

POLICE NIP PLOT TO DEFRAUD FIRM BY FAKE HOLD-UP

Woman Is Author of Robbery Plan

\$4,900 IS RECOVERED

Gun, Black Veil and Bandit Female Graphically Told To Detectives

PORTLAND, Oct. 31.—(United Press)—Within a few hours after a daring woman bandit had looted a satchel containing \$4,900 in coin and currency belonging to Roberts Brothers department store at noon Saturday, the woman was in jail, her arrest followed a confession of Ennis R. Prichard, driver of the store automobile, that he and Mrs. Myrtle Edwards had planned the robbery six weeks ago.

All but \$12 of the stolen money was recovered. Police were suspicious of the story told by Prichard and Phillip Jones, another store employe. It developed, however, that Jones was not in on the plot at all.

From Prichard and from Mrs. Edwards, a comely woman of about 40, well known to police, detectives learned that it was the woman who concocted the robbery plan and that Prichard was duped into being her tool. He was to receive half of the plunder, however, according to his confession.

The money was recovered from a hiding place in a gas vent at Mrs. Edwards' home.

She took the arrest as a joke and asked the detective in a humorous vein:

"How is the food at Salem?"

DAMASCUS AGAIN MAKING HISTORY

BOSTON, Oct. 31.—On the holy ground of Damascus, the oldest known city which has been continuously inhabited, four separate gods have received worship in as many languages for more than 30 centuries.

Abraham picked up his servant Eliezer there 4,000 years ago. The pharaoh Thothmes III looted it. David slaughtered 22,000 of its citizens. Arab as Israel in the 8th century before Christ established a colony of Jewish merchants on the famous street called straight and their descendants are still there. There the prophet Elisha abetted the rebellion and murder that put Rex on the throne and nearly brought annihilation to Israel.

Assyria destroyed it. Alexander took it. Rome adopted it. Saint Paul was converted on the Damascus road and first preached there and from its walls was let down in a basket to escape his enemies. Mohammed left his foot print on this earthly paradise. The banner of the prophet supplanted the cross in the seventh century and although crusaders fought for it, Christianity never won Damascus until Gen. Allenby captured it several years ago.

The famous Omayyad mosque which doubtless has been ruined by French shells is a lineal descendant of the temple of Rimmon, where Naaman the leper was healed by Elisha. This shrine was succeeded by a Graeco-Roman temple to Jupiter, materials of which were used by Christians in the fourth century to build a magnificent basilica to John the Baptist, whose head is buried there.

A sculptured south portal, although hidden by the bazaars, still bears a Greek inscription in praise of Christ.

Now, as for a thousand years, the muezzin summons the faithful to prayer from lovely minarets, which are the prototypes of the New England steeple.

Time and war have nearly destroyed the more ancient remains of Damascus. Its flimsy houses burn down every generation. Only a huge castle of the 12th century defies time and towers above the tomb of Saladin. On this tomb, in 1598, Emperor William, of Germany, laid a bronze wreath as a tribute to England's unconquerable foe.

The city springs perennially a harbor for the restless Bedouin who here makes port from the rolling desert to trade with the west.

Wonderful bazaars, dark and colorful, great stone caravanserais where turbaned merchants unload their emeralds and bargain for

Dancers Step as Customers Get Shingled in Jazz Barber Shop



Innovation of John J. Reisser, New York's famed "John the Barber" is setting a new style for tonsorial parlors in Gotham. In a shop he has just opened, a jazz orchestra and dancers entertain the customers, male and female, while they are being shaved and shingled.

hours over coffee cups, spreading out their sales from Ormus and Ind. Handcrafts flourish in every street as in mediaeval days when Damascus blades were prized from Tartary to the Atlantic.

Outside the walls, the farmer irrigates and keeps green the oasis under the shadow of sterile anti Lebanon.

With the verdure of city lies and always will, a handful of pearls in a goblet of emeralds. The recent rebellion is the latest phase of the Islamic-Christian trouble long before the crusades. The massacre of 6,000 Christians in 1560 led to a French expedition to Syria and establishment of a French sphere of influence resulting in the practical autonomy of Catholic Lebanon within the Turkish empire.

Moslem Syrians never forgave France and they resent the absorption by an alien power, which is the avowed protector of Christianity in the Levant.

Fixin' Things

I see by the papers they is going to plant 2000 trees in this city. Likewise when a couple of swell young ladies came in and ast me if I would kindly plant a couple of dozen trees on my place. I replied in a brutal tone of voice—NO! At least at first I said no, but, of course, no gentleman wishes to talk brutal to a couple of young ladies, so, of course, I had to make up for it by agreeing to plant six or forty dozen trees.

Personally I don't see much use in planting trees on my part. In the first place suppose I plant a lot of trees on my place then along comes one of those logger jacks with his hammer and saw and saws down all my trees to make boxes and things with.

Well to cut a long story short and wishing to make up for my brutality to those young ladies I went and ordered a couple of trees. When they

came, I says to myself. That may don't know his business, because when the bundle arrived it looked to be like a rose bush or something.

However, when I unaid the string I saw he knew more about his business than I did. I only ordered a couple of trees. What he sent me was a whole section of timber. True the trees was so young they hadn't cut their first teeth yet. It wasn't that so much, it was the quantity.

It took me a week to plant that baby forest. Of course I didn't care then, because some of these days, I says to myself, I will have a woods of my own and can let someone cut all the firewood they want (on shares).

But I find I ain't going to have no woods, at least without a lot of trouble and personally I hate trouble (on my part). It all came about this way.

After I had planted those trees and seen to it all the lines was as straight as a die, I noticed something was wrong. The branches which was on them seemed to wither up and drop off, instead of branching out like any decent branch ought to do. Some of them fell down, too. Of course I didn't mind a couple of dozen trees falling down. I have fell down myself lots of

times. Not only that, but I have been knock down so many times I nearly choked to death on the paper.

Well, when I seen my trees drying up, I went that man a dirty letter. I told him what I thought not only of him but of his trees and a lot of things which I won't bother you with. I told him to come out and have a look at his trees. I says they was no trees at all and was nothing but a lot of young telephone poles, and what I wanted was trees. I was not ast to grow telephone poles, I says to him (in my letter) and also for him to come out.

So he came out to my place. I met him at the gate and politely opened it for him. Then I look him around the house and showed him my trees.

I knew he was crooked the minute I set eyes on him. What do you suppose he did when he saw my trees. Did he cry? He did not. He didn't even commence to look sorrowful. Instead, he laughed right out loud.

I looked all around and couldn't see nothing to laugh at, so I grew suspicious. Giving him a keen look I says:

"Are you by any chance laughing at me?"

"No," he says, sort of choking-like. "I ain't laughing at you. I'm laughin' at your trees."

"What," I says, bringing all the sarcasme I could bring to bear on the situation, "is there to laugh at

with them trees. Look at them branches—all dead. They ain't a branch what has a speck of life in it."

At which he laughs all the harder and just as I was reaching for a large and overlad brick with a lot of mortar hanging to it, he says:

"Them ain't branches."

"If they ain't branches, what in Sam Hill is they," I says, knowing I had him dead to rights on that.

"Why," he says, "they're the roots. You have gone an' planted your trees up-side-down."

Of course, me being a gentleman and host and be being my guest, I didn't say nothing. I never let on I knew they was the roots and got back at him by saying nothing about how I was just trying out an experiment to see what effect the sun had on roots.

Anyway I ain't gonna plant no more nothing. Besides they is a lot of things growing on my place which you don't have to plant.

Farmers To Wage War On Water Dictator

(Continued from Page One)

Work, secretary of the interior, Elwood Mead, director of reclamation, or the special advisory committee which held a hearing here and in district, as advanced by Dr. Hubert vestigated the charges of the Bradbury administration.

This attitude has brought about

a condition whereby it is reported that the powers in Washington have intimated that favors and appropriations for the Klamath project are made impossible during the administration of the present board.

It is apparent there are a large number of substantial farmers on the project who feel that the present administration has utterly failed so to conduct the affairs of the district as to warrant their further continuance in power. To this end Carleton and Drew have been prevailed upon to offer themselves as candidates.

Both Carleton and Drew have long been residents of Klamath county, and are well and favorably known as successful farmers and the highest type of citizens. Neither are office seekers in any sense of the word. They promise nothing but conscientious effort on behalf of the project, the needs of

which both candidates... other than in... the Klamath... offers an... between those... winning the... ment and those... Carleton and Drew...

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Where Does Exaggeration Begin and End?

There are some who claim they sell for less, some who claim they have the best values, some who claim they have the best bargains, in dry goods, ready-to-wear, shoes, suits, overcoats, in everything. So, where does exaggeration begin and end?

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