

The Klamath News

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HIS MASTER STROKE

Apparently the question not decided by President Coolidge's statement that he does not "choose" to run for another term is whether he will be the republican candidate in 1928.

In the camps of Hoover, Lowden, Longworth and other receptive sons, there is desperate hope that the president meant what he said, and will not allow himself to be "coaxed" into heading the ticket.

That is the hope of the nomination-seekers, but that it will become an actuality seems constantly more doubtful. Has the canny Coolidge struck a master political stroke, at once disarming the anti-third term element in the democratic and his own party and cinching the republican nomination for himself?

JARDINE'S APPEAL

In an earnest appeal to the retired farmer to remain and keep his savings in the country, where both can do far more good than in the city, William M. Jardine, secretary of agriculture, confesses that the fault is not with the emigrating farmer but with the country.

Efforts to stem the exodus from the farm must include giving farmers the benefits offered by city life. If rural life offered the highest living standards and other benefits of urban life the exodus would be in the other direction.

The rural community loses heavily when families that have "made their pile," little or great, sell the farm and move to town or city. That accumulated wealth goes to build up the city and its business. And by remaining in the country the well-to-do family could do much to raise the standard of living in its community.

Secretary Jardine says "we must assist the rural communities to achieve the highest possible standard of living on their income." And that is just what has been going on since the discovery of the farm exodus.

city. The farmer of today is not compelled to retire with the chickens for lack of anything else to do.

FORD NOT A PUBLISHER

Henry Ford has proved himself a genius as an automobile manufacturer. But his exceptional ability in that direction does not make him a good publisher, a profession as highly specialized as that of which he is master. In fact, he has rated low as a publisher.

By a strange coincidence he is embarking upon what he terms the second chapter of his automobile-making career at the very moment he is withdrawing from his first—and probably last—venture as a magazine publisher.

The automobile wizard will need all his time and resources to produce and market his new car, but that isn't the reason for converting the Dearborn Independent from a magazine of general circulation into a house organ of the Ford Motor company.

The burned child fears fire. Ford has just written the final chapter in the various libel suits provoked by his publication. Public apology settled them, and it is not difficult, in view of the position of power held by the manufacturer, to realize how bitter this pill must be.

The trouble-making Dearborn Independent never was a money-maker and, if continued, would be less so in the future, for Ford's public retractions did not tend to increase public confidence in the periodical. Though the publisher pleads he was fooled by his editor into permitting the publication of matter regarding which he had no knowledge, the readers of the Independent feel he knew more than he was willing to admit.

Head hunters in the Philippines have found that football is their game instead of hunting human heads. Wonderful what education will do.

Herbert Hoover's presidential boom is being pumped up, but wait until the reaction for Coolidge sets in.

Los Angeles Daily Times: It isn't every aviator who can fly out and shatter a record, but it's doggone easy for them to shatter something.

Did You Ever Stop to Think?

By EDSON R. WAITE Shawnee, Oklahoma

W. H. Cowles, publisher of the Spokane (Wash.) Spokesman-Review, says: THAT we, who wish to see the farmer who produces a surplus put on a fair economic basis with the manufacturer protected by the tariff and the laborer protected by the immigration law, should oppose government buying and selling of farm products and price fixing. We should urge the collection of a tax on each product, the sum thus raised to be used to pay a bounty on all of that product exported. This would not interfere with the law of supply and demand but would add the amount of the export bounty to the domestic price. To illustrate:

Usually our production of wheat is 500,000,000 bushels, of which we export 200,000,000. Ten cents a bushel tax on all wheat grown would produce \$20,000,000. Thirty cents a bushel bounty on all wheat exported would cost \$60,000,000. Thirty cents a bushel added to the price of all wheat produced would give the farmers \$240,000,000 additional for their wheat. Deducting the \$20,000,000 paid by them in taxes would leave them \$160,000,000 ahead.

The law of supply and demand would still work in fixing the world price, but all our wheat would sell for thirty cents plus the world price as no one would sell at home for less than he could get by exporting.

Jungle Breath

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THIS HAS HAPPENED LINCOLN MUNNALLY, elderly American chemist, is summoned to the little jungle-bordered town of PORTO VERDE, in west central Brazil, by his young friend, VILAK, who is concerned for the safety of his beautiful cousin, ELISE MARRBERRY, owner of a coffee plantation and other property near Porto Verde.

Several mysterious deaths have occurred, including that of TONY BARRETTA, one of Elise's foremen, and the girl herself has received warnings to get out of the country.

Vilak, who poses at times as a barber and at others as ATTORNEY DAVIS, believes GAYLARD PRENTISS, a reticent and forbidding man, known to be an enemy of Elise, may be involved some way in the deaths. Accordingly, he and Munnally set out for Prentiss' house, which is guarded by barbed wire fences and a vicious dog. Prentiss sets the dog on them and Vilak saves his companion's lives by chloroforming it into unconsciousness.

The next day Vilak is hastily summoned to Elise's fazenda, where she tells him her two-year-old nephew, an orphan, has been kidnaped. She suspects Prentiss.

NOW BEGIN THE STORY

CHAPTER XIV

They began a steep ascent up a slope where the sides of the road were covered with red volcanic rock. The old man leaned over to Vilak. "I was glad to hear you say it was Prentiss," he whispered. "Er... glad. After the things I've heard here... I was afraid it was something else... er... head hunters."

He thought he had spoken softly, but Elise, whose senses were acute to the breaking point, nevertheless heard. "It isn't the head hunters," she answered drearily. "It can't be. There's only one tribe in all this region, and the chief of it is my friend. Last year he swore blood brotherhood with me and I gave him a good horse for catching some of my cattle that had run away. He wouldn't do this. He wouldn't."

They reached the top of a hill, from which they could look down and see the valley in which Porto Verde lay spread out before them, the yellow rising river, the myriad tiny lakes above it, and everywhere else the green, black, inescapable jungle.

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



SALESMAN SAM



WASHINGTON TUBBS II



prints of four more horses coming down that side road and now one two horses go on ahead. Much faster. At a gallop, I should say. I can tell that by the changed distance between prints, and the deeper impression of the forepart of the hoof. And the prints of these other horses seem to follow all along now."

The road dropped again and was bordered on both sides by dense swamp grass. Gray ant hills the scavengers of the jungle, had piled up until they were high as a man's head showed here and there against the green background like the fantastic dwellings of gnomes of some eastern fairy tale. A swarm of tiny gnats swept down upon them, crawling into her eyes, their ears, their noses. The horses, harassed as much as their riders, kicked, stamped and whisked their tails frantically.

The old man coughed as one of the minute insects reached his throat. "Er... terrible little creatures... er... terrible," he murmured. "Er... exasperating. I hope we will soon be away from here... We are turning, aren't we? I thought I could tell by the sun."

Vilak slapped vigorously at a particularly vicious gnat which had settled upon his ear. "Yes, you're right. It's rather queer. The road we've been taking for the last few minutes take us almost directly back to Prentiss' place and Porto Verde. We're making almost a complete circle. If I remember this road rightly, it ought to come out near the railroad tracks where the bridge crosses the river."

A rise to the top of a low hill gave them a respite from the winged attackers. Two crudely made crosses, with two wreaths of floric artificial flowers at their base, marked the graves of two Porto Verdeans who had been killed by the forest Indians. Another hill, another descent and they had come to the bridge over the swelling river, only a mile from the entrance of Elise's fazenda from which they had started. Here the number of travelers coming from the various crossroads had somewhat obscured the trail. Vilak jumped from his horse to study it, and walked a few hundred feet up the road in the direction of the camp of the railroad workers.

"One of our two men halted here very suddenly," he said to the others who had ridden up behind him. "There are marks where the horse slid when he was pulled up tightly. He dismounted here, too, and went into that

clump of bushes. There are the prints of his feet again. The same prints that were in the ground at the fazenda. The bushes would indicate that he put something down here. Now he's back into his saddle and the two of them are away again as fast as they can glide, off through the woods in the direction of Prentiss' place. The prints of the four horses stop at the crossroads and go on to Porto Verde. Now what does that mean?"

The Mongolian slant of his eyes accentuated. He took out a pellet of betel and slowly put it on his tongue. "Looks as if there is a second trail of a man on foot, wearing heavy shoes, leading from here to the railroad camp."

He was still absorbed, studying the soil, when an Indian came forward whom the old man recognized as the foreman of the railroad gang. He was an Indian who once might have come of stalwart stock, but which by pronounced racial admixture had been degraded until almost all the original characteristics had vanished. His body was stunted, his lips thick and ugly, his chin hunched, his brilliant eyes shifting and uneasy. But the most prominent feature of his face was a great flat and pimpled nose, so large that it seemed almost a deformity.

He granted a few words in a language which the chemist did not understand, though he had no difficulty in comprehending the signs which accompanied them as a request to come to the railroad camp. Vilak nodded acquiescence. They followed him swiftly.

As they stepped through the brush into the open where they had an unobstructed view of the camp Elise, who had been riding in a sort of daze, gave a cry of joy and darted forward. On a blanket which had been carefully stretched on the ground was sitting a child of perhaps two years of age. It was dressed in a somewhat muddled white frock which contrasted sharply with its soft olive-skin and black hair; its tiny red mouth was only revealed at intervals behind the orange it was busily sucking. At the sight of Elise it gurgled with joy and waved a pudgy hand.

She caught it up and, radiant, ecstatic, smothered it with kisses. She gazed at it rapturously. "I'll never let you out of my sight again," she murmured. "Never, never, never."

The child gurgled a moment longer, then, as if trying to show that he had manifested sufficient emotion, dignifiedly returned to the chewing of the orange. (To Be Continued)

By Martin



By Small



By Crane



our money back at your grocer's... instantly... if you don't like Schilling's best. Your statement is enough. You keep the coffee. We pay the grocer. Schilling Coffee Baking Powder • 19 Spices • 31 Extracts • Tea