

The Klamath News

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OPEN SPACES

In the great open spaces of the west, according to the movies, "men are men"—which means they are virile, and husky, ready to fight at the drop of the hat.

Now comes news from Missoula, Mont., which indicates that in the open spaces women, too may be spirited and aggressive.

Two girls, one 16 and the other 17, quarreled over the attentions of a man. They walked down a road in the darkness to "settle it" with their fists. They fought for a while, then one girl drew a revolver and shot the other dead.

There is something for psychologists and sociologists to ponder on. A fight over love is usually an affair between men. What are we to say when two young girls do it? Is the hardness of the old west more than a mere tradition after all?

NEW HAZARD

After years of campaigning, this country finally has managed to reduce the menace of Fourth of July fireworks. Some lives were lost this last Fourth by this means, but the toll was much lower than it used to be.

But a new campaign seems to be needed. Automobile traffic took the lives that were saved from the fireworks hazard. Independence Day brought unusually heavy traffic. In the streams of cars were many motorists who were too inexperienced to cope with the situation. The result: a perfectly staggering list of fatal accidents.

It is high time that something drastic be done about motor traffic fatalities. When every national holiday means that from 100 to 200 Americans will be killed by automobiles, the situation has reached the unbearable stage. It is time to act.

One reason why business is slack in summer is because the boss doesn't encourage anything that might interfere with golf.

Before the snake strikes you, his tail is rattled. In the case of a driver who strikes you, it's his head that's rattled.

What's the use? If you don't criticize, you're a Pollyanna; if you do, people accuse you of imitating Möncken.

There are just two classes: Those who make more money than you think they do, and those who make less than you think they do.

Raskob Starts on Election Labors

(Continued From Page One)

stead act also met with favor as a continuance of the party nominee's policy, while it was pointed out that Governor Smith had not hedged on the religious question in naming a Catholic to be leader of his campaign.

In the south there were reports of dissension, both of account of Raskob's connection with big business and because of his wet views. There was also some opposition voiced to the proposed establishment of democratic headquarters below the Mason-Dixon line.

Six Rescued From Frozen Northland

(Continued From Page One)

desert of broken ice cakes, the Krassin pushed her nose to the point far off Northeastland where a tiny tent painted red marked the camp of four members of the crew of the wrecked polar dirigible Italia. The starved, frantic men who had battled starvation and freezing temperature since May 25 were taken aboard, it was announced in advices from Rome.

Others Sighted A second great victory over the north was scored by the Krassin when she sighted another party of marooned men just a few hours before the rescue of the group under command of Alfredo Giglietti. The second group was believed to be the daring men who set out by dogsled to aid the stranded Italia crew and were lost. It was believed this latter party was that commanded by Capt. Sora, an explorer, who set out with two companions.

Red Letter Day Today was probably the outstanding of the rescue efforts which had enlisted the agencies of five nations and had lasted for nearly forty-eight days. And Captain Samoylovich of the icebreaker Krassin, with his fellow countryman Chukhnovaky, the pilot who sighted three figures on the ice Tuesday night, was the outstanding figure in the heroic rescue work.

Early today the Krassin found and took aboard Capt. Adalberto Mariano and Capt. Filippo Zappi of the Italia, who with Capt. Finn Malmgren, Swedish meteorologist, had attempted to walk from the red-tent camp to land. Malmgren died a month ago.

The two survivors were exhausted and had been without food for 13 days but were in good spirits. Zappi, however, was under the care of physicians tonight.

Saves Others The Krassin ploughed her way to the Viglieri group in a sensational climax to the day's work. Five kilometers from her goal she sighted a group of men, waving frantically. (Probably the Sora group.)

The Russian ship at the time was passing nearly the exact spot where the Italia crashed on May 25, killing one of her crew, and drifting away in a stiff wind with six men aboard.

The survivors in the Viglieri group who were rescued today were believed to be: Lieut. Viglieri, Italian navy navigator; Giuseppe Biaggi, radio operator who had kept the group in touch with the world; Filippo Trolani, engineer, and Professor F. Behounek, meteorologist.

General Umberto Nobile, commander of the Italia, was rescued by airplane on June 23 and is now seriously ill aboard the Clitta di Milano, mother ship of the Italia.

The Pelican Drug company, recently incorporated for \$25,000, will be open for business on Saturday at 712 Main street, according to announcement made Thursday by N. J. Crane, president.

"While we are opening Saturday for business and will be ready to take care of all our customers, our formal opening will not be held until the following Saturday," Mr. Crane stated this morning. The store is being redecorated, remodeled and an attractive new front has been built. Within a few days a new sign will be placed over the store.

Vivid pictures of the \$250,000 fire which wiped out one of the three lumber yards of the Ewanna Box Co. Wednesday evening are in the main windows of the Underwood Drug store today. "Doc" Cook took some splendid views of the fire, from every angle.

Delmer Robertson, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Robertson, formerly of this city, has returned from Juneau, Alaska, and will make Klamath Falls his future home. "Klamath Falls is the best place I have seen and I am back to hang up my hat and call it my future home," Robertson declared.

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"What are those funny looking things?" asked the small boy of the baker. "Oh, those are pretzels." "Pretzels! Huh, I thought they were doughnuts with the rheumatism."

The truth of today may be the error of tomorrow. "I'd like to buy a petticoat," said the young woman, somewhat hesitatingly.

"Antique department on the third floor," chirped the floor-walker. The superintendent of a model farm was explaining the working of an incubator to a class of young women.

At the end of the lesson he told them to ask any questions they liked. One puzzled student raised her hand. "But where does the hen sit?"

Henry Wallace Phillips wrote a story about Red Saunders, a minor, who found himself broke in a strange town. Red borrowed the money and bet it on a shell game, saying, "I know all about this game."

The money disappeared at the first manipulation. "I thought you knew all about the game," chided the partner. "I do," retorted Red, "it always come out that way."

If a girl won't flirt in a hotel lobby there is no use trying. Face powder may catch a man but it needs baking-powder to hold him.

Another trouble with modern romance is that the time is too short between courtship and court.

There is no such thing as genius—genius is nothing but labor and diligence. A progressive is a politician who believes in spending tomorrow's dollars before it is made.

Man can succeed much better by being honest, because the crook spends so much time covering up.

The presidency isn't a great strain on a man if he doesn't meddle with national affairs.

You can't keep a good secret down. It may not be new, perhaps not even funny, but the following is the low down on a Mormon wedding.

Preacher: Do you take these women for your lawfully wedded wives? Groom: I do.

Preacher: Do you take this man for your husband? Brides: We do.

Preacher: Some of you girls in back there will have to speak up louder if you want to be included in this.

Modern women seldom resort to tears—there isn't much left to cry for.

"Got any gin?" "Whaddy want with it?" "To make some ginger ale."

"I have an old relic," said the doctor this morning, "and my wife has one, as well; neither of which seems to be of any value, however. Mine is an automobile, and my wife's is a hat; both purchased last year."

He: "You look like Helen Brown." She: "Thank you. I look even worse in white."

"My parents taught me to be gentle and obedient." "So did mine," answered Mr. Chuggins. "And the early training comes in mighty handy when you are talking with a traffic cop."

It was married man's night and the minister has asked that everyone who had domestic worries to stand up.

"Ah!" exclaimed the minister, peering at the lone man who had remained seated, "you are one in a million."

"It ain't that," piped the voice as the rest of the congregation gazed at him suspiciously, "I can't get up. I'm paralyzed."

A prominent writer says that woman is among the lower animals. Is there any one else they could marry?

The handsomer the woman the uglier the man she selects for a husband.

Balloon Dance Saturday Night ALTAMONT

When A Girl Loves

© 1928 by NEA Service by RUTH DEWEY GROVES

CHAPTER XXXVIII

Virginia submitted unresistingly to Oliver's embrace. Her mind was blurred with shock and despair. The fine spirit that had flamed against her father's trader was quelled. She lay quiescent, a broken crusader.

Over her head Oliver's face took on an expression of amazement, so thoroughly had he been convinced a moment before that he had lost her.

He relaxed his hold, to help her to a chair. A great, struggling sob stretched itself suddenly from her lips as her mind broke loose from the paralyzing talons of fear.

She thrust out her hands and freed herself with one vigorous shove. Oliver staggered away from her, tripped on the edge of a thick rug and fell flat on the floor.

Virginia laughed, a strange laugh that sounded weird in the prosaic surroundings. It was mingled hysteria and ridicule.

Oliver's face turned hotly as he scrambled up, all dignity lost to him.

"You little devil," he shouted, believing that she had fooled him deliberately, though for what purpose he did not stop to ask himself.

Virginia did not answer him. She had turned toward the door and saw that it was opening slowly. But she was past caring who might witness the scene she was leaving.

The newcomer was Miss Evans. She took one comprehensive glance at her employer and withdrew with Virginia, closing the door behind them.

"I did not know if you were laughing or crying," she explained in apology for her intrusion. Virginia did not make a direct answer. "You'd better get your things and come with me," she advised suddenly conscious of what Miss Evans would be in for at Oliver's hands when he learned where Virginia got the information that had exposed him.

He was sure to make a hurried investigation, she foresaw. "Does he deserve it?" Miss Evans countered.

"He deserves to be shot." "All right. Will you wait, though, until I tell him I'm leaving? I've been breaking in Miss Lord for the job on the quiet so he won't be inconvenienced."

"I'll wait for your downstairs," Virginia told her. "Bring all your things and we'll take a taxi to my office. I think I can get you a position there."

Miss Evans beamed. "I won't be a minute," she declared gratefully. Later, on the way to the offices of the Blue Capella Steamship line, Virginia told her more about the position she might be able to get for her.

"They told me a few weeks ago that I could have an assistant," she said, "but I thought I could do the work alone. I'm afraid it's not going to be so easy for me to concentrate on it now."

She paused and looked away with an unfathomable expression in her eyes. "They will need someone to take my place soon. I'd like you to have it, and if I can help you to fit yourself for it I shall feel I've repaid you a little for the sacrifice you have made for me."

She turned her head and saw that Miss Evans was looking at her questioningly. "I hope you

aren't thinking of giving up your position just to advance me," the secretary said unasked. "No, Virginia returned quietly. "I'm going to be married."

Miss Evans exclaimed with pleasure, thinking of course that Virginia meant that she was going to marry her artist fiancé. "Oh, I'm so glad," she cried; "a girl as beautiful as you are needs someone to look after her. It must be heavenly to be in love."

Virginia did not reply. At the Blue Capella offices Virginia left Miss Evans at her desk and then went to Mr. Welkins to explain that urgent private business had kept her from the office. Welkins was very nice about it, knowing that Virginia was a conscientious worker.

"I've brought a very capable woman with me whom I'd like to engage as my assistant if you still feel that I need one," she said when they had settled the matter of her non-appearance that morning at nine.

"Splendid," Mr. Welkins surprised her by saying. "I'd intended putting one of my own girls on your force," Miss Brewster, to see if you could break her in to take your place for a while. We want you to go on the southern cruise of the Agena."

He stopped, and Virginia sensed that he was waiting for an expression of pleasure. Ordinarily a trip on the Agena, especially to the West Indies, would have thrilled any of the Blue Capella's employees. Apparently Mr. Welkins expected her to be delighted.

Her silence puzzled him. "You will be glad to go, won't you, Miss Brewster?" he asked uncertainly. "We want someone as business who will know how to make the passengers feel as though they were our guests on the ship. Bring them together; see that everyone has a good time."

"Why, I don't know," Virginia began hesitatingly. "There are a number of things I'd have to think about before I could decide, Mr. Welkins. But if you will give me a few days, I'd like to talk to Mr. Dann about it."

"Of course, of course. Well, you'll meet your new assistant and see if she will do."

Virginia went out to send in Miss Evans. Presently the latter returned to say that she had been given the position.

By closing time Virginia had about made up her mind that she would refuse the offer to go as hostess on the Agena's cruise.

though a chance to get away from New York and the immediate influence of Frederick Dean appealed to her strongly.

The thought of Nathaniel swung the pendulum of desire back to New York as she counted the time she would be away from him if she accepted the assignment.

There was all too little time to be with him, she feared, her mind still on the setback Oliver had caused her. A slowly growing conviction that she would have to pay her pound of flesh—flesh of the heart—was bringing her to face a very real possibility of having to count each hour with Nathaniel one of a fast vanishing few.

But she still had a small part of her year! Was she then of such poor stuff as to lay down her arms at the first sign of defeat? Virginia bolstered up her wanting courage by flaying herself with scorn for being an "easy quitter."

The cruise would last six weeks, and who could tell what she might accomplish in that time? Virginia had not even a vague idea of how to use the time to advantage, but she felt that it would be a total loss to her if she were to leave the city.

She reconsidered her intention to talk it over with Nathaniel. "He might say I ought to go," she thought. "Anyone would; but I think I'd go mad with suspense if I were where I couldn't even try to fight."

She might have gone to Welkins at once to tell him of her half-formed decision, but it was late and she knew that Stacy Blaine was in his office.

Blaine was just off the Altair, in from a run to Panama and the islands of the Caribbean. Virginia had met him on one of his previous visits to the offices of the Blue Capella. They were rather good friends, and he never returned to the home port without bringing her some mementos of his latest voyage.

Virginia knew he would come in her when he left Mr. Welkins and she hurried a little, hoping to get away before the conference ended. The thought of chatting with him at this time filled her with dismay.

Stacy's business with Mr. Welkins must have been of small importance, for he appeared before Virginia's desk sooner than she had expected. After a friendly greeting he remarked feelingly: "Suppose you still refuse to dine with me? But you ought to, you know; I'm pretty blue and not a sweetie in town."

"You're a great sailor," Virginia said, smiling.

"That was always his closing line and Virginia always smiled him away.

She continued to ponder over the reason why the name O. D. D. Leigh had struck fire on some forgotten memory and only put it out of her mind when she lifted the new brass knocker on Nathaniel's door.

They were having dinner in the Village, and when they did that she came directly from her office to his studio.

There was no response to her knock, and thinking that he was out she opened the door and stepped inside. As she did so a voice called out from the kitchenette. It was Chiri's, high-pitched and laughing.

(To Be Continued)

gina forced herself to say in the manner of their usual give and take.

"You never will believe that I'm true in every port, will you?" Stacy laughed back. "Just the same I am way down low. Ran into some bad news concerning an old friend of mine in Haiti. Chap called Oddly. Name's O. D. D. Leigh. Great character all through the West Indies. Well, here's a gawdaw for you. Shameful how you take gifts from me and never give a thing in return."

He tossed a bracelet made of shiny brown seeds on Virginia's desk with an air of being helplessly exploited. Virginia admired it and thanked him, but he noticed a detached note in her voice and manner.

A slight frown creased her brow and she appeared to be thinking of something that troubled her. "Oddly, Oddly," she murmured softly, then to Stacy: "I'm sure I've heard that name before."

"No doubt you have," he replied complacently; "fellow's well known to a lot of people. Any-one coming back from Haiti would be likely to speak of him."

"No, it wasn't recently, if you mean you think I've heard of him here in the office," Virginia said. "I can't remember when I heard his name before, but I'm positive it was long ago."

"Well, he's been in the public eye for years, ever since he first started backing the sugar trust in the islands. So you won't date me?"

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(To Be Continued)

Mrs. C. E. Burley, sister of Mrs. Ed Olson of this city, was laid to rest in Mountain View cemetery on Wednesday afternoon. Mrs. Burley has been a patient at the Community hospital in Ashland for several weeks.

Mrs. Olson and daughter Miss Maxine expect to return home Saturday from the valley where they have been for some time at the bedside of Mrs. Burley. Thursday Mr. Olson resumed his duties with the Golden Rule store after having attended the last rites in the valley city yesterday.

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