

The Klamath News

Published every morning except Monday by The Klamath News Publishing Company at 102-122 South Fifth street, Klamath Falls, Oregon.

Official Paper of City of Klamath Falls and Klamath County

Lyona Zimmerman, Adv. Mgr.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Delivered by carrier, month \$.65 Delivered by carrier, year... 6.50 Delivered by mail, year... 5.00

Entered as second class matter in the postoffice at Klamath Falls, Oregon, November 15, 1923, under act of March 3, 1879.

Member Selected Oregon Newspapers



Pacific coast representatives: Arthur W. Stuyves, Inc., San Francisco, Los Angeles and Portland. Eastern representatives: Charles E. Miller, New York, and W. H. Stockwell, Chicago.

Telephone 877 Member Audit Bureau Circulation

OUR LIFE SENTENCES

Jesse Pomeroy, America's most famous lifer, has just completed the 52nd year as an inmate of the Massachusetts state penitentiary.

In 1876 he was convicted of a crime so atrocious that even today he gets little sympathy. He was ordered imprisoned for life; and, strangely enough, he has clung to life so tenaciously ever since, even though he has never for a moment known any surroundings except the prison yard and cell.

When he entered prison Grant was president, Mark Twain was just winning renown. Rockefeller was a small-time oil broker. Ford was an undistinguished son of a farmer. Custer's defeat at Little Big Horn was the news of the day. The automobile and moving picture and radio had not yet come to remake American civilization. All of the stupendous events of the last half century have made no impression whatever on Jesse Pomeroy. He has eaten and slept and grown gray and wrinkled—yet, to all intents and purposes, he has not been alive at all.

We can't think of that, somehow, without a shiver. We congratulate ourselves on the mere fact that we have our liberty and can live fully and with freedom and we pity the man who has been stagnating for the last half a century.

Yet—just how free are we, after all? How many of us are being overlooked by life just as truly as if we were held in prison?

The tragedy of the lifer lies in the fact that all his possibilities for real living can never be realized. Made in God's image, endowed with some small spark of unquenchable divinity, he is reduced to the bare animal functions of digesting and sleeping. This is the most terrible thing that can happen to any man.

But it happens to many people who never saw a prison.

The drudge in a New Bedford cotton mill striving to raise a family on \$18 a week; just how rich a life do you suppose he manages to live? Does he ever get a chance to demonstrate that he is heir of all the ages? Does his fellow worker, the half-starved Pennsylvania coal miner? Does the New York clerk, cooped up by turns in a dreary office and a stifling flat? Does the offspring of city slums, the north woods lumberjack, the back country farmer whose sterile acres plunge him yearly deeper into debt?

We say we are living in a wonderful era, and it is doubtless true; but how much good does that do us if we are chained, either through force of circumstances or our own volition to a treadmill? Whenever we devote ourselves more to the pursuit of things than to the enjoyment of them; whenever we forget or are unable to take time to look for beauty, love, companionship, recreation, whenever the prize grows to mean more than the game—then we are wasting our capabilities as tragically as any lifer in the land.

Freedom to live isn't just a matter of prison walls. There are other fetters as effective. The convict isn't the only man who deserves your sympathy.

\$5 FINE FOR A \$4 CAR

It takes a wise man to be a judge these days. The other day a man was brought into court in New York for violating a traffic law. The judge imposed a fine of \$5, at which the motorist remarked that he would, prefer, instead of paying it, to surrender his car. Amazed, the judge asked him why. The man replied that he had only paid \$4 for the auto, a wheezy old thing made eight years ago.

Justice is justice, and the law must be upheld; but paying a \$5 fine on a \$4 car is too much. Even the judge admitted it. So after due thought, he suspended the fine and told the motorist to depart in peace—if he could make his auto go.

VALUE OF BOXERS

Tex Rickard tells his stockholders in Madison Square Garden corporation that the passing of the million-dollar gate for prize fights is not such a bad thing after all.

Tex points out that boxers, of recent years, have been making scads of money while promoters have been going broke. Now that million dollar gates are over, he feels that boxers will take a much saner view of the value of their services.

The moral aspects of the thing didn't concern Rickard, apparently. Yet the new era is better, all around for it was not a healthy thing for a country to be rewarding pugilists at the rate of half a million dollars per fight. It gave us all a false sense of values. If the hired pug can drop down a few notches in the financial scale it will be better for all of us.

The old boy who says women aren't as attractive as they used to be might add that watermelons and green peaches have lost their appeal also.

When we write our scenario, the hero who knocks out fourteen rogues won't continue the picture with unbruised knuckles.

The writers never go on strike. They know too well that many kids are ready to quit the sixth grade and take their jobs.

It seems to be a general rule on the highway: the less horse sense in the driver, the more horsepower in the motor.

"How much can a farmer make in a year?" asks a magazine article. Nobody knows. A farmer never has worked all year.

WHIRLWIND BY ELEANOR EARLY

COPYRIGHT 1928 BY NEA SERVICE INC.

SYNOPSIS: Sybil Thorne, prominent in Boston society, permits a ship-board acquaintance, Richard Justice, to make violent love to her. He finally begs her to marry him. Sybil is on her way to Havana with Mabel Blake, a social worker. Before sailing she promised Craig Newhall, considered the most desirable bachelor in Boston, a decision upon her return. Craig loves her devoutly and there is a sort of engagement between them. To please her dying father Sybil had consented to marry Craig, but following Mr. Thorne's death the affair was kept secret, and no announcement had been made. Sybil still believes herself in love with John Lawrence, who went to France with the A.E.F. when she was only 18—and never returned. The marriage of her brother, Tad, adds to Sybil's worries, for she distrusts the pretty little girl he has wed. In order then to unravel her perplexities, she goes to Cuba and encounters Richard Justice, who proceeds to make life more complicated.

CHAPTER XV: Mornings are dazzling things in Havana. The sun shone on castles and forts and houses of rainbow hue. It sparkled on the azure sea, and the colored boats that rode the waves. Sybil and Mabel stood at the rail, spellbound with the beauty of it. And when they had caught their breath, they laughed aloud for very joy. Natives put out in boats to greet them, and sailors on the lower deck scrambled for little white cards that were tossed aboard.



"I left a boy at home, Rich. I'm sort of engaged to him. He expects to marry me when I go back. . . . Forgive me, Rich."

"What are they?" asked Sybil. The pursuer, passing, handed her a bit of pasteboard. "Marquerite Fernandez," she read aloud. "Nine Economía, Arriba, Una rubia."

"What does it mean?" "Oh, Senorita Fernandez lives at number nine Economía street, upstairs. Una rubia means she is a blond."

"Bad women fascinate me," Mabel confided. "I've always been so darn good myself."

The pursuer laughed. "Keep your eyes open," he advised, "and you'll be fascinated plenty."

"I wonder where Rich is?" murmured Sybil. "He must have forgotten he was planning to marry me this morning."

"Sib! What do you mean?" "Honestly, it seems that captains are like ministers on the sea—notaries, or justices, or something. Rich thought it would be romantic to be married in the harbor."

"Hello, sweetheart!" Enstis came up behind them, suave and smiling, long-stemmed roses in his hand. "Hello, Mabel. With a flourish he bestowed his flowers. "All the way from Boston, and still fresh. The steward says he puts aspirin in the water. Will they do, my darling, for a bridal bouquet?"

Sybil surveyed him humorously, her nose in their fragrance, her eyes lifted in mocking gaiety. "Imbecile!" she retorted. "Don't pay any attention to him, Mab."

Enstis laughed as one humoring a stubborn child. "The captain's shining his brass buttons, darling," he chided. "You mustn't spoil the party. You'll be Sybil's maid of honor, Mab. And the first mate wants to be best man."

"Maid of honor nothing!" Mabel turned a scornful back. Richard regarded her soberly.

"Never mind Mab!" he exclaimed. "How about getting married this morning?" "Oh, Richard, stop!" They were on the deserted upper deck, and when he tried to take her in his arms, she pushed him petulantly away.

"For goodness sake," she cried, "let's talk about something else!" "But, darling," he insisted, "you love me! And love and marriage are twins in your sweet mind, child." "No, I don't either," she informed him coolly. "At least I don't think I do. And, anyhow,

OFFICE CAT BY JUNIUS

Politics make strange bed-fellows who have nightmares and kick all the cover off. If all the brooms made in a year were laid end to end, the majority of women would leave 'em there. It sounds like the soup consumption is increasing. If all the old garters were played end to end, they wouldn't stretch. "Don't talk to me, my dear," said Mr. Subub firmly. "I say it is a very good thing for servants to go to the theatre sometimes. It makes them return more happily to their work; it also teaches them how to conduct themselves." "Mary," he said to the housemaid, "here is a ticket for the theatre tonight. You must go and enjoy yourself." "It was lovely," said Mary next morning, when they questioned her and her evening out. "Did you really enjoy it?" inquired Mr. Subub, smiling triumphantly at his wife. "I did indeed, sir. It was splendid. You should have heard that there servant girl in the play sauce her mistress!"

The King of Kings To Be Shown Here

"The King of Kings," a play without a peer in cinema history is scheduled for a future motion picture which will be shown in this city in the near future—a picture which Klamath Falls theater-goers are looking forward to with great interest. This much-heralded picture of pictures is endorsed by hundreds of celebrated divines, scholars, and the press and public of this country and Europe, as being the most reverent pictorialization of the supreme tragedy of the ages. Produced at a cost of approximately \$2,500,000, with 18 stars

Advertisement for Vanilla Schilling. Includes image of a vanilla product box and text: "There is much imitation vanilla on the market. Watch for it. It has a loud and flashy taste. Good cooks demand the delicate, flowerlike flavor of pure vanilla - Schilling's."

BOMBS QUELL PRISON STRIKE IN STATE PEN: BALTIMORE, Sept. 20. (AP)—Tear gas bombs were used to quell about 200 "striking" prisoners in Maryland penitentiary who today broke out in revolt. They barricaded themselves in their cells with chains stripped from their cots and hurled bottles and chair legs at Warden Patrick Brady and guards. Old newspapers for sale at the News office.

Large advertisement for Westinghouse electric ranges. Features an image of a range and text: "THIS SPECIAL OFFER MAKES IT EASY FOR YOU TO OWN ONE OF THESE NEW RANGES. It's the new electric range that everybody is talking about—the Westinghouse with its Automatic 'Flavor Zone' oven—the only range that first browns and then completes cooking without any supervision. Come in and let us show you what short work you can make of 'three meals a day' by cooking this most modern way. You'll be particularly interested in the special offer we are making right now. Westinghouse THE ELECTRIC RANGE WITH THE AUTOMATIC 'FLAVOR ZONE' OVEN. Special Introductory Offer \$5.00 Down Balance in 18 Easy Monthly Payments. Liberal Trade-in Allowance on Your Old Fuel Range. THE CALIFORNIA OREGON POWER COMPANY OFFICES: Medford, Grants Pass, Roseburg, Klamath Falls—Oregon Yreka, Dunsmuir—California."