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THE KLAMATH NEWS

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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

WHICH SYSTEM IS BEST

We have heard a lot about the roads that the Romans built, but wages and life counted for little in their construction.

In ten years' time the United States has built more hard surfaced roads with well paid labor than the Romans ever thought of constructing. Today a man can travel for thousands of miles in this country on wonderful hard surfaced highways. They furnish a pleasant and safe means of transportation for millions of people.

Road commissioners realize more and more that it is essential to utilize old gravel and macadamized roads as the base for permanent hard surfaced pavements.

While \$100,000 might build a mile of Roman road which would last for a thousand years, the same \$100,000 will be put an asphaltic concrete surface 20 feet wide two inches thick at the center and five inches thick at the edges over nearly six miles of worn out macadam under the plan of the California highway commission for utilizing old gravel and macadam roads as a base for a hard surface covering. Six times as many people can be served and six times as many miles of highway that will last for many years can be built.

NEW ENGLAND THOROUGHNESS

A New England man with an idea has been a main factor in the growth of Los Angeles. A. G. Arnoll, secretary of the Los Angeles chamber of commerce, came to that organization from New England. He deliberately set out to secure industries for southern California. Coming from an industrial section of the country, he realized that payrolls were the rock foundation upon which to build permanent community prosperity.

His ideas have borne fruit. In a little over three years 4,000 new industries have been located in Los Angeles. His systematic program to encourage industrial development can be followed by any city which seeks permanent growth and prosperity. But it takes work and lots of it, as can be testified to by Mr. Arnoll and his corps of assistants who keep in constant touch with thousands of prospective industries over the world which they try to interest in coming to southern California.

ALWAYS MORE COMING

There is one thing we need never worry about; one supply of which we shall never run short; one defense which the country will never lack. We shall always have enough men who want to hold office. In the darkest hour of a national crisis you may depend upon them to enlist for service without faltering. The higher the pay the more recruits will be ready to take the risk. There will always be more for a ten thousand dollar than a thousand dollar a year office.

Recently it was reported that our ambassador to Spain was about to resign. The next day the president learned what a host of our fellow citizens would make an ideal ambassador to Spain. The joke was that the present ambassador had not yet resigned.

But one thing we shall always have to worry about is to get a man worthy to fill any office. About that the applicants do not worry so much. Usually, they worry too much about how to get the office.

For refined sarcasm, consider the proposal of the Pomona grange of Umatilla county, which, in lieu of the Palm Beach resolution exempting inheritance taxes and income taxes in Oregon for 15 years, would exempt farm property and improvements from state and county levies for a like period. Well, why not? There is as much sense in one proposal as the other.—Ontario Argus.

According to the Coos newspapers, there is to be a "cheese week" in the month of June. That will provide ample time for people to obtain a cheese appetite.—Tillamook Headlight.

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-SEVENTH INSTALLMENT

"What are you doing there?" began Admah

politely. "That's just what I was last night," pointed Elmer. "I came down the way with nothing on my mind but my hat, and I found you there. Admah R. Holtz, president of the First National Bank, or whatever it is, is so used to the girls and being frisked for his watch by a pair of river-boat coons. When did you take to drinkin' your champagne at old Molly's?"

"What were you doing there?" asked Admah thickly, unsure that Elmer was not a continuation of his dream.

"Business," said Elmer, and winked a wicked eye. "I sold old Molly the line of hooch that knocked you cold. Sure. There was considerable worldly pride in this. 'I been in the trade a couple years now, workin' between here and Indianapolis. Too bad you didn't get hold of some of my Grade A. Remember that saterneer you bought for your big party at the Hamilton? That was mine."

"What have you done with my clothes?" Fall consciousness had come upon Admah and with it panic.

"Sent 'em over to the pants presser across the street. I'll see they're cleaned."

"What time is it?"

"Very deliberately Mr. Hemingway drew back a blue cuff."

"It's just seventeen minutes of five—I'm about four minutes fast, so that makes it—"

"Five? Five in the afternoon?" Admah had swung his legs out of bed and sat open-mouthed, horror-stricken.

"Sure. You been hittin' the hay since four this mornin' when I brought you home in a taxi. Look here, Ad! What's eatin' you now?"

"What was eatin' him?" Furies, perhaps, who overtake and gnaw the sluggard who sleeps and leaves his one poor hope to float away upon the ebbing tide. He threw himself back on the creaking springs and covered his head.

"Say, I guess I'd better go sit a doctor," decided Elmer. "Sometimes that Class B hootch hits 'em pretty hard."

"For God's sake let me alone!" groaned the stricken man. "Don't talk any more. Let me be." Elmer had taken a step toward the door when Admah called after him.

"Evening paper—get me one! Quick!"

He heard Elmer's footsteps clattering down the stairs, and during a timeless interval lay there, cold and motionless as some Colossus who, having fallen, can do nothing to knit together the broken stones that once composed his giant stature. His eyes, his heart, his limbs were broken stones. Strong thoughts were in his head. Then again footsteps were on the carpetless stairs.

"Show it to me!" he commanded hollowly when his friend returned. Elmer increased the *Evening Democrat* at the front page and held it up to be read. The news was conspicuously spread and illustrated by a portrait.

HOLTZ GUESTED
 FROM PRESIDENT
 OF T. & P.

NEWTON B. CANFIELD
 TO SUCCEED HIM.

Col. Atterbury's
 Secretary Chosen
 After Stormy Session

Admah lay a long time, studying the handsome picture of Newton B. Canfield. Then he smiled a quiet smile, for he could afford his joke, since the T. & P. was no longer an affair of his. So that had been their game. General Bentley had been merely a smoke screen to hide the real enemy, who was Sam Canfield's nephew.

"I wonder if a little drink wouldn't do you good?" Elmer was asking, his head to one side.

"I reckon not," sighed Admah. "I've tried it."

CHAPTER 70

No city quite outgrows the village gossip; at least London and New York and Paris never have. And Admah's city, which in his life-time had battered charm for size, still retained its whispering galleries where ancient ladies could sit with heads together. For in the Day of the Cave and Reindeer it was written that the old men of the tribe should make the laws and the old women make the mischief. Quite naturally, then, the old women sat on the case of Admah Holtz and Flora Lee Peake, drawing the rainbow threads of romance back and forth, in and out, weaving a series of handsome tapestries which, like many other objects of art,

were remarkable for their color and design rather than their historical accuracy.

Satsuma disapproved of Flora Lee, but few condemned her. Satsuma is staunch in its caste feeling. Admah Holtz, who had been received under protest, was rejected with a savage joy. Miss Sunshine Buckner held to the theory that he beat Flora Lee—not that she didn't richly deserve it, but the Holtzes were dreadful people from somewhere across the River. Mrs. Eustone made the valuable discovery that Admah's mother had died in the Home for the Feeble Minded and that Admah had been bartender in a road-house. Mrs. Atterbury remained contemptuously aloof. She thought as her husband did; to him Admah Holtz represented an investment which he had found dangerous and sold out, fortunately, in time.

Not long after the T. & P. had changed its presidency the *Evening Democrat* published a fair-seeming article which did not meet the approval of Satsuma and the *Evening Democrat* had been taken over recently by a Yankee publisher who bought chain groceries. His heart's desire was standardization. Only in local news did he permit variety, and that he chose to make frivolous, sensational, pictorial. If the old *Evening Democrat* had been dull and stately the new *Evening Democrat* was bright and restless. It was, in fact, no gentleman.

"Tut-tut!" moaned Miss Sunshine Buckner one afternoon over her glass of sherry, which she drank alone since Jimmy Wilder had moved to Chicago. "What can people be thinking of to allow such a paper?"

But the item, on its surface, was innocent enough. They had republished the portrait printed at the time of Flora Lee's engagement to Sam Holtz. An adjacent headline informed the reader that Mr. Holtz Failed to Admit Rumor, and below there ran a somewhat life account of the beautiful Mrs. Holtz's pleasant stay at French Lick Springs. It was a ragged-edged, short-lined, ecstatic article, suggestive of *vees* (here. Her costumes were especially poetic. She entertained many charming people, mostly unknown to her home town. And what were her plans? She had none. Was it true that she had been separated from her husband, Admah R. Holtz, so suddenly ousted from the T. & P.? After her reply, the reporter had retained sufficient courage to inquire why Mr. Holtz's house on the River Boulevard had been offered for sale. She was unable to satisfy his curiosity.

Through some carelessness in the composing room, no doubt, another item was given undue prominence on the same page. Mr. Hunter O'Neill had failed to qualify for a golf tournament at French Lick Springs.

CHAPTER 80

He might have gone out in search of Flora Lee or, as an animal impulse had once urged him in the days when he had still an animal's vigor, for revenge upon Hunter O'Neill. But the days and weeks dragged on with nothing more definite than in his mind a promise to do something about it sometime. At present he wanted to be left alone, to leave other people alone. Into the details of settling his debts and Flora Lee's he put all the energy he could summon. Before he decided to sell his remaining stocks T. & P. common had taken another drop. He paid in full for the boat-house which he had promised the Sycamore Club, then he resigned, as he did from his other clubs. He settled with Cummins for the bracelets and sent checks to several Eastern dressmakers, a landscape gardener and a Chicago firm which sold Italian reproductions. The sale of his house he entrusted to a real estate broker; Arthur de Long, who was making a great success of Hersinger's, drove rather a close bargain for the place. He agreed to take over the mortgages and to furnish a watchman until the New Year when the transfer would be made.

Such details as these were involved in ringing down the curtain on his present drama. Admah Holtz, whose mother had taught him to hate debt, hated it to the end. He closed his books with a pitiful little balance in the bank and a pitiful little belief in the destiny which he had once thought so fine. A man past forty, having tasted luxury and success and the possession of a beautiful woman, he was poorly fitted for a beginning at the small end of the town. For a time he lived in the cheapest room in the Hamilton, dodging in and out for fear people would stop him and want to talk.

Shortly after his failure he had received a note from Margaret, and the very character of her writing paper had proclaimed her advancement in the world. "The Woman's Syndicate" her handsome stationery was engraved and there was mention of her offices in the Principality Building. "There must be something I can do," she had written, "and I shall feel dreadfully if you don't ask me. Whatever has happened, I know I haven't your fault. Won't you come to me or let me come to you? Please let's see what we can make of it all. I'm at the Westmore Apartments now, if you can come in the evening. I do so want to see you, Admah!"

Feeling that he should have been glad of her success, he fought in vain against a new sensitiveness. She was going up in the world. The Peakes were coming back. . . . Margaret was again proving the character that had made the Peakes great; poor Flora Lee was just what greatness had made of the Peakes.

His note to Margaret was short, kindly and impersonal. He had thought of her often, he said, but there had been so much to do that he hadn't had time to see anybody. But he'd surely come and see her just as soon as he got back.

Got back from what? He couldn't say because he didn't know.

CHAPTER 81

Finally he decided to accept Uncle Laff's invitation and go to the hog farm for an indefinite stay. Captain Holtz, in his own rough language, convinced him that the country air would do him good; he was welcome to stay as long as he cared to. When this offer came Admah was little richer than he had been the day he left the workshop and planned to buy a discarded lunch-wagon. In life-force he was much poorer, for his dream was spent. His pride was broken and success had lost its magic. He rode out in Uncle Laff's Ford, and all the way pictured himself as a hog farmer, growing very fat among his swine, eating and drinking more than he should, chewing tobacco and never coming to town. That would be a logical end of Admah Holtz less dramatic than suicide, but more comfortable.

The hog farm idea held him for only a little. Like everything else in life Uncle Laff and Aunt Brownie seemed to have flattened to the taste. Captain Holtz's thunderous stories and philosophizings, which had once amused his nephew by the hour, now bored him with their garrulity and repetitiveness. Laff was showing his age, and the death of his son—the one who had gone East to fail in the button business—had dulled the old man's wit. Gout, which had nipped Aunt Brownie's joints for many years, now began to gnaw in earnest. She kept her chair a great deal of the time, and like her husband she seemed to be drinking forever about things that mattered not at all.

Admah had come to Dell's Landing planning to live the life of a farmer, up with the lark, to bed with the chickens. But the city habit had grown on him to punish his early rising with sick headaches. If he went to bed before midnight it was to twist and turn until dawn, plagued by his hurried thoughts. The Captain must have seen his mistake in inviting his nephew to the farm, for one morning he came waddling down the path with an armful of fresh corn fodder and talked to Admah as man to man.

"Son," he concluded gently, "I guess you'd do a lot better in town. This place must look pretty slow to a young fellow. Why don't you go round and look up Jo? He's stopped just about where you dropped him, and you and him ought to be able to do something with that store of his."

When his nephew left, an hour later, Aunt Brownie kissed him and cried a little—since Bert's death she had become rather lachrymose—and then old Laff took him in his Ford as far as the Interurban. Admah came into the Red Store just as Jo and Myrtle and Henry, their oldest boy, were preparing for the noon trade. The window looked flyspecked and cluttered. From behind the counter, where Jo was leaning over an ice-cream container and Myrtle was serving a solitary customer, there came a smell of sourness and of mildew.

"Hello, Ad," Jo greeted him, looking up with a smile that seemed to share the sourness and the mildew. The customer, who was young and gaudy, never raised her eyes from the straw she was sucking. Admah Holtz had ceased to be news to the common people. But from Myrtle and young Henry the reaction was sprightly enough.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Adventures of Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy

By JOHNNY GRUELLE

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I guess if you had a magic scooter which had been for you by a kindly little witchie, you would have enjoyed upon it as much as Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy. Grampy Hoppytoad and little Ned enjoyed riding on magic scooters. For, they just had to stand upon the scooter and the scooter would run along the path through the deep woods as fast as the Raggedys wished the scooter. Then, when they were hungry, they would stop and magic scooters against a tree and have a picnic lunch. Raggedy Andy had a large basket filled with doughnuts, puffs, lolly pops, cookies, sandwiches and everything eat. Raggedy Andy had filled the basket back at the



little magic grocery store everything was free and helped yourself. So, when they stood their scooters against a large tree, had taken seats in the moss to have their lunch, had hardly started eating a queer little man came along the path and

"Why are you sitting here?" he asked in an angry tone. "Because I'm hungry!" Raggedy Andy

"And you may have some, too, if you would like," Raggedy Ann said as she smiled at the funny little fellow. Raggedy Ann held out a cream puff, the strange man took it from her hand and the cream puff flew against the splashed to pieces.

"What a mean, rude person!" Raggedy Ann cried, not paying any attention to him." And Raggedy Andy gave Raggedy Ann another cream puff.

"Maybe you do not know who I am!" the man shouted in a loud voice to Raggedy Andy.

"And maybe we do not wish to know!" Raggedy thought to himself, but he didn't pretend as if he didn't know. He was there at all, and helped little Ned and Grampy to eat. This made the little man very angry. He danced up and down and shook his fists at our friends.

"Just wait until I run home and get something!"

The Raggedys and Grampy Hoppytoad and little Ned sat and ate their lunch, and presently the little man was riding on a little pony. In his hand he carried a long stick. And, when he drew close to our friends, he helped little pony's sides with his heels and rode fast as a wind. Raggedy Andy did not have time to get up and jump to one side, so the little man poked his right into Raggedy Andy's cotton stuffed waist, and rolling over and over. Of course this did not hurt Raggedy Andy even a teeny weeny bit, but when he saw the tending doing the same thing to Raggedy Ann and Hoppytoad and little Ned, Raggedy Andy knew he was in a bad way. So he ran and picked up a long stick and hopped his magic scooter. Now, as everyone knows who has a magic scooter, it can go ever and ever so much faster than a little pony. So Raggedy Andy ran the scooter all around the little man and the pony and kept them in this way and that until the little pony grew very tired and had to sit down. Then Raggedy Andy would ride his scooter up close to the man and away again so fast that he had no chance to strike Raggedy Andy, but each time Raggedy Andy gave the man a thump with the stick.

Then when the pony had rested, he got up again and the little man ran toward Grampy Hoppytoad and little Ned. He intended giving little Ned a hard thump with his stick, but Raggedy Andy ran the scooter in between Raggedy Ann and little Ned and hit the man's fingers real hard with his stick. This made the man drop his own stick and run as fast as he could. But Raggedy Andy soon caught him, and to teach him a lesson, gave him a hard thump on the top of his head. And, as the little man howled for home, Raggedy Ann and the others hopped up on their magic scooters and followed Raggedy Andy as he led in another direction from that taken by the little pony. "And we hope we do not see him again!" Hoppytoad laughed.

(More about the Raggedys tomorrow.)

Emil Has It on the Johns

