

The Klamath News

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A LITTLE EARLY, THANK YOU

The weather man has pulled a bad box of weather on us for this time of year. Up at Crater Lake yesterday snow fell to a depth of several inches.

But it will not last, and in another day we will see the finest Indian summer weather one would desire.

The fact, however, that the cold wave hit us all early in September is a little out of the ordinary, and causes a bit of comment.

How many homes still have the winter parties around the fireplace, where stories are told, where the cider pitcher is filled often, where apples and nuts are passed?

Not many, of course, but there are some. And those who have those luxuries are clinging to some of the sweetest things in life.

THE OFT-TOLD WARNING

Over and over again motorists have been warned against taking on casual passengers, says an Eastern newspaper.

COURTS HAVE RULED THAT IF YOU HAVE AN ACCIDENT IN WHICH A PASSENGER IS INJURED, THAT PASSENGER HAS THE RIGHT TO RECOVER DAMAGES FROM YOU, REGARDLESS OF WHETHER THE ACCIDENT WAS YOUR FAULT OR NOT.

THE METHODISTS AT SALEM

The annual conference of the Methodists will convene in Salem on September 21st, and at that meeting will be ministers of the Methodist Episcopal church from all over Oregon.

WASHINGTON TUBBS II

THE SUPREME COURT OF NEW JERSEY HAS MADE AN EVEN MORE SWEEPING DECISION. IF YOU GIVE A WAYFARER A LIFT IN YOUR CAR AND HARM COMES TO HIM YOU ARE LIABLE CRIMINALLY AS WELL AS CIVILLY.

SALEM IS AN IDEAL MEETING

place for the ministers of this faith because Salem is quite a Methodist town. And the achievements of Old Willamette university—a Methodist school—act as a happy background for the men who are devoting their lives to the work.

Dr. Doney, head of the Willamette university, is one of the able men of the west. He loves his school and the school loves him. We can think of no greater pleasure for the Methodist preachers than in their annual conference to hear the address which Dr. Doney will deliver.

In assignment of churches to the membership of that conference will come a task, for Methodist bishops have their own way regarding the placing of their men. It matters little how popular a minister is in his local community, should the bishop believe he could do better work elsewhere that preacher is moved.

THE CONFERENCE IS A GREAT EVENT IN THE LIVES OF PASTORS, AND IT AFFECTS EVERY COMMUNITY GOVERNED BY THE CONFERENCE. THAT IT WILL BE A PLEASANT GATHERING FOR SALEM TO ENTERTAIN THERE NEED BE NO GUESS, FOR SALEM IS ACCUSTOMED TO THE LEGISLATURE EVERY TWO YEARS, AND THE MEETING OF THE MINISTERS WILL BE SOMEWHAT OF AN OFFSET FOR SALEM TO EXPERIENCE.

IS THE FIGHT A FIGHT?

All interest is centering in the Tunney-Dempsey fight. Walk down Main street and stop in different pool rooms. Listen to the comment. Some will say it is a fight for supremacy, and that Dempsey will win with ease. Others say Tunney will whip him because Dempsey is done and Tunney is young and a comer.

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hitch hikers is not at all uncommon.

There was little excuse for this imposition on the kindness of motorists before, but now that he takes the chance of robbery, murder, criminal and civil prosecution for any accident, it would seem that the time has come to stop the practice entirely.

ON THE LICENSE PLATE

Nebraska corn will be advertised on every automobile in the state if the state adopts the recommendation of the Kiwanis club that license plates be stamped and colored to represent an ear of corn.

THE ORIGINATOR OF THE IDEA RECOMMENDS IT AS A CHEAP AND EFFECTIVE METHOD OF ADVERTISING THE STATE AND ITS PRINCIPAL INDUSTRY AND PRODUCT.

IT IS NOT A NEW IDEA IN SOME OTHER STATES. IDAHO ADOPTED A POTATO DESIGN FOR ITS AUTOMOBILE PLATES. UTAH IS CONSIDERING ADVERTISING ITS PRODUCTS BY THE SAME METHOD.

THE SCHEME IS NOVEL ENOUGH TO SPREAD RAPIDLY FROM STATE TO STATE AND OCEAN TO OCEAN. IT IS NOT UNLIKELY THAT WITHIN A FEW YEARS THE CONVENTIONAL TWO-TONED CHAMELEON PLATE WILL BE AS RARE AS ONE-LONG AUTOMOBILE.

ONE MAY EXPECT PENNSYLVANIA TO ADOPT A STEEL MILL DESIGN, NEW JERSEY A BATHING BEAUTY, KENTUCKY A SHEAF OF BLUE GRASS, GEORGIA A PEACH, ILLINOIS A CHICAGO GUNMAN AND SO THROUGH THE WHOLE FORTY-EIGHT.

THERE IS ONE FLAW IN THE SCHEME. SEVERAL STATES CLAIM PRE-EMINENCE FOR THE SAME REASONS. WHICH OF THE SOUTHERN STATES WILL HAVE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE COTTON BALE EMBLEM? HOW WILL CALIFORNIA AND FLORIDA COMPROMISE ON THE USE OF A DESIGN SYMBOLICAL OF THE "ONE AND ONLY CLIMATE"?

WE AIM TO MAKE THE KLAMATH VALLEY HOSPITAL CONTRIBUTIVE TO THE PUBLIC GOOD BY EFFICIENT CARE OF THE SICK AND INJURED.

Jungle Breathe

THIS HAS HAPPENED

Attempts have been made on the life of Elise Marberry, an American girl owning considerable property near the little town of Porto Verde, in west central Brazil.

Several mysterious deaths have occurred, but so far she has escaped harm, due to the shrewdness of her cousin and protector, Vilak, who masquerades as her attorney under the name of Davis. Vilak, a curious mixture of American and Oriental blood, is a student of criminology.

Her departure is prevented by threat of floods. Messengers ride through the countryside, warning the natives. Vilak decides to go to the house of Gaylor Prentiss, a recluse and an enemy of Elise's, whom she suspects of a knowledge of the conspiracy against her.

Vilak learns that the flood warning was a ruse to get Prentiss out of his house and so informs him. The party is besieged in a small stone tower next to Prentiss' house by armed attackers. Vilak finally disperses them by dynamiting a dam and causing a real flood.

The next day, Tinky, Elise's little nephew, is stolen again. The trail leads into the jungle. A native reports Prentiss has been seen with a baby. Vilak makes preparations for a long journey in pursuit. With native trackers, they take up the trail. Calamity overtakes them. Two of their natives are hurt, others desert, and two of their white friends are fever victims.

Elise, Vilak and Nunnally finally emerge from the jungle. On the outskirts of a strange city that looks like the relics of Inca civilization, they are overcome by gas. When they awake they find themselves prisoners of Carlos D'Albentara, whom they knew as

an engineer in Porto Verde. D'Albentara leads the two men into the presence of the city's strange ruler.

CHAPTER XL

It was the figure of an enormous fat, half-breed negro, with thick grinning lips, and fat, not unkind face. On his huge shining breast hung a row of Spanish dollars, on his head was one of the steel helmets which Pizarro's men had worn during the conquest.

His fat ears had been pierced, and in them had been inserted two golden suns of beautiful workmanship, like the carvings on the stones overhead, modeled in the form of conventional human faces. These had so distended the ears that leopards could have been put into the orifices without difficulty.

Around his fat legs were two pieces of old Spanish armor obviously constructed for some cavalier of Madrid or Toledo half his size, for his puffy flesh bulged out in great rolls where the guards ended and their pressure ceased.

A bearded breechcloth completed his fantastic costume. Fire was burning in two stone braziers on either side of him. These he turned to stir now and then with a short decorated wand of metal he held in his hand.

"Lovely old boy, isn't he?" Vilak whispered to the chemist. "He's a perfect study in primitive religions. Spanish relics, Inca ritual and ornaments, and African superstition all beautifully jumbled together. I think I heard one of the guards whispering his name, and if it was, even that's mixed Spanish and Indian. Undoubtedly, though, he thinks he's Manco Capac, or one of the other famous old Inca emperors come to life."

The fat chieftain saw the newcomers approaching. He twiddled the wand in his thick, clumsy fingers. "Kneel," he roared in thick Guarany. The soldiers and their captives obeyed quickly and began crawling on their knees toward the throne. D'Albentara remained standing. The chief noticed this, and looked at him reproachfully.

They mustache. "I have brought them, O, august son of the flaming sun," he announced in a monotonous droning voice, as though the speech were some foolish rigamarole of which he was long weary. "Your humble slaves have gone to bring the others here also. What is your royal will that I, your slave, do with these two miserable wretches who crawl before you as loathsome snakes crawl at the feet of the mighty Jaguar? What is your will, illustrious chief?"

"Kill them tonight, noble Batalagos." The chief's stubbornness was aroused. He stamped his enormous foot. "No, kill first of Raymi. Kill evil men then. Sacrifice. Make sun-god, fire-god, happy. Very happy. Happy sun-god, fire-god, good to Batalagos. Make Batalagos, happy, too. Batalagos dot afraid evil men. Keep evil men prison. Batalagos big, strong."

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"Not look bad men," he grunted in Guarany. "Good men think maybe. Little man funny. Look like rabbit. Make Batalagos laugh. Good thing laugh. Batalagos like. Let stay one moon, two moons, maybe, talk Batalagos. Tell Batalagos stories great mountain, great water. Then Batalagos give presents and let go away. What high priest say?"

D'Albentara had lost his calm. His lips were trembling nervously. "You mistake, O, son of the flaming sun," he said hastily. "These men are not good. They are evil. Evil. They are like the piranha of the rivers, whose colors are beautiful as the shining rainbow but who eats human flesh. Their breath is death. They would kill the mighty Batalagos and put another on his sacred throne. Last night by the rising moon the high priest spoke to the noble Batalagos. Now he speaks this again in the setting of the sun."

The chief's smile faded. His thick lips puffed out ugly. "Kill Batalagos?" he muttered. "Make other man chief. Batalagos throne?" D'Albentara nodded. "I have heard them talk so even as they mounted the sacred mountain. I have heard them talk so even now as they lay in their prison. Truly they are evil men. And all things about them are evil."

The chief's eyes blazed suddenly. "High priest smart. Do what high priest say. Bad men wish kill Batalagos. Batalagos kill bad men first. When Batalagos kill? What say high priest?"

"Tonight, O, son of the sun. For while they live they are evil and will work evil spells upon Batalagos. While in dead men there is naught but good." The chief twiddled the wand in his fat fingers again and looked thoughtful. "Batalagos think something else," he said at last. "Batalagos wait half moon till feast of Raymi, feast of sun, feast of fire. Kill evil men then. Sacrifice. Make sun-god, fire-god, happy. Very happy. Happy sun-god, fire-god, good to Batalagos. Make Batalagos, happy, too. Batalagos dot afraid evil men. Keep evil men prison. Batalagos big, strong."

purpose of the chief's announcement. Her interest, however, centered not on his ludicrous woe, but on D'Albentara. Her eyes were fixed on him so steadily, so questioningly, that he turned his back to avoid her gaze. The huge chief helped her to her feet. The Portuguese was facing her once more. Her eyes (Continued on Page Seven)

STAGES Leave Klamath Falls Daily 8 a. m. (except Sunday) for MERRILL, MALIN, ALTURAS Mon.—Wed.—Fri. MERRILL — MALIN ALTURAS—RENO SUSANVILLE New Reduced Rates now in effect. Terminal Stage Depot 615 Main St. Phone 900

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SALESMAN SAM



Loss of Memory



By Small



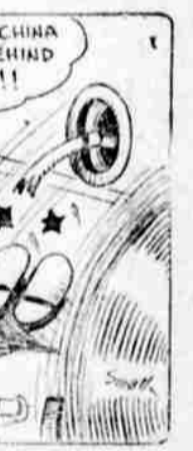
BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



Who, Oh Who, Can She Be?



By Martin



WASHINGTON TUBBS II



By Crane



WASHINGTON TUBBS II



WASHINGTON TUBBS II



WASHINGTON TUBBS II



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