

# Editorial and Feature Page of Klamath News

## 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

### IT SEEMS REASONABLE

C. A. Fisher, petroleum geologist, declares this country's oil reserves are being rapidly depleted, while consumption is steadily mounting, so that higher prices for both crude and gasoline are inevitable.  
 Average cost of drilling a well increased from \$10,000 in 1913 to \$22,500 in 1923.  
 It is expected that our country's demand for petroleum will reach 800,000,000 barrels this year, and the most optimistic estimates of domestic production for 1925 amount to only 700,000,000 barrels.  
 Considering growing demand and approaching depletion of reserves, it seems certain that higher prices for both crude and gasoline must prevail in this country in future over an extended period, except for temporary fluctuations growing out of occasional discovery of flush pools.

### MORE NORMAL MINING CONDITIONS

Conditions in the mining industry are much improved over a year ago. In the spring of 1924, the country was facing a period of uncertainty, due to the political situation, which brought about a depression in trade during the summer months. Today business conditions are sound, and there is every reason to believe that the country will have a prosperous year.  
 Copper companies are curtailing production slightly because a surplus of some 15,000,000 pounds a month was being produced, causing such low prices that they could not operate profitably.  
 Purchases by Europe of quantities of silver for coinage have helped the silver situation some, but these purchases bear no relation in quantity to the supplies held by them before the war, and which must be replaced. Any conditions which help mining, creates employment and distribution of money in the west.

### PROPER UTILIZATION OF LUMBER

National Lumber Manufacturers' association declares that the forests of the country are robbed of \$140,000,000 worth of wood every year, by an unnecessary insistence on long boards for building. The waste in forest and mill, and on the building job, is declared due solely to a misunderstanding which demands long boards where shorter lengths would serve as well and would save waste all the way from the forest to the finished house.  
 Good lumbering and marketing calls for the utilization of the whole tree. The buying public should cooperate with the mills in this matter as an aid to forest conservation.

### TRUE PUBLIC OWNERSHIP

The large amount of money that has been and is being put into the industrial corporations, particularly by the small investor, is bringing about the ownership of these industries, not by the government, but by a proportion of the people. This is not alone by their direct investments, but also through the indirect investment of the people's money by their insurance companies, banks, trust companies, and other fiduciary institutions. It is to be hoped, and the indications are it may be expected, that for the good of all, this tendency will extend until a far larger proportion of the people will become part owners in our great industrial life.

Headline in eastern Oregon paper: "200 Students at Gladstone Still Are on Strike." Has someone started a college of moonshiners?—The Dalles Chronicle.

About all the use some men have for the golden rule is to measure the conduct of others.—Bridgeport Post.

Murder includes malice. Manslaughter may be only a casual effort to show how bad one is.

## NATIONAL INDIAN CONVENTION AT PONCACITY BRINGS HORDES OF REDMEN TO SMOKE PIPE OF PEACE

Big Parade Planned For Today; 1500 Wigwams Pitched At Outskirts Of City; Much Wampum Money Exchanged; Some In Old Dress But Most Have Adopted White Man's Customs.

PONCA CITY, Okla., May 19.—The national Indian convention—the annual "heap big paw wow" of the red men whose lineage dates beyond the mythical Inca—got underway here yesterday under the auspices of the Oklahoma Society of Indians.  
 This pow wow was not a council of war assembled to plot swift and torturous death for the intrepid pioneer who dared to invade the vast domain of the red man. Instead, 5,000 emissaries of more than 50 American tribes were assembled to feast, ruminate, reminisce, discuss their treatment by the government and disburse wampum "money."

The blood curdling screech of the hideously painted warrior who in the days of '49 swooped down on the white man's wagon train and murdered, scalped, burned and pillaged, finds no echo here.  
 The pipe of peace that went the rounds in the last days of the thundering herd of "Buffalo" Bill, of Sitting Bull, of Gen. Custer is being passed again. There are no besieged blockhouses, no barricaded fortresses, no creeping wagon trains, no "Buffalo" Bills or Gen. Custers—just Indians at peace with the "pale face"—some who eat "jerky" and abide in tepees, others who eat off gilded china and live in costly mansions.

Ponca City Crowded  
 As the convention got under way, a re-creation of the spirit of Chief Tecumseh, the Indian pacifist of revolutionary times, was found in the person of Chief Bacon Rind, Sakom of the Osages, who spoke in his native tongue, urging the assembled Indians to be good citizens and co-operate with their chief benefactor, the government.  
 Indians continued trekking into Ponca City Monday night. Fifteen hundred had pitched wigwams on

the outskirts of the city. The more select jammed the hotels. Hundreds who disdain restaurant food as "heap no good show" prepared meals in primitive fashion over open fires in front of their tepees. These wore the red man's garb, the buckskin trousers or skirts, beaded waistbands, feather bedecked head dresses and mocassins. In down-town Ponca City the brethren who have adopted all the white man's customs, wore the vogue in clothing, drove expensive limousines, crowded the restaurants to capacity, spoke excellent English and danced to the strains of jazz.

Parade Today  
 Tuesday the Indians paraded through the streets depicting in 26 tableaux the historical transition of the red man, beginning with the landing of Christopher Columbus the search of Ponce de Leon for the fountain of youth, the Lewis and Clarke expedition, Indian war and finally the modern Indian, who, made independently wealthy by oil found on government land allotments, lives amid the costliest of luxuries.

A collection of 509 human scalps, trophies of frontier days, is being exhibited in connection with the convention.  
 One of the scalps is that of a Pawnee Indian who lost his hair-suit adornment to an Osage brave in tribal combat in addition to the scalp lock, the scalpier bound an ear. The scalps are all rated and tabulated. Some of them are still in the curing process.

Among the late arrivals was a Pawnee Indian woman who pulled into camp with several trucks, a limousine, seven tents, a brass bedstead, steamer trunks and a kitchen range, the usual complement of the idle Indian rich. She pitched camp on the outskirts of the city.

## Veterans of South Meeting This Week

DALLAS, Tex., May 19.—Stragling lines of the gray, only a remnant of the 699,999 fighting southerners in arms when Gen. Robert E. Lee surrendered to General Grant, assembled in Dallas Tuesday for the 35th annual reunion of the United Confederate veterans.

The vigorous young soldiers who swore allegiance to the bars and stars in '61 and tramped forth to the rattle of drums, have bivouaced again but their number, thinned by the scythe of time, has dwindled from 600,000 to 34,000 and only 4,000 of these could come to the reunion.

In addition to the veterans, 10,000 sons of veterans, the Confederate southern memorial association and the state branch of the veterans are encamped here.

The agile tread of youth was gone Tuesday as the aged soldiers tramped about the city. The lonesome form that leaped gullies, double time up hill and down dale, back tracked and crawled, was broken and bent, the bright, keenly alert eyes of youth were dimmed but the spirit of the confederacy and General Lee are moving on until the last veteran has cast his lot with the hereafter.

The Texas sunshine and too much exercise were too much for seven veterans, who succumbed during the day. All were revived. They were: J. E. Wilson, 87, Oklahoma City; J. T. Scott, 85, Vernon, Tex.; J. Mahon, 80, Bradley, Okla.; B. C. Hill, 80, Augusta, Ga.; J. L. Meadows, 78, Augusta, Ga.; Dr. H. Coleman, 92, Albany, Ga.; and W. D. Glover, 87, Elletta, Tex.

## MACKENZIE PASS IS OPENED BY BLASTING

BEND, May 19.—Dynamite and tractors, used on solid snow drifts in Mackenzie pass, has opened up the pass to such an extent that sun and rain will now rapidly raise the blockade. The American Legionnaires, who are anxious that the road be opened for use in reaching

the state convention at Prineville, assisted United States bureau of roads employes with the work Sunday. The pass will be opened this year the earliest on record, it is said.

## Wilows Charms Are Most Alluring

SACRAMENTO, May 19.—Widows' charms are more effective than those of divorcees or flappers, in driving men to the marriage license bureau.

Whereas girls unwed at 18 have decreasing chances for matrimony, widows do most of their marrying at the age of 49 and still have an attraction for men at 70. The "dangerous age" for divorcees is 28.

These facts were revealed Tuesday when the California bureau of vital statistics made its report for 1924.

From ages given on marriage licenses it is noted that girls marrying for the first time do so in the largest numbers when 18 years old. After this age they are not led to the altar so frequently.

There were three cases of divorcees who remarried at the age of 16, but 533 married again at 28 and one began a second matrimonial career at 74.

Two widows married at 16; 250 at 49; 19 at 70, and one took a second husband when 85 years old.

## OREGON TO BATTLE FOR SAND ISLAND

SALEM, May 19.—The battle between the state of Oregon and the federal government over the possession of Sand Island is expected to be precipitated when the state land board on May 27 undertakes to lease the island to private corporations for fishing purposes.

KLAMATH ART SHOP—Bismuth, Inc., recoting, stamping, embroidery, 120 So. 7th street, Klamath Falls, Oregon. M5-J5\*

KLAMATH VALLEY HOSPITAL, Graduate nurse care in confinement at home cannot be made to equal such care in the hospital.—adv. 23

## Henry Ford Makes Entry to Wall St.

NEW YORK, May 19.—New York bankers, who are among the pet hates of Henry Ford, believe that Ford at last may have entered Wall street.

Ford is not present in the street in person but it was announced yesterday that the Guardian Trust company of Detroit had been formed and that its subsidiary, the Guardian Detroit company, would have offices in the cluster of downtown acres known as Wall street. Edward Ford, the 30-year-old son of the house of Ford, is a director of the Guardian Trust company; he is the executive head of his father's \$250,000,000 motor car business. Ernest Kauffman, vice president of the Ford Motor company, and brother-in-law to Edward, is a director of the Guardian Detroit company.

## PIERCE ADVOCATES STATE'S OWNERSHIP OF FEDERAL LANDS

SALEM, May 19.—Deeding of all federal lands to the individual states in which lands are located is advocated by Governor Pierce, who would have the proceeds from the sale of this land revert to the state's irrevocable school fund. The governor's position is set out in a letter to Governor Hunt of Arizona, who had written the Oregon executive asking his co-operation, in convincing the senate sub-committee, which is soon to visit the west, of the wisdom of such a move. Approximately ten million acres in Oregon are now tied up in federal land, of various descriptions, according to Governor Pierce. All of this land, the governor points out, escapes taxation for the support of the state or county governments or any public institution a condition which will be corrected if the land should be sold to settlers, while the revenue from the sale of these lands would go a long way toward replenishing the sadly depleted irrevocable school fund.

## BORAH DENOUNCES LEAGUE OF NATIONS

ANN ARBOR, Mich., May 19.—Denunciation of the league of nations, coupled with a plea for the recognition of soviet Russia, marked an address here tonight by Senator William E. Borah of Idaho, before the Graceland Association of the University of Michigan. Borah spoke on "peace and peace problems."

He compared the league of nations to the holy Roman alliance, following the Napoleonic wars in Europe, saying that both were based on force, and that both protected interests, which having obtained editorials, asked peace. The world, he said, was but the legal department of the league of nations, but added that the court was had only as it depended upon the league.

## TWO DIE IN PLANE DROP OF 2000 FEET

WESTFIELD, Wis., May 19.—Rudolf Conant, 31, and Wilbur Herzschel, 47, were killed instantly Tuesday when an airplane in which they were riding crashed 2,000 feet and landed in a field here.

Herzschel had purchased a plane from Conant and was taking lessons in handling the craft.

## The Adventures of Raggedy Ann and Raggedy Andy

By JOHNNY GRUELLE  
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It did not bother Raggedy Ann when the large man pulled her apron upon a nail in the wall of his living room, she would rather have been with Raggedy Andy, riding magic scooters through the deep, deep woods.

"I wonder where Raggedy Andy and the candy man Raggedy Ann asked herself as she smiled down at her feet. "It doesn't hurt me to hang up here, but it might hurt the candy man if old Mother the large man, eats me."

"Oh, you needn't worry, Raggedy Ann!" Mr. Grabby cried, as he looked up at Raggedy Ann. "You shall be safe as long as I hang to that nail!"

"I was just smiling at my smile is painted on my face," Raggedy Ann continued to smile.

Mr. Grabby did not like this. Instead, he pulled a basket that tumbled to the floor.

"I just wish that I could catch Raggedy Andy. I hate to be an errand boy. I hate to run to the grocery store to chop wood and I hate to build the fires and sweep the floors and I hate to cook!" Then he looked at Raggedy Ann and laughed. "I know what to do, Raggedy Ann," he said.

"What will you do, Mr. Grabby?" Raggedy Ann just to be polite.

"I shall visit old Mrs. Wungle Witch and get her some forgetful powders. They are very good."

"No, I didn't know," Raggedy Ann replied. "the forgetful powders used for, Mr. Grabby?"

"Why, to make a person forget," Mr. Grabby replied. "I shall get them and puff the magic powder on you, you will forget that you are Raggedy Ann and I shall be your hired girl. Then you will have to go to the dusting and cooking and washing of dishes and things."

"And chop the wood and run errands and make everything?" Raggedy Ann asked.

"Oh, no," Mr. Grabby said. "I shall catch Raggedy Andy and puff the magic forgetfulness powder on him, he will have to be my errand boy and do all the chores. Mr. Grabby laughed, "won't that be nice? I shall have an easy chair all day and have nothing to do at all. I have to go to the grocery, and on the way stop at Mrs. Wungle Witch and get the magic powder."

"Oh, say, Mr. Grabby," Raggedy Ann cried, as Mr. Grabby started out the door. "Maybe it would be good for you to let me run to the grocery store for you while you are in the easy chair."

"That is a good idea, Raggedy Ann," the large man said as he came back. "But say," he suddenly said, "should send you to the grocery, would you run away? You should have a time trying to catch you. Nope!" He picked up his basket again and started for the door. "I shall hang on the nail until I get the magic forgetfulness powder from Mrs. Wungle Witch." Then he went out and the door behind him.

"Oh, dear!" Raggedy Ann sighed. "I expect I shall be rescued this time. And if Mr. Grabby puffs the magic powder on me, then I shall forget entirely that I am Raggedy Ann! Oh, dear!"

Raggedy Ann wiggled and twisted as hard as she could, but she could not unfasten the string with which she had tied to the nail in the wall. So after a while she stopped and hung still. "It will be time to try and escape," Raggedy Ann thought. "Mr. Grabby takes me down from here," Raggedy Ann thought softly to herself. "For," she said out loud, "it really is good to worry until it is really time to worry, for it just makes a person feel wretched."

