

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 H. 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 1 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

A MAN OF HIS WORD

Marshal Foch not excepted, there is no distinguished foreigner who has visited our shores to whom we would rather take off our hats than to Paavo Nurmi. We should like to think of him as an American not because he is the world's greatest runner, but because of the kind of man-who-keeps-his-word he is; but at any such intimation all his fellow Finns in that far-off little country, stuck in between the Arctic snows and Russia, would make din of protest that would jam the static of all the world's radio sets. He is Finland's own, her joy and pride.

On his American visit he has upset all athletic traditions. Professional coaches who nurse their athletes as if they were made of glass, and will not let them do more than a little warming up sprint two or three days before they race, have seen Paavo running every day, always ready to run, training for races by racing, while he continued his victories and breaking of records. All this as an amateur for the game's sake.

He was offered \$100,000 to turn professional. A lot of money that to a poor young Finn, and especially back in Finland. But he had promised the home athletic association that he would not become professional while absent. Temptation whispered that he could find plenty of excuses to take that fortune, his for signing his name, and never return home. Not so. Paavo might be poor, but he would keep his faith with himself and his countrymen.

Turn on the aurora borealis! What a reception he will have when he lands in Finland after his American triumphs! All the mother and father and grandmother and grandfather Finns, and all the little Finns, will be there to welcome their Paavo. Then, maybe, that home athletic association will say: "All right, boy, go back to America and make the money, and then come home to marry a Finnish girl and grow up a family of Finnish runners."

Even at the risk of jamming the radio sets we offer the suggestion that Paavo, who is the kind of citizen we want, settle here and marry an American girl and grow some American runners to keep our score high at future Olympic games.

SO IT ALWAYS IS

Some weeks ago the stock market and the wheat pit were booming and the fellows who had bought low were selling out high to the outsiders who had just caught the fever. Since then stocks have dropped and wheat has gone tumbling. Many who came in too late and bought high have now to sell low. These have learned by experience, if they would not take advice, not to try to beat the experts at their own game, which is as foolish as expecting that by reading a book on how to bat home runs you can be a Babe Ruth.

It is hoped that no man who was a grower of wheat bought wheat on margin at the high, hoping for a further rise. He has lost money enough on the drop in the price of his crop. Meanwhile, all who have their money in savings banks or in sound bonds or home investments are drawing their interest as usual and our government is back of our war risk insurance.

THIS IS GOOD MEDICINE

An American Legion post of Milwaukee is arranging talks on patriotic and civic subjects in the local schools. Particularly is it good medicine if the Young Workers' Communitist league, which takes its orders from soviet Moscow, has "nuclei" in the Milwaukee schools teaching the overthrow of all government by force. For the present policy of the soviet is to poison young minds so they will grow up to be bolsheviks.

It used to be that eternal vigilance was the price of liberty; now, it's dodge the crazy nut with the car or be numbered with the angels.—Oakridge Review.

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-SIXTH INSTALLMENT

The other bank . . . just by that span of waters had his life been changed. He could see faint lights in the trees and imagine that they came from the settlement where he was born. He might have remained to improve the soil and to marry one of the neighbor's girls. Would he have been happier? Pa Holtz hadn't been happy. Men who drink alone out of a one jug and deny God—possibly for very fear of God's wrath—weren't happy. No, that wasn't the solution.

Toward a wharf downstream the little River Ferry was plying her way. An ugly thing by daylight under the quiet star, she was a royal barge, lit for a festival. Her mast-light twinkled daintily on high like the jeweled tip of a wand. Presently she bumped the wharf and began the noisy business of disgorging passengers. Roustabouts shouted, crates banged, hogsheads bumped, a woman laughed. Then along the planks came the klop-klop-klop of a solitary horse. It might have been the sound of Old John's poor tired hoofs, blundering along with no more knowledge of life's meaning than dwell in Admah Holtz that night of his undoing.

The light ain't over, not a by long shot, he decided, and brought his horse's head down on the plank. My liquor's dyin' in me, and I reckon that's a good thing. I'll go back to town and get a room at the Hamilton. I've got a thing or two to say out in meatin' tomorrow that'll put a cimp in the Judas Iscariot Club. Too bad, though, that Atterbury saw me comin' out of the Pickwick that way. But he can't do a thing without me. His hands are tied, and I'll show him just where. And Flora Lee—pshaw, she's had a tantrum, she'll be back. But I'm goin' to shoot that man O'Neil.

He had half-remembered to his feet and would have arisen had not an eery aspect of the water, directly under the pier caught his eye and fascinated him with superstitious conjectures. Under the stars it seemed animate, like a drowning man, tattered and gray-haired, beating himself to death against the rough timber. Admah had opened his dry mouth to call when he saw the true cause of his alarm. Just a wave from the ferry boat, striking the piles.

But it had given him a start, and with it an awful thought had come. Pa Holtz hadn't fallen into the River, just by accident, because he was drunk. He'd been drunk, all right, but the preacher who preached the sermon and the neighbors who had come to shake Ma by the hand hadn't told her right. Admah saw it clearly now, the steep bank, with the eddy below and Pa Holtz, smothering his pipe, waiting for darkness. That's the way to clean the slate—when you can't make head or tail of the figures, just rub 'em out. Fascinated by this easy thought Admah crawled on all fours to the very edge of the wharf and poised there an instant like a gargoyle.

"Hey, mister!"

The challenge, thin and drawing, brought him nervously upright. Something twisted and shaggy like a scarecrow approached him through the dimness.

"Mister, if ye ain't keener ye're liable to drop off," persisted the thin voice which sounded as though it came from a body without lungs.

"I reckon so," agreed Admah, guiltily conscious that the intruder had guessed his temptation. He saw a face, scabby and twisted as the body beneath it. "Ye don't belong on this wharf no more'n I do," whined the specter. "But ye ain't the kind that risks free like po' folks does. I got a free pass on the boat, Tee-hee. Right smart of a boat, but dry." His jaws seemed to crack with dryness. "Ain't got a chew o' tobacco on yer clothes?"

Admah found a cigar which he gave to the man.

"Seezart! Goshamighty!" He lit it in two and chewed disgustingly. "It's a sho nuff dry spell, ain't it, mister?"

"Where do you get your liquor?" asked Admah thickly. He recognized the man as one of the waterrats who spend their summer in leaky huts along the flats and are flooded out with the river-rise in Spring.

"Ain't tellin'?" The water rat winked his little oozy eyes in Admah's face.

CHAPTER 77

They planned ahead through a sort of alcoholic fog. Through coal yards, past warehouses, up one alley, down another, round ridiculous whitewashed corners that smelt of open sewage, it was as though a corpse had arisen to guide Admah into some unclean mischief or to show him such another trolldance as Peter Gynt witnessed when he threw away his soul.

At last the water rat stopped and put his hand on Admah's arm, causing him to wince away. Suddenly he realized how Flora Lee must have felt when he touched her. He was aware of a crooked door with light shining through its warped top. Rap-rap, and a terrifying voice spat out: "Who there?"

"Jes Zeb, Molly. No an' a feller."

The door opened cautiously and a fat, old woman stood framed in sooty light against a background of discordant sounds; a hushed growling as though her den contained wild beasts that had been beaten and scared.

"Come awn in an' shet the do," she commanded.

There were three cunningly concealed steps in the dingy hall; Admah would have pitched forward on his face had not the big woman caught him by the coat-tail.

"Wanna bust yer fool neck?" she snarled. "Now look yuh, boys. We ain't sellin' likker."

"Show yer money," whispered the scarecrow.

Admah fished into his pocket and brought out a crumpled bill. The old woman held it under a leaky gas jet, and bemused though he was, he saw that he had given her twenty dollars.

"Come in yuh!" she pointed to a table in the lowbrowed, cluttered room. Before his eyes the picture wavered, fuzzily outlined like some badly printed engraving. Admah had taken a chair, then hastily he began to realize that half the men in the room were negroes.

He saw a large, hairy mole on the woman's goitered neck as she leaned down to slam a bottle on the table, muzzling something that sounded like "Reel ole Gray Label, mister. Not much of that stuff left."

Two tumblers, which she had been concealing under her apron, came down beside the bottles.

"He'll keep yer company," she explained with a ghastly smile toward the specter named Zeb. Then, her attention turned to a quarrel at the other end of the room. "Hye, yuh negrass! I tole you onet an' I ain't goin' to tell you agin'."

Already Zeb had reached hungrily for the bottle. He poured his tumbler full to the brim and was raising it to his hairy lips when Admah spurned him like a blow-fly.

"Take it away! Over there!" He pointed to a vacant table in a remote corner. The scarecrow, creaking out a series of sounds that might have been either thanks or curses, vanished into the jumble.

Admah laughed and took a drink that blazed his way down his gullet. The room seemed to be full of chuckles, tortured, dizzy, knowing chuckles. Old Gray Label, which Molly had proclaimed as rare, was common enough. There was a bottle on every table, and around each faces grimaced, daddled, blinked. Now and then one of the animals would let out a howl, to be suppressed by a snarl from its keeper.

Two negroes crouched on the floor, shooting craps, muttering short voodoo incantations with every throw. Several wharf rats—they might have been Zeb's own brothers—gathered around and wagged small coins.

"Tah. Come a baby bloo!" "Tah. Lay an' sig for yo' momma!" "Tah. Bus 'em wide, boy!"

An elderly negro, very drunk, with dirty ram's wool over his ears and shockingly ragged clothes, sat alone and preached in a melancholy sing-song.

"An' de Spirit of de Lawd come to Jonah, an' He say, 'What yuh done swallow?' What yuh totin' dah inside yo' stummick?" Heave up mah Prophet, Whale! An' de whale done hove up de Prophet, an' de Spirit of de Lawd say, 'Go an' sin no mo'!"

Through the haze Admah recalled Old Harris, whom he had seen drunk and preaching at the Peake front door the day of the auction. Life had shaken him to a rag since then. . . .

Presently he stopped ranting, threw back his head and slid under the table. Nobody noticed it. A light had started in another corner. A back door opened quietly and somebody was thrown out. To Admah it was all a picture, or a scrap of some fascinating nightmare to which he had bound himself by drinking with the Bad People.

Hurrah! He didn't mix a liquor, after the second gulp, 'his was the life, thought he. None of your high-toned clubs with critical eyes peering out to count your drinks and decide you weren't quite a gentleman. Who wanted to be quite a gentleman?

What had it ever brought to Admah Holtz except headaches and heartaches and cheap compliments from people who stuck out their tongues behind his back? But he's show 'em again! What time was it? He found his watch and studied the dial, but couldn't quite make out. Anyhow, it was getting late and he ought to go home.

Wouldn't do to go into the Annual Meeting with rum on his breath. Atterbury would be there. Atterbury the stiff-backed, clammy old fool. Never you mind, some day Admah Holtz would be sitting in Atterbury's chair up in the Principality Building.

The room was going round and round. . . . Wicked, interesting faces. . . . Scraps of song like rags torn from cheap garments. . . . Walpurgis Night when corpses of hanged men came up from the ground to dance with warlocks, trolls, vampires, night-hags and those soulless, unclassified devils with swollen bodies, pig snouts and the scaly legs of undead birds. . . . This was the life? . . . The chanceling who appeared where Admah Holtz had sat arose boisterously and addressed his companion devils. . . . He wanted all men to be free and equal, or something like that. . . . No snobs or high-toned swells to peer in your face, but just good fellows. . . .

Shut up or get out! old Molly was bawling at him, having sworn into his ken out of nothingness.

"I reckon I'll git out," agreed Admah in an instant of quiet. As the sky shows momentarily through a storm's blackness he looked through his drunkenness and saw clear light. O'Neil. He couldn't be far away. Arise or awake he'd find him. . . .

Molly gave him a shove from behind and he stumbled on the interval steps leading to the exit. She helped him up, and an instant later he was out in the alley, a sudden wind blowing across his face. He clutched at a post to save himself from another fall, then out of the shadows black shapes began to move. Slowly, stealthily, they closed in. . . . Was it part of his wicked dream? A great hand gripped his shoulder. It was all so dreadfully quiet. Admah had opened his mouth to shout, but no sound came. He struck out blindly, felt his knuckles cracking against flesh and bone. Then they were on him and he went down and was blotted out. . . .

CHAPTER 78

How hard and hot the pillow felt against his ear! Without opening his eyes he turned over, clicked his fuzzy tongue and reached for the thermos bottle which always stood on his bedside table. But the table wasn't there. He caught, careering his forehead which seemed to beat with a thousand hammers, making a noise like the T. & P. shops, going full blast. The T. & P. . . .

He opened one eye and looked painfully across the room. Queer. Everything was turned around. He didn't remember that funny little door in his bedroom, or that dog-eared art-calendar, showing a bold-eyed virgin with a white kitten. And what had happened to the walls? They had been unaccountably covered with some smudgy looking paper that had cracked in places. He opened both eyes and tried to sit up, but sickness overcame him. . . .

Then he sought methodically to retrace his steps, much as the lost hunter counts the trees, hoping thereby to recover his trail. In the first place, this wasn't any room he had ever been in before. Nor any room in the Hamilton. He began to remember jumbled holes in a terrible place up an alley; a negro man had been preaching about Jonah, an old woman with a goiter had sold him something she called whiskey—Old Gray Label. On the way home—somebody, or something, had jumped at him out of the dark.

What time was it? Painfully turning his head he descried a twisted pile of bills, his knife and some small change on a cracked marble bureau. No sign of his watch.

"Hey!" he moaned, closing his eyes again. "What's the game here? Hey!"

From somewhere a door opened, footsteps approached.

"Well, takin' a brace, Ad?" asked a pleasant voice with a pronounced Yankee accent. "Here, try this bromus old son." A blue sleeve with a strip, so bold that it hurt the invalid's eyes, was passed across the bed and a white hand, luxuriously ringed, held a fizzy glass. Admah drank thirstily, and dozed again. Then he awoke and sat bolt upright. The details of the shoddy little room were quite clear now, but clearest of all he saw the assertively fashionable person who stood grinning at the foot of his bed. He had on a blue collar and a barber's pole tie. In the splendor of his attire and the cleanliness of his person he was quite a different individual from one whom Admah had last seen some years before. But he was recognizable as Elmer Hemingway, usher, lu ch-wagon promoter, socialist and gentleman adventurer.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Adventures of Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy

By JOHNNY GRUBBLE

Copyright By United Feature Syndicate, Inc.
 Reproduction Prohibited. All Rights Reserved.

Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy and little Grampy Hoppytoad sat upon the steps of the grocery store and ate up all the goodies Raggedy brought out.

"Now, as we shall get hungry again pretty better go inside and fill the basket," Raggedy Andy said. So he and Grampy Hoppytoad went inside the magic grocery and filled the large basket with what they thought they would need.

Grampy Hoppytoad even took a package of leaves to smoke in his Hoppytoad pipe. Every cunning little magic store was free. It must be a nice place.

"Now we are ready to search farther for mama!" Raggedy Andy said when he came out of store. So Grampy Hoppytoad put on his magic tacles with which he could see footprints no matter and they followed him as he led the way down the the brook and into the deeper part of the lovely woods.

In a short time they came to a cunning little above the door was a sign which read, "Witchie Wishe!"

"Ha!" Grampy Hoppytoad said: "Maybe Witchie Wishe, she will tell us how to find little mama!"

"But Witchie Wishe may be a very cross, person and she may hinder us in our search more than she Raggedy Andy said.



The little window opened and a cunning man put her head out in a pleasant way. "ing!" she said. Rag knew in a moment that nothing to fear from pleasant little lady. Witchie Wishe they ing for little Ned's "Oh dear!" Witch said, "little Ned's far, far away from take you a long time there, I am afraid!"

"Maybe with your magic you might help Ann said.

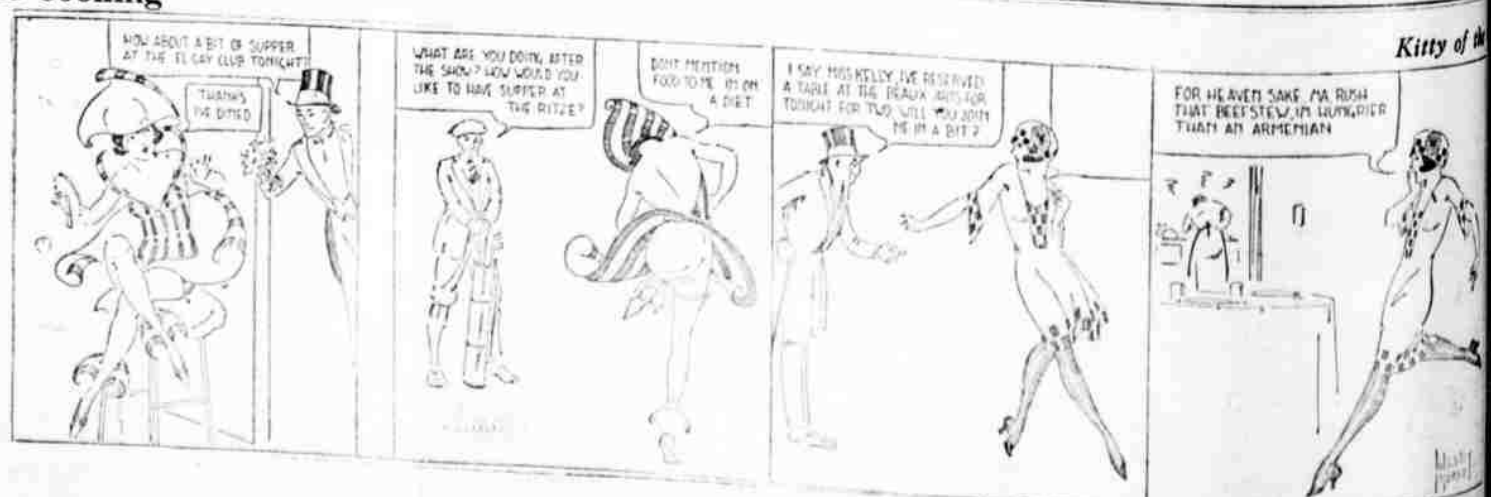
"I will see!" Witchie Wishe said; and she door and came outside. Witchie Wishe had some magical charms. Raggedy Ann knew this the moment Witchie Wishe place them upon the ground and them. After doing this awhile, Witchie Wishe thought real hard.

"Do you know," she said. "Little Ned's morn by here just a short time ago, but she was being by some magic of some sort, and it would take long time to walk that far! You must all come tag and have some chocolate and goodies to eat out the best way for you to go!" So the Raggedys and Hoppytoad and little Ned went into the cunning and had a very, very nice lunch. Then, when they to start, Witchie Wishe said: "I believe the best you to travel is to ride upon magic scooters make!"

So she got out her magic charms and made scooters. Then she kissed Raggedy Ann and little bye and said: "All you have to do is to stand upon ers and they will carry you right along. You will to push one foot like you would have to do with ordinary scooters. And to guide them just turn the way you wish to go." The Raggedys and Grampy toad thanked Witchie Wishe and stood upon them and went gliding away, down the path through the pering woods. And, when they came to a tree fallen across the path, instead of having to get off the scooter over the fallen tree, the scooter just ran air and sailed over the tree without a single bump or jump over. Raggedy Andy had brought along the had filled with lunch, so, whenever anyone grew hungry would rest the scooters against the trees and sit have a nice picnic lunch. So you may know just it was.

(More about the Raggedys tomorrow.)

Home Cooking



Kitty of the