? Was there any rule against a member's drinking alone if he wanted to? Everybody he knew, practically, had gone through that little room and taken a look at him. They thought he was drunk, likely as not.

Well, he was. Any of their business? Wen Peebles had come along and made some bum excuses about wanting to take Admah home. What for? He'd never asked Wen to his house, and it was too late now. What a roar Flora Lee would put up if she saw Wen! Flora Lee, Shucks. . . .

The Pickwick Club made him sick. For a nickel he'd have put his foot through one of the windows. They wanted to drink like gentlemen. What for? There was no fun in drinking like

a gentleman. You drink to be jolly, to warm up the cold place in your stomach. You drink to forget a lot of things. Good, what a lot of rum you need for that! People that drink like gentlemen made him sick.

The hat room boy wait'd of noncommittally while Admah fumbled for his check. This being lost, the boy grinned and reckoned he knew Miss Holt's hat by the color of the band. He either found the hat or he didn't. Admah wasn't quite sure of that point, but he felt something on his head as he resumed his progress toward the door. He managed it surprisingly well until the night air struck him in the face and he bumped into an evening-dress gentleman coming up the steps.

"Good evening, Holtz." It was Colonel Atterbury.

Admah stood at the bottom of the steps, attempting to think of some pleasant reply to this pleasant salutation. But already the Colonel was walking up toward the clubhouse door, and the expression of his back was as secretive as the Principality's business policy. Admah wondered if he had noticed anything; then he laughed aloud at a splendid joke that sprang full armed out of his brain. Would you notice the new postoffice building if it was on fire?

"Taxi, boss?"

A rutilant colored man stood on the curb, gesturing toward a badly dented Ford. Silently Admah got in.

"Which to Kummel?" The driver grinned with that understanding, somewhat envious expression which only an African can show to our moments of human weakness.

"Take me to the liver," said Admah ponderously.

"Yassa, Kummel. Which part o' th' liver, sah?"

"Which Number One?" That was beautifully intoned.

"Yassa." The driver started his engine before he twisted around again. "Say, boss. They ain't no beat goin' out fun 'Wharf Number One this time o' night."

"I don't want a boat," said Admah. "I want a wharf."

"Yassa, Kummel."

By now Admah had reached the point of intoxication where one imagines one's self a being singled out by Bacchus to be immune from alcoholic poisoning. Cool and sober. In his own estimation, he jolted through the evening streets, philosophizing on the things that made him sick. Grand Avenue had turned itself into a little shabby Broadway, electric light signs blinking on and off or twisting round like illuminated garter snakes. All across the front of a movie palace a scare-eyed blonde in riding boots was guiding her fiery mustang in a leap from cliff to cliff.

Goofy's Radio Store was going full blast; something with a howl and a twang in it that sounded, in passing, like, "Ba-a-a-by, I got the twitchy itchy hoola bla-a-a!" An Electrical Wizard had devoted his great mind to inventing those ear-splitting and eye-teethers and brain-oddlers. Well, they jolted people up, kept the poor old world from sticking in the mud. This last thought was refreshing.

Admah believed in advertising. Good thing, advertising. If he hadn't advertised, where would he be to-day? Where would he be? With a jerk of the car around a sharp corner he came to sufficiently to ask himself: Where was he now? His wife gone, his credit gone. What was it Flora Lee had said about his hands? She didn't like them to touch her. And that damned Frenchman—Sav—what was it—Sav—sac. . . . What sort of hands had he? Had Admah been like some terrible ape to her, annoying her with his ear-ears while she learned to smile like a doll? Like a doll? Like an angel? Something so shining, so far above him that he was flattered when she looked down on him to let him know that she felt his worship. . . .

God! Why hadn't he killed O'Neill the first time he saw him leering at her over a glass-topped table?

The Ford stopped suddenly beside a deserted dock.

Between its gentle banks the River stole away, calm and melancholy beneath a sheet of stars. White men had first come down stream in canoes and rafts; like parasites that dwell on leaves they had been swirled against that bank to fasten on the living herbage and to multiply and to devour. Men had carved the River's banks to an ugly pattern of civilization and cities had polluted its waters; yet under the stars as Admah Holtz crouched on the pier, lonely and depressed, he could feel the divinity of the stream, its power and its glory. He had been the River's child almost. His first memory was of a ride behind old John down to the ferry wharf on the other bank.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FOR the KIDDI

The Adventures of Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy

By JOHNNY GRUBBLER

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Grampy Hoppytoad wiped his magic green with his pocket hanky and said, "Raggedy Ann and Andy and little Ned. It may take us a long time to get to Ned's nice mama, so we had better pick a whole butter scotch and fill all our pockets. So every one Then Grampy Hoppytoad walked ahead again and followed.

Presently they came to where the path led into a great big one-room house. There was only the house, and it reached almost to the ceiling.

Grampy Hoppytoad stopped and wiped his blue hanky. "I think this is a magic house of Raggedy Ann!" he said. "There isn't any door of the queer house, yet little Ned's mama's footsteps through. What shall we do?"

"Let us walk right through," Raggedy Ann said. "Maybe when we get inside, the back of the house will be up. It looks like a magic house of some sort!"

But Grampy Hoppytoad and Raggedy Ann were to do this. "It may be a magic house to fool any one, but little Ned's mama!" Raggedy Ann whispered if we go inside, the front door will close and we prisoners and never get out!"

"You are right, Raggedy Ann!" Raggedy Ann said. "Let us take a long stick and poke it all around the queer house, then if the front door closes we will have a magic house built to fool us! Still," he added, "any door to the house, there is just a doorway!"

"We can try using a long stick!" Raggedy Ann said. Raggedy Andy got a long stick and poked it into the house. At first nothing happened, then as he poked harder, they could hear a loud growl and a

"Why! Do you know what!" Raggedy Ann said. "This is a large dog house and there is a large dog and is biting it as hard as he can!"

Raggedy Ann and Grampy Hoppytoad could hear the loud growls of the invisible dog and could see the dog biting off the end of the stick.

"If we try to pass, the invisible dog will bite us in two!" Grampy Hoppytoad said. "What do you do, Raggedy Ann?"

Raggedy Ann had to sit down and think of the answer, but presently she jumped up and said, "I have an idea!" Then when she told the others about it, they had in their pockets and little Ned made a ball as large as your head.

Then Raggedy Ann took the long stick and poked it into the dog house. The invisible dog caught the ball of butter scotch and his teeth together. They could not see the invisible dog, they could growl and turn, but he tried to get it out.

"Now is our time," Raggedy Ann said. "Andy cried as he ran out of the house of the invisible dog and the others followed and

when they were once inside, the back of the magic house opened and they could run out on the other side."

"It was lucky we had the soft butter scotch to eat," Raggedy Ann said. "But now we have nothing to eat." But it wasn't long before they came to a little grocery with a sign in front which said, "Help yourself. Leave no pennies. Everything for sale."

At first, they were afraid this might be a magic house, but when Raggedy Andy went inside, he saw the good to eat. So they sat upon the steps of the magic house and ate until the basket was empty.

(More about the Raggedys tomorrow.)

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(More about the Raggedys tomorrow.)

Earning a Bare Living

WELL, FOLKS, I'M GOING TO PICK UP SOME EXTRA PEEBLES THIS AFTERNOON POSING IN A BATHING SUIT FASHION SHOW!



HOW TRY THIS ONE-ON!



I QUIT! THERE'S NOT ENOUGH CASHION IN TOO MUCH SHOWING THIS FASHION SHOW!



Kitty of

