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RAIL DEVELOPMENT
Railroads, like any other modern business, are governed by dollars and cents. No work is undertaken by any railroad unless present and ultimate revenue justifies it. This is nothing against the railroads; all business is conducted in that manner.

It is significant that the two of the four most important railroad construction jobs west of the Rocky mountains during the past ten years affect Klamath Falls. The Cascade line put us on the map, and the Modoc Northern gives us a place in the sun. A line to the Pacific coast, such as the Great Northern is said to be contemplating, will make Klamath Falls the Spokane of Oregon. And there is little doubt that the Great Northern contemplates either a coast outlet, or a connection with the Western Pacific, now an Arthur Curtis James line.

Daily, the realization grows upon us, and is conveyed to the outside world, that the Klamath basin is a rich land, a country of mighty resources. The railroads know it.

We have just recently been discovered. The Cascade line was the first step; the coming of the Great Northern was a second; the Modoc Northern more than proves all that has been claimed for this section.

SHEEPMEN PLEASED
The following editorial, clipped from the California Wool Grower, is indicative of the gratification felt by wool growers and stockmen of northern California and southern Oregon over the building of the Modoc Northern:

This is pleasant news to many of our members in northern California and southern Oregon. This new line from Klamath Falls to Alturas, about 97 miles in length, will give the growers a wider market, and it will give main line service to the stockmen in Modoc county. For many years they had to be content with narrow gauge service, and a transfer to broad gauge cars at Wendell. About one year ago the Southern Pacific purchased the narrow gauge line—the Nevada-California-Oregon railroad—and commenced to build broad gauge. When the new line is built from Klamath Falls, main line trains from Oregon to the east will be routed that way. Thus Willamette valley, Klamath

STUDEBAKER
speaks
tomorrow

and Modoc lambs will have an outlet to the east, relieving the San Francisco market, and in addition to saving shippers much time, it will also save the Southern Pacific a great deal of expense, as practically all the cars that will use the cut-off are now routed via Roseville and then over the hump to Reno. Note: Your secretary testified before the interstate commerce commission at Portland, Oregon, October, 1925, and explained that this new line would be of great benefit and urged the commission to grant the Southern Pacific permission to construct it. John Curry, your traffic manager, has been constantly on the job aiding the Modoc livestock men whenever possible to secure this greatly needed relief.

Fate of Launch Cause of Wonder

What has become of the forty-foot Crater lake pleasure launch, which, for several years, has taken thousands of excursionists over the bluest body of water in the world?
Either it drifted away last winter before the slide on the east side of Wizard Island and was crushed by ice, or it was jammed into the depths of Crater lake by the weight of terrific landslide. At all events, this boat, constructed several years ago in Klamath Falls by Telford and Son, and successfully lowered from the rim to the lake by the builders, is gone.
Two or three chunks of wood which might have been a part of the boat have been picked up but, aside from that, no trace of the big launch has been uncovered.

Seattle Gunman Stages Holdup

SEATTLE, July 6. (UP)—Coolly and deliberately a lone gunman held up the Marine State Bank in the University district here today and escaped with approximately \$4,000 while the bank was crowded with patrons who were unaware of the robbery.
The thief stood in line at a teller's window. When it came his turn he displayed to the astonished teller, under the folds of his coat, a gun, told the teller to be quiet and scooped up all the money on the counter.
Before the cashier could recover from his fright to give the alarm the desperado had walked through the crowd in the bank, stepped through a side door and disappeared.

Man Gives Life For Dual Killing

MILLEDGEVILLE, Ga., July 6. (UP)—Harold Hammond paid with his life today for the murder of Mrs. Lottie Ingram and her infant child in Atlanta more than a year ago.
While Bernie Ingram, husband of the dead woman, looked on, two shocks of electricity were sent through Hammond's body at the state penitentiary here and he was pronounced dead.
"Thank God," Ingram said after the execution, "I am glad I was able to be here."

Mrs. E. D. Truelove, who is enjoying her summer vacation from her duties at the Golden Rule, plans to leave today for Bend, where she will visit for some time with friends.

When A Girl Loves

© 1928 by NEA Service **by RUTH DEWEY GROVES**

SYNOPSIS
Virginia Brewster is in love with a poor artist, Nathaniel Dunn, but she is tricked into promising to marry Frederick Dean in one year if she fails to earn \$100,000, which he alleges her father cheated him out of.
Brewster had lost his fortune in speculation just before his sudden death, so that Virginia is left destitute. She pawns some of her jewelry and a broker friend, Oliver Cutter, promises to invest the money for her.
She avoids all her wealthy friends and seeks work under an assumed name, but without success. She finds orchids at her hotel one evening from Dean and wonders how he learned her address. A call from the agency brings hope, but when she goes there the manager tries to dissuade her from working.
Virginia suspects that Dean has bribed her, and this conviction is strengthened when she finds that she is being shadowed. She tries other agencies, but word leaks out that the "Brewster girl" is job-seeking and she is besieged by reporters. Among the group that are interviewing her she recognizes the man who has been following her.
Cutter insists on taking Virginia out to dinner and hints that it won't be necessary for her to work for her money, but pretends innocence when she challenges his remark. Niel rather resents the attentions of Cutter and Virginia does not like the familiarity with which his model, Chiri Mond, treats him.
A gorgeous evening wrap comes to her hotel, and Virginia discovers that Dean has sent it to her. She phones him that she is returning it.
CHAPTER XXXIII
Virginia caught her breath in astonishment at Dean's cool temerity. Her momentary speechlessness gave him a chance to finish his greeting without interruption. When she did speak, however, her voice carried over the wire like a breath of winter.
"I am returning the thing," she said. "To the shop. And I want you to know that I consider you are acting most dishonorably. No one but a cheating coward would behave as you are doing, and you can gain nothing but my utmost contempt by setting someone to watch me. It was underhanded and low to have Mrs. Phelps try to dissuade me from seeking a position. I don't know what your object was in doing that unless you thought I would turn to someone whose influence would be favorable to you."
Frederick Dean's mouth thinned to a narrow line as he listened to her rush of words. His eyes showed extreme anger but his voice continued pleasantly pitched in friendly conversation. "Didn't it occur to you, my dear Virginia, that I might not wish my future wife to be reduced to working for a living?" he asked. "I knew it would cause a great deal of talk and I wished to avoid that sort of thing."
"I have every reason to believe you need not distress yourself on that account," Virginia retorted icily.
"No?" he echoed mockingly. "I suppose you are thinking of what Oliver Cutter is going to do for you? Well, let me tell you, dear girl, I shall break that young pup when I'm ready. Don't build too heavily on his help."
"Oh, you're inhuman!" Virginia cried and hung up the receiver hastily.
She was thoroughly frightened.

Had he the power to harm Oliver? It seemed absurd. Oliver had money. But not so much money as Frederick Dean, Virginia knew. And she was aware that men ruined each other on Wall street. It could be done. Oliver must be warned.
Virginia had breakfasted and was dressed for the street. She had intended to call that morning at some of the agencies where she had left her name, and make inquiries. Now she pulled on her hat, grabbed her handbag and hurried out to take the subway to Wall street.
On this occasion Oliver was in when she arrived. Virginia told Miss Evans that she must see him at once. The secretary scarcely looked at her as she took the message, but Virginia was too wrought up to take heed of anything but the necessity of getting to Oliver.
"There aren't any worms on Wall street," he laughed when she entered his private office. "All bulls and bears."
"Oliver, tell me, could anyone... a man who wanted to, I mean, do something to ruin you?" Virginia burst out.
Oliver jumped. "What's this? What the devil are you talking about?"
"Because someone has threatened to do it," Virginia confided breathlessly.
Oliver smiled. "Is that all? A jealous sweetie, huh? I thought he was an artist."
Virginia made an impatient gesture. "It was Frederick Dean," she announced simply.
Oliver stared at her and Virginia saw a light, greenish tinge come into his skin. It brought a sinking feeling to her heart. Then Dean was to be feared? She saw her hopes go glimmering off into the distance.
Oliver gulped. "Well, he's a powerful man," he said slowly; "but since you've warned me I'll be fairly safe. Are you sure he meant it?"
"I believe he did. It's on my account. Of course you will have to stop speculating for me. That might save you."
"I wish you'd tell me what's behind all this."
"I can't do that, but there's a chance that the threat was made to force you to drop my...," she hesitated for the word. "Account," Oliver supplied.
"Account," Virginia repeated.
Oliver did not answer immediately. He appeared to be thinking deeply and Virginia surmised that he was deciding between two courses. She believed he was weighing his safety against his desire to aid her.
"Dean can go to blazes," he exploded finally. "Forewarned is forearmed."
"But Oliver, I can't let you risk it. Knowing about it can't help you much or he wouldn't have told me what he meant to do."
"And on the other hand, it's not such a simple thing to ruin me, you know. I think it was just a bluff to make me drop your account. Well, I won't do it."
"I'm afraid you must. I can't

have your ruin on my conscience."
Oliver considered. "We'll fool the old boy! I'll drop the account. You can let him know it. And we'll get someone to handle it for us on the Q. T."
"Do you think he wouldn't find it out?" Virginia questioned dubiously. "He's having me watched."
Oliver sat back in his chair and looked completely mystified. "What is he up to, Virginia? You can trust me," he pleaded.
"I do trust you, Oliver, but I can't explain now. Mr. Dean is my bitterest enemy. I'm sure he wouldn't stop at anything to prevent anyone helping me."
"Well, we'll have to be careful then. I'll find a way to meet you secretly. You can tell Mr. Dean that you've withdrawn your account from my firm. I'll send a messenger when I want to see you. Would it be possible for you to leave your hotel unnoticed?"
"I think the management would help me," Virginia told him.
"I wanted to buy A.C.M. stock for you today but I'll wait until we've thrown Dean off the trail," Oliver said. "I'll have something to talk over with you in a day or two."
Virginia left and went back to her hotel to write to Mr. Dean. "... in view of your threat against Mr. Cutter I have withdrawn my account from his firm," she wrote. "And please be advised that I warned him of your intention."
When she had mailed the letter she started out to visit the agencies. The nearest was within walking distance and as she turned east from her hotel she saw the man who was trailing her standing in a doorway. He made no attempt to conceal his presence there and Virginia understood that he had been told she was aware of his espionage.
She wondered if it were not unlawful and was of half a mind to see Mr. Gardiner about it. But the thought of possible consequences deterred her. Dean was not to be trusted. Were she to antagonize him sufficiently he might break his promise to give her a year to repay the money he claimed, and spread his charges against her father abroad.
Besides, his interference had acted as a boomerang and defeated the object he had in mind when he induced Mrs. Phelps to try to persuade her to accept the aid of friends. It had served to send her out looking for employment under her own name and thus made her search much less difficult. And if Oliver could be saved from his attacks what harm could he do? Virginia decided to let the matter drop, at least for the present.
There was nothing for her at the first agency but the second place she visited had a position the manager believed she could fill very well. Virginia was delighted when she heard of it.
A steamship company had received so many inquiries from passengers in regard to information (Continued on Page Seven)

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