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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

CRIME IN THE NEWS

(From the Chicago Tribune)

Some newspapers whose editors thought the circulation could stand a stunt gave crime abnormal treatment for a while. They segregated it, obscured it, and held it down. Most of them are returning to normal.

The activities which get the most space in representative American papers are first business, and second sports. An examination of a number of papers put police news at under 10 per cent of the reading matter. Every once in a while that 10 per cent starts on page one and impresses some readers as being about 50 per cent of the issue.

The crime which does this is drama. It has some of the elements which draw people to Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, etc. It has what makes them want to read Conan Doyle, a good deal of Dickens, some of Stevenson. The modern theater and modern fiction are not strong for crime. They want vice. Crime remains the newspaper drama. It requires unusual mystery, unusual character, unusual motive. Most of Chicago's murders get a paragraph, sometimes only three lines of agate. "John Smith shot and instantly killed William Jones at — and — streets last night. They had quarreled. The police are seeking Smith." Next to saying nothing about it, that is about as little as could be said.

When a community has many murders it indicates that something is wrong. It may be in the enforcement of law. It may be in the trial courts, in the police system, in the politics of the place, in the conditions of life.

San Francisco, after the gold rush, had some abnormal conditions. There had been an influx of hard criminals, and they were hand in glove with dominant politicians. San Francisco knew that its future was to be great, and it might have argued how to meet the crime situation, whether by suppressing mention of it or by suppressing it. The reputable elements said that the thing was to suppress the crime.

We have an idea there would be an outcry sooner or later in this town is, for political or commercial reasons, the newspapers were ignoring all the existing dangers to public security. When in proportion to population Chicago has three times as many murders as New York, there is something wrong. It will not be righted by forgetting it.

The citizen who has been out driving with his wife, who is slugged or shot and robbed, and whose wife is carried away and who never had read that any such thing ever happened before, might want to know how long this had been going on.

Celebrated crime stories are printed because they are drama. Some of them remain celebrated for years and go into the history of the locality. The most orderly community may have one. It may not be a reflection of social conditions. Our record at this writing, 104 murders this year, is a reflection of conditions. The correction is not in ignoring it. We do not know where it will be found, but we have an idea that it will begin when there is a general feeling that the condition is not tolerable.

It must be a shock to some people to travel and discover that other communities feel just as superior as the old home town.

True altruism—The average American fussing about an inheritance tax that affects above \$50,000.

Everybody knows right from wrong; the hard part is to do wrong and persuade yourself to think it right.

America now has the world's greatest plane-carrying ship ready for the next disarmament conference.

Psychology explains everything except why men want similar hats and women dissimilar hats.

Americanism: Getting a thrill by knowing somebody mentioned in the casualty list.

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 Jennie 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-NINTH INSTALLMENT

"I thought at first she'd made a mistake. But she ought to know the house, didn't she? Course I let her in. I lost her what she wanted, for she was wise to the skin, and she didn't so much as glimpse the time of day. Walks up the stairs, pretends as a duchess, and went straight into the best front room—you know, that round one—and when I looks in she had went to bed."

"It was at right square. I had Minnie take off her clothes and put on one of my nightgowns. But I don't reckon the Duchess—excuse me, I mean Mrs. Holt—brought a thing that was going on. Tut! She chuckled sympathetically. 'I've seen 'em took that way before. A bad cold after a big party in a low dress. It's lung fever. She was hot as fire when I touched her, and off she went.'"

"She there do some queer things when they're that way. But it did give me a start, her bouncing up to that bedroom just like it belonged to her. Maybe—"

"Hush!" commanded Margaret. The door of the Oval Chamber was open a crack, and through the aperture she could hear the heavy breathing of distressed lungs. Somewhere in the background Admah Holt hovered, a bent and clumsy shadow; there was an alertness in him, too, as if he were crouching for a spring.

CHAPTER 54

For Admah Margaret Peake was not there. Even in the face of his closing tragedy she felt this and experienced a pang to know that she counted for so little that she could be an unconsidered witness like the walls and the windows of the decaying room.

From a stark wall fixture, which she remembered, had been concealed under one of Flora Lee's Venetian sconces, an unshaded bulb cast its frank light on the bare ugliness of the Oval Chamber. Beside an infamous beast, bed crouched Admah Holt, groping tenderly for one of the paper-thin hands which rested on a musky cotton quilt. On her pillow Flora Lee struggled desperately for breath. Her face was waxen, framed in the lovely hair which clustered about her head, gliding the drab pillowcase. She had lost her beauty, that was true. . . .

But Margaret wondered. Did Admah, who had never seen her as she was, still think her beautiful? Probably, for there was adoration in his eyes, and his voice was very gentle as he called her name, time after time.

Her head was moveless, but her lips had curved to a mysterious smile. Then there was a long, agonizing silence. Huddled beside the rickety bed that seemed an offense to her loved and pampered body, Admah mumbled incoherent things.

"When will the doctor be back?" whispered Margaret to the colored girl Minnie when she came slopping by. "He say pretty soon," replied Minnie, giggling softly with embarrassment.

Then Margaret returned to her corner and waited. What a room! Vandal hands had defaced it so that nothing but its shape remained to show where loveliness had been. The walls were stripped of their brocade and recovered with a gaudy rose-patterned paper, already streaked and soiled. A square of carpet, too dusty to reveal its original design, ran catatonic under the brass bed. A sheet-iron gas stove, smelling villainously, had thrust its pipe through a zinc-covered hole where Flora Lee's little mantel-piece with its bluish pilasters and flowery panels had once supported fragile ornaments of spun glass.

Spun glass! . . . Margaret gazed at the little painting creature on the bed and wondered if she would ever rouse and speak to Admah. She had called for him that afternoon. Margaret wondered why, and wished that she could have said him this agony.

Why was the doctor gone so long? Or was it long? Then she felt an aching in her throat, as if a great arch had arisen there. She was going to cry. Was it for her sister with whom she had romped up and down these halls? Her sister who, by some animal instinct, had returned to die in the only earthly spot she had ever loved? Or was it for Admah Holt, whom she longed to lift up and strengthen?

Out of her reverie she heard him calling again. "Flora! It's me, honey. Don't you know me, honey?"

The dying woman heard. Unexpectedly she opened her eyes, wide and dilated. She turned her head and gave him a smile so soft that it seemed to color her cheeks and restore her beauty.

"Oh," she drawled sleepily, as if she had just been awakened in the morning.

"I'm mighty glad—so glad. Darlin'—Darlin'—"

"I'm here, my sweet," he whispered, caressing her little hands.

"And—and I sort of thought you'd left me—"

Her faint giggle was broken by a fit of coughing.

"I didn't quit you, Flora Lee. You know I wouldn't do that," he told her brokenly. She laughed again, faltering this time.

"You wouldn't—I wouldn't let you—I'm crazy 'bout you. You do love me—don't you?—you wild, bad boy!"

"Honey, you know I do!" He had reached out as if to tear her frail body from the invisible monster. "You've come back to me, haven't you, Flora Lee? We didn't mean what we said. You don't know I wouldn't do that."

But she had stiffened and fallen back on the pillow, her mouth open, her lungs laboring horribly. Margaret sprang to her side and restored the covers that had fallen from her wasted limbs; but after that Flora Lee had no words for Admah or for any one.

Then one afternoon, very busy with the day's commonplace in her bright new office, his voice came over wire.

"Margaret, I wonder if you could find time to run out to the Place with me?"

"You mean the River Boulevard?"

"Yes. There's a few things that belong to your family out there. The De Longs want to move in the first of next week. I thought you'd know what I ought to take out."

Almost eagerly she acceded to his request, for she had heard a new note of interest in his voice.

CHAPTER 55

She died at one o'clock next morning. Dr. Furness, who had brought in a trained nurse, had ordered the watchers downstairs to wait in a travesty of the Peake drawing room. They had shut out the chattering landlady; her labored boarders tip-toed by, decently quiet for the occasion. Admah sat still, his face restful with a decision, as if some great question had just been answered for him. He stirred occasionally, moving his lips. But no words came. Once he took out his pipe, gazed into its empty bowl, rummaged his pockets for tobacco. Margaret bribed Minnie to go around the corner to a drug store; and when a package of cheap burley was brought in it was Margaret who filled his pipe and held a match that he might smoke. He puffed away, oblivious of her.

"Will you come now?" asked the nurse, appearing finally at the folding doors. They followed upstairs, but Margaret hesitated outside the Oval Chamber which had grown so still that Admah's every footfall gave an echo as he went inside. Not a sound. Standing in the ghostly corridor Margaret strained her ears and felt that Admah had entered a tomb to pray before dead ashes.

Minutes passed, and at last he came out, the look of exaltation still upon him. Yet tears were streaming down his cheeks.

"She didn't say another word," he whispered. "But she's let me know. You heard her. She didn't want me to quit her—wanted me to love her. She couldn't have talked that way—"

"Not unless she loved you," replied Margaret.

And with that precious lie she saved him. For in Flora Lee's delirious words her sister had read quite a different meaning from that which had cheered poor Admah's heart. It was not to him that those endearments had been spoken, but to the worthless man who had played with her and gone his way, her stolen jewels in his pocket.

"And I sort of thought she forgave me, didn't you, Margaret?" he asked brokenly.

"For what, my dear? For what?" she cried, and gathered his poor, misguided head to her breast.

CHAPTER 56

Outside the King's pavilion crouched the young David, dozing and waking as he leaned upon his harp, patient with the knowledge of a song that was to blow rich dreams back into a vacant mind. Inside the heavy tent-folds a dark form loomed, eyes smouldering dully below the great man's turban. Thus Saul, fighting for the spirit that had swooned and all but gone.

So Margaret Peake bided her time, awaiting an opportunity to open the eyes and ears of a man who had imposed solitude and silence upon himself. He let her see him every day, and she began to feel his unexpressed reliance on her strength. Sometimes she would coax him to dine with her at her apartment and they would pass long winter evenings talking on the most commonplace subjects. Occasionally he would give her little scraps of his early history, then check himself suddenly as if ashamed of revealing too much of his beginnings. On her shelves he found a set of popular scientific books, and he liked to hear her read from these—or of lower life and of man, shrewdly guessed at by methodical thinkers of today, came as fresh news to Admah Holt.

The very impersonality of scientific narrative had an effect of charming him away from the self-spell which he had cast about him. Some-

times he would come unexpectedly out of his reserve and ask a question pathetically reminiscent of the sentimental Admah who had once turned Ma Holt's peppermint board into a headstone for her grave.

"Margaret," he said once, "I never saw that monument I ordered for Flora Lee. I wanted it to be sort of lay and light. She couldn't stand it under one of those big lumberin' toms."

At this remark Margaret glanced at him keenly. Not yet, thought she, had the King's curtains parted to show his shadowy spirit, blacker than the blackness.

Then one afternoon, very busy with the day's commonplace in her bright new office, his voice came over wire.

"Margaret, I wonder if you could find time to run out to the Place with me?"

"You mean the River Boulevard?"

"Yes. There's a few things that belong to your family out there. The De Longs want to move in the first of next week. I thought you'd know what I ought to take out."

Almost eagerly she acceded to his request, for she had heard a new note of interest in his voice.

CHAPTER 57

A fragrant swirl of odds and ends that might have meant nothing or everything; such were the contents of bureau drawers that Margaret opened one after another; Flora Lee's possessions had always looked like that, a care-jumble of pretty, unsorted things, faintly sweetened by her own perfume. She might have been there yesterday, quarreling, laughing, gifting at the figures in her little world. . . .

How quiet the room was, and how cold! Many of the wardrobe doors were unlocked and very few garments hung on the poles. The servants, no doubt, had helped themselves. It was just as well, perhaps. Provided with the keys which Admah had given her, Margaret opened the closet doors and found a number of lovely dresses which Flora Lee might have worn twice and laid aside. From their folds the same fine-scent floated up, a ghostly reminder of the woman whose body lay mouldering under a light and lacy tomb.

Save for the thin gathering of dust on polished surfaces and relics of last year's spider webs, woven from rung to rung among the chair-legs, the apartment might have been deserted by Flora Lee half an hour ago. It was a trifle too orderly, though; the servants, apparently, had made an effort to tidy the place after their last plundering. Many photographs stared from their frames, wearing polite gallery smiles. She had left everything of that sort. A picture of Admah and Flora Lee, immediately after their wedding, smiled from a corner of a bureau. . . . Admah looked so young. It was hard to believe that the same man lurked downstairs, afraid to revisit the rooms of that radiant bride.

Margaret broke the glass of several pictures, tore them, tossed them into a wastebasket. The wedding portrait was among them; then there was one of O'Neill whom she had known when he was a plump cheeked, diffident boy. What was it that Flora Lee had done to men?

She glanced swiftly around the bedroom with its quiet, stale air and drawn blinds. The Venetian bed, the spreading swans, the painted mirrors and pallidly gilded dressing tables. . . . and Flora Lee had died in a battered brass bed beside a sheet-iron gas-heater that smelled to heaven. Delirious and with death upon her, she had returned to the scene of her family's pride and found everything that her heart detested; poverty, dinginess, ugliness. . . . Margaret looked up and saw Admah in the door.

"You needn't bother about these things," she told him gently.

"It's all right," he said, and made a futile gesture as though cobwebs had formed across his eyes. Something that had clouded his vision seemed to dip away, then, for he blinked around him, taking in every detail of the fine neglected chamber.

"She liked this mighty well," he drawled, speaking suddenly like his old self. "She'd be right sore if her bed was sold and anybody else slept in it. . . . I reckon we'd better have all her things put in storage somewhere."

Thus the Pharaohs interred favorite chairs and tables with the mummies of their loves.

"I'll telephone McCordle to come for them in the morning," said Margaret, and felt that he had not heard.

"That bed always meant a lot to her," he mused, and laid a bashful hand on one of the guardian swans. He stroked the shining wing very gently, as grandmother Peake had stroked the child Flora Lee's curls.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Adventures of

Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy

By JOHANNY GRUMPH

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Raggedy Ann, Raggedy Andy, Grampy Hoppytoad, Little Ned sat beside a lovely soda water spring in the deep woods. Their magical scooters were standing against a tree while they ate the lunch from Raggedy Andy's bag and drank their sodas. It was a very nice place to have a picnic and our friends laughed at the way they had fooled two little men who had tried to capture them back in the woods. "I guess the two little men must work for the man who took Little Ned's mama away from home!" Raggedy said. "And if they do work for him, maybe the Magicians close by."

Raggedy Ann had hardly finished speaking when a little man came running up. "Are you the ones who some magic scooters?" he asked.

"Yes," Raggedy Ann replied.

The little man saw the scooters standing by the tree, ran to them and puffed some magic powder upon them.

"Here, stop that!" Raggedy Andy cried, as he jumped his feet. The little man ran when Raggedy Andy ran to him.

"Ha, ha, ha!" the little man laughed. "The Magicians sent me to keep you from rescuing Little Ned's mama. I puffed the magic powder upon the scooters, and now cannot ride them, I'll bet!"

If Raggedy Andy could have caught the little man would have given him a thump with his rag fist, but the fellow ran too fast.

"Anyway, we can wipe the magic powder from the scooters," Grampy Hoppytoad said. "Now we shall never be able to find our nice mama!"

As they had all finished lunch and all had drunk a soda water as they wished, each took their scooter and pedaled upon it.

But what was their surprise when they tried to ride the scooters to find that, instead of in the direction they wished the scooters to go, the scooters backwards and Grampy Hoppytoad and Raggedy Andy into trees.

What a mean little fellow he was to spoil our nice scooters," Little Ned said. "Now we shall never be able to find our nice mama!"

Off through the woods they could hear the mean little man laughing. "Ha, ha, ha!" very rudely and very loudly, fixed their scooters for them that time," he cried. As could not ride the magic scooters without bumping into trees, Raggedy Ann sat down to think real hard. She could do quite well, for you know her head was stuffed with nice cotton. Raggedy Ann thought and thought, and finally said, "Maybe if the powder which the mean little man put on our scooters thinks we wish to ride forward it will work backward, so, maybe, if we get upon our magic scooters, all pretend that we wish to ride backwards, we will fool the magic powder and the scooters will go forward."

So Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy and Grampy Hoppytoad and Little Ned hopped upon their magic scooters and said, "My, we hope the nice scooters run backward again and because the magic powder which the mean little man puffed upon the scooters was 'contrary powder,' it will just the opposite to what anyone wished. So, instead of riding backwards, the magic powder made the scooters run forward. Raggedy Ann wiggled his shoe button eyes at Grampy Hoppytoad as much as to say, 'See how we fooled the contrary magic powder?' And Grampy Hoppytoad rolled his eyes back at Raggedy Ann and smiled.

The mean little man who had puffed the contrary powder on the scooters saw our friends coming, and ran out in front of them to stop them, but Raggedy Andy's scooter did not stop. Instead it went "BLUMP!" right into the man and knocked him over, and then Grampy Hoppytoad's scooter hit the man and gave him another hard bump.

"Now you can run and tell the magician that we shall give him the same kind of bumps when we see him!" Raggedy Andy cried.

The little man did not wait to reply, for holding his head he ran towards his home as fast as he could to get some more gar and brown paper. And after the Raggedys had gone a mile the contrary powder had blown from their scooters, and they could now ride them just as well as in the beginning.

Waldo Finally Gets Over

