

The Klamath News

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PULLING OFF THE HOME SHINGLE

We notice that the school board of Portland, probably fired with a Patrick Henry—or some other kind of patriotism—had decided that Oregon cement shall not be given any special consideration over the California product.

That is a bright bunch on the school board in Portland. Don't they know that California cement factories sell at a profitable price on their own state of California because that state will use no other cement in public works, and then the factories dump all the surplus into Oregon at a reduced cost?

Either the Portland school board does not know this or else it is one of those shining examples of Oregon purity that demands it protect the "deer peepul" and buy cement at the least possible cost.

But, why should not the school board consider something in the nature of establishing and encouraging some Oregon industry just as California does? Why should not Oregon cement get the best of it in price? The money is spent for labor mostly and any money that is used to pay labor in Oregon at once starts around the circle to help many concerns that pay taxes here.

Short-sightedness, such as Portland school officials, is has been shown by the one of the barriers to Oregon's progress. And it seems to be in the air—sort of a contagion. Too often sound men, when elected to office loose their poise and judgment.

BETTER ROADS TO COME

The Merrill road contract has been let to John Hampshire, who is reputed to be a good road builder, and we can expect, with the arrival of spring, that some first class work will be in order. In Oregon there are 123 primary roads—Pacific Highway, Roosevelt Highway, and Old Oregon Trail. These were designated as primary roads before Klamath Falls came into her own, and before the heavy travel appeared on the The Dalles California Highway. But the rebuilding of the Merrill road, as we understand the will of the Highway commission, will be along primary road regulations. This is an indication that all roads leading in and out of Klamath Falls are becoming recognized as roads of exception ally heavy traffic and will be reconstructed along lines that will hold up under such traffic. Let the good work go on. We need wider and heavier roads, with a little fencing now and then at sharp turns.

Today the schools will quit for the holiday vacation. And won't the sleds and the skates be busy for several days?

"JIMMIE" REED'S A HAT

It begins to look very much as though Senator "Jimmie" Reed, of Missouri will have his hat in the presidential ring asking for the democratic nomination.

Well, if such is the case, the democrats could do a lot worse than to nominate the dynamic little fellow from Missouri whose clation voice has rent the atmosphere of the senate in his tirade on the Republican party and occasionally on his own dear old alma mater.

Senator Reed is a positive character. There is no denying that fact. He is courageous and he is fearless. While he may be accused of grandstanding occasionally, that can be explained by stating such actions are a part of a Missourian's political career. If Senator Reed worked in a calm way, all of the state would think that it had a poor senator no matter what he accomplished. Missouri has always had political leaders who were noisy at least those who lasted. Of course, Joe Folk did become governor, and Joe Folk was a quiet individual but he did not last. His treatment of Ed Butler, the St. Louis boss, got noised around over the state and Missourians like fair play, so they ditched Folk, and sent him to the discards.

If Jimmie Reed should be nominated, he would have the Al Smith support, for Reed is not an advocate of the entire dry measure as it stands today. He would also have the McAdoo support, if there is such a thing left in the Democratic party, and he would have quite a following among the "trust busters" and "extreme thinkers."

Reed could never be elected, but he would make quite a race provided his nomination was pulled off without any extraordinary fight in his own convention.

The same jury that turned George Remus loose should provide a banquet and a Christmas tree for the good-for-nothing bootlegger who admitted that he killed his wife. That would round out the career of each of the "humane" soft thinkers who listened to the evidence.

Here's to Langell Valley and her new community hall. It's a fine Christmas present for the community and may it stand for years and years as a monument to the good people of that section of the county who thoroughly believe in having a little fun along with their work.

Did You Ever Stop to Think?

By EDSON R. WAITE, Shawnee, Oklahoma. United States Senator T. H. Caraway of Arkansas, says: That all intelligent people recognize that the government cannot create wealth. For every dollar of created wealth someone's back must have ached and someone's brow sweated for it. The government, however, can transfer wealth from one individual to another, from one class to another and from one section to another and it is evident and demonstrated that the six New England states and New York, while they create less wealth than Oklahoma, have acquired more wealth than Oklahoma and the other 23 states. The industrial section has prospered and the agricultural section has languished and almost perished from existence. This result is due to the fact that the industry has farmed the government and the agriculture has farmed only their fields.

The PENNY PRINCESS by Anne Austin

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SYNOPSIS: Jerry Macklyn, advertising manager for the Peach Bloom Cosmetics Co., proposes to Vera Cameron, his secretary, that he transform her from the old-maid type she is into a beauty with the use of the company cosmetics and that her photographs, taken during the experiment, be used in Peach Bloom advertising. Vera indignantly refuses, but when she falls suddenly in love with a man whom she hears called Schuyler, she feels the need to be beautiful above everything else. She overhears Schuyler say he will be in Lake Minnetonka in June and Vera resolves to go there. Vera's sea-green eyes rained Jerry of an uncaptioned Sunday supplement picture he has in his desk and he brings it out and asks the beauty specialist to use it as a model in refashioning Vera. Vera's aunt, Flora Cartwright, is amazed at the change wrought in her once homely niece and is likewise a little jealous.



And now, through a miracle wrought by Jerry Macklyn, she was beautiful, she was desirable.

CHAPTER XII: It was nearly twelve o'clock that night when Vera Cameron had completed preparations for bed in her berth in the train that was speeding her toward adventure. But she could not sleep. Twice she turned on the light above her head and made sure that money, tickets and baggage checks were safe, tucked into a corner of the pillowcase. She laughed at herself, sitting up in the narrow bed to gaze at her reflection in the strip of mirror between the windows. The sight of her camellia-white face, framed in a close-lying swirl of burnished copper waves, of her wide green eyes, of her perfect Grecian nose and her softly curved mouth never failed to give her a shock of joy, of amazed wonder. She pressed the light button, then lay back on the fat Pullman pillow, smiling to herself in the dark, repeating soundlessly the "beauty creed" which Flora Cartwright had insisted that she memorize: "I believe that I am utterly beautiful and utterly desirable. I believe that no man can look upon me without pleasure and without desire."

But she could not keep from remembering. She could not keep from living over a scene which had stamped itself indelibly on the sensitive mind of the child she had been then—A mean little room in a mean little house in a mean little Missouri town. A gray coffin of cheap painted wood, resting on two cheap pine chairs, which her mother had painted black and orange. A child—herself at nine—crouching on the floor at the head of the coffin, tears streaming out of her eyes, slipping down over her pinched, freckled little face. A thin little slaw of a hand lifting a heavy braid of ash-colored hair with which to dab at the tears which had been blistering her eyelids since her mother had died. She saw the miserable, scrawny little thing pull herself up by the back of the chair to look yet again on the face of the woman in the coffin—a sweet, sad face that had been so beautiful, and that was beautiful again in the serenity of death.

She heard her grief-hoarse, frightened voice crying out: "Mama! Mama!" and again, as if she were living the scene for the first time, she heard with

startling clearness the rough whiplash of her father's voice: "Get out o' here and make me a pot o' coffee! Ain't a damn bit o' sense in a great big girl like you whining and taking on for two days on a stretch. Your ma ain't coming back, for all your blubbering, and the quicker you take on some o' her work the better you'll be. Get out o' here now, and stir up a batch o' biscuits, too. I ain't had a mouthful o' food but what the neighbors brought in since she was took!"

"No, no! I don't want to remember!" the girl moaned, her lovely head warring the pillow in desperation.

But she could not shut the floodgates of memory. She saw herself cooking greasy meals and cleaning the mean little hoag, overspreading her slight strength so that her father would not beat

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Cameron the first time she had seen him at a country dance, had married him the next day, throwing up her job as a school teacher in the little Missouri town. She was like Aunt Flora, who boasted that she had fallen in love, at eight with every man she had married. It was in her blood—this reckless plunging into love, this mad impulse to fly after the beloved and capture him at any cost.

She went to sleep, murmuring Jerry's name. But the face of which she dreamed was dark, aristocratic, heartbreakingly handsome. The next morning, after dressing herself with almost prayerful carelessness, she had a leisurely expensive breakfast in the dining car, deferentially attended by the chief steward himself, and glisteningly conscious of every admiring glance that the diners—men and women, both—cast at her.

The train reached the little station of Minnetonka at half-past eleven. During the three-mile drive to the hotel on the lake Vera became painfully conscious that at least two of her fellow passengers were regarding her with more than usual interest and curiosity. They were a young couple, fashionably dressed, evidently married.

Vera, out of the corner of her eye, saw the woman whispering to her husband, glancing from the Mittals on Vera's bags to her face. The husband shook his head at first, smiling indulgently, then, on looking more closely at the embarrassed girl who tried to pretend ignorance of their scrutiny, he nodded slowly, his eyes narrowing with speculation.

"I wonder what's wrong with me," Vera worried. "Am I too well dressed, or what? But they act as if they thought they recognized me. Oh, well, it's silly to worry. If my own aunt didn't recognize me after my transformation, I don't see how they could."

But she was growing more worried every minute. Fear froze her into a statue of arrogance. What if they did see through her—recognized her as a stenographer on a two weeks' vacation playing the great lady? Would they try to have her put out of their sacred hotel?

(To Be Continued)

Vera encounters the man of her dreams—Schuyler. And this time she does not look through her, but at her.



Another Cooperative Plan: "What are you crying about?" the kindly old gentleman asked the small boy.

"Cause my pa's a philanthropist."

"Well, that's nothing to cry about, is it?"

"But he says he'll give me \$5 for Christmas providing I can raise an equal amount."

Prepare for an emergency and nine times out of ten you won't have to meet it.

Did You Ever Notice That—Carpet is purchased by the yard and worn out by the foot? It is just as hard to pay back money as it is to borrow it!

Before '79 we hide our age; after '79 we brag about it!

Both women and time tables are subject to change without notice!

A record is a fragile thing—you can't throw one without breaking it.

Give a small boy a watch and he will have the time of his life. Riches have a bad habit of creating new wants instead of satisfying the old ones.

The fit of a tailor-made suit often depends upon the silver lining of the pockets.

It doesn't matter what you think about anybody providing you don't think out loud.

"Wasn't it Christmas Eve that Washington crossed the Delaware?"

"Yes."

"Why did he risk his life on such a cold wintry night?"

"He wanted to get away from Philadelphia."

SANTA CLAUS LETTERS

SICK AT PRESENT: Dear Santa Claus—I'm a little girl 8 years old and in the fourth grade. I can't go to school because I'm sick with bad cold but I know I will have a happy Christmas if I am able to come to the Pine Tree party Saturday morning. I wish you a happy New Year. Jean Eschle, 447 Martin St.

PACKAGE TO OPEN: Dear Old Santa—Today is Wednesday and I can hardly wait until Sunday. I do so hope every one will be surprised and pleased this Xmas, but do hurry and get here as I want to open my Santa Claus parcel post package. Shirley Eschle, 447 Martin St.

A JOLLY MAN: Dear Old Santa Claus—How are you? I sure would like to feel of your whiskers or pull them but I know you would say ouch. But I am not so mean as to pull your whiskers. Do you know that by all the pictures I have ever seen of you are so kind and good looking? I bet you don't know what I would like for Christmas? Well I will tell you. I would like a scooter some zippers and a wristwatch a real one. But first I would like to know how you look in your own real face. I bet you look real handsome. I bet you are as jolly as your reindeer. I would like to feel of their soft noses. I am a little girl in the fifth grade and I am ten years old. How old are you I wonder? But I don't care how old you are you are just as jolly as ever. But now don't forget that I want something for Christmas. Don't you forget, I hope you are fine my dear old man for if you are ill before Christmas you will not give any presents to the children and they will be sad and mad. Oh yes I forgot to say that I want a new dog collar for my dog. Don't you catch cold and get sick for I will feel very bad. Goodbye my dear old man and I hope you a happy Christmas and New Year. Margaret Goldsmith, 1601 Willford.

BROTHER COMES FIRST: Dear Santa Claus—I am rather late in writing to you but I thought I would wait until the last and see if you had anything left for my little Brother and me. He is six and in the first grade and I am nine years old and in the fourth grade. I would like a truck and a bee-hive gun and the same for my little brother but think of him first as he is the youngest. I wish you a Merry Xmas and happy New Year. William Louth, 1916 Oregon Ave.

HOPE SLEIGH ISN'T BROKEN: Dear Santa Claus—I was 19 years old December seventh. I go to the Mt. Lakt school and am in the fourth grade. I hope your runners on your sleigh will not be able to visit us all this year. The snow is packed on the roads so deep that you had better hold a tight rein on Blitzen and Comet and Dasher so you will be sure and stop at my house. I want a pair of ice skates and a rugby football. See you at the Pine Tree Saturday. Don West, Rt. 1, Box 322.

BRING NEW FORD: Dear Santa—I'll take a new Ford. Claude wants a steam shovel. Bring Richard something, but bring it to Jefferson, Ore. Please bring Grandma some new teeth so she can eat turkey. Don't forget my daddy. Leave my Ford out in back and be sure you put my name on it because grandpa wants one too. Roy Biehn, Box 484.

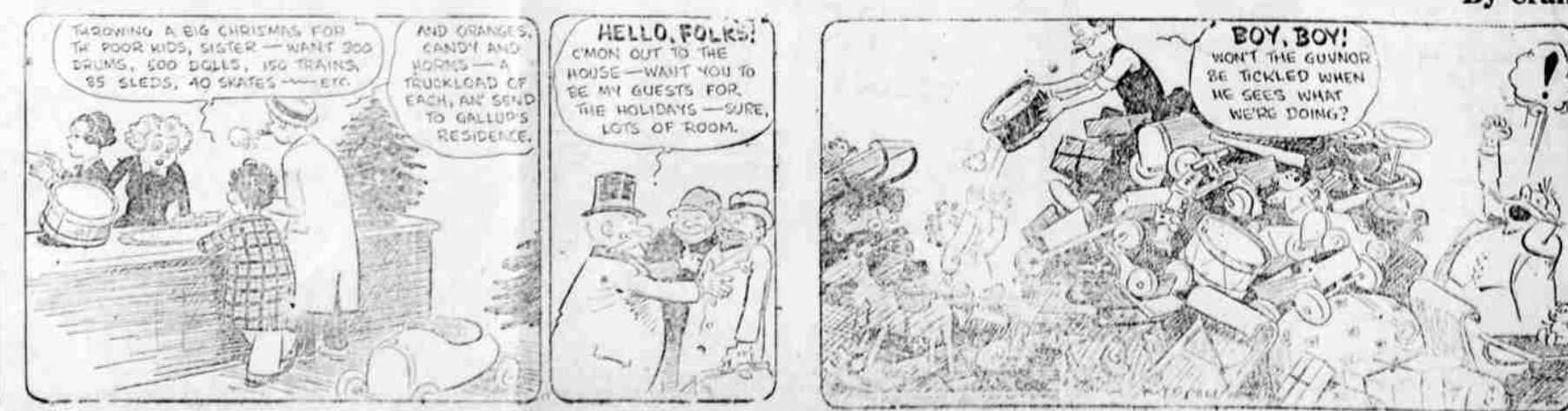
CANT KEEP KNIFE: Dear Santa—I will be at the Pine Tree to wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Xmas will soon be here and I am glad. You must be awful busy now getting things ready. Do you have any help? I think it would be lots of fun to help you. How are your reindeer? I am going to tell you what I want you to give me real bad.

FOR HEALTH'S SAKE: You can't tell the quality of an apple by its skin. Neither can the layman discover pyorrhea in its early stages. Your Dentist is the man who can discover pyorrhea and by a little treatment check it—and thus insure your good health.

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WASHINGTON TUBBS II



By Crane