

The Klamath News

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PORTLAND AS A MEETING PLACE

That Portland is the center of Oregon, although located on one side of the state, is plain to be observed by anyone who is familiar with the state. A brief visit to Portland always causes one to meet many men who congregate there, for various reasons at different times and the meeting is always pleasant, for Oregon people are more or less of one big family after all.

A few days ago we happened to be in Portland on Saturday morning and to our pleasure and satisfaction we ran against the State Republican Central Committee, which was billed to have a session on that day.

It was in the same identical room that Chas. McNary started on his road to the United States Senate, that on last Saturday, the different leaders of the party made speeches and told how they would succeed in defeating Al Smith for president and electing a congressional and state ticket.

The world really grows better. You never hear of a trained elocutionist any more.

We can't help wishing Ananias had lived to write at least one dog story for the popular magazines.

When A Girl Loves

© 1928 by NEA Service by RUTH DEWEY GROVES

CHAPTER XLV

Ten minutes after Virginia entered "Oddy" Leigh's sickroom she had buried her hopes forever. He did not confide directly that he was a rained man, but it was apparent in everything she saw and in what he left unsaid.

He had heard of her father's death. Virginia, sitting in a chair drawn close to his bedside, saw a flicker of pain pass over his face as he mentioned Richard Brewster's name.

Finally he asked Virginia who had come out to the plantation with her. She rather sought to evade answering him.

"I'm afraid our reception of visitors doesn't do us much credit," he said with a smile that wrung Virginia's heart. "The overseer is away. His wife was my housekeeper. I haven't been able to get down for a few days to see what old Rastus is doing."

Virginia was not taken in by his reference to his illness as a short one. It would have been evident to anyone that he had not been out of his bed for much longer than a few days.

"It was a relief to find you have someone here who can speak English," Virginia replied, smiling back at him.

"Rastus is a godsend," Leigh returned promptly. "I don't know what I'd do without him. He needs a lot of bossing, though. We will have to tell him just what to do about lunch. He's chief cook and bottle-washer for the present."

Virginia thought she detected a new note of concern in his voice and concluded that he was troubling himself over her entertainment.

"I'm afraid I can't stay to lunch," she said. "I must get back to the ship."

Leigh did not answer for a moment, but Virginia saw a look of disappointment spread over his face. He made a movement to pull himself further up on his pillow. Weakness forced him back.

"If you'll just be so good as to call Rastus I'll have him get you something," he muttered. "Hot drive out. You must be parched."

"Please don't bother," Virginia pleaded. "We'll be going in a few minutes."

Mr. Leigh turned a searching glance upon her and Virginia read something in it that cut her deeply.

"I'm sorry," he said. "When Rastus brought me your card I hoped that you were staying at least until the next boat. There's a lot I'd like to talk about to Richard Brewster's daughter."

Virginia's eyes smarted with tears. It was plain to see that he believed she was influenced by concern for her personal comfort—that she was not very deeply interested in her father's old friend.

"It's unfortunate that I can't offer you any decent hospitality just now," he went on. "If you had called me I'd have had the place put to rights."

"Oh," Virginia exclaimed involuntarily. "I'd love to stay, dear Mr. Leigh, but you see I can't. I..." she stopped. She had not told him of her reduced circumstances. He did not know that her time belonged to the Blue Capella.

He laughed, a bit hollowly. "Don't trouble to disguise your feelings, my dear," he said. "I know you couldn't endure this place. Old Rastus prefers teaching the field boys to shoot craps than to do his duty. I fear."

Virginia could not bear to have him think her a snob. She leaned forward and placed a hand on his. "Please don't misunderstand me," she said softly. "I must get back to the ship because I am the hostess engaged by the line to turn the Agents into a floating home where the passengers are all guests."

Leigh was amazed. "Why in the world are you doing that?" he exclaimed.

Virginia swallowed hard, and told him a beautiful lie. "Don't you know that most of the girls in my set are going in for self-expression?" she asked. "I thought it would be worth while to do something useful, and besides, coming down here afforded me an opportunity to meet you. Father used to talk about you a great deal. I know that you saved his life," she added simply.

He placed a hand over hers, pressed it tenderly. Virginia felt his eyes searching through hers, weighing her, but she felt safe because there were some things she did not know about "Oddy."

One of these was his ability to read through the eyes. It might have been a natural gift but if so it had been developed to a higher degree during the years he had spent as a big game hunter in the jungles.

He had learned to know what a beast meant to do in the same fraction of time required to send the order for action from the mind of the animal to its muscles.

He needed only a glance at his eyes.

He knew also that when a woman lied, for good or evil, wild asses could not drag the truth from her if she really did not wish to tell it. So he asked no questions of Virginia.

She sat and talked a little longer, on her promise to let Rastus serve her and Miss Webster—she spoke of her now—with tea. She called the servant and his master ordered him to prepare iced tea and cakes, and to refresh their driver and pony.

Then Virginia said good-by to "Oddy" Leigh.

Somehow she staggered down the dim stairs without mishap and out into the dazzling glare of the sunlight. Miss Webster called to her from the cleared patch under some thickly grown trees.

"Have you seen a ghost?" the stewardess exclaimed when Virginia reached her. She got up and gave the girl the chair. "Well, I don't doubt it. Everything is dead around here. I never saw such a terrible mess. I've been poking around. There isn't a house boy on the place except that woolly-headed darkey from the states. And I don't believe there's anyone at work in the fields, at all."

Virginia covered her eyes with her hands. "I know," she said. "Please don't talk about it. It is very sad. If you will fetch another chair we will stay a moment. Rastus is getting us some iced tea."

"Iced tea!" Miss Webster snorted. "If there is any ice on this place I'm an Eskimo." She went for the chair and returned grumbling about the dust that covered it.

Virginia paid no heed to her. She was sunk in dejection. Her sacrifice of time had been in vain. Futile. She was no nearer her goal than when she started. And there was the remainder of the cruise to be endured, while back in New York Nathaniel...

"No, she dared not let her mind dwell on what might be transpiring there. She'd go mad if she let herself think of Nathaniel turning to Chiri for comfort.

Presently Rastus came with a cane table and then returned to the house for the tea. It looked very refreshing in the tall glasses with slices of lime and orange. But it was not cold. It was, in fact, tepid.

"The ice machine done broke itself this mawnin'," he apologized.

Miss Webster rattled on with her "I told you so's," while Virginia slipped from her glass in silence.

Just before they were leaving she asked Rastus about his master. "How long has he been ill?" "I dunno, Missy. He ain't been out o' bed for mos' sev'l weeks. I've 'traid he ain't goin' to get well; he's a broke man."

"Can't you persuade him to call a doctor?" "Ain't no doctor goin' bring him back what he los'."

Virginia reflected over that remark on the way back to the city. The servant was right. "Oddy" Leigh was a broken man. His plantation was neglected, his house falling to ruins and he himself laid low with no one to attend him save one lone old darkey.

ALTAMONT ACRES

MRS. E. N. KENDALL News Correspondent ALTAMONT, Ore., July 20.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Shurman of Council Bluffs, Iowa, arrived Wednesday evening. They will visit an indefinite time with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Drevelow. Mrs. Shurman is Mrs. Drevelow's mother.

All the neighbors and friends of Mrs. William Newman will be pleased to learn that she is much improved since arriving at the sea shore. She is spending the month at Crescent City.

Miss Lucille Abbott of Medford will spend the week with her brother and family, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Abbott of Summer's Lane.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar X. Kendall and son, Joe, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Smith of Klamath Falls, spent a few hours Sunday afternoon and evening at Crystal Springs. Swimming and a supper cooked over a camp fire were greatly enjoyed.

Mrs. L. W. Hare made a hasty trip to Mt. Hebron, California, last week. The small son of Mr. and Mrs. Bean, old friends of Mrs. Hare, had fallen into an old well and was seriously injured. At the present time he is somewhat improved.

Mr. and Mrs. Walt Miller and family were guests at the home of their daughter, Mrs. Charles Cain of Shaw-Bertram Sunday. Mr. Cain was surprised with a birthday dinner.

Edgar Kendall, who suggested changing the Altamont mail route spent one afternoon this week looking over the proposed new route with Postmaster John McCall. This will accommodate a large number of people and does not lengthen the route.

Fred Drevelow has sold his old house to K. L. Keeg of Eureka, California. Mr. and Mrs. Drevelow have moved into their new home. Mr. Keeg is heartily welcomed to the neighborhood.

Mrs. W. C. Townsend of Summer's Lane and Mrs. Pete Burgess of Klamath Falls motored to Medford Thursday morning and visited with friends. They returned home Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Amel Paul of Lakeview highway, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. K. F. Compton of Klamath Falls spent a pleasant Sunday at Crescent Lake.

Henry Brown, father of Will Brown, who lives in the Walt Miller house has left for Bonanza where he will work.

Walt Miller started stacking hay Monday.

Master Joe Kendall is the proud owner of a new bicycle.

J. J. Winters of Summer's Lane is in the midst of having.

For results use News Class Ads

WANTED - 2 FIRST CLASS MECHANICS BUICK GARAGE

GRAND MILITARY BALL TONIGHT - ALTAMONT Everybody Is Going!

Cole's Grocery 125 So. 9th Phone 1560. Rolled Oats—Freshly milled—9-lb sack 51c. Golden Sweet Corn—2 cans for 29c. Pineapple—Broken sliced ripe fruit—2 large cans 44c. String Beans—A good grade—2 cans for 29c. Our stock of Fruit and Vegetables FRESH DAILY. You will like our FREE DELIVERY. Service these Hot Days. Special attention to Phone Orders. Just half block from Main—Plenty of parking room.

SCOUTS LEAVE FOR BIG CAMP

Fifty boys, members of various scout troops throughout the county, will leave from scout headquarters at the court house at 8 o'clock Monday morning in two trucks bound for Lake of the Woods, where the third annual summer encampment will be held.

The camp is located at the west end of the lake in a spot which is ideal for swimming, boating and hiking and with a wide, clear space where camp is pitched. In this spot the boys will enjoy a week of scout camp life, and a second group will take their place during the second week.

The quota of those who may attend each time has been filled. However, according to Burr Blevens, scout executive, if there are others wishing to attend summer camp, it will be held a third week.

A cook and his helper leave for the lake today to make preparations for the arrival of the scouts. Blevens and J. W. Seagins of Merrill, who will be camp director this year, are leaving for camp Sunday.

Merle Swansen, assistant scout master of Troop 29, Pasadena, Calif., will act as morale officer at camp. Richard Kraenburg and Ross Hiltman will be junior officers. During the encampment other scout masters of county troops will spend some time at camp.

For your Frigidaire call E. E. Jefferson, phone 1061-J.—adv. Jy6-tf

COMING!! Jennings Tent Show

ONE WEEK STARTING Thursday Night, July 26 KLAMATH FALLS

All New Plays—Nothing Repeated that Was Used Last Spring

PROGRAM Thurs. . . "Cheating Women" Fri. . . "So This Is Alaska" Sat. . . "A Fool for Luck" Sun. . . "East Goes West" Mon. . . "Flying Boots" Tues. . . "Husband Hunters" Wed. . . "She Couldn't Say No"

Tent Located on S. Sixth St. Every Lady attending the show Thursday night to see "Cheating Women" will be given a LADIES' FREE ticket to see "So This Is Alaska." ON FRIDAY NIGHT Doors Open 7:30 Starts 8:10 PRICES: 20c for children; 50c for Adults No Reserved Seats Not a Carnival, Circus or Movie



STAMINA A day on the diamond calls forth every effort of muscle and endurance, and only those with perfect health can acquire themselves with credit. That's why milk figures so largely in the training camps of the big leagues. PHONE 1448 LOST RIVER DAIRY 1315 KLAMATH AVE.

At the Liberty

The mystery which furnishes the drama of "The Boss of Rastus's Room," the new western starring Don Coleman which is the feature today at the Liberty theatre, is quite as baffling to the audiences which view this film as it is supposed to be to the characters in the story.

A mysterious cattle rustler known as "Quiet Sabe" which is Spanish for, "Who Knows?" has made the ranch called "Rastus's Room" his headquarters. He raids the herds of the surrounding ranches, drives his stolen cattle at night into the corral of this ranch, and there the footmarks disappear.

No one has been able to discover the identity of the rustler nor the manner in which his spool is taken away, and as no one has ever caught him actually in the act the community is worked up into fever heat over the repeated outrages. The owner of the ranch offers it for sale for the proverbial song in his anxiety to get out of a dangerous situation.

The denouement is as interesting as it is unexpected, and the identity of the rustler, it is safe to say, will be unsuspected until the very end of the picture.

Since 1910, when Jay Bowerman was the leading Republican of the state, and ran for Governor, what is known as the "old guard" has almost disappeared from active participation in active party affairs. In fact, for many years after the direct primary was in full swing, such a thing as a state committee was considered useless and it has only been in the last few years that the term "organization" was even considered, or hardly dared be considered by the Grand Old Party of Oregon. For this reason, such old time Republicans as Bill Calk, Jay Bowerman, John Cavanaugh, J. O. Elrod, Ferdinand, E. Reed, and many others have ceased to be present at these gatherings. We did notice, however, in the meeting Saturday, Chas. B. Moores, one of the stalwart Republicans of Oregon for half a