

The Klamath News

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"WITHIN YOUR MEANS"

William Galvani, scholar and economist who is practical to the last degree, writes from his home at Seaside on taxation in Oregon. His sound sense prevails this time as it usually does, and here is what he says:

"It is surely very remarkable that the Oregon State Grange, the Oregon Federation of Labor, the Farmers' Union of Oregon and last, but not the least, the Order of Railway Conductors, have no one among them to make clear to them that the wonderful remedies of tax committees—official and unofficial—generally resulting in the promotion of all sorts of schemes for new and additional sources of revenue, never did, and never will, get them anywhere. Indeed the only thing these schemes do accomplish is that of actually increasing the already unbearable burdens of taxation and governmental extravagance and waste.

Likewise, it is most incredible that it never occurs to these tax experts that taxes of whatsoever nature, whether it be on property, business, or anything else (excepting taxes on unimproved land), constitute a fixed charge on the productive capacity or income derived from such property, business or anything else, and as such are regularly and positively charged up, together with all other expenses, to the cost and maintenance and operation thereof, and in the final analysis the ultimate consumer must and does foot the bill. All of this, however, does not seem to make the least impression upon our tax experts, who prefer tinkering and muddling to anything in the shape of exact conclusions.

Our last tax bill, state, county, city, road, school, etc., for a population of considerably less than 1,000,000 inhabitants, men, women and children, white black and yellow, according to official figures, amounts to the staggering sum of \$50,000,000! This does not include borrowed money—bonds of every description, issued annually under some pretext or another—nor does it include special assessments against property for public improvements—often quite unnecessary, but which constitute an additional burden on property, whether it be income bearing or not. To this, too, should be added the so-called "progressive" federal income tax and our existing system of internal revenue taxes with all of its inequalities and intricacies.

due to haste and inexperience of its framers, and in which the taxpayers acquiesce largely from fear that other and more oppressive measures might be devised by the vagaries of our law-making representatives, federal or state.

"Hence it is no branch of legislation presents such a tacit confession of incompetency as the multiplicity of provisions governing taxation. To it, therefore, more than to any other branch of law-making, may be justly applied Herbert Spencer's conclusions on the general character of all legislation: 'First comes enactment, then probation, then failure and after many alternate tinkering and abortive trials, arrives at length repeal, followed by the substitution of some fresh plan, doomed to run the same course, and share a like fate.' (Social Statistics, Introduction, p 2) 'And now, my fellow citizens behold the great spectacle! A fresh plan, devised by the tax reformers from the farmers and labor organizations, to meet the cry of despair that comes to us from the tax spenders for more money. This fresh plan is no other than a state income tax to be voted on November 6, and regardless of the stubborn fact that it had been voted down in this state about six times, and that none of our Pacific coast states have so far shown the least disposition to impose upon themselves such new burden of taxation.

"In conclusion there is this to be said: Reduction of taxation and not additional sources of tax revenue is the only road to relief from our present unbearable burdens. A community, like an individual, must keep within its means or go bankrupt. From this there is no escape."

A SERMON IN STONES

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle the other day urged British spiritualists to seek a change in the laws so that mediums might operate openly without fear of prosecution.

Now an announcement of that kind is sure to draw something like a sneer from those who do not believe in spiritualism. We're more or less indifferent about mediums and seances, to be sure but we have a way of looking down on people like Sir Arthur, who believe that there are supernatural forces in this world that can be tapped, at will, by gifted people.

Well, probably we are right. A great many estimable men have been deluded by fakirs and charlatans. An eager desire to see some intangible, deathless spirit pervading the cold furniture of the workaday world can lead a man into endless delusions.

But after all, we need not be so cocky about it. We can deny the supernaturalism of darkened rooms and moving table all we please, but every moment of our lives we are surrounded by another supernaturalism so complex, so far-reaching, that the stories of the spiritualists pale into insignificance.

ous, invisible force called electricity! A lump of clay contains as many mysteries as a starlit sky on a November night. The spinning stars of our solar system can be duplicated in the whirling atomic nebulae of a piece of coal. A solid steel rail contains vacant spaces as puzzling as the famous "coal sack" of the milky way, where no light has glimmered since the making of the world.

What, in the face of this are you going to do about it? Will you cling to a matter-of-fact formula when the very stones in the streets contain riddles too profound for the wisest man to unravel? You can, if you wish, sniff disdainfully at the credo of the spiritualists, and laugh at their stories of ectoplasm and disembodied voices; but you must come back, in the end, to a realization that the real world is more miraculous and incomprehensible than the most ardent spiritualist ever dreamed.

The early gold diggers found pay dirt. The modern gold digger finds dirt pays.

Oregon Gridmen Defeat Huskies

(Continued From Page One)

two touchdowns in that period to make the Husky rout complete. A few minutes after play started, Oregon made her first touchdown following a 29-yard run by Kitmiller, who took a lateral pass from Burnell. In a series of line smashes by Kitmiller and Gould, the ball was advanced to Washington's one-yard line and Gould went over for the touchdown. Kitmiller failed to convert.

Late in the second period, Bobby Robinson, Oregon negro quarterback, threw a beautiful 39-yard forward pass to Burnell, who took two jumps and landed behind the Husky line for the second touchdown. Kitmiller converted the point.

Washington Line Leads Washington opened up a pass attack in the second period which carried the ball to Oregon's 29-yard line at the run.

Oregon played safe football in the third period and during the quarter, Carroll displayed some of his line plunging and passing tricks. Buzard, the flashy little red-headed Washington halfback, went in and displayed lots of speed, but the Washington line then was leaking like a sieve and several times the Oregon forwards plunged through and threw him for losses. The quarter ended with Oregon in possession of the ball on Washington's 35-yard line after Stadelman, Oregon center, intercepted a forward pass.

Huskies Open Pass Attack The Green team marched down the field in the fourth period again to another touchdown. Then the Washington team tried pass after pass. Colbert, Oregon tackle, broke through the Washington line and grabbed a pass right off Carroll's fingertips. He was downed on Washington's one-yard line, but Kitmiller, on a powerful line buck, went over on the next play.

The Husky pass attack came near scoring in the last two minutes and it was Washington's ball on Oregon's seven-yard line when the final gun was shot.

The Summary Washington—Pos—Oregon Pautzke LE Pope Dijke LT Colbert Hughta LG Shields Kraetz C Stadelman Greger RG Hagan Messup RT Christensen Meador RE Archer McCain LH Kitmiller Pulver LH Burnell Carroll RH Williams Dalquest Z Gould

Substitutions—Oregon: Wood for Pope, Chappell for Stadelman, Robinson for Williams, Warren for Hagan, Weems for Christensen, Hall for Christensen, Coles for Archer, Woodie for Williams, Ord for Woodie, Weems for Colbert, McCutchan for Shields, Parke for Kitmiller, Donahue for Wood, Little for Robinson.

Washington: Wentworth for Dirks, Flanagan for McCain, Buzard for Pulver, Pulver for Buzard, McCain for Flanagan, Erdman for Meador, Greger for Hughta, Westerwalt for Dalquest.

Score by Quarters Washington 1 2 3 4 Oregon 0 6 0 0 Total 6 8 0 14

Officials—Mulligan, referee, Klawans, umpire; Higgs, field judge; Donaldson, head linesman.

Touchdowns—Washington, none. Oregon—Gould, Kitmiller (2), Burnell.

WHIRLWIND BY ELEANOR EARLY

SYNOPSIS Sybil Thorne, Boston society girl, plaintiff in the most sensational divorce case in the annals of local jurisprudence. Sybil has petitioned for divorce from Richard Eustis, whom she married secretly, and with whom she lived for only two weeks. She has asked also for the custody of her child, Teddy, whom Eustis has never seen.

Her husband counters by bringing suit for \$100,000 against Craig Newhall, for alienation of Sybil's affections. Craig has loved Sybil for years, but is absolutely guiltless of Eustis' allegations. The newspapers carry sensational details in great headlines. Society is intensely interested, and speculation is rife.

It is the first day of the trial, and Sybil, with her mother and her brother, Tad, is waiting in court. Craig Newhall is there too. Richard Eustis has not come. Neither has his lawyer. The judge, frowning, consults his watch. Mr. Peterson, Sybil's attorney, tells her that the case may be dismissed. Suddenly a court officer hurries from the corridor to the judge's bench.

CHAPTER XLII Something had happened. Something dreadful. On her feet, Sybil felt suddenly dizzy. Perhaps she grew pale, for a man in a blue uniform took her arm and walked beside her. Up there—in front of those people. The cynosure of all eyes.

She squared her shoulders bravely. And those in the courtroom saw the judge bend kindly toward her. His grizzled locks seemed to touch her satin turban. Peterson's bald head gleamed beside. Only a word or two. Sybil's lawyer put his hand beneath her elbow and they left the courtroom through the judge's lobby. Then the judge stood before the vast assembly and spoke very quietly.

"There has been an accident," Richard Eustis, defendant in this case, accompanied by his attorney, motoring from New Haven to attend this session of the court, was killed this morning in Providence. A second's silence. And then a buzz—the dreadful buzz of gossip. Women whispering. A court officer rapped for silence. And when the whispering grew, he called harshly: "Silence! Silence!"

The judge left the bench. And presently, the courtroom was cleared and the corridors were crowded and the corridors were filled with little groups. "Did you ever? What a dreadful thing! And I was dying to see him. Well, it's an ill wind." "In the judge's lobby, Mr. Peterson whispered to Craig.

"I took her out this way," he said, "no one could see the joy in her face." And Craig, nodding, understood. Tears ran down Sybil's cheeks and in her eyes was the light of happiness. She took his hand and pressed it, for there were no words for the choking ecstasy that was in her heart.

People criticized her for the thing she did that evening. It was bad taste, they say, and perhaps they are right. Sybil put on a dress of flame georgette and pinned orchids on her shoulders. Then she wrapped herself in a Spanish shawl with poppies on it and sat with Craig Newhall in a theater box while Richard Eustis' body lay on a marble slab in a morgue that was cold as death.

Two days later Sybil gave a tea. And that was the day funeral services were held in New Haven. From an undertaker's bare parlor the embalmers carried forth a wooden box. A single sheaf of roses followed all that was mortal of Richard Eustis into the grave. "I suppose," Sybil told her guests, as she poured their tea, "that you all think I'm hard as nails, and cruel. Well, I'm not hypocritical, any how—and I don't care what people say."

"I'm glad Richard Eustis is dead. You've seen the papers, you know what he proposed to do to Teddy and me. To rob us of every shred of decency. To tell lies about us. To further his own wicked purposes he proposed to degrade Craig Newhall. To humiliate my mother and break her heart. To disgrace Valerie and Tad." "Why I almost didn't believe there was a God till Richard died. Now I know better. It was God who killed Richard, and He killed him because he was too sinful to live. I'm sorry if you think I'm wicked because I'm happy. But I am, my friends. I am very, very happy."

Of course there was a great to-do when news of the tea party was spread. Mrs. Thorne took to her bed, vowing that she would be happier dead than alive. Tad was furious.

"Nice women," he said, "never do things in poor taste." "Fright!" cried Sybil. "Hypocrite! You're just as glad as I am, but you don't dare admit it." "That's the difference," he retorted, "between a civilized being and a barbarian. Polite people don't parade primitive passions." "I wouldn't blame Sybil a darn bit," interrupted Craig, grimly. "If she did a hula-hula right on the 'late lamented's, well-known grave."

"Oh, you two!" exclaimed Tad, and stalked wrathfully from the room. "You give me a pain." Tad and Valerie were planning a New Year's party, their last in the old house. In February they were moving to an apartment of their own. Valerie was taking cooking lessons and a course in interior decoration at Boston university.

"I'm trying so hard," she confessed to Sybil, "to make up for the bad girl I was. With Richard dead I feel that all that horrid part of me is dead, too. I'm going to spend the rest of my life being nice to Tad and then I guess I'll have squared myself." Craig was trying to persuade Sybil to announce their engagement at the New Year's party. "Nothing like starting the year right," he argued. "Out of the trying pan into the fire," she laughed. But that annoyed him. "Please, Sybil," he besought, "don't joke that way. No wonder the hammer and tong artists say you're hard-boiled." "Oh, they do, do they?" "You know they do. You're the most misunderstood little angel in 40 states."

"And what would they say if I married you? That you'd made an honest woman of me, I suppose?" "One of these days," he threatened, "you'll wake up and find no little Craigie under your foot. Then maybe you'll be sorry." "Maybe," she acknowledged. Mabel Moore was apartment-hunting again. "I'm going to the real estate man I saw last time," she said. "Remember, Roger Caldwell, I told you about him, Sybil? Why wives leave home for that lad's middle name. I want you to see a place on Beacon street that we can have for a hundred and a quarter. The easiest breakfast alcove you ever saw, and a perfectly adorable fireplace, but the linen closet's no bigger than a cupboard and you couldn't turn a griddle cake in the kitchen." "Face your shik and we'll look it over this afternoon," agreed Sybil. "Ask him if I may bring my son and heir. And tell him if I see an apartment I like well enough I may get married myself."

OFFICE CAT

By JUNIUS "How about the Southern goods in this town?" inquired the stranger of the hotel clerk. "In what way?" asked the clerk. "Is it potent?" "Potent" is the word, sir. Why, a gentleman who was stopping with us went to the theater one night. He stepped out during an intermission and purchased a drink or two in a nearby alley. Then he returned to the theater.

"Well, what's so remarkable about that?" "He wasn't aware, sir, until the doorkeeper kindly told him that it was the next night." Gee, I'm glad I'm not a hero. Folks let me sleep.

All who go up in the air don't use an airplane. What would you say a ship saw, after it had gone to sea? We heard a bird say that mawing for money is a poor way to get it, but that is better than going without it.

Go to the office cat. (To Be Continued)

SOCIETY

(Continued from page three) R. C. Short, Mrs. Harry Wilson, and Mrs. Clarence Kirkpatrick of Main. Mrs. E. L. Paddock and her sister, Miss Octavia Arnett of San Diego, California.

EULALONA CHAPTER HAS LOVELY DANCE One of the most delightful dances of the Fall season was that of Friday evening, when Eulalona chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution held its annual ball at Altamont pavilion. The pavilion was decorated in American flags. At the extreme end of the pavilion, a large American flag was draped. With the audience standing, the salute was given, followed by the singing of America at the conclusion of the Grand March which was led by Mrs. Harry M. Ackley, regent of Eulalona chapter and Mrs. Sarah Harshberger. The officers and members of Eulalona chapter followed in the line of march.

Melvine Dillingham pleased the guests with a solo dance during the evening. Dancing was enjoyed from nine o'clock until midnight.

LONDON GIRL MARRIES HERE At a pretty home wedding solemnized on Monday evening, October fifteenth, at eight o'clock, Miss Kathleen Burn of London, England, became the bride of Mr. Herbert Altmann of Klamath Falls. The ceremony was performed in the living room of the attractive home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jordan. Lakeview Road. Rev. J. Henry Thomas, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal church performed the ceremony in the presence of a few relatives and friends.

The bride is a recent arrival from London, England, and for some time has been the house guest of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jordan. After having visited in Winnipeg, Canada, she arrived here in August. Her visit was the first she has enjoyed with her aunt in some sixteen years.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jordan, Miss Rucker, Mrs. S. R. Johnston, Mrs. Funk, Mr. Edward and Miss Fortuna Funk attended the wedding. Mr. Altmann holds a position with the Algoma Lumber company. Mr. and Mrs. Altmann will be at home to friends in the Arcade apartments.

NOTICE The following persons will please call at the office of the County Clerk, and complete your registration, otherwise you will not be permitted to vote on election day: Hale, H. C. Hayes, John E. Gilmore, C. A. Caldwell, John C. Peterson, Ed Walker, Clara Lemmon, John Conley, Margaret K. Blood, C. Curtis Weaver, Norman Cummings, Philip H. C. R. DeLAP, County Clerk. 019-25line

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Sheep Breeders Establishing Production Standards

JUST as dairy cattle raisers select breeding stock on a basis of milk and butter production, so are wool growers now adopting a system of selecting breeding stock based on wool production. One prominent Rambouillet breeder retains only those ewes which shear fifteen pounds of wool or more annually.

The progress made in this growing industry will be demonstrated by the larger and more comprehensive exhibits and displays in the Sheep and Wool divisions of the forthcoming Eighteenth Annual Pacific International Livestock Exposition at Portland, Oregon, November 3-10.

This event affords an opportunity to learn from the experiences and achievements of other wool growers. For this reason the First National Bank, Klamath Falls, Oregon, is very much in accord with the splendid work of the Exposition. We believe that local farmers who attend will bring back a knowledge of better farming practices that will assist in the further prosperity of this section.

The First National Bank KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON Member Federal Reserve Bank

