

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

MOTHER'S DAY SUNDAY

Just what does a mother think about on Mother's Day? Only a mother knows. But no doubt all the tender memories that date back to when you were in your swaddling clothes, the cute little things you said and did when a child, through your dangerous age of maturity, into man and womanhood. All these are the beautiful treasures of a mother. Yet, in the one day a year set aside for the honor and respect of the most sanctified earthly character, how many think to send just a tender and loving word, or a little flower token to mother. A day as significant as Christmas, as Easter, as Decoration Day—yet, most often, passed up by newspapers with a few words of sentiment on the morn of Mothers' Day. May this serve as a gentle reminder to those, who in these hectic days of wild scrambling for money, position, fame, and in some cases for just economic existence, lest Mothers' Day pass without a kind and appreciative word to mother. Make it full of sentiment—the best is not too good for—mother.

THE GREAT INSANITY

General Manager William E. Mallalieu of the National Board of Fire Underwriters, was recently invited to talk to the National Fire Waste council. Commenting on his remarks the insurance field said he handed them an idea that illuminated the heavens of financial economy like an aurora borealis. "Imagine," said he, "the situation if the eminent secretary of the treasury, as the representative of the American people, started each day's work by causing to be thrown into the bottomless reaches of the Atlantic Ocean forty-one living persons and a load of gold pieces worth \$1,500,000, an amount equivalent to the per diem average of our national destruction by burning! The country would first stand aghast and then would call for an immediate investigation by an authority on mental diseases. And yet the American public is staging practically the same performance every day in the year.

"What, in effect, is the difference? In one case the lives and gold treasure would be lost to society—in the other, equivalent lives and values are actually cast to the four winds; it is no figment of the imagination but a concrete occurrence. The sum total of destruction is made up of fires scattered over our land from coast to coast so that the people at large fail to absorb the full picture that represents our national ash-heap and apparently are unable to grasp its true significance."

EXTENDING RADIO SERVICE

Broadcasting stations WJZ and WJY, operated by the Radio Corporation in New York, and station WRC, operated in Washington, have been permanently connected with leased wires so that events occurring in Washington, New York, Baltimore and Philadelphia may now be broadcast simultaneously from these stations. The above mentioned stations are also connected by wire with WYZ, General Electric station at Schenectady. This wire system has been supplemented from time to time by the use of short-wave radio transmission from WGY and KDKA, the Pittsburgh broadcast station of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company. Wire connections between the Radio Corporation's New York station and the Westinghouse station, KDKA, at Pittsburgh, and through there to Chicago, are planned for 1925. This will permit simultaneous condition of programs from Washington, New York city, Pittsburgh, Schenectady, Pittsburgh and Chicago, reaching a population of perhaps 70,000,000 people.

The oldtimers had a regular breakfast room, also, but it was called a kitchen.

HOMESTEAD APPLICATIONS FALL 350 PER CENT IN 5 YEARS; COOLIDGE CLOSES 40 FEDERAL LAND OFFICES

By THOMAS L. STOKES

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 5.—The squatter and homesteader, picturesque figures in a romantic past of pioneer days, have stepped forever into the pages of history.

Years ago the whole west lay before them for their choosing, as they pushed over the prairies with their families and their household possessions. Today the public domain of the United States has dwindled down to uninhabitable desert barren waste lands and steep mountain slopes, where no man, however determined, could force a living from the soil.

The passing of pioneering was signified without ceremony by an order last issued by President Coolidge abolishing forty land offices scattered throughout the country. Others of the 44 left will go in the near future. There was no need for them. Their day is over. The west is filled.

Ghosts of pioneer days perhaps will protest a bit as the furniture is carted away, and the "for rent" sign is tacked over the door—for in the old days the land offices were social centers, where hardened pioneers gathered to swap tales of the frontier.

Those who practiced a profitable trade would perhaps laugh cynically, could they see the old shop shut up. Their trade was showing new arrivals from the east where their tracts were located—for which they exacted as much as \$50.

There are those today, however, to whom the order came as some-pod from over 13,000 last year. In the last 30 years, receipts from disposal of public lands have decreased \$5 per cent.

By abolishing these 44 offices a sum of \$417,000 in salaries and upkeep is saved the government.

A grand total of 1,048,278,220 acres of public land has been disposed of by the government during the country's history. This more than sixty per cent of the entire land surface of the country, exclusive of Alaska and other territorial possessions.

Today there are only 182,886,000 acres of public land left, exclusive of forest reservations, Indian reservations and other reserved lands and Alaska, and most of this is useless for agricultural purposes. Nearly half of it is located in three western states, Nevada having over 52,000,000 acres, Utah nearly 28,000,000, and California over 18,000,000. Kansas, with 2,000 acres, tops the list. Only 24 states now have public lands, and land offices are located in but 25 states. Once they were scattered over every state in the west. In the last ten years public lands have diminished more than 97,000,000 acres.

At this rate, the public lands would disappear in 18 or 19 years, but the limit practically has been reached as most of the land left is undesirable. Much that has been taken up in recent years has abandoned. Ex-soldiers who went out to take up homesteads under an act passed by congress after the world war found the land practically useless.

Homestead applications have dropped from over 48,000 in 1920 to under 13,000 last year. In the last 30 years, receipts from disposal of public lands have decreased \$5 per cent.

OREGONIAN SAYS OREGON'S CHANCE HAS COME IN KLAMATH RAIL CASE

The following editorial in the Oregonian of Sunday morning, bearing on the railroad situation is printed for the light it sheds on the subject:

Construction of the Oregon Trunk railroad from Bend south to Klamath Falls is assured by consent of the Northern Pacific, as half owner of the Spokane, Portland & Seattle with the Great Northern, to the plan which the latter has already announced. The two northern lines are ready to go ahead without adding decision by the Union Pacific whether it will join them, and doubtless in confidence that they can obtain the necessary permission from the interstate commerce commission and that they can make an amicable arrangement with the Southern Pacific to avoid duplication where their tracks would parallel those of the Natron cut-off.

This is the best railroad news for Oregon since orders were given for completion of the Eugene-Klamath falls cut-off. The Hill lines are so much in earnest that they move to break the deadlock without waiting for the interstate commerce commission to decide the pending case, and they have smoothed the way for the commission to decide favorably to the desires of Oregon. When those lines voluntarily move to build, the commission can the more readily order others to follow their example and to remove obstacles by harmonizing their interests.

By going on to Klamath Falls the northern lines will capture a large share of the lumber traffic from the extensive pine forests of Klamath county, much of which will not be competitive with the Southern Pacific, since it will be hauled to parts of the northwest that are not reached by the Southern Pacific. It will secure much of the traffic in livestock and farm products from the canyon and large irrigated areas of Klamath county. By this means the additional trackage should mean the present line to Bend should come again.

It is now up to the Union Pacific to move. It has a line southward to Bend which does not pay interest on its cost and which can be made to do so only by extension to Klamath, which it has long been anxious to reach. It can get there only in conjunction with the Hill lines, for the commission would certainly not authorize two new

lines in addition to that of the Southern Pacific. A joint line seems to be the only solution. But the Union Pacific may well await action by the commission on the east-and-west line before declaring itself on the southward extension, for it wants western Oregon traffic as compensation for building across the barren central plateau, on which it dilates without wearying.

Both the Hill lines and the Union Pacific would like some of the lumber traffic of Lake county when its forests are opened, also some of the livestock and the farm products of the irrigated valleys. By his application for a certificate R. E. Strahorn has moved to preempt the Lake county field, and there are signs of a close alliance between him and the Southern Pacific. We may expect a demand from the Hill lines and the Union Pacific that he give them common user rights over his tracks on equal terms with the Southern Pacific.

These logical sequences of the decision to extend the Oregon Trunk combine to prove that the deadlock in eastern Oregon railroad-building that has long put an embargo on development of that region is broken. The key-log in the jam is cut, and we shall see the whole mass move. Oregon's day has come.

MERRILL

MERRILL May 5.—Zerlene, Mary, Helen and Bud Stevenson went back to school Monday, after an absence of several weeks, cause by scarlet fever.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Offield of Klamath Falls spent Sunday visiting in Merrill.

Mrs. James A. Brown was called to Medford last Friday by the death of her father, Mrs. Brown returned home the first of the week. Mrs. N. La Raut of Salem, and Mrs. J. H. Hobbs were dinner guests of Rev. and Mrs. Hulet on Sunday.

The Merrill Library club will meet Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. N. H. Rogue.

The Herald baseball team played Merrill town team on the home diamond Sunday afternoon. The visiting team carried off the honors 16 to 14.

Mrs. George Offield visited in voice that had sold hickory pipes

Klamath Falls Friday afternoon. The Haskin brothers are shearing sheep this week.

Miss Martha Margaret Merrill daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Merrill, died Sunday night, after an illness of one week, cause scarlet fever. The parents have the sympathy of a large circle of friends who join with them in mourning the loss of their only daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Turnbaugh, Misses Svea Lundahl, Caroline Værtrille, Florence and Magdalene McIlroy spent Saturday in Klamath Falls.

The girl scouts with their leader went on a hike Sunday.

CHILOQUIN

CHILOQUIN, May 5.—J. J. Steiger, well known lumberman, after spending the weekend in Klamath Falls arrived home Monday.

C. V. Montgomery spent the weekend in Klamath Falls visiting friends.

William Jones spent the weekend in Klamath Falls and was registered at the Arcade hotel.

Harry Jackson and family were in Klamath Falls yesterday and attended the marriage of their son, Thurman Jackson and Dorothy Reed.

Mrs. Harrison Brown of Beatty left for Klamath Falls to be with her husband Harrison Brown who is having his eyes treated there.

John Cole, rancher of Modoc Point and family are in Klamath Falls on business.

Andrew's Fasthat and George Miller are in Klamath Falls and expect to return home in a few days.

Peter Schomach, son of Schomach John (Chief) is stopping in Klamath Falls with his family.

Frank Brady who was injured in a auto crash Sunday after receiving treatment at a Klamath Falls hospital, was able to return to his home.

Walter J. Kerrigan, well known publicity man left for Klamath Falls via motor.

Roland Hicks, received a broken nose in an auto crash Sunday and was treated for the same at a Klamath Falls hospital.

Mrs. C. Benson with her partner won the prize waltz at the Fort Klamath dance Saturday night.

D. F. Lange and wife spent the weekend in Klamath Falls where they were visiting with friends.

William Bray and his superintendent Crane of Bray mill returned from Klamath Falls where they were on business. Mr. Bray has returned from the east after stopping at Oshkosh, Wis.

Jake Steiger who has been in a Klamath Falls hospital, where he had his tonsils removed, returned to his home in Chilochin.

Shell Shocked Vet Who Kills Father With Sabre Tried

(By United News Service Wire)
 CHICAGO, May 5.—A brand new type of insanity plea bobbed up in the Chicago criminal courts when George E. Shaw, ex-soldier and wealthy, went on trial charged with murdering Bruce Shaw, his father. His defense is called Le Catard, French term for insanity.

Young Shaw, intoxicated, staggered into his palatial north side home last December and was met at the doorway by his father who reproached him for the carousal. Enraged the youth seized a sabre hanging on the wall and ran it through his father's stomach, causing injuries from which the father died a few days later.

Rolert Cantwell, Jr., the attorney for Shaw, said in his opening statement that he would present five alienists who will testify that his client is a victim of the peculiar mental disease, caused by the unprecedented nerve strain of the late war.

Oldest Salesman Makes Last Sale

(By United News Service Wire)
 SHELBYVILLE, Mo., May 5.—William Edward Critchlow, said to be the oldest traveling salesman in the United States, packed his sample case Monday and stepped through the portal of the great beyond—to make his last sale.

Death stilled the age-wracked voice that had sold hickory pipes

The Adventures of Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy

By JOHNNY GRUELLER

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"Now that I have the soldier's real for sword, I'll bat we find little Ned's nice mama. Raggedy Andy told Raggedy Ann and Grampy and little Ned, "Cause why? Cause the magician many soldiers as he pleases to try and capture fight them all!"

"Isn't Raggedy Andy brave?" Grampy admiringly. "If I was as brave as Raggedy Andy would fight all the magician's soldiers, too! Is this long stick!"

"Maybe, cause Raggedy Andy conquered soldiers and gave them such hard thumps with a magician will not send any more soldiers to fight Ann said.



Just then some Raggedy Andy and head and knock over heels. Then Raggedy Ann and to her. Little Ned in a hollow tree things came flying air. Grampy Eggs to hiding under finding any show away through the side of the path not brave like Raggedy

run and hide! Call me when the fighting is As soon as Raggedy Andy stood up, he down again, and the same thing happened to Round yellow things came whizzing through the rolling away through the woods. But the yellow flying so thick and so fast, Raggedy Ann and even though they meant to run towards where them, so that they could fight them and may hardly had time to get to their feet before they down again! "I spect we shall have to find a Raggedy Andy!" Raggedy Ann said after she had ed down twenty-eight times! "Cause these balls are coming too thick. And, we do not they're coming from or anything."

So the Raggedys crawled to the tree where safely hidden, and as the hollow was large enough, they were struck no more. "I spect they have made a magic cannon," Raggedy Ann said, ing the cannon balls from the top of his castle.

The yellow cannon balls were coming thick now and it was very fortunate that the Raggedy Ned were inside the trunk of a large tree.

"I hope they haven't captured Grampy Hoppytoad," Raggedy Andy said. "cause Grampy Hoppytoad isn't and he might be frightened if we are not with Raggedy Ann looked out of the hole in the tree. "See! They have stopped shooting the cannon balls! They have us conquered, they capture us!" "And I have lost the long sharp Raggedy Andy said. "But maybe they will not remain here in the tree!"

Presently they could hear the tramp, tramp many feet and they kept real quiet, for they all diers of the magician were coming to get them. The tramping grew louder and louder, and got real hiding place, they heard the voice of Grampy crying: "Oh, Raggedy Ann! Oh Raggedy Andy! Ned! Where are you!" and Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy put their heads out of the tree and for there came Grampy Hoppytoad marching all diers before him.

In a few minutes the Raggedys had the diers to a tree with long strings and said: "Now you are drawing a magic line and the first over it will have his nose cut off with a magic sword."

The soldiers who were used to working for thought, "My! the Raggedys know how to work as we don't wish our noses cut off, we shall not try."

And there they stayed while the Raggedys Hoppytoad and little Ned walked away. "I slipped of them and gave them so many hard thumps the easily captured!" Grampy Hoppytoad laughed. he added, "I just shook in my boots! I wish I was Raggedy Andy. Then they found that the cannon soldiers had shot at them were nice ripe oranges. Ann filled her apron with them so they could when they came to a place where they wished to (More about the Raggedys tomorrow)

from Kennebunkport to Sacramento and from Beaumont to Sault Ste Marie—but not the memories of the picturesque character who "made 33 states" vending "smoke-wagons."

Critchlow was born November 4, 1829, in Kentucky. He came to Missouri 30 years later and entered the employe of a tobacco pipe factory.

When Critchlow reached his 90th year he was still doing the "burgs" peddling pipes, but virility was giving way to senility and the latter conquered.

The magnetic eyes that beamed on prospective customers extolled the ol' hickory pipe! "My voice cracked and my voice whistled, the straggled up and down succumbed to rheumatism losing battle against time and Critchlow up.

Attachments for the automobile windshield were entered that are intended drafts of air when a car to keep the glass from snow.