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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*

WHY GERMANY ELECTED HINDENBURG PRESIDENT

In the election of Field Marshal von Hindenburg as president of Germany the rest of the world can find comfort in spite of predictions that it means the doom of the German republic. The German people have a measure of sound judgment, although they have at times been prevented from using it. Under the empire they were restrained at times as they are not likely to be under the constitution.

That the situation presents some menace to the peace of Europe it would be idle to ignore, but the result does not entirely rest in the hands of the German people nor of von Hindenburg himself. Some of the responsibility is on the shoulders of neighbors concerned in German affairs.

Early in the campaign the issue was sharply drawn. It was announced by the Marx supporters that the election of von Hindenburg would mean the recall of the Hohenzollern dynasty as a not distant date. The campaign went forward on the division between republicans and monarchists.

Then an unexpected element was thrown into the contest. An ill-judged attempt by the allies' press to dictate to German voters how they should use their ballots, with bad strategy in the Marx camp, where his managers neglected to tell the people what a fine man Marx was because they were so busy attacking von Hindenburg, made the issue one of sentiment, in a nation that is perhaps the most sentimental in the world.

In victory or defeat, Marshal von Hindenburg is a hero in the eyes of Germany. He never has changed his ideals. Right or wrong, he has been sincere. Germans who have utterly cast the Hohenzollerns out of their hearts still respect the old marshal for his loyalty to his former masters.

Thus von Hindenburg was elected, not alone by the votes of those who want the Hohenzollerns restored, but by many who resented attacks on the one man whose name recalls the day of German glory and who was passed over even by the allies when he stood forth as a scapegoat willing to take the errors of the Hohenzollerns on his own shoulders.

The election has been marked by the hoisting of the old Prussian royal colors, not by all the people that voted for von Hindenburg, but by the little group of zealots who see but one angle to von Hindenburg's election. There is danger that among the allies anti-German zeal will be kindled by pro-Hohenzollern enthusiasm. Here will lie the greatest danger to the established order in Germany under von Hindenburg's administration. Danger of quite another sort lurks in the fact that he is 78 years old, facing an arduous seven-year term. Should he lay down the burden part way the monarchists might decide on a sudden stroke to restore the throne. Meantime, if von Hindenburg takes the oath of the German constitution, he will keep it if he runs true to form.

It's a good idea always to kiss the children good night, advises Helper Lilalicia, but adds, that is if you don't mind waiting up for them to come home.

A wireless station that may be heard around the world and communicate with ships everywhere has just been installed on the crest of Mount Saleve, overlooking Geneva, Switzerland.

Travel may broaden you, but it gets you frightfully mixed about parking rules.

The chief objection to husbands that leave home is that they leave little else.

Normal American: One who thinks his pet law would hasten the millennium.

Keeping all of the laws requires a keen sense of duty or a keen sense of humor.

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.)

FIFTIETH INSTALLMENT

Then his eyes rested on the covered couch she had brought from France; old Linda had spread it neatly over the mattress. At each corner, a dog, a pheasant and a swan were stiffly presented in an arabesque of foliage. In the center above the crucifixion's cross, a device in gentle blue and pallid red beneath which three lions of medieval French pricked a scroll that once was gold, perhaps, or silver.

"I reckon I'd better save that too," he bit his lip.

Margaret would have cried out against this, but she restrained herself in time and he went on: "Somehow I never liked it as much as the other things. Maybe it was that French motto on it. I don't know any French." And because she remained silent he wheeled upon her and asked, "What does it mean, Margaret?"

He might have been asking what life meant and the game which he had played thus far so poorly.

"It's old French," she temporized; he seemed to share her uneasiness.

"But you know French," he insisted. Then she gave way to her temptation, and pointing the script out, line by line, translated:

"The dog for faithfulness, the pheasant for luxury, the swan for lust."

"I see," he mumbled, and stood looking at it for an instant. Then, "What's all that fancy work—the crown and shield and bird in the middle? What's that for?"

"That's the arms of the family for whom the spread was made," she explained.

"What family?" He was like a child inquisitor.

"Savard's," she half-whispered, as if his question had drawn to her lips what her mind had long suspected.

Admah had his lightning flashes when two and two came thunderously together. Yet there was no haste in his movements as he reached down and plucked the coverlet from Flora Lee's bed. He made no attempt to fold it, but dragged it after him, holding it far away from his body as though it might carry the germs of a disease.

CHAPTER 28

He had built a fire in the imitation Italian fireplace downstairs; a basket of corn pappas started it, but swallows' nests in the chimney spoiled the draft. At last, however, the flames began to leap, and although smoke poured out into the room, he set himself methodically to destroy the French coverlet. It was a work of piety, almost, like purging the sin from little Flora Lee's soul; like driving a stake through the heart of the sleeping vampire that she may be saved from the demon that obsesses her.

Strip after strip, he tore the fragile, lovely thing apart and watched the fragments burn. The soft material yielded gently to his fingers as Flora Lee sometimes yielded. As the shimmering texture burst into flames that were brighter than itself he had a feeling that his love was burning on this pyre, a cleansing, sacrificial flame.

Against the world's scourging he had held to his belief in Flora Lee; through ruin, betrayal and degradation he had clung at the wreckage of his faith. But this ornate bed-cover which she had cherished and failed to explain; that had held a key to his enigma. It had come to her cynically, dishonestly, embroidered with wicked words.

Those very words on their scroll of metal thread, glowed infernally as he crouched and watched them burn. A mysterious ooze of smoke, clouding the telltale room, added to the unreality in which he sat, glowing upon the charred symbols. But Flora Lee wasn't to blame. Suddenly that conviction came to him in a rush of pity for the little thing who had begged jewels of him as she had once begged peppermints. Just the way she'd been raised, thought he. Just the way she'd never been taught to look out for herself or anybody—not even for deviously herself whom she loved so deviously. Maternity and work and self-denial things... neither do angels. She'd been born to give pleasure, and how had she used her gift? To enslave and torment. ... Yet if she had returned to Admah Holtz at that moment.

A shadow moved across the room, and in the foggy atmosphere and low glamour of flame he saw a face that chilled his heart at first, then stirred him to an irresistible desire. He beheld her in a suffused radiance. ... Flora Lee, her bright hair gleaming, her eyes pitiful. ... death had given her a look of understanding for Admah Holtz. Beautiful and compassionate in the faint ghostlight, she floated

toward him. He wanted to call her name, to reach out to her, but his body was motionless, his lips stiff.

It was not until she had come to the hearth beside him that he looked again and saw that it was Margaret.

"Don't," she begged softly for she must have known by his face what torments were breaking in his breast.

He struggled again for words, but none came. Instead he grouped for her hand and laid it against his poor wounded heart.

"Don't you ever go away, Margaret!" he began to plead like a lost child.

"Is it true, dear, that you want me?" she asked, and settled on the hearth beside him.

Her arms were around him and he was holding her desperately, hiding his face to conceal his shameful tears. Then in contact with her fine body strength began to flow back to him. In the uncertain freight he looked at her with a new wonder and saw what before he had been too blind to see: she was very like Flora Lee but with a knowledge and a tenderness that her sister could never have shown.

"Do you think you could—" he began, but his speech failed again.

"Could what, Admah?" she asked, studying him thoughtfully.

"—could ever love me?"

"Oh, Admah, my dear, my dear!" She paused an instant, then kissed him gently. "Don't you know how long I have?"

"I don't think I've ever seen anything," he confessed.

"No, dear boy, you haven't. I've wanted you for myself—I've wanted to lock you away from—things, to take care of you. It wasn't fair, Admah. Not to either of us. Think of what we might have been! It wasn't fair it wasn't fair!"

"I reckon it wasn't," he said, and because she was weeping gently he kissed her and touched her cheek.

"To see you treated like a dog right under my eyes when all you needed, Admah—" She drew him closer to her and again caressed him as a mother might have done—"all you needed was me. But you do love me now, my dear? You do?"

"Yes, honey," he responded, and that was the truth.

Or was it truth? If love is an intoxicating thing, pleasing and destroying like a drug, then Admah had none of it left for Margaret Peak. But if it is a warming essence, restoring blood to a cold heart and color to a gray mind, the thing he felt was love.

For an indefinite time these two beings, so different in origin yet so akin in the things of which life had cheated them, clung together beside a dying fire. Was it love that Admah felt? Certainly it was a depth of comfort that had never before come to him; comfort in the richness of her voice and the touch of her delicate, capable hands as she held him to her and whispered promises that he could not believe. How they weren't afraid of anything any more, or ashamed of anything. How they'd stand together, or fall together, if necessary. But they wouldn't fall. They'd be too strong, the two of them, to let any fate topple them over.

And he promised to be brave again for her, to give the world the best there was in him. To be a man. ... Then he remembered how he had given that same promise into the ear of a dying old woman, his mother. ... How long ago had that been? Half a lifetime, at least. He had worked powerfully, according to his poor lights, to keep that promise, but the world, the flesh and the devil had conspired to make a sorry job of it.

And with Margaret in his arms and his heart comforted by her warmth, he remembered how he had sat in this same room with Flora Lee; they would kiss and caress, and his pulses would be beating like a drum. And all that time his heart would be crying out, "My darling, don't you know me? Won't you ever know me? Why, in that year of misery and struggle and occasional ecstasy had he never felt the presence of a guardian spirit, vainly watching over him, offering her life as a lacking no reward? Truly there is no justice in love, for love is Nature.

So at last Margaret and Admah came together, embracing very sweetly in the flicker of a cooling fire. Symbols of many things, once significant in his life, lay chilling in the hearth and curling up shapely cinders. She loved to see them go; had she been given her way she might have put torch to every gilded ornament.

"It's sort of queer," she heard him mutter when the fire had died and they sat in darkness.

"What's queer, my dearest?" she asked.

"It ought to have been you and me—"

"How many thousands of thousands of times I've said that!" she mused. "But how could I have told you? Yes, it should have been from the first. But when was the first—the first time you were ever real to me?" She paused and were ever real to me?"

"Was it the time you came down Innes Street in your bright new clothes? I was an awful little snob in those days. But just the same I must have loved you because I wanted to save you—"

"From what, Margaret?"

"From something, something that seemed to be following you. ... Maybe it was just your own innocence. We were both starting on the wrong track, Admah. And how we needed one another!"

"I reckon so," he agreed, and they were silent again for a long time.

Yes, he thought, had she saved him that day he would never have known his years of hell. No, nor his hour of heaven. He would never have known Flora Lee.

CHAPTER 29

As they drove home under the stars, past skeleton trees and ghostly plots of snow she was thinking. What can I do to help him most? Busy with the wheel, her eyes on the road, she felt the presence of her beloved man and wondered if he had made him any happier. He reached out once, timidly, and touched her glove.

"You don't mind that, do you, Margaret?" he asked.

"Mind what, Admah?"

"Oh, nothing." But he rested his hand on hers again, and she knew by the pressure that his fears had vanished. On the smooth surface of the Boulevard her car gained impetus; there were lights in the Sycamore clubhouse and the sounds of jazz music. She put on more speed and shot by.

When the rows of electric lamps on the edge of town had brought the dreamers back to practical thoughts it was Margaret who spoke first.

"Admah, people will talk. But that's all right. We ought to be married soon. We mustn't be wasteful, and we shouldn't squander any time."

"When shall it be?" he asked.

"Tomorrow," she decided. "We can take over my apartment for a while until we look around and see where we want to live. Let's begin our new program right away. We've got a lot of things to show the world about ourselves."

"I was thinking about a business—"

"Oh, I've found the business," she told him with a little happy laugh.

"Where?"

"Just where you were."

"But the T. & P. don't—"

"Who cares a red cent about the T. & P.?" asked she. "We're going to be self-made men, Admah. We're going to start at the beginning and work up."

And because he was unresponsive she turned and said, "Old fool!" In a voice that reminded him again of Flora Lee.

"What sort of beginning?" he asked.

"The candy business. We'll go round to your brother on Friday—that's my lucky day—and dicker for a share in his Red Front. I see ten thousand things that can be done to that place. And we'll start the Candy Holtz chain again—"

"But, Margaret, you wouldn't!"

"Wouldn't what?"

"Go into a business like that. A fine lady like you—"

"That's exactly what a fine lady like me would do, under the circumstances," she informed him, and there were both pride and tenderness in her tone.

So they drove on into Grand Avenue where the glare and twinkle of electric signs, counterfeiting Broadway, took on a new meaning for Admah Holtz. Even the ear-buzzing, sentimental broadcast howl from Goofy's Radio Palace came to him as music, for it suggested life and enterprise. At the corner by the Red Front Store Margaret slowed her car and both looked in at a renewed interest. ... Dingy cut-out advertisements for patent thirst-quenchers stood hugging-mugger in the window. Myrtle was sipping the counter with a rag which Admah knew must be very dirty and very sour. Henry and a bob-haired girl with green earrings were seated on revolving stools, making love over chocolate sundaes. Somewhere in the background moved Jo, bald, stooped, shrunken, discouraged.

And the stronger, more temperate brother, spying in from the street, felt a little sorry for Jo, whose voyage had been serene because his boat had never ventured beyond the muddy canal.

(THE END)

The Adventures of Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy

By JOHNNY GRUMBLIN

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"I expect that we are getting closer and closer to Magician's place," Raggedy Ann said to Raggedy Andy, Grampy Hoppytoad and Little Ned.

"What makes you think that, nice Raggedy Ann?" Hoppytoad asked.

"Just 'cause," Raggedy Ann said, as she made her scooter hop over a log which lay in the path. "Just a little man back there told us that he had been sent by Magician to stop us so we would not rescue Little Ned from the Magician."

So, laughing and talking, our friends rode along through the deep, deep woods until suddenly, and without least warning, Raggedy Ann came to a sudden stop. Raggedy Andy, riding his scooter close behind Raggedy Ann, also to a sudden stop, and they both fell upon the ground. Little Ned and Grampy Hoppytoad fell from their scooters too, but fortunately they fell upon the Raggedys, and the Raggedys were so soft and nice, Grampy Hoppytoad and Ned were not bumped at all.

"I expect the magic must have gone out of the woods," Raggedy Andy said, as he helped the others to their feet.

"Oh, no, Raggedy Andy," Raggedy Ann said, "the magic ran into an invisible wall. That is what stopped us suddenly."

"That is it," Grampy Hoppytoad said. "The magic has made a magic invisible wall so that we cannot pass it." "Oh! Now we shall never be able to find my nephew Little Ned said, and he looked very sad.

Raggedy Ann put her soft lumpy rag arm about Raggedy Andy and said, "we'll try to rescue your nephew Little Ned."

"Oh, I know what let's do," Raggedy Andy said. "I'll use my magic scooter and it toward the invisible wall, then, when I get to it, I'll make my magic scooter right up over the invisible wall."

Everyone thought Raggedy Andy would be a good plan. Raggedy Andy took his scooter back where he could see it, and he rode it good start and rode it "lickety split" toward the invisible wall. Then when it was close, he made the scooter hop up in the air.

It looked to the others as if Raggedy Andy's magic scooter would carry him right over, but when the scooter was in the air, it went "BLUMP!" against the invisible wall and Raggedy Andy came tumbling down to the ground. Raggedy Ann and Grampy Hoppytoad lifted Raggedy Andy's magic scooter from him and helped him to his feet.

"It didn't hurt even a teeny weeny bit," Raggedy Andy laughed, as he brushed the dirt from his waist, "but the invisible wall is very high. I did not send my magic scooter enough. I shall try it again."

Raggedy Ann had been thinking so hard she ripped a piece out of her rag head, and then she said: "Maybe the invisible wall is ever and ever so high, and you may jump your scooter into it and break the scooter. That would not be nice. Try riding your scooter right up the side of the invisible wall, then, when you reach the top stop, and we will ride it, then we can ride slowly down the other side."

So Raggedy Andy did this, and rode his magic scooter to the top of the invisible wall. It was very high. "On," he said, as he stopped his scooter and stopped there. Others, Raggedy Ann, Grampy Hoppytoad and Little Ned rode their scooters up to Raggedy Andy and then slowly down the other side of the invisible wall. So nobody was hurt at all.

And when they reached the ground upon the other side and Grampy Hoppytoad put on his magic green spectacles could see the footprints of Little Ned's nice mama and papa down the path towards a bush covered with nice fresh pretzels. So everyone rode their scooter to the pretzels and there they found a ginger ale spring. The ginger ale was sparkling and cold, and with the fresh, crispy pretzels was a very nice lunch for the little party. So they sat about the ginger ale spring and had a nice time while they rested.

Local Scenery

