

The Klamath News

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BIBLE SELECTION AND PRAYER

April 20, 1929
MAN'S EXTREMITY, GOD'S OPPORTUNITY—When my soul fainteth within me I remembered the Lord; and my prayer came in unto thee, into thine holy temple.—Joshua 2:7.
PRAYER—I cried unto the Lord with my voice, and He heard me out of His holy hill.

BOOTLEGGING DOESN'T PAY

The bootlegger, as everybody knows, makes a lot of money. If he is energetic and lucky, he can become a millionaire in a short time.

But don't be in too big a hurry to envy him. The job, it seems, has its drawbacks.

In Kansas City one of the most prominent bootleggers was Frank De Mayo. He was arrested, eventually, and brought to trial. Four times he won a disagreement; it looked as if he never could be convicted. But one day recently he went to court, pleaded guilty, and took a sentence to the penitentiary.

Why? Because, he says, bootlegging doesn't pay. De Mayo is very rich, but the uncertainties, dangers and constant worry of the trade counterbalance his big income.

"You can't beat this game," he says. "I want to do my time and be a free man. No more bootlegging for me."

THE SPEED OF THE PLANE

The advantages of aerial travel are strikingly demonstrated by the action of David S. Ingalls, assistant secretary of the navy in charge of aeronautics, who commutes, week-ends, from Washington to his home in Cleveland.

Flying his own plane, Ingalls is able to reach his Cleveland home in less than three hours from the time he leaves Washington. When he closes his desk Saturday noon he jumps in his plane and gets to the Ohio city in plenty of time for dinner. Then he has Saturday night and all day Sunday and Sunday night at his home, taking off at 7 o'clock Monday morning and getting back to the capital in ample time to begin the new week's work.

The speed which the airplane gives is seldom better exemplified than in Ingalls' case. With that example before him, how long will it be before business men generally begin to follow suit?

After all, airplanes are more than they are cracked out to be.

TODAY

By ARTHUR BRISBANE

**In the Heart, in the Street
Smallpox Is Serious
Fish For Ex-Presidents
Bandits Get What They Want**

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It has rained in Wall street steadily for about a week, and speculators have been saying with verisimilitude, "It rains in my heart, as it rains in the street."

YESTERDAY weather and Wall street were a little brighter. The rain stopped, money for speculating was cheaper, prices went up, 3,116,000 shares were sold, and brokers who want to see south rise from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000 each felt more cheerful.

ONCE a "1,000,000 share day" was wonderful. Now a "2,000,000 share day" is a disaster. We easily get used to prosperity and want more of it.

THE French take smallpox seriously for good reasons. In the war of 1876 every man in the German army was vaccinated, and not one man developed smallpox.

In the French army few were vaccinated, and thousands had smallpox. There is no "theory" about THAT.

SMAILPOX has been spreading in England, in regions where vaccination has been neglected, and the French hurriedly announced that no Englishman might land on French soil unless he had been vaccinated within two months. This applies to American tourists coming through England.

Later the vaccination rule was abolished, the French having decided to risk a little smallpox rather than shut out British and American tourists' cash. France takes smallpox and vaccination seriously. Britain will do the same after a few more die.

CONNECTICUT'S legislature, by a rising vote, enabled Calvin Coolidge to fish anywhere in Connecticut.

That's pleasant, but an ex-president cannot live on fish. The people, by a rising vote, ought to give ex-presidents a pension of at least \$75,000 a year.

THE criminal means to get what he is after. In the heart of New York yesterday five bandits shot a policeman and a bank messenger, and escaped with a \$35,392.96 payroll.

Trained in the bootleg school, criminals present a problem that this country must deal with before long.

CONGRESSMAN REID, of Illinois, wants the federal reserve board. "Its activities and policies" investigated.

There is nothing to investigate. The federal reserve board has been operated in accordance with the law that established it.

What is needed is a law to curb usury. Not the federal reserve board, but money lenders are the individuals collecting from 9 to 20 per cent interest.

THE senate judiciary committee finds that it is all right for Secretary Mellon to continue at the head of the treasury without a new appointment.

The senate may well add thanks that Mr. Mellon is willing to continue. He has a business of his own of a billion or so, and the salary the people pay him is not much of a consideration.

Less Dress, More Exposure Planned

(Continued from Page One)

also served to keep the trousers up. They could, in time, it was explained, be made large and decorative as well as strong buttons, and serve to add style to the outfit.

Pants Just Pants
The pants, otherwise, looked remarkably like ordinary pants. They were, Vogel admitted, ordinary pants. Until something is done to beautify the masculine knee-cap, the league is going to stick to pants and leave the responsibility for any shortening from the lower end of the costume to the Scotch.

"We want beauty as well as sense," said the president of the League for Sensible Clothing. "Our big problem now is to instill courage into the slaves of convention. Think of it! Think of being as comfortable and free as—"

President Vogel fumbled for his phrase.

"Free as a woman! That's it."

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SCHACHT, representing Germany, says to the allies: "Will you please cut one pillow mark a year off your bill? If you'll do that, we'll pay."

The allies want Uncle Sam to cut down or eliminate his claim.

GOVERNMENT agents prosecuting an actress who divides her time between a night club and the stage, testify that the young woman drank to excess with them while they were spending taxpayers' money "getting evidence."

HOW do taxpayers like the idea of having their money spent to make women drunk?

AMERICAN missionaries advised by the United States consul-general to flee from Kiangsi and Kwangtung provinces. Communists' activities and public hostility make those provinces dangerous.

THIS seems outrageous. But let us ask ourselves what would happen to Chinese missionaries if at a time of excitement they were found in a crowded American city trying to convert Christian children to one of the Asiatic religions?

PORTES GIL, president of Mexico, wants temperance, and he goes about it intelligently to discourage whiskey and the even worse alcoholic poison pulque. He urges the people to drink goats milk or water. If they won't do that, he hopes they will take beer and wine.

He doesn't intend to set up any competition with our national bootlegging enterprises.

GOVERNMENT agents testify that in Miami alone 5,000 men are engaged in rum running and bootlegging. That is one of the nation's well organized industries.

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OFFICE CAT

By JUNIUS

An exchange publishes a flowery article headed: "Go into a Garden in May." Yeah, that's the time all right. Don't wait until August.

Name It Yourself
Diamonds of dew sprinkle the lawn.
The morning's early birds make
The blue sky tremble with
The music of the Gods.
The sweet aroma of
Sparkling flowers fill
The nostrils and Sarah run.
I fear the waffles are burning.

We've often wondered why women kiss each other when they greet. Maybe it's because some of them would never get any kisses otherwise.

The marriage had just been performed. The high-powered young business man groom turned to the preacher. "Well, what do I owe you?"

"After whatever you think it's worth."

"Good enough and a fair proposition. I'll give you 15 per cent of her earnings for the next year, less her cost to me."

Beauty Hint
When a girl rolls her stockings, that isn't so bad, but when she crosses her legs it's better.

An animal with a third eye located at the top of its head has been discovered. It is undoubtedly nature's method of providing the pedestrian with a defense against the coming of congested airplane traffic.

Nothing makes daughter more indignant than father's not being able to make money enough so mother can dress as she does.

Little Johnny, who had been praying for some months for God to send him a baby brother, finally became discouraged.

"I don't believe God has any more little boys to send," he said to his mother, "and I'm going to stop asking for one."

Early one morning, not long after this, he was taken into his mother's room to see three boys, triplets, that had arrived during the night. Johnny regarded them thoughtfully for a few minutes.

"Golly!" he remarked, finally. "It's a good thing I stopped praying when I did."

Why call them cigar lighters when only cigarettes are lit with 'em?

In the High Places
"My father," Smith bragged, "occupied
A high position when he died."
Jones said, "One often does, by heck.
Who has a rope around his neck?"

Mrs. Mahoney says: "It's a shame sign of spring when the Scotchman throws out his Christmas tree."

"The devil celebrates in Hades every time a Christian preacher jumps from the pulpit into politics," remarked the old-fashioned person as he folded up the church page and turned over for his afternoon nap.

Other folks suspect you are not quite so honest as you believe you are.

The other day we noted the interesting headline, "Deserts," and being always alert for something in our line, we eagerly read on only to find Dr. Craus pursuing the subject as follows: "Sooner or later we get what we deserve," so we suppose the proofreader must have been too fond of pie, too.

Do you know anything more beautiful than the first flowers of spring grown in the open? Neither do we.

Two small boys returning to their schoolroom after recess showed evidences of having been crying.

Teacher: "Percy, why are you crying?"
Percy: "Harold kicked me in the stomach."
Teacher: "Harold, did you mean to kick Percy in the stomach?"
Harold: "Now, I didn't, but he turned around just as I kicked."

A Matter of Direction
White: "Jones says his wife jumps whenever he speaks."
Black: "Yes, she does—all over him."

I kissed her on her ruby lips And now, by golly, I have found I have the palmy's colic.

Mistress: "Mary, has the drug-gist sent the sleeping powder yet?"
Maid: "No, ma'am."
Then ring him up and ask him if he expects me to keep awake all night waiting for it."

Thoughts We've Been Thinking

George Brandenburg Out Gunning for Persons Selling Automobile Memberships. Portland Papers Tell Owner-ship.

By BRUCE DENNIS

GEORGE BRANDENBURG is out for law enforcement with a burst of enthusiasm. Not the enforcement of the Eighteenth amendment or the law preventing horse stealing, not at all. George wants enforcement of the law that will do away with the bootlegging automobile societies, and he is right. Mr. Brandenburg is almost the father of the "Three A's" association in Oregon. He has stuck with the principal of automobile organization until he has covered the state with the A. A. A. It must be unpleasant to George to find that some fake agents enter a community and sell memberships in an association that does not exist, making the purchaser believe he is buying in the Brandenburg three A organization.

George was here the other day mad as a wet hen. He found up in Lane county where the fakers had been at work fleeing the automobile owners and he came down to Klamath to beat them into this territory.

WE will join with George for we believe they should be cleaned up and put out of business. If anyone attempts to solicit you to join an automobile club you had better telephone Earl Reynolds at the Chamber of Commerce and find out the standing of the club you are asked to join.

PORTLAND must be gossiping again about the ownership of newspapers of that city and the possible sale of some of them, for the Journal felt it necessary to come out with a signed editorial carrying the names of the owners—Mrs. C. S. Jackson and Philip Jackson—stating that their newspaper is not for sale and will not be sold.

Not long ago the Portland buzzing caused Mr. Brookhagen of the Telegram to print on his front page the statement that no one owned the Telegram but himself and Mr. Fleischacker.

In the Journal's statement a very pretty tribute was paid to the late C. S. Jackson, who built the Journal, and his wife and son then proclaimed in unmistakable language their newspaper is not to be sold.

So it goes. The busy tongue—even in a city the size of Portland—must wag and wag and wag.

PRESIDENT HOOVER has issued his message to the special session called to give farm relief. The radicals are disappointed, but the sound thinking members of the senate are not criticizing the President. Agricultural relief is a perplexing problem, but something must be done by this session. The greatest handicap to farmers today, at least one of the greatest handicaps, is the fact that they are under-financed and cannot produce on a large enough scale to show profit.

We have but to turn to Paul V. Mar's recent booklet issued on the farm dairy at the Oregon State College. Paul shows conclusively by proof of figures and facts, that at least twenty cows are required on a ranch to furnish an income of \$1500 from the dairy end for the farmer. Less than twenty cows spells failure unless other crops are above the average.

The farmer who has something to sell at all times gets along fairly well now. But the great drawback in most of the farm plants is that the undertaking is not large enough to have a continual stream of produce of some kind to go on the market.

CARD OF THANKS
We wish to express our deepest gratitude to those friends and neighbors for the expression of sympathy tendered us in our hour of affliction, the passing of our beloved Mary. We are especially grateful to the Balaizer Motor Co. and the Outboard Motor Co. for assistance given. The floral tokens, verbal and spiritual expressions lightened our burden in an immeasurable degree.

JACK MCCARTIE, THE MCCARTIE FAMILY, THE MCCARTIE FAMILY.

The best spring tonic one can take is a forty-foot garden and a five-foot rate.

RICH GIRL-POOR GIRL

By RUTH DEWEY GROVES

SYNOPSIS

Mildred Lawrence meets Stephen Armistead when he rescues her fox for from a thief who had snatched it in a crowd. Their friendship grows until Pamela Judson, daughter of Mildred's employer, tries to lure him away from her. Then Huck Connor becomes infatuated with Pamela and she amuses herself by playing with both men.

Pamela's brother, Harold, is in love with Mildred but suspects that she cares more for Stephen than for him. Mildred tries to keep him from Huck for she thinks he is a leader of a rambling ring. He laughs at her fears and soon she realizes that Pamela is winning Stephen from her. When Mildred's mother has a serious accident he proves his devotion by doing everything possible to help her.

Stephen hears of the accident and comes to call, feeling regret over his long absence. He and Mildred plan a picnic when her mother is recovered but business prevents him from keeping the engagement. Pamela tells Stephen that Mildred is trying to marry Harold for his money. He defends her and Pamela is furious.

When Mildred returns to the office she is discharged.

CHAPTER XVIII
"I'm your successor!"
The words held a world of meaning for Mildred. She had been fired! Someone had been engaged in her place even before she knew of the misfortune that

had befallen her in her absence from the hotel.

Without a word to the girl at the desk she whirled and made her way to the manager's office. It was so unexpected, so unbelievable, this thing that had happened to her . . . perhaps there'd been a mistake . . . this girl who claimed to have her job . . . she'd been engaged as a substitute . . . she may have misunderstood about that . . . no, it didn't stick . . . Mildred knew in her heart that Mr. Dazel had let her go. Mr. Dazel? Pamela? But why? Stephen, of course!

Mildred clenched her hands against her rising anger. Stephen didn't care anything about her. Hadn't he been with Pamela all the long day through on Sunday—just yesterday—while she, Mildred, had sat reading to her mother, and picturing a race-free couple gayly swinging over a perfect golf course on a perfect day?

Just because Stephen had come to her with friendly sympathy she was to lose her job . . . Well, at least Mr. Dazel should hear what she thought of it!

She burst into his office with her eyes ablaze and signals of battle flaming in her cheeks.

"Ah . . . er . . . good morning, Miss Lawrence," he said uncertainly, glancing up from some work on his desk and nodding to Mildred to a seat. She made no move to take it.

"You wished to see me," she said abruptly.

"Why, yes, won't you sit down?" He half rose from his chair in uncomfortable anticipation of a bad period ahead of him.

"I think I know why you sent for me," Mildred told him directly. "You've fired me."

She was entirely unconcerned of the scorn and accusation in her voice, though it was sufficient to make the manager wince. He shook his head in hasty denial.

"No, not I," he said defensively.

But that, she knew, wasn't the whole truth. As long as Stephen remained the only man in the world for Mildred, Pamela could make her sorry. And Pamela had got what she wanted. She had removed the girl whom Stephen hadn't quite been able to forget.

Mildred accepted her defeat, but this one thought gave her comfort. Pamela had considered her a dangerous rival, else she wouldn't have bothered about her.

Only now—and with this new thought Mildred went weak with a sudden, very real pain in her heart—that she was removed, Stephen probably would forget her.

And she knew that the bitterness of seeing him almost daily with Pamela, the brief visits he had paid at her desk, the occasional noisiness, were things she would miss unendingly.

For a moment she was tempted to appeal to Harold, to ask him to intercede for her so that she might be allowed to stay on at the Judson. But the temptation was fleeting. Harold was a weak lot to lean on. No one would listen to him, least of all his father.

Still, she was to have the benefit of his proven loyalty, and that was encouraging.

Harold learned of what had happened before Mildred left the hotel. In a rage he searched around until he found her.

"Pam's back of this," he said furiously. "But she can't get away with it. I won't let her. I'll cable dad myself. Mildred, right off. Wait around, will you? Stay right here. I'll give dad a cableful of howdown on Pam's sportmanship that will burn him up. He'll never stand for letting her ride you like this."

He shoved Mildred down into a chair. "Don't stir. I'll be back in a minute and then we'll talk this thing over."

He was gone, and Mildred waited. It was something to have someone double battle for her even though she doubted it would do much good.

It didn't, either, none at all! In fact, Harold's interference made things worse, as Pamela knew it would when she learned that he had cabled their father.

She met him just after he had sent his message and he jumped on her in a fine temper. "I've told dad why you want Miss Lawrence kicked out," he said. "You jealous little brute."

Pamela smiled, a slow, teasing smile. "So you've cabled, have you? Well, that's fine." She passed on a look of self-satisfaction spreading over her face.

"Now dad is sure to believe what I said," she told herself as Harold looked after her in unpleasant cogitation. He knew her well enough to know that his gesture of defense had pleased her. And it puzzled him to know how it could be so, for he hadn't the slightest idea that Pamela had told their father, in a cable of her own, that Mildred Lawrence was trying to become his daughter-in-law.

Harold did not receive an answer to his cable that day and when finally one came he tore it to bits and simultaneously consigned the whole world, except Mildred Lawrence, to damnation.

He got out of telling Mildred about it by trying to her. He said his father hadn't replied, but his evasive glances and uneasy manner gave her contrary information. She could guess easily enough that his father had refused to reinstate her.

"Oh, well," she said. "I think I'll surely find something this week. You know I haven't told them at home that I'm looking for a new job." She smiled across the table at Harold—they were lunching together—and at that moment, if Pamela hadn't been his sister he'd have hated her.

Harold reached over and covered her hand as she toyed with a dessert fork. "Let me help you," he pleaded. "I can find you a job."

Mildred shook her head. "Then you would want to own me," she said. "But I will let you do something for me if you will tell me why you are afraid of Huck Connor."

(To Be Continued)

"I hear your son is at college."

"Yes."

"How is he doing?"

"Pretty good, I guess, he's taking three courses. I've just paid ten dollars for Latin, ten dollars for Greek and a hundred dollars for Scotch."

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