

The Klamath News

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AL SMITH GIVES UP THE BOOZE

It will be noticed in the democratic national platform that the same skeleton appeared in Houston that appeared in Kansas City—namely, that John Barleycorn is to remain officially dead, and socially very much alive.

John Barleycorn has more friends in private, and more enemies in public than can well be counted.

Behold, the convention nominates Al Smith for president, the man who has distinct wet leanings, proclaims in its platform a stronger dry plank than any former convention of that party.

Now what will the boys do, who figured Al Smith would give back the light wines, beer, and a little hooch thrown in occasionally?

Those democrats who were going to be so brave and swat prohibition, weakened, just as they all do. No national convention dares to come out against the Eighteenth amendment, it would seem, and we now have a demonstration of that fact by the democrats at Houston.

Hoover and Smith will both be bound by the same prohibition utterances of their parties, and the same old custom will prevail in the good old United States regardless of which is elected.

It's the same old story in the same old way. Smith is nominated, but he is on a prohibition platform—a little weakened, to be sure, but there he stands.

By the way, speaking of prohibition at the democratic convention, here is what Arthur Brisbane said in his letter from Houston:

"In the South, everything is courtesy. Bootleggers at Houston apologized through a local newspaper, expressing regret at being compelled to raise prices. They had no idea how thirsty the crowd would be, and found themselves on Monday with only 3,000 cases, 36,000 bottles of whiskey and only casual assistance from local stills. Under the circumstances they were obliged to raise prices. Laws of supply and demand," they said.

"It seems unnecessary for democrats to demand an end of prohibition."

The lad who uses his sheepskin in an effort to land a good executive job is going to wonder at times if it wasn't a mistake to take it from the sheep.

If he smokes a cigarette without removing it from his mouth, it's a waste of time to offer him oil stock.

SOVIET AND FASCIST MEET

It is rather odd, when you stop to think about it, that the major part of the job of hunting for General Nobile should have rested on the shoulders of the Soviet government of Russia.

Nobile's outfit was strictly representative of Fascism. Musolini had figuratively laid his hands on the dirigible and blessed it before it left. The Italia sailed north as a mission from the most despotic, autocratic land in Europe.

And the task of rescue was undertaken by Russia! Musolini's men were sought by followers of Lenin. The world's most radical nation rushes to the aid of the world's most conservative nation.

Bravery knows no fatherland. When men are in danger, other men will extend help, regardless of political and economic theories. Even Soviet Russia and Fascist Italy can, momentarily, join hands.

Contemporary Comment

YOU NEVER CAN TELL

Monitor Magazine: Genius rarely writes promissory notes. Seldom is greatness foretold. One's contemporaries, it seems, simply refuse to see promise where nothing much has been requested of one. Take Beethoven, for instance. Having a certain inherited tendency to hardening of the arteries of the ear, if his parents had consulted a "vocal expert" he is scarcely to be imagined that they would have received encouragement to give their son a musical education. The malady overtook him relatively young, but it did not balk his becoming the Shakespeare of music. As for Shakespeare himself, no "Itinerant deer-slayer" could have secured credentials from any schoolmaster in England in his day.

Herbert Spencer was backward in his studies and in very poor health as a youngster. One biographer says: "Morally he was extremely disobedient and contemptuous of authority." Yet without money, without special education, without health he produced eighteen volumes and set forth a profusion of new and original ideas when he became a man. Sir Isaac Newton was a most unpromising child, with frail body and poor eyesight, who "showed no aptitude for study."

The judgments of his fellow citizens in New York were not at all complimentary to Walt Whitman: in fact probably no subsequent genius was more generally looked at askance. The writer of these lines heard a cultured man, who had several times seen Walt Whitman, say "he looked like a great unkempt lazy loafer." Poe, dismissed from West Point, slipped around from occupation to occupation until almost all his acquaintances departed of him. U. S. Grant, selling stovewood from a wagon in St. Louis, probably looked as if he had already unconditionally surrendered to fate himself.

Steinmetz, he of the lightning brain and Vulcan-like shape, never would have been picked by a Yale class as "the man most likely to do most good to his fellow men." The list is starling, impressive: Turgenyev, Stevenson, John Burroughs, Nietzsche, Mohammed, Lincoln . . . all branches of human activity can be instructed to demonstrate that you never can tell.

SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT

Sir John Foster Fraser in London Graphic: Being a Scot, and therefore a sentimentalist, I have always had an appreciative eye for good-looking women.

As a consequence of many wanderings I thought I could give a lecture about the ladies of many lands. I gathered a lot of pretty photographs—ladies walking in Hyde park, dusky maidens dancing in the South Sea islands, and that kind of thing—and wove a cheery lecture. "Sovereign Woman: Being the Impresario of a Man in Thirty-eight Countries." It went well.

I delivered it in a Surrey residential town. My chairman, who had entertained me ardently at dinner, said the customary things a chairman is expected to say—information culled from "Who's Who"—and concluded by remarking, "Now I will call upon our lecturer to give you his experiences with thirty-eight women in different countries!" The audience roared. I blushed. The chairman inquired in a loud whisper, "Have I said anything wrong?"

When A Girl Loves

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by RUTH DEWEY GROVES

SYNOPSIS

Virginia Brewster, after losing both father and wealth, consents to make her home with Clara Dean and her father. Her fiancé, Nathaniel Dunn, objects to this for he mistrusts Dean's motives. Meanwhile, Dean plots to get Niel away from Virginia but fails, and later is forced to pay blackmail to a Mrs. Farley or face a scandal.

Clara becomes jealous of her and Virginia resolves to go, but Dean insists that she marry him. When she refuses, he threatens to reveal the fact that her father cheated him out of \$100,000 in a bootlegging deal. Recklessly, she promises to earn enough to repay him in one year—or marry him.

Virginia leaves but has to pawn a ring to tide over until she can find a position. She goes to Niel's studio to tell him her story, but her joy at seeing him is clouded because she dare not reveal the compact with Dean, and also because of the familiarity with which his model, Chira, treats Niel.

She goes to an employment agency seeking work and is sent out to a prospective position but finds it impossible. While returning to her hotel she notices a man who appears to be following her. Arriving at the restaurant, she sees the man who had followed her standing in a shadowed doorway.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Virginia was not sure she recognized the man, but there was something vaguely familiar about him—a familiarity that disturbed her until she fell asleep that night.

"Where have I seen him before?" she asked herself countless times; and the very fact that she neither could place him nor satisfy herself why the matter should trouble her at all made it impossible to dismiss him from her mind.

The next morning her thoughts were taken up with plans for getting a position and the man's haunting presence there on the east side did not return to puzzle further.

First she read the help wanted columns of the newspaper that came up with her breakfast. There was nothing worth trying for. Nothing. That is, nothing that she had any chance of getting. Nevertheless her spirits were up. It was a new day, yet a matter of promise to youth. There was Oliver to see. And Miss Evans. There must be many places where she could be useful if only she could find them.

Virginia bathed and dressed without pinning for lost luxuries. In fact without thinking at all of the limitations of her present bathing facilities.

As soon as she thought Oliver would be in his office she took a subway train down to Wall street. He was not in but Miss Evans said she expected him soon, so Virginia decided to wait.

In about half an hour he arrived, coming in hurriedly and stopping for a few brief words with his secretary before going on to his private office. He had not seen Virginia, but as soon as he had gone on Miss Evans came over to where she sat by a window and told her he wanted to give some dictation immediately but that very probably he would see her directly afterward.

Virginia signified her willingness to wait. Miss Evans started toward her desk, appeared to change her mind and stopped, facing Virginia again. "I'm afraid Mr. Cutting is . . . upset this morning," she said uneasily. "Don't you think you could come back later in the day?"

"I'd rather wait," Virginia returned promptly.

The secretary frowned, seemed about to speak, but nodded her head instead and hurriedly gathered up her pencil and notebook to answer the insistent call of the buzzer from Mr. Cutting's office.

In five minutes she was back, flushed and angry looking. Virginia stood and Miss Evans said: "You may go in now," and turned at once to her work.

Virginia wondered at her abruptness but she was too anxious to hear what Oliver might have to say about her investment to stop and ask any questions, though she felt there was something Miss Evans had wanted to say to her.

When she opened Oliver's door she saw him coming across the room from a door on the opposite side with a glass of water in his hand. He looked haggard and miserable.

"Had a night," he said shortly and motioned Virginia to a chair. She sat down in it without taking her eyes off his face. He flopped into his own seat and gulped down the water thirstily.

"No sleep," he went on self-pityingly. "I thought you had given up

disputing," Virginia said reproachfully. "What else is there in life? A wife here, there and everywhere. And nothing but work, work, work."

"Oh, I'm sorry," Virginia cried, remembering that she had burdened him with more work. "Need someone to feel sorry for me?" she said childishly. "Glad you came to me to help you, Virginia. Want you to be grateful?"

"Of course I shall be, Oliver, but I'm afraid I shouldn't have troubled you with my affairs."

"Don't be a bit. I've got to be here anyhow. No extra effort to handle your investments. Well, I suppose you want to know what I've done for you?"

"Yes, I would," Virginia's tone was hopefully eager.

Oliver laughed. "I've made you some money," he replied happily. "Want it?"

"No, no. I want you to reinvest it. You understand that, don't you?"

"Thought you might need some pin money. Better take a hundred. I won't need it."

Virginia was firm. "No, please," she said quietly. "I know it isn't going to be so easy, Oliver, for you to make a hundred thousand dollars for me in just one year, unless you have enough money to work with. I intend to bring in all I can spare, so please don't urge me to take any of what there is now."

Oliver looked at her through half-closed, amused eyes. "Going to be a regular Hetty Green before you get through," he approved merrily.

"I don't care about tying any records," Virginia replied. "Just show me how to make \$100,000 and I'll be the happiest person that Wall street ever knew."

"Well, I'll try to . . . make you happy," Oliver told her in a strangely portentous way. Virginia threw him a quick, startled glance, but he was looking as innocent as a toy balloon.

"Where you going?" he asked as she started to leave. "Say, Virginia, better give me your address," he added as he stood up. "I'll give it to Miss Evans."

She evaded. "And thanks a lot, Oliver."

"Come in tomorrow," Virginia hesitated a moment. "Do you need me?" she countered. "I may be busy."

"Might," he replied laconically. "Like to keep in touch with my clients. Important decisions to make on a moment's notice at times."

"If I can't come I'll telephone," Virginia temporized, thinking that she must use her time to find employment.

"All right, but I'd hate to risk losing a big killing just because I didn't have your okay."

"I'll give you carte blanche. I don't know a thing about it anyway."

"Got to consult you," Oliver maintained stubbornly. "Then I'll come in as often as I can," Virginia promised reluctantly.

She said a hurried goodbye to him and went out to Miss Evans to leave her address and room number.

Miss Evans looked at her strangely and Virginia realized that the secretary was confused about something.

"I wonder what's the matter," she puzzled over it, thinking back in an effort to discover if she had been cool, as might happen in the moods of preoccupation that came upon her lately.

"Will you lunch with me again today?" she invited pleasantly and was further troubled to see Miss Evans' lips draw together in a thin line and hear her answer: "I'm very sorry, Miss Brewster. I've another engagement."

"Some other time," Virginia suggested, to conceal the fact that she was slightly offended. Later, lunching alone, she smiled a little ruefully over Miss Evans' refusal to join her. Plainly the "other engagement" had been merely an excuse. What a change a few short weeks had wrought in her life! Here was a woman as remote from her in the past as the earth from the sun insofar as social relations were concerned, actually refusing to lunch with her! Virginia admitted the little pang of regret.

"Perhaps Oliver was in an ill humor with her," she reflected, genuinely bothered about Miss Evans' strange conduct. "I'm sure I did nothing to offend her."

She was disappointed at losing an opportunity to talk again with a sensible person who had been in accord with her views. Nathaniel would naturally expect, if she had sufficient money to pay her expenses, that she would take her time about living up to her new-found ideas and waiting until some choice position came her way before taking one. She dared not tell him how urgent it was for her to find employment and if he wondered at whatever she might finally do she would

have to pretend that ambition did not count. Only the fact that she was doing something mattered, she would tell him.

Yes, but what was that something going to be? Should she go back to Mrs. Phelps? Telephoning would save time. And she must look up other agencies. She would do that right away.

When she reached Mrs. Phelps by telephone she was asked if she would not come in as soon as convenient. That afternoon? Yes, if she could. Virginia went up directly, by subway. It was one of the very few times in her life that she had ridden in the underground trains and she found it exceedingly distasteful. Unsavory individuals stared at her pointedly, giving particular attention to the fashionable brevity of her skirts. There was more crowding, too, than when she had come downtown, and although she had a seat her feet were trodden upon and one lurching passenger barely escaped being deposited in her lap when the long train jolted to a stop.

Virginia was decidedly relieved to come up to the street level again, and the days when she had complained of the traffic congestion on Fifth avenue came back to her now as blissfully free of any real contact with transportation problems.

Then, if caught in the vortex of New York's vast population, she could at least sit in decent isolation in a comfortable motor car until her way was cleared.

Today she had been compelled to shoulder her path in and out of a subway train against the opposition of hardened straphangers who, it seemed, thought nothing of a little buffeting and elbowing. She felt sure she must be littered with black and blue spots. But there was the hope of finding a position at Mrs. Phelps to buoy her up and lessen her discomfort.

She was doomed to disappointment once more that day, however, for it soon became apparent that all Mrs. Phelps desired was to have a little motherly talk with her. Virginia could not understand her attitude at all and, frankness being native to her when fact did not prohibit it, she asked with direct simplicity: "Why are you trying to discourage me from seeking work, Mrs. Phelps?"

"What's the matter with that patient?" inquired the visitor. "He has delusions of grandeur," answered the physician. "Does he think he is Julius Caesar or somebody like that?"

"No, he thinks he is a traffic cop."

Speaking of voyagers, poor folks rarely ever cross the mind of their rich kin.

An irate fan who had watched his home team go down in defeat, stopped the umpire as he was leaving the field. "Where's your dog?" he commanded. "Beg?" ejaculated the ump. "Have no dog."

"Well," said the grouchy one, "you're the first blind man I ever saw who didn't have a dog."

Schoolmaster—Can you give me an example of wasted energy? Bright Lad—Yes, sir; telling a hair-raising story to a bald-headed man.

Under the heading, "Gas Overcomes Girl While Taking a Bath," the following appeared in a local paper: "Miss Cocolla M. Jones owes her life to the watchfulness of Joel Colley, elevator boy, and Rufus Bacon, janitor."

In the business cycle the period of overproduction is usually followed by the period of "over-prediction."

A man who kicks off a mud road and breaks a wheel and all the records of profanity ought to be a good roads convert.

There is no substitute for a gentleman.

EVERYONE ELSE IS
Brown: Ed Baffle gets the worst breaks of any guy I ever saw.
Beige: He sure does. I doubt if he could even get away with murder.—Life.

For reservations Phone 10F11
We cater to private parties and banquets

Olene Hot Springs
Chicken Dinners and Entertainment
24-Hour Service
Ten miles out at old Olene

THE BIG MONEY
"My wife as run away with a man in my car."
"Not your new car?"—Tit-Bits.

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DOCTOR IS ANNOYED WHEN HE'S OUT OF PATIENTS.

Meet me at the M. Manx

COOL OCEAN BREEZES
Avoid the summer heat. Come to San Francisco for your vacation or week-end trip and enjoy the cool Pacific breezes. Make the Hotel Manx your home. Your stay at this friendly hotel will be most enjoyable. Circulating ice water in every room. Check your car at hotel.

The HOTEL MANX
POWELL ST. & O'FARRELL - SAN FRANCISCO

Everybody Wants Pinks

Pinks are one of the most universally liked of all the hardy garden plants and all are easy to grow with the exception of a few alpine species from the rock garden.

The old-fashioned grass pinks, dianthus plumarius, with their clove fragrance, and the Sweet Williams, dianthus barbatus, are the two most generally grown forms and deserve a place in every garden.

The grass pinks have been developed into a fine range of large-flowered types with colors ranging from rich crimson to white, all with handsome dark zonings. Combining the carnation with these pinks has given a new strain of pinks known as the Allwoods, originated by the Allwood Brothers of England, famous raisers of carnations and hardy

Types of the Dianthus Family

pinks. They have also crossed the Allwoods with various alpine pinks, giving a still later race of dwarf pinks of more robust constitution than their alpine parents. These are rock garden favorites.

The Allwood pinks have the heavy texture of carnations with the free blooming habit of the grass pinks and also retain the clove fragrance. There are many named varieties but mixed seed gives varieties of fine quality which may be propagated from cuttings. Hardy carnations are again coming into popularity because of their rich coloring, particularly in the scarlet and red shades.

While not as hardy as the grass pinks, they survive the winters easily if given a mulch of straw or leaves.

The little maiden pink, dianthus deltoides, which makes a solid mat of dark green foliage studded with quantities of tiny little pinks in June, is one of the rock garden favorites, as well as a fine plant for edging.

All the pinks are very easily raised from seed, being noted for the speed with which they germinate, five days sometimes bringing them through the earth. The pinks as a race delight in lime soil. They like good drainage and rich fare. Transplant them as soon as the first pair of true leaves appear and let them grow two inches apart until their permanent quarters are ready for them. The greatest value of the grass pinks is for edging. Walks edged on each side with these pinks are one of the most popular plantings that can be made and when covered with fragrant bloom in June make a fine display. If the bloom is sheared as it fades they will give intermittent bloom all summer. If allowed to seed the blooming season is over for them.

OREGON FIFTH

Oregon stands fifth in relation to the number of cars to population, according to the Oregon State Motor association, which draws attention to the fact that the west leads in the use of automobiles.

Of the first five states, all are west of the Mississippi river. Kansas ranks first with 2.06 persons per car. California second with 2.99 persons per car. Iowa third with 3.72. Nevada fourth with 3.79 and Oregon fifth with 3.98.

Yet today he walked into our office and asked us to stop his newspaper advertising because he had signed a contract for four bill boards located at four widely separated points. His contention is that "thousands of motorists passing these bill boards will see them and be convinced that our milk is the best."

The utter folly of it all! The reader must go to the medium to be convinced. Yet this same man will tell you that human nature always has and always will follow the lines of least resistance, which in advertising is being convinced and sold by the medium which comes to them—not only comes to them but comes because it is wanted, sought, paid for. Comes with authority and prestige. Comes with intense interest, and an ever changing interest.

This, in spite of the fact that at the last session of the state legislature bills were introduced and very nearly passed outlawing bill boards on state highways because of their unsightliness and danger. Can anything thus memorialized in a state legislature ever have the force and effect of newspaper advertising? No, a thousand times not! Let those who read this take heed, lest they be led into making the same mistake that our well meaning milk man has made.

OFFICE CAT

By Junius

A man had fallen overboard and a tragedy was at hand. "Throw him a life-saver!" yelled the captain.

"Oh, no!" shrieked Alvy. "Worst thing in the world you know, really. They take the breath away."

"The pedestrian only wants an even break," remarks a writer. The average pedestrian would rather not get hit at all.

Alice: "Haven't I always been fair to you?"
Bob: "Yes, but I want you to be fair and warmer."

Jeannie: Jack, Jack, there's a coo in the vegetable garden.
Jack: All right, woman, Diana stand makin' that fuss. Hurry up and milk her before she gets out.

Market note: There has been quite a shortage of car feed and fish bait since liver jumped to 75 cents a pound.

People speak of a thing being "as old as the hills," as though the valleys were not just as old.

The cost of selling is often high because salesmen are called upon to do those things that direct advertising would do at a fraction of the cost.

To save a part of what one earns is vital to success in life.

"What's the matter with that patient?" inquired the visitor. "He has delusions of grandeur," answered the physician. "Does he think he is Julius Caesar or somebody like that?"

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SIDELIGHTS OF MEETING GIVEN

HOUSTON, Texas, June 28.—(UP)—After several days absence, a church dry meeting was held today at which many southerners threatened to bolt the party of Governor Smith were nominated. When the meeting adjourned, the audience went away singing "We do not choose to vote for booze."

The thermometer got down to 76 at 5 a. m. today and that's something to write about in Houston. The less said about the top mark the happier the visiting firemen.

The "Midway" on the street leading to the convention hall is sad. First, because the convention is about to finish, but what's more important, business has been poor. One big sales room for soft drinks, Texas flags and souvenirs has more sales girls and barkers than customers. The soft drink stands are doing little trade.

North Dakota delegates have a cooling song about "North Dakota, North Dakota, land of ice and snow; North Dakota, land where the tall Norwegians grow."

JACK FROST
SHOE REPAIRING
WHILE YOU WAIT
Women's half soles as low as \$1.00 per pair.
Work gloves for less.
LADIES' HEEL SPECIALIST
119 South Sixth St.

EASTERN OREGON STAGES

Between Klamath Falls and Alturas, connecting same day with stages to Susanville, Reno, Burns and All Points North and East.

FRANCISCAN HOTEL
352 GEARY STREET
SAN FRANCISCO