

The Klamath News

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Robert Galloway, Editor.
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BIBLE SELECTION AND PRAYER

April 7, 1929

A PRAYER FOR THE CITY—O my God, incline thine ear, and hear: open thine eyes, and behold our desolations, and the city which is called by thy name; for we do not present our supplications before thee for our righteousness, but for thy great mercies.—Daniel 9:18.
PRAYER—Hear and answer, O Lord, for we pray in Jesus' name.

HEROISM—IN THE DARK

There is a tremendous amount of bravery in this world. No matter what emergency arises, courage and self-sacrifice are sure to spring up in the midst of it to lessen its horrors.

The vicinity of Harriman, Tenn., was swept by a flood recently, and 20 people were drowned. And out of the story of that disaster—a story of death and destruction, grim and horrible—there gleam instance after instance of bright heroism, infinitely inspiring.

There was, for instance, a 50-year-old river man named Tom Atkins. Tom had a skiff—a flimsy, leaky contrivance that ordinarily would not be considered safe on a millpond. When the swollen river began uprooting trees, knocking over houses and foaming over roads like a small model of the Niagara rapids, Tom got out his skiff and went out to see what he could do.

Trip after trip he made, bringing back each time two or three refugees who had been huddled on some house-top or knoll, waiting for death.

Once he was too late. He pulled for a nearly submerged house, on the roof of which perched a woman and her child. Just before he got there the house collapsed, and the woman and child vanished. Somehow Tom kept his cockleshell from going under. He cruised about, hoping that the pair would come to the surface. They did not. So he turned downstream, rowed to a tree top that was just above water, and took four children to safety.

In all, he saved the lives of over a dozen people. His own life he risked every time he pushed his boat out on the water.

Then there was Bob Underwood. He woke up at midnight to find water rising around his house. Hurdled he hitched his team and drove his family to the safety of higher ground. Then he turned around and drove off down the road in the valley, to see if he couldn't help some of the neighbors. The water rose

TODAY

By ARTHUR BRISBANE

**Cardinal Hayes' Example
Girls That Know
Sun Back Dresses
Bandits Kill Merchant**

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D. R. WYNNE, New York's health commissioner, says that, with parents co-operating, diphtheria could be wiped out.

CARDINAL HAYES, archbishop of New York, in a letter to clergy and laity urges parents "to adopt scientific means to prevent diphtheria."

The cardinal has arranged "through our parochial schools to put the means at the disposal of those unable to patronize their family physician."

PUBLIC SCHOOLS should follow the example set by Cardinal Hayes, in parochial schools. The Schick test, followed, when needed by "toxin-antitoxin" treatment, is safe.

Fortunately in this enlightened age there will be no repetition of ancient prejudice against the use of quinine.

Because quinine was discovered by a Catholic and named for a Catholic, protestants in Great Britain refused to have anything to do with the only known specific for malaria.

FATHERS and mothers are interested in Edwin J. McHugh, murderer and suicide. He drove his daughter home from a Connecticut high school, the daughter's 17-year-old friend going with her.

Dropping his daughter at her house, the father drove on and, a little later, after a struggle with the girl, he murdered her and killed himself with revolver and poison, hidden in a book, hollowed out to conceal them. This indication of careful preparation for murder should interest girls who call their mothers "old fashioned, not up to the times."

WISE Mrs. Culp, dean of girls in a Jacksonville, Fla., high school, told young ladies with "sun back" dresses to go home and put on decent clothing. The sun back dresses enable the lovely sunshine to do its work without interruption the full length of the spine, from the cerebellum almost to the os coccyx.

ONE young lady says, "My mamma approves and, anyway, I don't think it's any of the teacher's business what I wear." It is part of the teacher's business what the young ladies DO NOT WEAR.

School girls should be either dressed or undressed; half measures are poor measures.

BANDITS kill Merchant, is the headline of a short news story. Two youths entered the store of Hyman Friedman, asking for neckties. Friedman too fast. He never came back.

There was a girl, too—Grace Whalen, a night telephone operator, who stayed at her switchboard all night, while the river ran through the street outside, warning the neighborhood of the danger. The flood's toll would have been far higher if she had not ignored her own peril to stay and give those warnings.

Things like that are common—the inevitable by-product of any disaster. They are so common they do not even get any great amount of space in the newspapers. These chronicles of heroism get crowded out by more important news.

Yet, after all, such stories are as important as any the newspapers print. There are plenty of happenings in the United States that make the human race look rather small, mean and contemptible. Things like these happenings are a tonic for discouragement. They testify that magnificence of bravery—the bravery that makes a man or woman ready to lay down life, in the darkness, for total strangers—is infinitely more common than we suppose.

TODAY IN KLAMATH'S THEATRES

AT THE LIBERTY

For colorful drama, high-powered action and fascinating scenic effects, "Horsemen of the Plains," starring Tim Mix, which opens at the Liberty theatre today, is one of the finest Westerns that has reached the screen this season.

Tim Mix, in the starring role, gives a portrayal that distinguishes him as the "king of Westerners." The cast is top-notch, including Sally Kane, Heinie Conklin, Lew Harvey, Charles Byers, Grace Marvin and William Ryno.

AT THE PINE TREE

Magnificent settings, excellent direction and outstanding photography blend into an admirable production in "A Thief in the Dark," mystery screen play which opens today at the Pine Tree theatre for a two-day run.

The action of the picture mingles the saddest atmosphere of a wraith show with the rich settings in and around a pretentious mansion-house of mystery.

The all-star cast which enacts the leading roles is headed by George Meeker, of "Four Sons" fame, and Doris Hill in the romantic leads.

AT THE PELICAN

"Man, Woman and Wife," which comes to this theatre today only, tells the story of a soldier who loses his courage while storming a machine gun nest during the war. He exchanges identification tags with a dead man and becomes a deserter. To his wife and former friends he is dead, but to Rita, who had loved him before his marriage, he becomes everything. In trying to keep his identity from the world to save his wife, who has married again, he wages a tremendous struggle with himself.

Pauline Starke plays the featured role of Rita, whose mad infatuation for Kerry alternately helps and hinders him. Martin Nixon appears as the wife of Kerry, and Kenneth Harlan as his best friend.

VARIETY SHOW COMING

F. M. Variety Show B2A, which plays Monday at the Pelican, is a Fauchon and Marco circuit unit produced by those masters of vaudeville entertainment. The variety shows are the forerunners of the booking of the Big Time "Ideas," which the management of the Pelican theatre is now endeavoring to book.

Chief among the entertainers on this bill is Davey Jamieson. In addition to Jamieson, the show features the Pelican theatre orchestra on the stage, Two Sweethearts, LaFrance and Garnett and their dog "Fleasome," and Berniel and Marsh.

The photoplay feature is "Bringing Up Father," depicting the hectic life of Maxie and Jiggs, and played by J. Farrell McDonald and Polly Moran.

Congress Leaders Row Over Session

(Continued from Page One)

the national origins provisions asked by Mr. Hooyer and some other legislation.

In retaliation the house leaders have decided upon a straight program. The farm relief bill is to be taken up as the first order of business a week from Wednesday under rules which will require its disposal within a week. The tariff bill then will be considered in the house under the same limited debate restrictions, which will insure final action within two weeks.

Senators in Quandary
Unaided by any of the debate restrictions of the house, the senate leaders are in a quandary. They have provided that the farm bill should be considered first and hoped the house would have the tariff bill ready for consideration as soon as they finish the farm bill. They find, however, that plenty of time is permitted for consideration of any legislation which any senator desires to bring up and they are at a loss to find some methods to prevent senate consideration of their bills.

McNary Bill Favored
A poll of the senate agricultural committee taken by the United Press tonight indicated a majority of 10 to 5 in favor of the McNary bill.

Accused of molesting small children in the vicinity of Mills Addition, Joe Gillispie, laborer, aged 25 years, was arrested at 5:20 a. m. yesterday at 1930 Orchard avenue.

Following a conference with Dr. G. S. Newsum, county health physician, Keith Ambrose, chief of police ordered the man to leave the city limits within a few hours time. He promised to do so and was released.

Recently, Keith Ambrose has received a number of complaints from the Mills Addition section that the man was annoying small boys.

For results use News-Clips Ads.

Thoughts We've Been Thinking

Madame Schumann-Heink Frowns on Present Trend of Music; Governor Criticized; Marshall Dana Has Right Idea.

—By BRUCE DENNIS—

THE question of whether music represents the trend of the times and the temper of the people has never been settled; but there are many who believe it does.

Recent statements from Madame Schumann-Heink are of importance to those who have opinions on the subject. She says: "Jazz to me has no appeal. I can't see the form, as they call it. I heard, the other day, some composition by a new composer, very modern, and, of course, I didn't like it. This composer had no inspiration, no idea. He tried so hard to get some melody out of—of what? Nothing. It is all so mechanical, as if he made his measure with an old yard stick. I must confess all this modern stuff means very little to me, when I think of Mozart and Beethoven and Gluck and (long years before Gluck) Bach and Handel. I was brought up on them. I love the great classics. Jazz would never have been possible in the days of the old masters. First of all, it wouldn't have fitted in with the times. And music, like art, is always an expression of the age in which it was born."

While the great singer may have her opinion on it, we will submit the other side of the question to the jazz players of Klamath Falls and see what they have to say.

OF late newspapers of the place have been very free in their praise and criticism of Governor Patterson. This has been inspired by the late legislature. Newspapers that favor the governor sing loud in his praise for not taking any hand in the shaping of affairs of the legislature, while those opposed to him, criticize him severely because he did not offer a program for the legislators. It seems that a governor is in a very hard position to please all. It is a case of be "damned if you do, and be damned if you don't."

MARSHALL DANA, writing in the Portland Journal, states that one of the drawbacks to Oregon products is lack of standardization in quality. He takes The Dalles as an example and tells how there were two fruit canneries and dehydrating plants in The Dalles, which together represented an investment of \$300,000; but 20% of the fruit which was handled by them was imported from Yakima valley. The Dalles business men undertook, through the aid of the chamber of commerce, to determine why these needs were not supplied through local production. They found that Oregon was not producing the standard quality necessary and they set about to correct the situation with the result that The Dalles plants now handle mostly Oregon fruits.

This is a pointer to all producers of Oregon and especially to Klamath Falls. Our wonderful potato, produced in such generous quantities, will never have the market they are entitled to have until a systematic grading process is put into effect and the quality of the Klamath county product will be as certain as the quality of the Florida grapefruit.

PREPARATIONS for the forthcoming annual national convention of the Inak Walton league of America reminds us that the league is spreading rapidly and a movement was on foot some time ago to have the Klamath Sportsmen Association join the Inak Walton league.

We believe that this should be done for the reason that the league covers the entire United States and when subjects come up such as we have, relative to the creation of bird reserves, the local league could have the assistance of the entire organization of the state at its back and accomplish something. As the matter now stands no one sportsman's organization can get very far because it has not the cooperation that is necessary.

RICH GIRL—POOR GIRL

By RUTH DEWEY GROVES

SYNOPSIS

Mildred Lawrence, stenographer, at the Judson hotel, has her fox fur snatched from her in a crowd but Stephen Armbrage catches the thief and returns the fur. He asks to take her home, and not wishing to seem ungrateful, she invites him to dinner. He praises her mother's home cooking and gains favor with the father, Mr. Connor, who secretly hopes that the old-fashioned Mildred will mix enough pep with her usual quiet manner to hold his interest.

The evening is spoiled when Pamela Judson, daughter of Mildred's employer, phones and insists on her returning to the hotel for duty. Stephen escorts her to the hotel where Pamela recognizes him as the salesman who had sold her a car. She snubs Mildred as a mental and asks him to dance with her. She continues to lure Stephen, pretending she intends to buy another car. But she becomes jealous at a dance and drives home without him. A near wreck brings about a meeting with Huck Connor, who tells her he is a broker from Chicago.

Connor moves to the Judson hotel and Pamela introduces him to her brother, Harold, who is in love with Mildred. She warns

the charming curve of her lips and in her telltale eyes.

"Daisy," Mildred answered discouragingly. Then, because she was truly polite, "Thank you," she said, and indicated the flowers.

Stephen waited them out of the conversation.

"Tell me," he said with unexpected seriousness. "Who is this fellow Connor—Huck Connor? Do you know anything about him, Miss Lawrence?"

She looked at him frankly, though she believed she could guess the reason for his interest in Huck. She remembered that Harold had spoken of Mr. Connor as a new victim of Pamela's.

Perhaps Stephen had learned of that, too, and did not like it.

"I don't know a thing about him," she said truthfully.

"I wish I did," Stephen told her. "Miss Judson introduced us yesterday and I can't get the fellow out of my mind. I know I've met him somewhere."

Mildred suddenly felt a little happier. At least Stephen was not attempting to deceive her. And his presence here now proved that his presence here now proved



"Tell me," he said seriously, "who is this fellow Connor?"

him against Connor after Huck sets him to trap him in a "deal." Gradually, Mildred realizes that the wealthy girl has begun to play for his attention.

CHAPTER VII
Stephen Armbrage had walked right past Mildred's desk without seeing her.

For all the boyish flippancy which he showed at times, Stephen possessed a remarkable power of concentration. He was thinking at the moment of Huck Connor. Where had he seen him before? When he gave up trying to place the man he was long out of Mildred's sight, without knowing that he had been so near to her.

To Mildred it seemed that he hadn't bothered to speak. Her face flamed red as she watched him go without even a nod to her. Then she turned to her work and typed furiously, blinking back tears of mortification that blinded her.

Pamela had done a good job, she told herself. In making a request of Stephen. He couldn't see anyone else now. For a moment Mildred hated him. Not because he was no longer interested in her but because it disappointed her that he should have fallen for Pamela. After all, she realized, she'd held a faint hope that Stephen would be different, that he would see through Pamela's shadowness.

But, try to despise Stephen as she might, Mildred carried home a heavy heart that day.

Connor opened her mouth to tease her about her loveless expression but closed it again, telling herself that she might be too near the truth for fun.

So it was with mixed feelings that Mildred picked up the newspaper of that morning that she found on her desk the next morning. It was impossible not to be glad that Stephen had remembered her. There was no card with them but she knew they were from him.

She did not pin them on her dress this time, but when Stephen dropped in later they were in a wee-va on her desk.

Mildred received him as though he had come on business, hoping he would not notice any change in her manner and suspect his cause.

"How are you?" he asked pleasantly, and his eyes lingered on hers. He found it pleasant to search her face. "There was a fascinating play of emotions in

"What's the show?" she demanded.

"Show business," "Oh, that's a bit!" "Phee, I'll come up for you at eight. I live about half way up to your place."

One time Mildred went home and a singing heart and a new dress. She was late and had time for only a bite of dinner, but that mattered nothing at all. What did matter was to get the hem out in her new dress and find a pair of stockings to match it.

"Why didn't you buy a pair?" Connor asked, hesitating over the impulse to offer the pair she'd received from an aunt at Christmas.

"Because I had to spend every cent I had on this dress," Mildred answered, guessing what was going on in Connor's mind. "Come on, honey," she coaxed, "let me have them. I'll be careful and wash them out tonight before I go to bed."

While Mildred was thus hastily making preparations to look her best for Stephen, Pamela was passing away a pebble nail and telling the waiter who served her to bring a paraffin instead.

Before it arrived Huck Connor came to her table and Pamela asked him to sit down. Harold had swallowed his meal and had gone, leaving her for the moment with no one either to quarrel with her or to amuse her.

She welcomed Huck and, having nothing else to do, half-heartedly rapped him.

"How about a show tonight?" he asked her.

Pamela shook her head. "I've got some friends coming in later," she said.

Her date wasn't until 11, when she was going to a dance, but she didn't want to go out with Huck. Harold had told her he'd cable their father if she did.

"Perhaps your brother could use these tickets," Huck suggested, taking a small white envelope from an inside pocket. "A friend asked me to get them and then wired he couldn't be here."

Pamela reached out a hand, a sudden idea for their use coming to her mind.

"I'll give them to him," she said, and rose from the table as the waiter served the paraffin.

She knew Harold had gone up to the club but she had no indication of giving him the tickets.

In a few minutes she had Stephen on the wire, his hotel number being one of the first things she had asked him for.

"Get all dressed up and come down," she told him. "We've got some place to go."

"I'm sorry, I can't," Stephen explained. "I'm going to see 'Show Business' tonight."

"Alone, I suppose," Pamela prompted.

Stephen laughed. "Hardly. By the way, that friend of yours, Huck Connor, gave me the tickets."

"Oh!" Pamela exclaimed. She hadn't looked at the tickets she obtained from Huck or asked him the name of the show.

But when she had hung up a half hour after Stephen had refused to divulge the name of his companion for the evening, she discovered that they were also for "Show Business."

"Well, I'll find out who you're taking," she stormed, meaning Stephen. "And if it's Mildred Lawrence . . . well, see, I won't have a fresh stenographer interfering in my affairs!"

Then she telephoned downstairs and asked to have Mr. Connor paged.

"I think I'd like to see that show," she said without preamble. (Continued on Page Five)

Read

"The Youth Of Today"

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For The Month Of April**

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