

The Klamath News

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CAN A SCOTCHMAN GROW OLD?

The question before the house in Bill Lee's private office Saturday was not timber cruising, adjustment of assessments on merchandise, the value of dry lands or whether Al Smith is really a prohibitionist.

It was plainly, "Can a Scotchman grow old?"

In the party were Bill Lee, R. E. Bradbury, former insurance commissioner Bill Moore of Portland, and Jim Stewart, special representative of the land board. The question was directed at Jim, for he shows more Scotch than most any other man in Oregon. Jim admitted that years may flit by, that friends may pass on, that the state deficit left by Walter Pierce may be saddled onto Ike Patterson, but he refused to say that a Scotchman may grow old. In fact, his argument was the reverse. He proudly stated that the habits of the Scotch insured a long life; that the Scotch habits are organized against over-eating, over-drinking, and excesses of all kinds. Jim thinks if W. J. Bryan had been a Scotchman he would be alive today, for it is currently reported that Mr. Bryan was a heavy eater.

"Because the Scotchman goes to the federal building to fill his fountain pen with ink bought by the public is no reason that he should not live forever. It is argument that he should live, for where is there any other nationality that would use the exercise needed to save that penny?" Thus Jim argued, and argued well for the Scotch.

Then the conversation lagged, for there was no way to head Jim on his Scotch program. Finally Jim looked the party over and remarked, "All democrats but a newspaperman and myself—looks like we have butted in on a democratic caucus."

But, Bill Lee has been butted by the hundreds so long he has learned never to admit he is a democrat. As a host he promptly assured Jim that in Oregon people vote for the man and have no party alignment.

"I saw Chamberlain win for many years on that same bunk talk," said Jim. "I saw Os West do a little successful running on the same bunk platform, but I did not know that such a slogan was used in Klamath county. No," said Jim, "this looks to me like an Al Smith committee with Bradbury running for the legislature, Bill Lee holding a court house position, and Bill

Moore, former manager for Pierce, all closeted here together. I am of the opinion that a good republican Scotchman had better establish the fact that a Scotchman never dies and then be on his way."

Speaking of dare devil stunts, Voliva is the first man to travel across the under side of a flat world.

Let us hope no political orator will be so tactless as to mention the bonds that unite various elements of the party.

You can say this for 2.75 beer. Anybody who could get drunk on it is too pure in heart to taste it.

A scientist is a man who can examine a fragment of a mammoth's thigh bone and reconstruct the man whose skull it came from.

Rejected "presidential timber" got nothing in return for its investment, but may find comfort in the fact that a pruned tree always grows faster.

Philanthropist: A man who gives it back.

The word "genius" once meant something, but now we apply it as generously as our fathers used "professor."

Marriage failed just as often in the old days, but the wife never told anybody.

About the only difference is that a sardine can isn't shaped like a college girl's coupe.

The "age of discretion" isn't definite. It means that period following an investment boom in real estate.

OFFICE CAT
By Junius

Mother: "Now, Willie, if you put this wedding cake under your pillow, what you dream will come true."

Willie: "Why can't I eat the cake and put the pillow over my stomach?"

Caution is the eldest child of wisdom.

"I've just accepted Mr. O'Fleish, mother."

"Good gracious, child! I refused him myself twenty-six years ago."

"I know; we just had a good laugh over it."

The village gossip chattered ceaselessly. Her poor victim couldn't get a word in. Finally, as she paused for breath he said: "We had boiled beef and turnips for lunch today."

"What a strange observation!" exclaimed the woman.

"Well, it's as good as anything you have been saying for the last two hours."

One war nearly everybody would welcome would be one between Ford and General Motors.

Timid Young Thing: "What sort of food do you advise me to eat for the first few days of the voyage?"

Brutal Steward: "Milk. It doesn't scratch as it comes back up."

"I've lost my pocketbook."

"Have you looked in all your pockets?"

"All but the left-hand hip-pocket."

"Well, why don't you look there?"

"Because if it ain't there I'll drop dead."

Clothes will turn a woman's head every time if they're on the other woman she's just passed.

You may be sure your sin will find you out. Also your kin.

Only millionaires and acrobats have no trouble making both ends meet.

Men sometimes succeed through success; but they often succeed through failure.

When A Girl Loves

© 1928 by NEA Service by RUTH DEWEY GROVES

CHAPTER XXXIV

For weeks after Virginia's first meeting with Mr. Welkins of the Blue Capella Steamship line she smiled whenever she thought of the fact that she had gone with her to that interview.

As the days slid into late summer she forgot it altogether. It had concerned Frederick Dean. Would he have the power to stand in her way, to cause her to lose a position she desired to take? Virginia knew that his interests were far-reaching. That they might extend to influence with the ruling powers of the Blue Capella line was easily within the realm of probability.

If such were the case, at least he had not chosen to take any action against her. She had been engaged after a few minutes' talk with Mr. Welkins and nothing had occurred to cause her any regret or dissatisfaction in regard to the work. She liked it. At first it had been difficult to accustom herself to giving up her days to confinement within the four walls of an office, but she consoled herself with thinking how much worse it would be if she were employed as a companion and could not see Nathaniel each evening.

Each evening, that is, except those on which Oliver insisted that she keep a rendezvous with him. Virginia never could see that it was necessary to have those secret meetings. Again and again she told Oliver to use his own judgment about her "investments," but he stubbornly refused to go on unless she consented to talk over the deals he went into with her money.

"But I don't know when you ought to buy or sell," she expostulated. Patiently Oliver explained the operations of the market. He appeared anxious to have her understand what he was doing for her. But Virginia had no flair for the game, and though she listened she never was able to advise him. Oliver seemed to get on just the same.

At any rate he gave Virginia the great encouragement each time they met, which was once or twice a week.

"I believe we threw Dean off the scent," he was wont to remark with great satisfaction.

While it was true that there had been no onslaught upon his position in the financial world and no sign of enemy activity, nevertheless he did not neglect to caution Virginia against becoming careless. It was her practice to leave her hotel by the servants' entrance and step into a taxicab Oliver would have waiting at the curb. Her route to their meeting place was a roundabout one down to and through the crooked streets of Greenwich Village and then south along the lesser thoroughfares until she reached the financial district. There she gained admittance to Oliver's office building through a side door which a porter was paid to open for her.

These visits troubled Virginia exceedingly. They savored of clandestine intrigue. . . . the meeting of lovers with guilt on their conscience, and she did not like it. There wasn't anything she could do, however. Oliver would not go on without her and without Oliver she could not hope to make \$100,000. And they still feared Frederick Dean too much to disregard his threat. At times Virginia wondered if it had not been just an idle jesture on Dean's part to force her to break away from Oliver, but the latter professed to believe it would be dangerous to flout her enemy.

Moreover the deception she found it necessary to practice on Nathaniel when Oliver required her to meet him troubled her greatly. Yet she would not tell him about Oliver. . . . he would know the whole truth then; and Virginia refused to hang over his head a sword such as hung over her own.

There was reason to believe that she would have the money in time to settle with Dean, but the bare possibility of failure was enough to shadow her life, and so she chose to endure it alone.

Nathaniel was doing splendidly with his mural work. It appeared to absorb him. It had been a long time since he had argued against her decision to work through the fall. Virginia was grateful for the ascendancy of his love for his art and made no move to distract him.

Matters stood thus on a beautiful morning in September when Virginia stopped at the hotel desk for her mail on her way to breakfast in the dining room. She was subtly changed from the glorious girl who had driven down to her engagement party in her fiancé's studio with stars in her eyes and heaven in her heart.

Her gray eyes were now deeper and darker, as though they had not looked on the sun for many years and her full red lips had lost the soft saffron of youth to take on the chiseled lines of character growth. She was thin and devoid of color, but there

was an intensity of feeling about her like the effulgence of a perpetual light. One sensed the glow of her—quiet, steady and determined.

The clerk on duty greeted her with respectful cheerfulness and handed over a pile of letters. Virginia glanced over them hastily and returned all but one to be held until evening. The one she took with her to read at the table.

The monogrammed "J. C." on the envelope meant nothing to her. She thought it must be a letter from a friend and proceeded to open it expectantly. She did not receive many letters from her friends these days. They appeared to have accepted her decision to drop out as being sincere, as it was.

The sea shores, the mountains and foreign places had called them to sport and play. They had little time to think of a comrade who could join them only in fancy when she found a minute to close her eyes and shut out the sight of her present surroundings. Times were when the noise and the heat of summer had pressed and beat upon her until she found herself doubting if wind-swept golf courses and sea-leaping beaches were not things she had once known only in her dreams.

Her first summer in the city was over. She knew New York now as millions know it and, strangely, she loved it the more for having shared its sweltering discomfort. A sea breeze and a mountain top would never again be just a sea breeze and a mountain top to her. When poets sang of primroses now Virginia would know what a primrose might be to one whose life has touched with understanding.

There was no heat this September morning, and Virginia began reading her letter with a sense of pleasurable anticipation and a feeling of physical well-being.

The letter was short, just a note, in fact. It stated that the writer was in town for a day or so and asked her to call. There was a peremptory tone in it that brought a little frown to Virginia's brow. It was signed "Jean Cutter" with a flourish and no closing courtesy.

Virginia folded it up half resentfully, inclined to ignore the request. But the fact that it was from Oliver's wife caused her to reconsider and decide to think it over. She owed Oliver too much to disregard Jeanie's invitation even though it were couched more in the words of a command.

She had a busy day before her and forgot all about the note until that afternoon. The burden of making personal replies to the ever-increasing number of inquiries that came to her had become so heavy she had set herself to making up a set of book-lets to answer the questions most often asked. These would more than cut her letters in half, and naturally she was eager to complete her copy and get it off to the printer.

She was now on her fifth pamphlet in which were discussed wardrobes suitable for wear aboard ship, and she determined to type away (with two fingers) until she reached the end. Then she called the Cutters' apartment and asked for Mrs. Cutter. She was certain she heard Jeanie's voice speaking to the maid who answered, but the girl asked her if she would give her message as Mrs. Cutter could not at the moment use the telephone.

"Ask her if she will be in at five-thirty," Virginia said, vaguely irritated.

Mrs. Cutter returned word that she would, and Virginia prepared to close her desk and leave promptly at five. She wished to avoid the overcrowding in the subway if possible, and since there were many thousands of office workers in the district who shared the same desire, there was not a second to be lost in the mad rush after the minute hand pointed at that hour.

Many there were, Virginia

knew, who "beat the clock," but she was, if not too conscientious to follow their example, at least too grateful for having work that she liked to think of taking advantage of her employers.

It was a little later than 5:30 when she was admitted to Jeanie's attractive drawing room with the plain blue velvet rugs and rose-patterned draperies of black silk.

She stood a moment uncertainly as her hostess made no move to rise from a love seat where she reposed with her legs curled under her and puffed on a cigarette in an ivory holder a foot long.

For a moment of tense silence she surveyed Virginia as though her caller were a stranger whom she wanted to be rude to. Then she waved the long cigarette holder toward a nearby chair and nodded her head.

Virginia felt a tightening in her throat and a wave of warmth in her cheeks. Jeanie Cutter had been her friend. But there was no welcome in her manner or in the words she drewled at Virginia in the voice of one who is both amused and annoyed at the antics of a nuisance.

(To Be Continued)

Trouble on Lines Caused by Flashes

(Continued From Page One)

that all wire were affected, the disturbance apparently moving from east to west.

Commercial cables were not affected but land terminals and overhead relay wires experienced the same difficulties reported by the telegraph companies.

At the Liberty

Agnes Buck Jones rides into the hearts of his audience with his whimsical smile, fine horse-manship and feats of daring in one of the best pictures of his career, "Black Jack," which has its first local showing at the Liberty today.

The story itself has for its theme the lust for gold and deals with two men and a girl, the key to a lost mine and a range of desperadoes. The plot is strongly motivated and the story interest exceptionally high. Action, suspense and mystery, love interest and relieving humor keep the audience either gripping their seats or shouting with laughter.

Barbara Bennett has the leading feminine role, into which she fits admirably and which she plays with whole-hearted sympathy. A cast of screen favorites are in support, including Buck Jones' great white horse, Silver King.

Come and hear the new sensation, the "Moviephone."

Klamath Offenders Harried by Plane

(Continued from Page One)

all the time," this scoff-law remarked.

The chief, it is reported, considers the possibility of making parachute jumps into the backyards or upon the car roofs of offenders. This idea is greatly appreciated by the scoff-laws, and it is understood that several of them have offered to donate parachutes for the chief's use.

At any rate, the chief had a good ride yesterday afternoon, and declares he intends taking some more.

Asked if he had apprehended any scoff-laws or other malefactors, Ambrose replied: "No—but I saw a lot of places I've been before."

Miss McKenzie Has Enjoyable Journey

(Continued from Page One)

board the ship. They spent two weeks in India and made many inland trips throughout the cruise.

"We don't really appreciate the American flag until we are on foreign soil," she said. "And whenever we did see one everybody cheered. When we sailed into New York harbor, June 30, the Statue of Liberty was the most wonderful sight in the world."

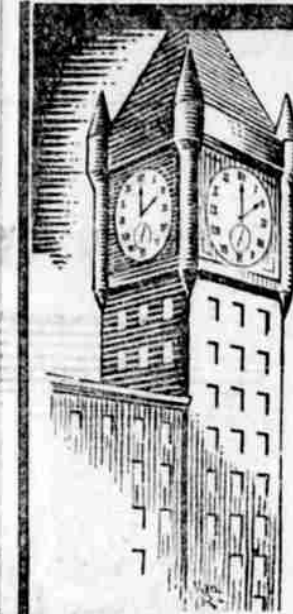


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30x5.00 Balloon, fit 29x4.95 9.25
31x5.00 Balloon, fit 30x4.95 9.55
30x5.25 Balloon . . . 10.15
31x5.25 Balloon . . . 10.95
30x5.77 Balloon . . . 11.95
33x6.00 Balloon . . . 13.90

29x4.40 Balloon . . . \$ 7.85
30x4.50 Balloon . . . 8.85
30x5.00 Balloon, fit 29x4.95 11.45
31x5.00 Balloon, fit 30x4.95 11.95
32x5.00 Balloon, fit 31x4.95 12.65
30x5.25 Balloon . . . 12.95
31x5.25 Balloon . . . 13.45
30x5.77 Balloon . . . 14.85
32x6.00 Balloon, 6-ply . . . 17.95
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31x5.25 Balloon . . . 13.45
30x5.77 Balloon . . . 14.85
32x6.00 Balloon, 6-ply . . . 17.95
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32x4 S. S. Oversize . . . 9.40
33x4 S. S. Oversize . . . 9.95
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32x4 S. S. Oversize, 6-ply 11.85
33x4 S. S. Oversize, 6-ply 12.45
32x4 1/2 S. S. Oversize, 6-ply 16.25
34x4 1/2 S. S. Oversize, 6-ply 16.75
34x4 S. S. Oversize, 6-ply 17.90
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31x4 S. S. Oversize, 6-ply 10.95
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33x4 S. S. Oversize, 6-ply 12.45
32x4 1/2 S. S. Oversize, 6-ply 16.25
34x4 1/2 S. S. Oversize, 6-ply 16.75
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