

SURVEY INCREASE

Cities of Klamath in Place

...fourth in the first place according to a survey by S. W. ... in compiling the state of Oregon ... cities of Oregon, Salem and ... building por- ... \$2,173.18 less ... in the cap-

comes vital. It is noticed that the planes have a demoralizing effect upon the hens, and that the egg layers absolutely refuse to perform in creditable fashion when the machines soar over head.

A. Goldman, a rancher, has gone to the county board of supervisors about it, asking an injunction or something against the aviators. The supervisors are puzzled, because they don't know how far into the air their authority extends. They agree, however, that something must be done and are "conducting an investigation."

WOMAN SELLS GAS ON BLEAK DESERT

LIANOS, Calif., Oct. 15.—Presiding alone over the ghastly collection of adobe houses which once was the heart of communism in America, is an aged, gentle woman, a typical daughter of the desert.

Mrs. Lydia Nixon, 58, runs a gas station in the deserted village of Llanos, standing squat and desolate in the heat-tortured heart of the Mojave desert.

Desert "rats" and tin-can tourists, perhaps only two or three of them a day, stop at her small place for groceries, water and gasoline, chat with the woman on important world happenings, and pass on to where the dancing heat mirages play tricks with their eyes.

Out of 2,000 persons who once settled this village, Mrs. Nixon is the sole survivor. When the mighty dream bubble of the communistic colony burst several years ago, and the population moved out en masse, Mrs. Nixon remained with her husband, a tiller of the soil.

Then the water failed; the refractory land parched and bleached under the sun; irrigation ditches filled with desert dust, and the crops died of thirst.

All nature rebelled against the village of deserted houses, but the Nixons still stuck it out; their faith in communism had long gone, but their faith in themselves never wavered.

One day Mrs. Nixon stumbled over the chuck holes of a desert trail to find her husband shot dead. She chased away the carrion buzzards and buried him beside a leafless sagebrush. She returned to Llanos, shimmering in the heat, her faith in the ghost village still unshaken. With \$35 in cash, the only money she had, she stocked up with a simple line of groceries, bought a barrel of gasoline and waited for the desert "rats" to come.

She made a garage out of the hut once occupied by Job Harriman, communist leader, and boarded desert "hizies" for the night. She converted a clothing factory into a modern hotel for tourists afraid to chance the desert at night.

She has fought the terrible stillness of the desert nights with such a strong heart that in a year she has accumulated several thousand dollars.

With this money she intends to pipe water five miles to Llanos, where she now carts it over a worn

U. S. Police Protect Irish Free State Envoys from Attack



Police protection is being given Irish Free State representatives to the international parliamentary congress in Washington, following an attack on Gen. Richard Mulcahy by Irish Republican sympathizers in New York. Mulcahy was pelted with eggs, stones and vegetables, and hailed with the names "traitor, murderer, perjurer," and the like. Photo shows the Irish delegates: (l. to r.) Thomas Johnson, labor leader; Prof. Michael Hayes; Gen. Mulcahy. Before their departure it was announced in Dublin that they were "more representative of Ireland than any Irish visitors to U. S. in a number of years."

trail. Her ambition is to make of Llanos the flower of promise that died in the budding.

She wants to bring large families to her desert city of fifty rent free houses and no occupants, and she wants to hear children playing about the adobe huts now cowering under the sun.

Because she wants all of these things, Mrs. Nixon, who doesn't believe in communism any more, will work on serving desert "rats" until she can pipe water to lonely, dry Llanos on the desert.

Stanford Squad Entrains for Game

PALO ALTO, Calif., Oct. 15.—While more than 500 students cheered them, 39 members of the Stanford football squad entrained here Thursday night for Los Angeles, where the Cards will meet the University of Southern California Saturday in the most important coast conference game of the day.

The team, headed by Coach Glenn Warner, will arrive in the southern city in time for a light workout at the coliseum Friday.

From Braymill Home—Miss Fay Cornell of Braymill is among the visitors in the city this week from out of town to spend several days with friends and shop.

More Police Grist—Towey Brown, Indian, who spent Wednesday and half of Thursday in the city jail recovering from a severe attack of "being drunk" was fined \$20 in Police Judge Gagghagen's office yesterday afternoon.

GANA WALSKA TO SUCCEED JENNIE

NEW YORK, Oct. 15.—In another generation, our children and step-children will refer to Ganna Walska McCormick, just as we now speak of Jenny Lind.

The difference will be that Jenny sang beautifully and often, while Ganna, Mrs. Harold McCormick, will be famous not especially for the times she sang, but rather for the times she didn't sing.

The heavenly angel who keeps the book of kind deeds, Mme. Walska's ill-wishers would say, has just made another shining gold mark against her name, and exulted over the angel who keeps the other book.

For Ganna didn't make her scheduled debut in the title role of Puccini's "Madame Butterfly," which the San Carlo Opera company put on here Tuesday night. Tamaka Miura, the Japanese soprano, appeared instead.

According to the best available accounts here, it happened during a dress rehearsal Monday when Walska, wearing one of the gorgeous costumes she had bought for her New York debut, was kneeling and weeping while Franco Taffuro, the regular company tenor, was singing, "Beautiful Creature, Why Do You Cry?" "Why," Franco sang in an undertone, "do you turn your head away from me? I must see the tears in your eyes." Subsequent dialogue is described thus:

"Why should I look at you? Can't you hear me sobbing?"

"I have sung this role 500 times under the greatest directors in the world, including the great Toscanini."

"And I," announced Walska, rising to the full height of her statuette figure, "have sung it 13 times all over Europe. Don't be silly. I went over the stage business with Puccini himself."

Carl Peroni, another San Carlo member, interposed and said Franco was right whereupon Ganna walked out of the theatre.

The most celebrated occasion when Mme. Walska didn't sing was in Chicago, when, with the high endorsement of Harold McCormick, the harvester multi-millionaire who

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then footed the huge annual deficits of the Chicago Opera company, she was all primed to sing the lead in "Zaza." What happened then never was made public, but oh, dear, what a buzz there was when the program was switched and another opera substituted and Ganna was off to New York in a cloud of 20th Century limited smoke.

In 1922 Madame Walska was divorced with a huge cash settlement by Alexander Smith Cochran, her third millionaire husband, and a few months later was married in Paris to McCormick, who had been divorced from his first wife, Edith Rockefeller, and had decided to support Walska instead of Chicago opera.

EXPLORER LEAVES TO STUDY MALAY TRIBES

CHICAGO, Oct. 15.—(United News)—Seeking in the isolated hinterland of Madagascar, the secret of the Malayan culture of the South Sea Islands, Ralph Linton, explorer, will leave Chicago Friday for a two-year stay among the tribes of the French possession.

Linton, who is going as agent of the Field museum here, has already spent much time in research in the south seas. But now he is to tackle the greatest ethnological and archaeological problem of the antipodes, the background of the Malay stock.

Anything you wish to sell? Or to buy? Tell all Klamath Falls about it in the economical, efficient way—through a little Klamath News Classified Ad.

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REFUSE TO LAY DAILY EGG

...Oct. 15.—...The bitter and... of this suburban commun... are worried... on the egg men... in some cases the two... because of the doz... who insist on... too close to... of... any problem that... industry be-

Ederle, Back Home, Blames Coach for Failure in Channel Swim



...the family beside from her unsuccessful attempt to... English channel, Gertrude Ederle, youthful American... star, is blaming incompetency of her coach, James... failure. Photo taken on her arrival from France;... she was tanned by her intensive training.

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Men! Get the Women's Vision of a Better City



Equalize City's Attractiveness to Industrial Prosperity

PLANT TREES—plant trees is the urge, the appeal, being made to the home owners and property owners in Klamath Falls. The appeal is being made by the leading women of the community. This appeal is made from the characteristic and dominant instinct in the finer sensibilities of women for the beautiful. This is an inspiring instinct which men should follow and attempt to appreciate and give all possible aid. Planting of trees should be but the beginning. Beautifying a city is a continual job of visioning, planning, advocating, doing, as Klamath Falls boundaries continue to expand.

CIVIC PRIDE—pride in appearance of a city always rides in the wake of industrial and commercial prosperity. That is as natural as sunset and sunrise. Civic pride is the collective appreciation of the folks of a community to its industrial and commercial opportunities for making a living, to its attractive streets of beautiful homes and lawns, between columns of trees—impressing the guest and adding to the joys of living. Men, with one hand reaching forward to greater industrial and commercial affairs heed woman's urge—don't lose grasp of civic pride and its future possibilities.

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