

## The Klamath News

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## BIBLE SELECTION AND PRAYER

April 30, 1929

**THERE IS NONE OTHER**  
Who is God like unto thee, that pardonest iniquity, and passest by the transgression of the remnant of thine heritage? He retaineth not his anger forever, because he delighteth in mercy. —Micah 7:18.

**PRAYER**—"Great are Thy works of praise, O God of boundless might."

## MERRILL HAS A RAILROAD

Merrill, prosperous town of Southern Klamath, in the heart of a rich farming and trade area, is now on a railroad line. Yesterday the first train passed over the rails of the Modoc Northern and brought a string of box cars within the city.

Although the line will not be opened to traffic until it is completed, there is no longer "a railroad coming," and residents of Merrill and the surrounding country will have an outlet for their products before harvest time comes.

As the steel rail reaches the city it is well to think of the benefits which may now be enjoyed. Marketing delay and expense is reduced because it will be but a short haul to the rails which carry the products to the consumer.

Freight traffic on Klamath county's highways is lessened and maintenance costs reduced, resulting in a saving to taxpayers. At the same time the railroad company will be assessed as a property owner and revenue producer and will pay its share of the county taxes.

Traffic, both freight and passenger, will soon move over the line, it will be but a few months until it is completed, and people from California and the north, passing through the valley and through Merrill, will have a chance to see more of Klamath county that will heighten their respect for Klamath as an agricultural as well as a lumbering area.

Klamath now has a railroad north and south through the western part of the county and will have one running north and south through the southeastern section when the Modoc Northern is opened. East and west the Klamath country is traversed by the O. C. & E. Klamath residents are fortunate to have rail lines that enter every trade producing section of the county and bring money-saving convenience to the people.

If the petition of the Great Northern now before the Interstate Commerce

## TODAY

By ARTHUR BRISBANE

**New Company, Big Names  
We Learn to Yield  
To Shoot, Or Not to Shoot  
The Clock Changes**

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**CHARLES E. MITCHELL**, Editor of the *Washington Post*, has gone into the dye industry, in partnership with the Farbwerke, Aktiengesellschaft, which is the great German dye trust.

**CHEMICAL** skill and experience of the Germans, combined in an American company, with the industrial energy and financial resources of those named above, should result in light will come to certain individuals who thought they could create an industry by selling German property and patents in war time.

**PURSING** a bootlegger's automobile, in the streets of Washington, a policeman accidentally shot and killed Otmer Fleming, aged twenty-one, who had nothing to do with bootlegging. Congressmen discussing the event, cheered for the policeman, on the day side, denounced him on the other.

**SINCE** congress is divided on the propriety of shooting innocent bystanders, in pursuit of bootleggers, wise citizens will learn to dive into the nearest basement door as in the old Kansas City days.

**AMERICA** agrees to adopt majority view on armies. That heading on a Geneva dispatch informs you that our watchful and pliant "league of nations observer" tells Europe it may do as it pleases, about the size of armies, reserves, etc.

**IN ADDITION**, it is good practice for us to "adapt majority views." We are headed for the world court, there to be out voted more than ten to one, and we might as well get used, now, to doing what we are told to do.

**ABOUT** 20,000,000 out of 120,000,000 Americans will get up one hour earlier, tomorrow. Daylight saving has begun. Where farmers rule, the clock does not change. Farmers get up before daylight, anyhow, to milk cows, think that is early enough.

**DAYLIGHT** saving means much to the few that know how to use the extra evening hour of daylight. But they are not numerous. A dog can walk on his hind legs, but drops down, as soon as you let him. Humans can drive themselves to mental effort, but usually stop, as soon as the "iron law" of necessity will let them.

**DWIGHT BRAMAN**, American engineer, plans to irrigate and reclaim 100,000 square miles of the Sahara desert. An inland lake is part of the plan. Properly backed, it is a great success.

**THE** Riviera, where American tourists acquire a winter tan, and lose money at Monte Carlo, may object. Nice, Cannes, and all the Mediterranean north shore are warmed by wind, heated as they blow across the Sahara. Irrigation may cool those winds.

**Commission** is granted it is sincerely hoped that a common user privilege will not be ordered but that the line will be ordered constructed through Olene gap, through Poe Valley and through Malin and the Tule Lake section, adding another line through Southern Klamath county.

**Now** let's have one more great national marathon to discover who can longest endure the agony of attending to his own business.

**"Over-production** encourages people to make little use of what they have." This is especially true of laws.

**The** great problem is that of distribution. Especially in the matter of babies.

**Perfect** example of tolerance: A candy manufacturer smoking a Lucky.

**THIS** nation recently elected a very able engineer. Perhaps Mr. Hoover will start work that, eventually will abolish our deserts, swamps, mosquitoes and malaria. That work would be worth to this nation ten times what the big war cost us.

**THE** Leviathan returns to port landing passengers, not thirty. Being able to have what they chose, passengers drank little, mainly beer and wine. The wine list read: "Champagne, \$5 a bottle, red Bordeaux \$1.75 to \$3 a quart. Beer, ale and stout 25 cents a bottle." 112 bottles were thrown overboard, outside the 12-mile limit, to oblige the Volstead act.

**THE** dirigible "Graf Zeppelin," having recently made flights non-stop of 5,000 miles, will resume trans-Atlantic flights, starting for New York on May 12th. Dr. Kokenier, whose wife will accompany him, expects to make two round trips, each crossing in about 100 hours.

**IN** a few years, men will talk of the "old days," when we cruised in floating ships and wasted four days. Book your passage on the Zeppelin's return voyage. He one of the pioneers, and have something to tell your grandchildren.

**BRITAIN** strives ceaselessly for mastery of the air, while this nation looks on. On the "England to India" passenger route, a British plane flew 4,170 miles in 56 hours, 48 minutes.

**FORTUNATELY**, some of our biggest financial and industrial institutions, the National City bank, with its United Air and Transport Co., and the Ford company, selling all-metal planes, below cost, are doing the work that government does in other countries.

**IN** addition, our postoffice, constantly adding to its air mileage, encourages aviation, and plane builders.

**It** is reported, on good authority, that Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., will soon add airplanes to the General Motors "line."

## CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCHES

"Probation After Death" was the subject of the Lesson-Sermon in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, on Sunday, April 28.

The Golden Text was, "He that followeth after righteousness and mercy findeth life, righteousness, and honor" (Prov. 21:21).

Among the citations which comprised the Lesson-Sermon was the following from the Bible: "Search me, O God, and know my thoughts: And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting" (Ps. 139:23,24).

The Lesson-Sermon also included the following passage from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker Eddy: "The sin and error which possess us at the instant of death do not cease at that moment, but endure until the death of these errors. To be wholly spiritual, man must be sinless, and he becomes this only when he reaches perfection" (p. 239).

**"SLAUGHTER HOUSE CONDUCT"** WASHINGTON, April 29.—The word "appliance" will be allowed to stay in the congressional record after a description of a slaughterhouse killing. Rep. Laguardia, republican, N. Y., who called the appliance as that point "slaughter house conduct," asked that the record be changed to eliminate evidence of the brutal of law enforcement enthusiasm. The suggestion was defeated.

**WOULD PENSION NEGRO** WASHINGTON, April 29.—Matthew A. Henson, the negro who accompanied Admiral Robert E. Peary on his polar expedition in 1909, would be retired from the customs service with full pay for life, by a bill introduced in the house today by Rep. Laguardia, republican, N. Y. Henson has been employed by the New York customs office for 14 years.

**Edwin Rose**, former editor of the Klamath News, visited here yesterday with friends and acquaintances. Mr. Rose is now living near the presidio in San Francisco. He commented on the growth of the city and said "there is more culture here than some think. I used to have arguments on that subject, but it is true."

## TODAY IN KLAMATH'S THEATRES

## AT THE LIBERTY

Wheeler Oakman, known in the world of filmdom as both director and actor, adds one more splendid role to his long list of successes. In "The Heart of Broadway," the drama now playing at the Liberty theatre, he is a suave and polished villain, a habitué of the night clubs when did the Great White Way, a Gotham gangster who has acquired a veneer which gets him by socially. He lends splendid support to a cast which is headed by Pauline Garon and Bobby Agnew.

## AT THE PINE TREE

Fall of spontaneous comedy, bubbling with humor and packed with ludicrous situations, "The Kid's Cleave," starring Glenn Tryon, will open today at the Pine Tree theatre.

Portraying a young inventor who falls in love with the daughter of a wealthy motor manufacturer, Tryon in "The Kid's Cleave," provides his audience with laugh after laugh arising from a host of natural comedy situations.

An excellent cast composed of well-known players support Tryon in "The Kid's Cleave," including Kathryn Crawford, Russell Simpson, Lloyd Whitlock, George Chandler, Jean Standing, Florence Turner, Virginia Sale, Max Asher and Stepin Fetchit.

## AT THE PELICAN

Varieties of specialty dancing, delightful moments of music interrupted by laugh-exciting comedy fill the new program of Junior Orpheum vaudeville at the Pelican theatre today and tomorrow.

The headline position on this bill is given to Carol's Folies, who will provide the latest fads in dancing and who will display all different types of dancing now in vogue.

The comedy skit, "Who Is She?" a high-time Orpheum act offered by Joseph E. Bernard, consists of good, wholesome comedy cleverly presented.

"Swedish Nonsense," a clever singing, dancing and talking skit, will be offered by Evans and Hovey, two clever artists who will entertain with their Swedish dialect.

Al and Louise Walker will give an exhibition of rap steps that are extraordinarily different. This talented couple will exemplify the spirit of the day for speed, action and dash.

The show is climaxed by an afterpiece participated in by the whole cast, which guarantees an offering that is up to the minute and a road from start to finish.

**SQUADS EXECUTE DUTY** Speaking for the citizens of Klamath, Bruce Dennis talked briefly on the place Battery D holds in hearts of the people.

H. W. Bathinay's DeMolay drum corps, recently organized, furnished martial music for the drills and Battery D was put through the paces by its officers. A laughable feature was the "awkward squad" on dress parade.

**Dinner for Guests** A dinner was held in the Hotel Willard for guests from out of the city and officers of Battery D in the evening preceding the program at Legion hall. It was a good-fellowship gathering with a few short talks. A number of officers and men from the National Guard units at Medford, Ashland and Salem were in attendance.

**"In Old Arizona,"** the 100% talking feature starts Saturday at the Pelican Theatre.

## BIDS WANTED

Approximately 100 acres of sagebrush land to clear, located about two miles from this city. Must be done at once. Bids will be received to May 4th at 5 o'clock. Call at the office for further particulars.

**FAYE-ATLEY REALTY CO.**  
Gen. J. Walton, Mgr.  
615 Klamath Ave. Phone 1144

## Thoughts We've Been Thinking

**Man's Home Should Still Be Castle; Search Warrants Should Not Be Issued Unless Informant and Officers Are Sure.**

—By BRUCE DENNIS—

**THIS** idea of searching homes. Would it not be well to understand that, no matter how much in sympathy one may be with law enforcement, there are some rights the home owner has which Uncle Sam has not waived.

An officer who searches a home must have a search warrant, otherwise that officer is inviting serious trouble unto himself.

**THIS** applies to state and federal as well as county officials. Because a man is employed by the federal government gives him no more right to search a home than a constable in the precinct.

That should be understood, not only by the public but by the officers also.

And the most vital thing to consider is the search warrant. There is a mistake idea that anyone can call up the justice of the peace and have a warrant issued to search a neighbor's home.

Not at all.

He who would have his neighbor's home searched must first make an affidavit that he has good reason for believing stolen property or contraband of some kind, is located in that home. If it is liquor he is centering upon he must give some tangible cause for his desire for a search warrant.

**AND** officer who attempts to search private premises without such a document properly issued by a justice and properly signed and sworn to is making an official blunder and serious mistake.

We cannot waive aside the laws that have protected the American home since the constitution was signed, nor do any of us want to. If the man's home is not his castle—if it is proof against invasion by the curious and the "half-baked" officer, then we have torn down the bulwark of good citizenship and reverted to the mob system.

**FORTY-FIVE** years ago J. G. Wright entered the Hildebrand country with the first surveyors. He liked the place and he has been in and around there ever since. Just now he is feeding a bunch of cattle, reading the daily newspapers, keeping abreast of present thought and is a happy man. He makes a good speech, loves to talk about the great characters of this nation and knows accurately just what congress is doing. Pretty good life to lead, Mr. Wright. You have got many of the captains of industry beaten in the game of existence.

**WITH** a red cover, the Oregon Voter sharply commands attention in this week's issue to the taxes paid and what they are paid for. It very aptly spreads a check for \$100 on its front cover and tears it into sections, labeling each bit of the check as to the amount of the \$100 in taxes spent.

It may be interesting to know that, according to the Voter's statistics the hundred dollar check is divided in Oregon as follows: City government \$18.79, roads and bridges \$15.42, elementary and high schools \$27.05, higher education \$5.53, county government \$7.25, local districts (irrigation, etc.) \$8.97, state government \$2.20, public library 66 cents.

**READ** those figures again and you will agree that they are surprising to say the least. Roads and schools constitute the big expenditure. Decide for yourself whether they are worth the price. Most people think they are.

**E. L. Shuck**, growers' and shippers' agent, with offices in New York and San Francisco, visited in Klamath Falls yesterday and looked after some of his property. He will leave today for the south.

He wound up his questions by asking the salesman if he'd ever seen Flint before that day and let him go.

## RICH GIRL POOR GIRL

By RUTH DEWEY GROVES

**CHAPTER XXVI**  
When Mr. Mettle, red-faced and highly agitated, banged up the receiver after talking to Stephen he whirled about in his chair and ordered his secretary to get the insurance people on the wire immediately.

Shortly thereafter they sent Carl Short, one of their best men, and Mr. Mettle went over all that he knew of the theft. The investigator listened in silence, not once interrupting him. But when the brain manager spluttered in the end of his recital the other began to ask questions.

Did Mr. Mettle know anything about J. B.'s place? He didn't. "It's a sore spot on Long Island," Short said quietly.

Mr. Mettle looked startled. "A hangout for gangsters," Short went on, "smaller fry."

Dr. Mettle began to splutter again. What was Armitage doing in such a place? "Precisely," the investigator nodded.

"He'll be here before long," Mr. Mettle declared with a thought in his mind that fore-shadowed an uncomfortable session for Stephen. "I told him to come in as soon as the police were through with him."

"That may not be for an hour yet if they know anything out there about J. B.," the other said, glancing at his watch. Then he looked at Mr. Mettle's secretary. She was unflinchingly listening. He asked her to work in another room.

"Now let's have the history of the young man," he said when she had nervously taken her departure.

"Well," Mr. Mettle began, thinking back over Stephen's record, "he came to me from a firm in Indiana, pretty well recommended. Just one mark against him. He got a fool idea about trusting people that resulted in the theft of several cars."

Suddenly he paused and looked at the investigator with astonishment. The association of Stephen's connection with those thefts and the present one had not before occurred to him. He was now surprised that it hadn't.

"What was that?" Short became intensely interested on the instant.

Mr. Mettle explained about Stephen's honor system, but as he talked he felt that the facts were too blunt. After all, Stephen was just a young fool. Took too many chances, perhaps. But—

Mr. Mettle was ready to annihilate Stephen for having allowed the sports car to be stolen, but he was not prepared to believe him a thief.

The important point was that neither he nor Short had put the thought into words. Yet each knew that the other entertained it. And right here Stephen's trouble began to take definite form, for the investigator now had his premise ready made for him.

He continued to question Mr. Mettle until he learned all that the latter knew about Stephen. The young man's friendship with Pamela Judson, which Short mentally checked as requiring liberal funds, his loans from the other salesmen, and, finally, his urging Mr. Mettle to let him demonstrate the sports model in a road test. These were the highlights in Stephen's life that reflected suspicion. The theft of the car and the big mistake in Stephen's earlier career were matters that needed only suspicion to fasten them upon him as definite charges.

By the time Stephen reached the office Mr. Mettle had been warned not to say anything to put him on his guard, "until we've finished our investigation," Short had said. "If there's nothing against him, you'll be glad to know it."

"I'm through with him," Mr. Mettle exclaimed heatedly. "Guilty or not guilty, I'm through. If he didn't take that fellow Flint out to steal the car then he's got mighty poor judgment anyway. I'm through with him."

"Not until I tell you," Short insisted. "Give him the devil if you want to, but don't fire him."

When Stephen returned Short was talking with the salesman who first approached Flint when the latter came in to look at the cars on display. From him Short learned that Flint was a hard-looking customer. Mr. Mettle had said the man was a bootlegger, or claimed to be.

"Probably a member of an organized gang of thieves," was Short's opinion.

He had a chance, as Stephen hurried across the show room to Mr. Mettle's office, to observe the young man unnoticed. Stephen's appearance was a surprise to him. He most certainly looked the antithesis of a thief. But Short did not rely a great deal upon appearances.

Then the secretary came up and told him Mr. Mettle wanted him in the office.

He found Stephen standing before the manager's desk, white-faced and shaking with suppressed anger over the caustic remarks his employer had just finished hurling at him.

Mr. Mettle was reduced to a purple speechlessness, having said all that he dared in the face of the restrictions Short had placed upon his tongue.

Short nodded briefly to Stephen as Mr. Mettle waved an introduction and mumbled their names.

"From the insurance company," the investigator said. Stephen nodded again.

"Sit down," Short went on. Stephen dropped wearily into a chair. He suddenly felt dead tired.

"I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to go over the story again," the investigator said half-apologetically, "with careful attention to the details."

Stephen sat up a little in his chair and started his tale anew. Short interjected a question now and then and Stephen answered as explicitly as his memory enabled him to recall the events of the day.

No, he had noticed nothing to arouse his suspicions until the actual theft had occurred. Did he think he might have been followed from New York? He did not believe so.

What was his opinion of the theft? It was the first time anyone had asked it but Stephen had formed an opinion on his trip to town.

"I believe my pocket was picked by one of those men in the room who might have seen me lock the car and put the keys in my topcoat," he said simply.

"Then you do not believe that the theft was planned?"

Stephen sat up suddenly. "How?" he asked.

As Short answered with a question of his own he observed Stephen closely. "Hasn't it occurred to you that this man Flint is a suspicious character?"

"He might be," Stephen agreed. "Didn't you think it queer that he should ask you to stop at a place like J. B.'s?"

"It seemed the sort of place he'd hang out in, in a way," Stephen replied.

"In what way?"

"Well, he's a hard-boiled egg even if he has a fine taste in cars."

"So you didn't think it out of the ordinary that a man who could afford to buy one of your cars should have friends in that neighborhood?"

Stephen considered that he had answered the question once so he simply said no.

Short got up to go. There was a matter he wanted to attend to at once.

"We'll have a report for you in a few days," he said to Mr. Mettle, nodded to Stephen, and went out. On the street he hastily called a cab and gave the address that Stephen had written after Lefty's name on the list of persons desiring road tests of the agency's cars.

Back in the office Stephen was learning, greatly to his surprise, that he was not to lose his position. But he was so far from liking Mr. Mettle's manner toward him that he would have preferred to be discharged.

He felt that his future with the agency was doomed. No doubt, he thought, Mr. Mettle was only keeping him on to close a few sales he had in prospect when, very likely, he would be kicked out.

It was after closing time when he left Mr. Mettle's office, but several of the salesmen had lingered to talk with him.

gured to talk with him. Stephen was disinclined to go over the story again. Determinedly brushing the men aside, he made for the door. Outside he decided he'd go home without stopping downtown for dinner.

He almost went past his station in the subway so deeply was he plunged into thought on the train. But not once did it occur to him that he himself was under suspicion of anything graver than misjudgment.

When he got to his room he remembered that he had a date with Pamela. And he felt as much like keeping it as he did the sitting on a flapjacks. But he thought he'd better call her up. She might let him off.

Pamela most emphatically refused to consider it. "Margola is giving the thing in our honor," she said of the party to which Stephen was to take her. "Our engagement, you know."

"You said you wouldn't announce it until your father came home," Stephen reminded her.

"It's nothing formal. Nobody will take it seriously until dad gives it out," Pamela assured him. "But you're not going to let me down tonight, Steve, old dear?"

"All right," Stephen said resignedly, "but I'm feeling punk. Pam, I won't be a bit of good."

"Well, fix you up," Pamela promised. "Don't be late."

Stephen chanced to his evening clothes without anything but pleasant anticipation of the evening ahead of him. Before going to Pamela he got a light meal in the restaurant of his hotel. While he ate it he wondered what Pamela would say when she learned what had happened. He hadn't even any prospects to marry on now. And hanged if he was going to live on his wife's money. Very likely her father would squish the engagement anyhow.

He got up to go with a feeling that the day had been a disastrous one for him. As he swung down the street he was unaware that his leaving the hotel had been noted by a keen watcher across the street.

(To Be Continued)

A Chevrolet coupe, carrying license plate 149-875, issued to H. H. Bixner was brought into Klamath Falls early Sunday morning from near the Lost River bridge, badly damaged.

The top of the coupe was completely demolished, the left front wheel broken off and all windows broken.

Another wreck was reported on the Merrill route, in which four young boys of Klamath Falls are reported to have escaped with minor bruises.

"In Old Arizona," the 100% talking feature starts Saturday at the Pelican Theatre.

For Frigidaire, see E. H. Jefferson, 122 So. 7th St., phone 255—adv. A12-ft

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We made a number of people happy over the last week end with our bargains in really good

**USED CARS**

Used popularity has brought in more good used cars at the right prices—

**Don't Wait! Get Yours Now!**

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Fresh from the original source. Fully opened with the key.