

The Klamath News

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BIBLE SELECTION AND PRAYER

May 8, 1929

THE CRUSE OF FELLOWSHIP—Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken also, that thou mayest look on their nakedness.—Habbakuk 2:15.

PRAYER—Lord, God, may we as a nation never again legally give our neighbors drink.

DESTINY IN OUR HANDS

The three men who plunged to their death in California when their plane went out of control got, at the very least, a highly spectacular departure from this life.

With an inexperienced pilot, unlicensed to fly, at the controls of the plane, the trio sailed along in high spirits. Even when their craft had nosed down and was beginning the dizzy spin that was to end in fatality, the passengers were undisturbed. Indeed, they made a lark of it—they waved their hands, laughed, and indulged in a wild, inexplicable glee.

Then, a moment afterward, the plane hit the earth and the three carefree flyers, who tried to go adventuring in a machine they could not handle, were dead. But an echo of the laughter of that last plunge lingers, weird and puzzling, after them.

The airplane is a magnificent instrument for conquering space and gaining release from the old bonds that tie men to the ground. There is this about it, however; you have to know how to handle it. If you don't, it becomes a magnificent instrument for suicide.

Thus, in a way, the mad disaster that befell the three Californians is symbolic of the whole scheme of things in modern America.

We have here a civilization which science and industry have made unlike anything that has gone before.

It has enormous possibilities for good. The old barriers to human progress are tumbling down, one after another. Into our hands is being put control of a marvelous machine, by which we can abolish our old limitations and go forward to a grander, happier and more splendid era than we have dared to dream.

But in order to do that we have to know how to handle this new machinery. Otherwise, like the hapless flyers in the west, we shall presently come down with a terrific crash.

If we haven't sense enough to avoid war, which

TODAY

By ARTHUR BRISBANE

Business and Patriotism
Cotton Comes Back
A Ten Page Ad
Wasting \$10,000,000,000

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MEXICO'S revolutionists combine business with patriotism. One Mexican, one Spaniard, two Americans, arrested in New York, were going to Europe with \$150,000 taken from banks raided in Mexico.

AN American court will decide on the nature of the plot. If it is war, the men arrested will keep it, as the Allies keep all the gold they can get in Germany.

It's rebellion the men will go to jail, and the money back to Mexico. As the men were beaten, they will probably be classed as rebels.

COTTON growers will be glad to hear that big department stores are specializing in cotton goods. "Cotton arrives" is the announcement of one store, biggest in New York, doing about \$90,000,000 a year.

"Dotted Swiss," "Pique" and "Gingham" are featured energetically.

OFTEN women change, the French say. Real or imitation silks have been the rage, now king cotton comes back.

IF Americans will advertise and emphasize "cotton goods" grown and made in America. Instead of advertising "British cotton cloth," that will help.

MERCHANTS to whom effective advertising is important will be interested in one advertisement by "Walker's Department Store," published yesterday in the Los Angeles Examiner.

science has made so much more horrible than it ever was before; if we haven't sense enough to govern ourselves honestly and efficiently, now that changed conditions have made good government so imperative; if we haven't sense enough to make sure that our great new inventions and discoveries shall be used for the good of all and not set aside for the enjoyment and profit of a few—

Then we're coming to earth, in a more spectacular fashion than any nation in history.

It's up to us. A skillful pilot can make an airplane an instrument of service; a dub can make it a means of committing suicide. We are in precisely the same situation.

WILD YOUTH AND THE PARENTS

After a Chicago school-girl of 14 admitted having been on wild parties where liquor was served, the perplexed city authorities hit upon the expedient of putting her mother on trial, accusing her of contributing to the girl's delinquency.

Here is something new in jurisprudence, indeed. And, while the ins and outs of this particular case may not be quite clear, it does seem as if this method of treatment has a good deal to recommend it.

Despite all our talk about "wild youth," "the temptations of this modern age," and the like, the plain fact remains that parents who are on to their job can still keep their youngsters in a normal, healthy environment at home.

When a girl of 14 goes to roadhouses and drinks freely of liquor, it's a pretty safe bet that her parents are not doing their part right.

Everybody knows who is in the cabinet. An educated person knows why.

TODAY IN KLAMATH'S THEATRES

AT THE LIBERTY

Ever since Cornelius Keefe played in "The Poor Nut" Dams Fortune has been leading him by the hand into the ranks of stardom. First National brought him out to the Coast to do the screen version of the play, and almost overnight he has become one of the most popular young men in pictures.

Rayart Pictures feel it a privilege to announce that this popular artist is playing opposite Lila Lee in "You Can't Beat the Law," the featured attraction at the Liberty theatre. It is an underworld romance in which Mr. Keefe portrays a police officer, relentless in his pursuit of a band of dangerous criminals.

AT THE PINE TREE

With all the din and turmoil of so many so-called "spectacular productions" ringing in our ears, a reminder of human story of everyday life stands out as a pleasant relief. We found such a story in "The Little Yellow House," the production directed by Leo Meekins, which opened last night at the Pine Tree theatre.

Martha Sleeper, who only recently graduated from comedy into serious drama, gives an admirable performance as a young stenographer torn between her love for beauty and her duty toward her home. Orville Caldwell, at home in the type of role he has previously played so many times, that of a worthy but poor young man whose river strength of character pulls him through.

AT THE ORPHEUS

Karl Dane and George K. Arthur, famous comedy team of the screen, invade the underworld and enact the role of a pair of amateur detectives. In their latest hilarious experience, "Detectives," now playing at the Orpheus theatre. The new comedy is a thriller with laughs injected by the pair as "hick" detectives, blundering into a serious underworld plot. Marceline Day plays the heroine, and Tenen Holtz, Clarence Lyle, Polly Moran and others of note are in the cast.

AT THE PELICAN

With a variety of novelty, an attractive array of girls, and bickering, the Junior Orpheus vaudeville show playing today at the Pelican gives an enjoyable hour of entertainment. Amusing character delineation is given by the Tresselt Trio, presenting "A Potpourri Affair," and who spring many sensations that make the audience laugh for comedy in a strong element in the trio's offering.

Armstrong and Blomfield describe themselves as just "A Couple from Hollywood." Their act consists of new and bright songs, some piano playing and banjo strumming. The Billy Gross company presents "Oh, You Fillet," a fittingly embellished act that is humorous to say the least, and revolves around a man and his wife quarrelling over who the daughter should and should not marry.

Russ Maginel and Jerry give the latest version of cowboy antics in "Whoopee-Cowboy," featuring some snappy banjo playing and rope twirling at the same time.

"Musical Nonsense" is the title of the act of Bob and Hindson, who in addition to being excellent musicians, go in for pantomime of the grotesque order and make the audience roar at their antics.

Thieves Loot Croissant Home

Discovery that his home and the warehouse adjacent to his mill on Topay grade had been robbed was made Monday by H. Croissant who immediately reported the theft to the district attorney's office.

Mr. Croissant returned to his residence on Topay grade after an absence of six weeks. The robber left no clue behind to indicate his identity and the case was dropped by the district attorney's office. Loss sustained in the robbery will approximate \$250.

DEATHS

THOMAS WHEELER, well-known resident of Lakeview, passed away in this city Tuesday morning at 2 o'clock following an illness of several days. He was born at Lakeview and aged 47 years at the time of his death. He is survived by three sons, James, Clarence and Raymond, of Reedport, Ore.; two brothers, George and William J. Barrington, of Lakeview; and two sisters, Mrs. Elizabeth McCarney and Mrs. Ida Bland of Pine Creek. Mr. Wheeler was a member of the Gardiner lodge of I. O. O. F. The remains are in the gold room of the Earl Whitlock funeral home. Burial will be at Sixth, where friends may call. Announcement of funeral arrangements will be made later.

Thoughts We've Been Thinking

Must Keep Dogs Off Of Newly Sown Lawns; Roseburg Mystery Puzzles Authorities; Planes Should Come This Way.

By BRUCE DENNIS

IF this community is to cooperate with the woman's garden club in order to have more lawns, more beautiful homes, there is one thing the public must do. It must keep dogs off the newly-sown lawns, ask the children playing in the streets not to cross over a newly sown lawn, and the newspaper carrier boys must also learn that to cross over a lawn freshly made is not only very un-ethical but very damaging.

The newspapers will cooperate with the entire community in order that lawns which will be put in this year may be protected and it is hoped that the city administration will bear down pretty heavy upon the dog laws so that the money and time used in planting lawns on different residence properties may not be wasted because of stray dogs crossing lawns and scratching up the grass and shrubbery.

ROSEBURG is rather a straight community and Roseburg will go along for many months without any crime. When she does have a crime it is a curious one. All remember the Brumfield case which was a murder mystery that had shocked all the northwest and caused all eyes to be centered upon Roseburg for the weeks during the trial.

Now another murder case has come to Roseburg, that of George M. Hess, the night janitor in the federal building who was killed. The police are baffled as to who killed Hess. We may expect Roseburg to occupy the front page for several days in order that this mystery may be cleared away.

WE invite the new Portland air firm which starts a series of tri-motored Ford planes from Victoria, B. C., to San Francisco, by way of Portland, to make Klamath Falls their intermediate stop. Before the summer is over we will have an airfield here to accommodate the large planes that carry fourteen passengers and two pilots and we respectfully call Portland's attention to the fact that we are in the sunshine belt where the fogs do not bother flying, and they can use this as their half-way point.

OREGON, in order to get itself rid of the old political boss of the old days, went to the other extreme in the way of nominating and electing its candidates for public offices. It also at that time put on the statute books the referendum, the initiative and the recall laws.

Thinking that all his bills had been cured the state relaxed and has been living under its direct legislative methods ever since. However, those bills were not cured for now it develops that one man in Portland, named Bylander, has become the paid political boss of Oregon. Quoting from one of the newspapers in Portland, it says:

"This is a busy year for the quiet man in Oregon politics. Quiet unassuming, self-effacing, this individual is a one-man legislature. His program includes upsetting some of the work of the recent legislature, the recalling of several law makers, and the abolishing of the city commissioners in Portland. He is George Bylander, who represents the 'voice of the people,' at a few cents per name. He is the initiative, recall and referendum rolled into one, for he is the far famed 'Oregon Policy' personified. His away over legislation is remarkable when one considers the number of measures he has initiated. For a few hundred dollars Bylander will handle a petition to referendum the law, to initiate a law, or recall officials or abolish their jobs. A political boss in the old days could not do more."

Thus it will be seen that it all goes back to the same man. While we revel in the thoughts that we are living under direct legislation we have a conviction that Mr. Bylander can set as a political boss, receive the wage therefor and yet it will be thoroughly within the bounds of the purification laws which were passed to purify Oregon politics.

WHEN Governor L. L. Patterson, speaking at the annual chamber of commerce banquet, said he had no apology to make

RICH GIRL & POOR GIRL & RUTH DEWEY GROVES

CHAPTER XXXIII

Duke Brogan told Huck that the police did not regard Harold Judson's death as either an accident or suicide.

Huck sat before him in his office and looked at him without so much as a flicker of his eyelids as he asked Duke what he thought that had to do with him.

Duke twisted his lips into a sardonic grin. "Just thought you'd like to know," he answered easily. "They might try to pin it on you."

"Why?" Duke stared at Huck in admiration. "Well, a lot of people know that your racket with young Judson wasn't on the up-and-up."

Huck did not answer directly. "Who passed you the information from headquarters?" he asked.

Duke shook his head. "It's straight," he said, "and it'll cost you a century note."

Huck reached for his billfold. A little later, having learned all that Duke could tell him, he left. He did not consider the situation very serious. Unfortunately for him, Duke's informant had not been in full possession of the facts in the case.

Huck still was unaware of the discovery of his thumbprint on the belt buckle. However, he decided not to ignore the warning Duke had given him.

And while he acted on it by giving up his suite at the Judson and going into semi-retirement, Mildred was doing her bit to tighten the chain of evidence about him.

For in spite of what the newspapers said—some leaned on the suicide theory while others suspected it to be an accident—she did not believe that Harold's death was either.

She had learned of it the night it happened. Driven nearly frantic by Harold's failure to come to her as he had promised, she telephoned after several hours of waiting and was told by the operator, who recognized her voice, that he was dead.

Her mother came upon her a few minutes later, sitting blank faced, with her hands gripped on the instrument as though frozen there. Mrs. Lawrence cried out in alarm.

Mildred's nerves seemed suddenly to melt as her mother rushed toward her. With a little moaning cry, she slipped to the floor in a huddled heap.

The next day she was calm enough to go to Stephen and tell him all that had preyed on her mind so torturingly since his arrest.

He listened in silence. "You must appeal to your family and get a lawyer now," Mildred said to him when she finished telling of Harold's subjugation to Huck.

Stephen looked at her a bit hopefully, she thought. She had a matter of fact he was excited, but her story had presented itself to him that had escaped Mildred. Besides, he suspected that she had not told him everything.

They were facing each other on the hard bench in his cell. Stephen reached out to take her hands in his.

"You don't believe Harold met his death accidentally or by suicide, do you?" he asked as quietly as he could.

"Of course not," Mildred answered unguardedly. "I'm sure someone killed him!"

"Because he was ready to for the money spent by the last legislature and that he is not one of those who want to throttle Oregon and is not afraid to see the state of Oregon secure advancement and progress he uttered quite a brave, courageous statement."

Same people will agree with him, of course, but there will be many who ridicule the governor and say that he has joined the spending crowd. As a matter of fact, Governor Patterson has been mighty careful with the state finances. He has used his veto axe very effectively in many cases but when he comes to Klamath and sees the advancement down here he wishes that the entire state might also advance and he is willing to spend some money in order to bring that about.

HARRY SINCLAIR finally goes to jail. Yet there are many in this country who said a rich man could not go to jail for a crime committed.

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talk? You said that, didn't you?" Mildred nodded. "I think he was. If he'd come to me that night and I'd told him about the way they threatened me..." She stopped in sudden confusion, remembering she had not told Stephen of the attempt to silence her.

Stephen leaned forward and tapped at her hands. "There," he exclaimed, "I knew you were keeping something back! Don't you see? If they murdered that kid because they thought he was about to make a confession to you, then you must be afraid of you, Mildred."

"But Harold is dead," Mildred quavered. "What can they do now?"

"What can they do? If they find out what you've told me they..." He paused, but Mildred read his unspoken thought. "I'm not afraid," she said.

"I know you're not," Stephen declared warmly. "But with all we know, or believe, we haven't any proof."

"I can swear that Harold knew Huck was planning to do you some injury from which he might have saved you if he hadn't been a coward," she spoke the last word apologetically.

"But you can't swear that he was responsible for this car theft," Stephen pointed out.

"I know he was afraid of Huck; that Huck had something with which he blackmailed him."

"But just knowing it doesn't do us any good. Your unsupported word isn't sufficient to incriminate him, Mildred."

Mildred leaned back and looked at him with a doubt growing in her mind that caused her to draw her hands away from him.

"Aren't you going to do anything about what I've told you?" she asked.

For a few seconds Stephen evaded her direct glance; then he looked up. "What can I do?" he asked simply.

Mildred stood up. A lump in her throat choked her. Stephen stood, too, and struggled with a temptation to tell her why he couldn't act. He hated to have her think he didn't appreciate all she had done for him.

"I think I understand," Mildred said, striving to subdue the catch in her voice. "You don't want to drag Pamela's name into it."

Stephen started and opened his mouth to speak; then closed it to a firm, hard line. He could not tell her that it was her own safety he was thinking of. She was too fearless. Better to have her think he was protecting Pamela than let her risk her life.

"If there was any proof," he said doubtfully and stopped.

"A lawyer might find proof," Mildred retorted, "but if you want to stay here in jail just because..."

"If I promise to get a lawyer will you give me your word not to say anything to anyone about all this?" Stephen pleaded suddenly.

Mildred's unsteady chin went up several inches.

"If I can prove that Harold was murdered I'll do it," she said fiercely.

Stephen grasped her by the shoulders. "Keep out of it, please," he begged. "I'll wire dad for some money and engage a lawyer. He'll put a detective to work and maybe we can turn up something on Connor, but I don't want you mixed up in it, Mildred." He paused and added, purposely to mislead her, "you might make a wrong move."

Mildred jerked herself away from him.

"Why shouldn't everyone know that Huck hated you because he was jealous of Pamela?" she asked. "I'll do what I think I ought to, regardless of her."

Stephen groaned, but Mildred was adamant. She left him without giving the promise he had tried to exact.

She'd have gone straight to the police but she knew that her word alone would not free Stephen.

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If you wish to be permanently relieved of gas in stomach and bowels, take Radium's Gas Tablets, which are prepared especially for stomach gas and all the bad effects resulting from gas distress.

The empty, gnawing feeling at the pit of the stomach will disappear; that anxious, nervous feeling with heart palpitation will vanish, and you will again be able to take a deep breath without discomfort.

The distress, always feeling after dinner will be replaced by a desire for entertainment. Sleeping will be a pleasure. Your back, arms and legs will no longer feel cold and "go to sleep" because Radium's Gas Tablets prevent gas from interfering with the circulation. Get the genuine in the yellow package at any good drug store. Price \$1.

Always on hand at STAR DRUG CO.

"But I'll see Mr. Judson," she declared to herself emphatically. "Surely he won't let Pamela stand in the way of bringing Huck to justice!"

Thereafter she telephoned the hotel twice daily until the learned when Mr. Judson was expected to land in New York.

She could not leave her work to be at the pier when his boat docked but she went without her lunch that noon to go to the hotel and ask to see him. There was a long wait before she was told that he was not seeing anyone.

Mildred appreciated the fact that it was an inopportune time to seek him and departed without pressing her request.

She waited until the day after Harold was buried before trying again to reach his father. She was refused admittance to his presence a second time. And when, on her third visit, she declined to see her last hope and patience and sent up a plea that was almost a demand.

"She insists she's got to see you, sir," the page who carried her message said to the worn-looking man who had hurried across the ocean to bury his only son.

Mr. Judson's eyebrows drew together in a forbidding scowl. He considered Mildred's request to see him the height of brazenness. His mind was filled with the picture of all that had remained of his boy when they opened the coffin and allowed him to view the poor broken body. What could this girl want but to promote some selfish scheme?

He sent word down to her that he would not see her now or ever.

A few questions put to Pamela had convinced him that Mildred was a heartless fortune hunter. He had no doubt she wanted to argue some money claim upon him. He knew what wealthy men had to deal with. Probably Harold had promised this girl to marry her.

Mildred was in despair. She could guess the truth. She knew that Pamela must have lied about her to bring about her discharge from the hotel in the first place. Very likely she had added to her story since her father's return.

Stephen noted her depression. (Continued on Page Six)

MOTHERS now learn value of MAGNESIA

Because it is so helpful in keeping babies and children healthy and happy, every mother should know about Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. This harmless, almost tasteless preparation is most effective in relieving those symptoms of babies and children generally caused by souring food in the little digestive tract, such as sour-belching, frequent vomiting, fussiness, colic. As a mild laxative, it acts gently, but certainly, to open the little bowels in constipation, colds, children's diseases.

Testimonial of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia does the work of half a pint of lime water in neutralizing cow's milk for infant feeding, and preventing hard curds. Its many uses for mother and child are fully explained in the interesting book "Useful Information." It will be sent you FREE. Write The Phillips Co., 117 Hudson St., New York, N. Y.

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LISTERINE THROAT TABLETS

They open the throat and relieve the pain. They are the only tablets that are sold in every country.

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