

The Klamath News

Published every morning except Monday by the Klamath News Publishing Company at 102-122 South Fifth street, Klamath Falls, Oregon.

Official Paper of City of Klamath Falls and Klamath County
Robert Galloway . . . Editor
Lynn Zimmerman . . . Adv. Mgr.

Entered as second class matter at the postoffice at Klamath Falls, Oregon, November 15, 1925, under act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
Delivered by carrier, month \$.63
Delivered by carrier, year \$ 6.30
Delivered by mail, year \$ 6.00
Subscriptions payable in advance

Member Selected Oregon Newspapers



Pacific coast representatives: Arthur W. Styles, Inc., San Francisco, Los Angeles and Portland.
Eastern representatives: Charles A. Miller, New York, and W. H. Stockwell, Chicago.

Telephone 877
Member Audit Bureau Circulation

BIBLE SELECTION AND PRAYER

May 17, 1929

AN INVITATION AND A PLEDGE—Thus saith the Lord of hosts: Turn ye unto me, saith the Lord of hosts and I will turn unto you, saith the Lord of hosts.—Zachariah 1:3.
PRAYER—"My dear Redeemer, and my Lord, I read my duty in Thy Word."

THE RAILROADS' SAFETY RECORD

Although the toll of automobile traffic continues to mount to even higher figures, the railways are yearly becoming safer and safer methods of travel.

According to Patrick E. Crowley, president of the New York Central system, only 116 people were killed in railroad accidents in the United States in 1928. Considering the fact that the railroads carried nearly a billion passengers last year, this is an extremely fine record.

Now if we can only begin to cut down our automobile accidents, everything will be lovely.

THE FREEDOM OF THE PORT

Despite the fact that a New York grand jury condemned as "un-American" the habit of granting "freedom of the port" to members of Congress who return to the United States after trips to foreign countries, it is announced at Washington that the Treasury Department will continue the practice.

The freedom of the port, as you no doubt know, permits the recipient to bring his baggage in unexamined by customs men. It is a graceful compliment for a nation to extend to a distinguished visitor; but just why a congressman coming back from foreign parts should be accorded the privilege is hard to understand—particularly in view of the public hunch that not every congressman's luggage is as dry as it might be.

If departed wives can send messages, as Sir Oliver says, the usual one will be: "Don't let that hussy fool you."

Maybe some accidents are called unavoidable because a born fool can't avoid driving that way.

Happy thought: You can take a masher and knock garden weeds to kingdom come.

So live that you won't think every stranger a federal agent.

TODAY

By ARTHUR BRISBANE

Gambling Is Foolish, But R. H. Grant, Big Salesman A Surprised Gorilla Birth Control

Copyright, 1929, King Features Syndicate, Inc.

GAMBLING in Wall Street is stupid and bound to end disastrously. No matter what the gambler wins, temporarily, he will lose that and more in the end and then stop gambling.

ON THE other hand, buying wisely in Wall Street, in installments, as you buy real estate means investing in the United States.

If you want to invest in American Steel, American Telephone or anything else American, you must buy in Wall Street.

FOR the Federal Reserve or any public officer to denounce those that buy securities as though they were lepers, is ignorant impertinence. Americans have a right to buy what they choose with their own money, the right even to gamble with it if they are so foolish.

AFTER much hesitation the stock exchange made up its mind to say something through its president. But it hasn't said half enough.

A federal reserve bank, organized to prevent panics, and to maintain credit, doing all it can to keep millions of citizens in dread of money panics, needs plain talk.

EVERY man in the country's biggest business, automobiles is interested in salesmanship, and the fact that R. H. Grant, formerly head salesman of the Chevrolet Motor company, has been made vice-president of General Motors in charge of ALL General Motors sales.

THIS, as the learned J. C. Dayman, expert in advertising, points out, is "the largest selling job in the world."

This country has solved the problem of production. The actual problem is intense and economic distribution. And that means SALESMANSHIP.

LANGELL VALLEY

MRS. LEVI McDONALD News Correspondent
LANGELL VALLEY, May 15. (Special to the News)—Miss Helen Turner is home after being in Klamath Valley hospital for a week with an infected throat. Her condition at this time is much improved.

John Noble and family motored to Klamath Falls Monday to attend the circus which was given on that day.

Mrs. Ed Dupan made a trip to Klamath Falls on Saturday from the Duncan brothers' ranch in this section.

Mrs. Alma Hemelright spent the week-end in Klamath Falls, returning to her school duties Monday morning.

George Young and family have moved back to the Young ranch after being away for some time.

Gene Wilkerson was a Bonanza visitor Sunday from his home near Lorella.

Bea Schmidt and family were in Klamath Falls Monday and drove home in a new Paige car which Mr. Schmidt purchased in the city.

Oscar Campbell was injured recently when he was kicked by a mule while working in the grain.

John Turner was a Lorella visitor Sunday from his home at the Grohs ranch.

A large crowd attended the church services held in Langell Valley Sunday afternoon by Rev. Thomas of Klamath Falls.

Mrs. Heleekson was a visitor at the Wilkerson ranch on Friday.

Miss Alice Brown was a Klamath Falls visitor from her home near Lorella.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Tiekner made a trip to Klamath Falls Saturday on business, returning the same day.

Mr. and Mrs. Merle Kilgore were Klamath Falls visitors Monday from their ranch in this section.

Mr. and Mrs. Levi McDonald were business visitors in Klamath Falls Monday.

Mrs. James made a trip to Bonanza on business Saturday.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank our many friends for all the kindness and sympathy extended us during the illness and death of Mrs. Barbara Anagnoson.
WM. GILES & FAMILY.
HUSBAND & CHILDREN.
17-16

RESOLUTION OF INTENTION

A RESOLUTION TO IMPROVE MORTIMER AVENUE FROM MAIN STREET TO THE NORTH LINE OF BLOCKS 2 AND 3, WILLIAMS ADDITION; EL DORADO AVENUE FROM MAIN STREET TO THE SOUTHWESTERLY RIGHT-OF-WAY OF THE U. S. R. S. CANAL; WALL STREET FROM MICHIGAN AVENUE TO EL DORADO AVENUE, TO BE KNOWN AS IMPROVEMENT UNIT NO. 51.

The City Engineer, pursuant to a resolution of the Common Council heretofore adopted, having on the 29th day of April, 1929, filed plans, specifications, and estimates for the cost of improving Mortimer avenue from Main street to the north line of blocks 2 and 3, Williams addition; El Dorado avenue from Main street to the southwesterly right-of-way of the U. S. R. S. canal; Wall street from Michigan avenue to El Dorado avenue, to be known as improvement Unit No. 51, and the council having taken the same under advisement and finding said plans, specifications and estimates satisfactory.

BE IT HEREBY RESOLVED, that the said plans, specifications and estimates for the improvement of said portions of said streets, being the plans, specifications and estimates filed herein on the 29th day of April, 1929, be and the same are hereby approved, and

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that the Common Council hereby declares its intention to improve said portions of said streets in accordance with said plans, specifications and estimates. Said improvement to consist more particularly of paving and improving said portions of said streets as follows:

"This project consists of improving Mortimer avenue from Main street to the north line of blocks 2 and 3, Williams addition; El Dorado avenue from Main street to the southwesterly right-of-way of the U. S. R. S. canal; Wall street from Michigan avenue to El Dorado avenue, with 'broken stone type 'A', 'B', or 'C' macadam, 24 feet wide, together with four-foot concrete sidewalks and concrete curbs.

Sanitary sewer house connections will be constructed where necessary, to prevent cutting of the macadam.

Storm sewers and appurtenances will be constructed where necessary to properly take care of all surface water.

The estimated cost of all classes of improvement, embracing all work and material for the complete improvement of said project, for each type of said pavement being as follows:

Broken stone type 'A' macadam, \$12,161.60; broken stone type 'B' macadam, \$12,523.90; broken stone type 'C' macadam, \$12,825.74, said estimates, in either event to include engineering, supervision, advertising, clerical assistance, and unforeseen contingencies. Said estimates to also include catch basins, sidewalks, curbs and metal reinforcement rods.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED by the Common Council that the property lying within the boundaries hereinafter described be, and the same is hereby declared to be benefited, to-wit:

Beginning at the southeasterly corner of block 5, Williams addition to the City of Klamath Falls, Oregon; thence northerly along the easterly line of blocks 5 and 2, said Williams addition, to the southwesterly line of the U. S. R. S. canal; thence northerly along the southwesterly line of the U. S. R. S. canal to the southeasterly line of the alley in block 55, Second Hot Springs addition to said city; thence southerly along the said southeasterly line of said alley in said block 55, to the northeasterly line of Michigan avenue; thence southeasterly along the said northeasterly line of Michigan avenue to the northerly line of Main street; thence easterly along the said northerly line of Main street and along the southerly line of blocks 1 and 2, Williams addition, to the point of beginning.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that all of the aforesaid property included in the boundaries above described, be, and the same is hereby declared to be benefited and assessed for the expense of said improvement; and

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that Monday the 2nd day of June, 1929, at the hour of 5 o'clock, p.m. at the council chambers in the city hall of Klamath Falls, Oregon, be fixed as the time and place for the hearing of objections and remonstrances against said property improvement; and

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that the Police Judge, be, and he is hereby directed to cause notice of such hearing to be published as provided by the city charter of the City of Klamath Falls, Oregon.

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that the Police Judge, be, and he is hereby directed to cause notice of such hearing to be published as provided by the city charter of the City of Klamath Falls, Oregon.

CHARLES JOHNSON
Friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral services for the late Charles Johnson to be held Friday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at the Earl Whitlock Funeral Home, Pine Avenue at Sixth with Rev. C. C. A. Jensen officiating. Interment will be made in Linkville cemetery.

GEORGE VAN EMAN
Friends are respectfully invited to attend the funeral services for the late George Van Eman to be held Friday morning at 10 o'clock at the Earl Whitlock Funeral Home, Pine Avenue at Sixth with Rev. D. V. Haight, pastor of the First Presbyterian church officiating. Interment will be made in Linkville cemetery.

U. S. BALENTINE
Police Judge.
Presented to the Mayor and approved by him this 8th day of May, 1929.

T. B. WATTERS
Mayor.
M9-191nc

For Frigidaires, see E. H. Jefferson, 122 So. 7th St., phone 355-adv. A12-4

Thoughts We've Been Thinking

It Costs Money to Build a Modern City. Klamath Should Capitalize On Its Tourist Assets. Deschutes River Claims Life.

—By BRUCE DENNIS—

"KLAMATH Builds Addition to School." This headline appears regularly each year. And then we cannot build fast enough to care for the school needs of the city. This is proof of growth—a proof that needs no sworn statement.

AN expenditure of \$750,000 is being made by the city this year for municipal improvements. A big sum. However, there is only one way to have a modern city, and that is to build it.

THE United States government may try all kinds of experiments in its Indian question, but there is one solution which common reasoning will eventually demand. The pure-bred Indian should be cared for by this government, but the "breeds" should be given their portion of the present holdings and with that the government should put an end to the pension system and the reservation system. In other words, the Indian question will solve itself when the government ceases putting up money to encourage idleness.

WE must be ready for the coming of the tourist. Jim Ormandy, Southern Pacific head of the passenger department, has given out the word that at least forty special trains will park in Klamath Falls this summer. Our duty is plainly outlined, and it will be a pleasure for Klamath Klamath Falls this summer. Our guests.

Being the closest city to Crater Lake is a distinction that brings with it pleasant responsibilities. We are lax in capitalizing the fact that Klamath is the doorway of Crater Lake. There should be a booth on Main street selling souvenirs of the Lake and also of Klamath Indians, the Lava Beds and various other national attractions that we possess. We should work up our tourist features.

Everybody has been so busy in this city that tourist matters dropped gently upon us unheeded. The possibilities are before us and we should use them.

A FEW evenings ago we listened to Mayor Pipes of Medford in his address to the Medford Chamber of Commerce and that gentleman proudly told his people that Crater Lake belonged to Medford. Whether he meant by right of discovery or by adoption, we could not discern, but the fact remains that Crater Lake is located geographically in Klamath county and Klamath Falls is the nearest city to the Lake.

We do not want to call the Mayor down, but we inject this bit of recorded data so that he may in the future correct his speech. Great credit is due the city of Medford for the splendid manner in which her people have always supported Crater Lake. They have taken thousands of people in Medford cars to the Lake; they have widened the scope of Crater Lake's popularity by their efforts. Klamath is thankful for the work done by the sister city for this institution which is located within our borders.

RAGING, racing Deschutes river has claimed another life. Lester Humphreys, one of Oregon's bright young men, lost his life in that river while on a fishing trip. The old Deschutes is a treacherous stream. Beautiful and romantic, filled with fish, alluring to the man who loves the out-of-doors with her splashing and sparkling waters, this stream attracts men from a dozen states each year to fish. Lester was one of them. It would seem that he has fished the Deschutes for the last time; that his life was taken during a period of vacation when he was enjoying the best that God has to offer man on this earth—the great out-of-doors.

TO report a man dead in the newspapers when that man is alive and at work running a big hotel is rather serious to the individual whose death is so recorded. This happened to our old friend, Dan Moore, who for years ran the Seaside, Oregon, hotel and is now the boss at Mount Baker Lodge near Bellingham, Washington. Here to you, Dan, don't let the newspaper boys bury you, even if they do say you are dead.

RICH GIRL & POOR GIRL & RUTH DEWEY GROVES

CHAPTER XII

Stephen seemed to freeze to the marrow of his bones. Even his voice stuck in his throat as he whispered: "Shoot?"

Mr. Judson looked at his white, constricted face, and told himself that Stephen was a hound. He loved one girl and was preparing to marry another—a rich girl.

"Just a slight wound," the inquisitor said, putting an end to the torture. He was satisfied now.

"Where is she?" Stephen asked hoarsely.

"In a hospital, but she's going home tonight."

Stephen jumped to his feet. "She mustn't be allowed to leave! They'll get her before she's gone a block!"

"She'll be protected," Mr. Judson assured him. "Sit down."

"I'd like to see her," Stephen said almost pleadingly.

Mr. Judson shook his head. "They sent me away to let her rest," he said. "She's been under a severe strain for weeks. You know that. This shock has unbalanced her."

"How did it happen?" Stephen asked.

Mr. Judson told him as much as he knew of the shooting. Mildred's account of it had been very sketchy.

"That was the second attempt at murder this afternoon," Oerndorf spoke up.

Mr. Judson turned to him with a rapid fire of questions.

"Mr. Armistage here," the lawyer said and nodded to Stephen. Then he told his client of the shooting on First avenue.

"They mean to get rid of our witnesses," he ended. "Which intention suggests that they do not know the police have the thumbprint of the murderer, assuming it is his thumbprint on the bolt."

Mr. Judson turned back to Stephen and his voice was less harsh as he said: "Miss Lawrence begged me to warn you of your danger. But I'm sure you realize that it is grave."

Stephen nodded.

"You interrupted me," Oerndorf said to Mr. Judson. "I was about to point out that it is necessary in order to protect these two, Mr. Armistage and Miss Lawrence, that Huck Connor be apprehended immediately."

Mr. Judson glanced at him. "Don't be funny, Oerndorf," he said shortly.

The lawyer bridled. "I am not indulging in humor," he said tartly. "I was going to say that the owner of the taxicab from which the shots were fired is now in custody, no doubt. I'd advise that no time be lost in questioning him. Give him the third degree if necessary to make him reveal Huck Connor's whereabouts."

"That's sense," Mr. Judson agreed. "Will you come with us, Armistage?"

Stephen hesitated. "You're sure they won't let me see Miss Lawrence?"

"I'm positive they won't. Come along."

Stephen went, quite forgetting that Pamela was waiting for him.

They rode downtown in a taxi. Mr. Judson explained that he had placed his own car at Mildred's disposal and hired a detective to accompany her to her home and act as a bodyguard while she remained in danger.

Stephen, remembering what Freen had done for him, was greatly relieved. "Markeson is sending one of his own men as well," Mr. Judson added, "so she will be well guarded."

"God, I hope this man will talk," Stephen exclaimed as they neared their destination.

But his hope was not destined to come to fruition. The man did not talk. He could not. For Huck's hiding place was not known to him.

Mr. Judson had gone home to have dinner with his wife, Pamela and Stephen, and Oerndorf was encountered in the bottom of his family up in Bronxville long before the questioning was over.

The taxi owner was released at last. There was nothing on the records against him. The police were forced to conclude that the theft of his cab had been a bona fide larceny.

He left, cursing and declaring his hatred and defiance of them, though the strength that remained in him was small.

He knew he was followed. "Trail me, damn you," he shrieked, turning and shaking his fist at his unseen shadow.

Mr. Judson got the news of the failure to make him talk from the police by telephone.

"You'd better read for your things and remain here," he said to Stephen.

Stephen was disinclined to accept the invitation.

"Well, then," Mr. Judson said, "you are under police orders to do so." He let Stephen catch a glance which Pamela did not see and the young man understood that there was something her father did not care to make known to her.

He gave in with a poor show of grace. Since returning from the police station where the owner of the taxi had been taken, Stephen had sought to get away from Mr. Judson and go to Mildred.

But Mr. Judson was not willing to let him out of his sight. He feared Stephen's disregard of danger. Whatever else he might think of him he did not consider Stephen a coward. And he had no desire to lose a valuable witness. Aside from that he wanted to see Stephen and Pamela together, to study them, and learn, if possible, how much Stephen meant to his daughter.

Before the dinner was over he concluded that he was right about Stephen beyond question. The young man seemed oblivious to Pamela's charm.

sure they won't let me see Miss Lawrence?"

"I'm positive they won't. Come along."

Stephen went, quite forgetting that Pamela was waiting for him.

They rode downtown in a taxi. Mr. Judson explained that he had placed his own car at Mildred's disposal and hired a detective to accompany her to her home and act as a bodyguard while she remained in danger.

Stephen, remembering what Freen had done for him, was greatly relieved. "Markeson is sending one of his own men as well," Mr. Judson added, "so she will be well guarded."

"God, I hope this man will talk," Stephen exclaimed as they neared their destination.

But his hope was not destined to come to fruition. The man did not talk. He could not. For Huck's hiding place was not known to him.

Mr. Judson had gone home to have dinner with his wife, Pamela and Stephen, and Oerndorf was encountered in the bottom of his family up in Bronxville long before the questioning was over.

The taxi owner was released at last. There was nothing on the records against him. The police were forced to conclude that the theft of his cab had been a bona fide larceny.

He left, cursing and declaring his hatred and defiance of them, though the strength that remained in him was small.

He knew he was followed. "Trail me, damn you," he shrieked, turning and shaking his fist at his unseen shadow.

Mr. Judson got the news of the failure to make him talk from the police by telephone.

"You'd better read for your things and remain here," he said to Stephen.

Stephen was disinclined to accept the invitation.

"Well, then," Mr. Judson said, "you are under police orders to do so." He let Stephen catch a glance which Pamela did not see and the young man understood that there was something her father did not care to make known to her.

He gave in with a poor show of grace. Since returning from the police station where the owner of the taxi had been taken, Stephen had sought to get away from Mr. Judson and go to Mildred.

But Mr. Judson was not willing to let him out of his sight. He feared Stephen's disregard of danger. Whatever else he might think of him he did not consider Stephen a coward. And he had no desire to lose a valuable witness. Aside from that he wanted to see Stephen and Pamela together, to study them, and learn, if possible, how much Stephen meant to his daughter.

Before the dinner was over he concluded that he was right about Stephen beyond question. The young man seemed oblivious to Pamela's charm.

She was leaning against him, her eyes wide with terror, shaking like a leaf.

"Nonsense," Stephen said ungenially, but Pamela continued to cling to him.

"I couldn't bear to lose you, too, Steve. Oh, I love you so dearly," she wailed.

Stephen put an arm around her to lift her away so he could close the window. The feel of her slim young body aroused no tender emotion in his heart but he was touched by her emotion.

"Poor kid," he murmured and pressed her closer.

Her father, returning, entered the room before Pamela drew herself out of Stephen's embrace. He stood for a moment surveying—

Pamela noticed it, too, but she put it down to oppression. Who wouldn't be tongue-tied with a future father-in-law glowering across the table at you, let alone a high-hat future step-mother-in-law?

She tried to coax her father into a better mood, but he paid no attention to her.

"You'd better not keep your young man up late," her father said to her when they left the table.

"And you're looking terribly rocky yourself," Mrs. Judson supplemented, thinking of the new necklace Pamela had got. She didn't see why an unmarried girl should have so many jewels.

"Oh, I won't need to worry until I'm over my third husband," Pamela retorted behind her father's back.

Her step-mother, having married three times, turned angrily away to the small salon that adjoined the private room where they had dined and seated herself at the Florentine piano to murder Debussy.

Pamela drew Stephen off into a corner and offered him a cigarette. Mr. Judson left to attend to some business in his office.

"At last we have a chance to talk," Pamela said and settled herself far back on a silken couch.

Her costume was a very thin one and Stephen thought she must be cold and got up to close one of the French windows that opened onto a small balcony.

When he reached it he stepped out, drawn by the beauty of the sky that glistened with stars—stars that he hadn't seen for weeks.

He looked a moment at them and then leaned over to view the competing lights below.

With a choked cry and a bound Pamela was running toward him. He turned in surprise.

"Oh, don't, don't," she cried and grasped his arm with all her might.

"What's the matter?"

"Don't go so near the edge! You might fall over! Oh, close the window, please!"

She was leaning against him, her eyes wide with terror, shaking like a leaf.

"Nonsense," Stephen said ungenially, but Pamela continued to cling to him.

"I couldn't bear to lose you, too, Steve. Oh, I love you so dearly," she wailed.

Stephen put an arm around her to lift her away so he could close the window. The feel of her slim young body aroused no tender emotion in his heart but he was touched by her emotion.

"Poor kid," he murmured and pressed her closer.

Her father, returning, entered the