

The Klamath News

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TULSA AND KLAMATH FALLS

One of the important things uttered by the Oklahomans here yesterday was that big as Tulsa has grown, rich as she is, it is difficult to keep abreast with city improvements and impossible to keep taxes within reason.

Klamath Falls is in the same boat only in a much smaller degree. Tulsa had 72,000 people in 1920 and she now has 140,000. Klamath's population has doubled also in the same length of time. Each city is up against exactly the same problems—more sewers, more paving, more schools.

But there is this consolation to every property owner in either of the cities—the taxes although very high, are in reality an investment that will return dividends in time to come. Improvements made now really increase values and they will continue to increase as the growth progresses.

There is no such thing as standing still. It cannot be done. Either a city advances or it slips backward, and when it advances we have to meet the demands for improvements. Tulsa and Klamath bear a marked resemblance in the matter of keeping step with the procession.

Hummingbird Brew with Ben Lucien Burman

RULES OF THE GAME

Multnomah county voters, now merged in chaos over the selection of a congressman to fill Maurice E. Crumpacker's place, should remember there are rules to the political game, and those rules apply in making nominations to fill a vacancy just as much morally as they do in regular elections.

Much as you desire conventional nominations, much as you consider the self-starting candidate a nuisance and a pest, just bear in mind the state is pledged to the primary in the fullest manner and as yet there has been no expression of the people to change that pledge.

This being true the political game will have to be fought along the primary rules, which means that any selection of candidates except by the primary customs is in conflict with what is known as the Oregon system.

Republicans can find almost certain ways to defeat themselves in Multnomah county if they permit the Central committee choosing the party's candidate for congress. In the first place no one respects a central committee—no one knows who the members are, and the committee in Portland is always looked upon as a picked bunch which takes a deep interest in personal politics and usually are the product of some ambitious chairman. The rank and file does not know there is a central committee, and when a candidate comes forth as a committee nominee he at once suffers a handicap that is very difficult to overcome.

Until we have an emphatic change and that change is registered in the political history of Oregon, there is but one way to proceed and that is under the primary law in its fullest intent and meaning. And this applies to Multnomah county as well as any other county in the state. The mere fact that Multnomah contains the city of Portland does not give it any rights that other counties do not possess.

ning along with it this time." He straightened up in his saddle once more.
They traveled on in silence. At times the chemist felt inclined to speak either to Elise or Vilak but was checked by their expressions, one nervous, impatient, worried, the other cool and grimly watchful.
Their course for a short distance became a creek which the violent rains had flooded into a small river. They plunged in and followed it with some difficulty, the water occasionally rising past their stirrups. Here and there where the red volcanic rocks of the region formed a pool of clear water they could see curious fish sporting; here and there a fat ponderous turtle plodded along the bank. Once a great alligator lifted his head as they passed, menacing them with its red jaws. Vilak stopped to kill it with a well-directed bullet, for the creek was part of a fairly frequented highway and any of the gigantic lizards who strayed there were a distinct danger.
At length they left the stream and came out onto a muddy road again. The noise of their horses frightened a family of armadillos that evidently had been quietly reposing somewhere behind the thick palms, for they darted across the road in such panic that it was only by suddenly checking his horse that Vilak was able to avoid crushing them.
The road rose gradually up a low hill, fell to a ravine, then went up a short but fairly steep slope of another hill. As the riders rounded a bend, seven mounted soldiers came into view on the hilltop. They came slowly riding toward the Americans. Vilak's bushy blond eyebrows lifted.
As the soldiers approached, he saw that they were graced in tattered blue and red uniforms of a design much like that of the gendarmes. They were distinguished from the latter, however, by the fact that they all seemed white men, tanned by an equatorial sun. Their faces were distinctly unpleasant, the eyes of this one pulk with dissipation, the face of that one scarred with knife cuts or the ravages of some skin disease. Nevertheless, despite their unprepossessing appearance, they saluted the travelers amiably.
"Good day, señorita, señorita," said the leader of the troopers, a tall, sallow man, with a great bristling mustache who would have looked exactly like the typical Prussian officer had his hair been blond instead of black. "You go to Villapa?"
Vilak took out a cigar and pretended to search in his pocket for a match in order that his hand be near his pistol. "Yes, amigos," he answered, smiling. "They say at Villapa the water is very high. Do they tell the truth?"
The officer twisted one end of his mustache around his finger. "Yes. The water is most high at Villapa. Take you hand away from your pistol, amigos. There are five soldiers in the bushes in back of you as well as the seven of us in front."
(To Be Continued)

Elise nervously touched her horse, who was lingering to chew a choice bit of grass. "I'm glad I haven't a criminologist's mind. It would drive me crazy. You suspect everything you see, a house with its window-blinds down, a broken match, a rusty nail lying in the road. How you could put some hidden meaning into this message from Wilson is beyond me. If I weren't your cousin, and polite, I'd call it fantastic."
He put a pellet of betel on his tongue. "I sincerely hope you're right," he said laconically.
He withdrew a bar of chocolate from his pocket and distributed it among his companions as a substitute for their unseasoned breakfast. He himself took none of it, contenting himself with a second pellet of betel. Suddenly at a point where a narrow trail crossed the road, he looked down at the ground and pulled up his horse. "Humph," he murmured. "There's that unusual hoof-mark of Prentiss' horse again. And there are the prints of two other horses run-

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Vilak finds that the odds are overwhelming against them and that they are prisoners of murderous men.
To read The Klamath News day after day is to keep thoroughly informed on happenings of importance throughout the world as well as in Klamath Falls and vicinity.

Elise rose from the table. "You'll have to excuse me," she said to her guests. "I'll have to go out to Villapa at once. It's been criminal of me to have left poor Wilson there all alone. Criminal." She called to Maria to have her horse made ready.
"Just a minute, Elise," Vilak said coolly. He gazed sharply at the mud-spattered messenger. "Are you sure this chap works on your fazenda?"
Her forehead knitted into a frown. "What do you mean? Of course he works on the fazenda!"
"You've seen him?"
She hesitated, then nodded. "I'm sure I've seen him. Several times. Anyway, even if I haven't, what difference would it make? I can't know every one of the 500 laborers at Villapa, can I, when they change so often? What on earth are you driving at?"
"Nothing, if you're sure you know your man. Only, it's faintly possible that this mes-

can see enough these days with only two.
The widow's wile is sometimes large enough to catch another husband with.
Farmer (to new farm hand): "Well, Pat, have you counted all the chickens?"
Pat: "Yes, sor, saro I counted all of 'em 'cept one."
Farmer: "Why, what do you mean?"
Pat: "Well, sor, that little white one run around so fast I couldn't count him, but I counted all the rest."

Who remembers when a couple of months abroad qualified the traveler for 25 lecture dates back home, with stereopticon slides?
THE BEST PLACE TO LIVE IS WITHIN YOUR INCOME.
The path of progress is strewn with the wrecks of fools and fogies.
"What," queries the fashion department of the Omaha, (Neb.) Bee, "has become of the old-fashioned shash?" It still!

Don't be too hard on the telephone operator; you know there are a great many wrong numbers but only one right one.
Things Not Wasted.
The courtesy shown a customer. The flowers sent to a sick friend. The effort invested in training a talent. The praise given a fellow employee.

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OBSERVATIONS

The reason some men find it so difficult to mend their ways is because they neglected the stitch in time.
A tinfol wrapper doesn't make a bum cigar taste any better.
Same Old Story.
The fire has burned the livinglog night.
The building was demolished quiet.
The janitor, when asked the cause.
Cried out without a moment's pause.
"Excelstor!"

The reason why airplanes are referred to as "she" is because it takes a he-man to run one.
What Happened.
Jack Spratt was growing fat, his wife becoming lean.
And so to even up with weights and not create a scene
They tried reducing. Jackson Spratt began to fade away.
While Mrs. Spratt, just thing of that, grew fatter every day.

If you are a hound for thrills, try crossing the Pacific in a row boat.
Two women were passing a butcher's shop where a pig's head was on display, with a lemon in its mouth.
"There, Liz," exclaimed one of the women, "that reminds me that I promised to get a new pipe for Joe."

Earl Carroll probably will be partial to shower baths in the future.
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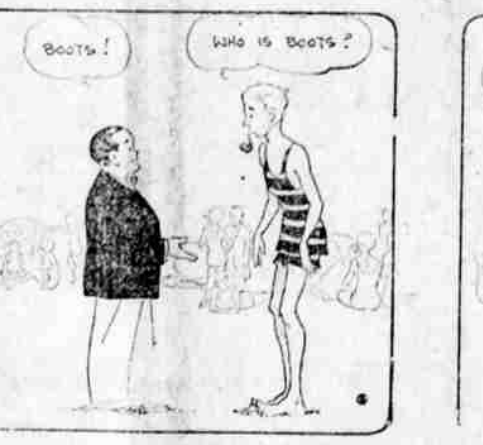
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BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



Ain't Love Grand



SALESMAN SAM



Couldn't Blame Him



By Martin

By Small

By Small

By Small



THIS HAS HAPPENED
Posing at times as a barber, at others as attorney Davis, a curious man called Vilak has come to the queer little town of Porto Verde, in west central Brazil, to help his cousin, Elise Marberry, solve a strange mystery.
Elise, a beautiful American girl, has inherited a coffee plantation and other property adjoining Porto Verde. Several mysterious deaths occur, including that of one of her foremen. She herself has been threatened and warned to leave. Vilak, learning that Lincoln Nunnally, a famous American chemist, and once a teacher of his, is in South America, sends for him.
Vilak believes that GAYLORD PRENTISS, a mysterious and forbidding man, is somehow involved in the deaths. He tries to visit Prentiss but is ordered to stay away. Elise's two-year-old orphaned nephew is kidnapped and Prentiss is suspected. Vilak tracks the kidnapers, and recovers the child, unharmed, without finding its abductors.
Vilak tells Elise she and the child must leave on the next boat. He decides to close his barber shop and stick to the character of Attorney Davis. He, Elise and Nunnally are breakfasting when word is brought that a messenger has come to see her from WILSON, her overseer at VILLAPA.
NOW BEGIN THE STORY
CHAPTER XX
Elise put down the fork with which she had been nibbling at an omelet. "Send him in at once, please."
The maid hurried out. In a moment the door into the kitchen opened again. A brown half-breed Brazilian, clad in thick heavy blue overalls and hip boots, stamped into the room,