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BIBLE SELECTION AND PRAYER
May 28, 1929
CLEAR DISTINCTIONS—Then shall ye return, and discern between the righteous and the wicked, between him that serveth God and him that serveth him not—Malachi 3: 18.
PRAYER—"Take myself, and I will be ever, only, all for Thee."

AL CAPONE GOES TO JAIL

A swarthy Sicilian named Capone has been lodged in Moyamensing prison, Philadelphia, for carrying concealed weapons; and an entire nation is considering the phenomenon with dazed wonder, trying to figure out just why and how it all happened.

Capone, traveling through the east "on business," paused in Philadelphia long enough to attend a movie. As he came out of the theater a detective halted him, found a pistol in his pocket and took him to jail. Less than 24 hours later Capone had been indicted, brought to trial and sentenced to a year's imprisonment; and before the day was out he was beginning his sentence.

It all looks very pretty, on the surface. But in Chicago it is reported that Al Capone is the most willing prisoner the Pennsylvania penitentiary ever sheltered. He himself, it is said, had planned his own arrest. Things were breaking badly for him. His Chicago principality was getting unduly turbulent. He had oppressive debts; besides, certain resolute men were only waiting for a sight of him to shoot him dead.

So, according to the story, Capone decided that the safest of all places for him, everything considered, was the prison; and to prison he went, jauntily and undis-mayed.

For something like eight years, unless all men have lied about him, Capone has been the country's leading candidate for imprisonment. If one-tenth of the underworld lore about him in Chicago is true, he is and has been the nation's most dangerous criminal. Yet no prison ever opened its doors to him—until, finally, he went there voluntarily to let the law he had so brazenly flouted protect him.

This is the most ironic part of the whole business. The law, that never could catch Capone when it wanted him, now acts as his defender and guarantees his safety at a time when his own illegal empire got too hot for him.

Yet, after all, the situation has its redeeming features. It proved, no matter what lay back of it, that it is ridiculously easy for the

TODAY

By ARTHUR BRISBANE
**Garrett P. Serviss
Big Business
One-Fourth of a Second
Jailed at Six**

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PROFESSOR Garrett P. Serviss, who died Saturday, was a noble and useful man, by his scientific writings known to millions. He turned the thoughts of readers away from this small earth and its petty strivings, to the outside universe and its grandeur.

He had chosen all science for his field of study. But ever returned to astronomy, and possessing the faculty of making abstract truth clear and acceptable to the average mind, he was a most valuable educator.

He never thought of money, never cared for it, earned just enough to provide for his family and continue his work.

Professor Serviss' long life of constant industry has added to the knowledge, efficiency and value of many minds. His death means to millions, the loss of a valued friend and teacher.

FLYING news is cheerful, due to big business. If you want something done in this country, pray for high finance to say "It shall be done."

Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., head of General Motors, announces the purchase of a giant plant for making airplane engines. His company, of many billions and with engineers worth more than the company's money, will concentrate on production of the "ultimate airplane engine."

THAT engine will come 50,000 years hence, or later, but right away Mr. Sloan will produce a better engine. Charles E. Mitchell, who put the National City bank into aviation, has purchased for United Aircraft the company that makes the Wasp and Hornet air-cooled engines. His engineers are working on better engines.

Henry Ford, first of the great industrialists to make flying machines, lunched with the president on Friday, and told him he was at work on the better flying engine problem, building engines in his factory. It took some time, but this country is on the way to lead in airplanes as it does in automobiles. Henry Ford is not a believer in diesel engines, because of their weight.

German engineers believe that they will produce a diesel engine that, with fuel for 10,000 miles will weigh less than any gasoline engine with equal fuel supply.

It is said that diesel engines will be used by the government in an all-metal dirigible now under construction.

Henry Ford told the president that prohibition, absolutely enforced, is necessary, because aviation on the proper scale would be impossible with drunken pilots. How would it be to have pilots that keep sober. France and Britain will never have prohibition, nor will Germany. But they fly, and their pilots are not drunkards.

IF a pilot ate seven pieces of mince pie, with a Welsh rarebit on each piece, he could not drive properly. But is it necessary to pass laws against mince pie?

MANY of the ablest doctors in the world would tell Henry Ford that he would live and work longer if he took light red wine, diluted with water, instead of ice water. Some, probably have told him he will probably live to 100 anyhow for he is always thinking. Men and trees die at the top.

matter how great the difficulties of getting evidence in the reticent streets of the underworld.

No gangster ever goes out without being armed. Carrying concealed weapons is a crime, in Chicago or elsewhere. A police force that had both the desire and the nerve could put its gangsters in cells by the score on a moment's notice. It knows who they are and it knows where to find them; and if it can't convict them of major crimes of which it knows them to be guilty, it can at least put them in jail for a year or so at a time—which, after all, is something.

Whether Capone went to prison voluntarily or not, the incident has provided a valuable object lesson. Gangsters can be jailed, and easily, if the police are half-way in earnest about their work. Chicago's citi-

TWO planes, about to fly to Europe, were told by radio: "1,000 miles of adverse weather over the Atlantic. Heavy rains on the other side. Wise to postpone flight." They postponed accordingly, starting, perhaps this morning.

It is difficult to realize the amazing fact that, at this moment, no civilized human being is separated from any part of the world, as to information, by more than one fourteenth part of a second.

No one can be farther away from another than half the distance around the earth. It takes one fourteenth of a second for radio to travel that distance, so long 136,000 miles a second. Any American might know what happened in China within the last 36th part of a minute.

MARS, when we become worthy of attention from that civilization, millions of years older than our 12,000-year-old barbarism, will tell us by radio "Our scientists announced such a discovery four minutes ago by Earth Greenwich time."

IN Kentucky a boy six years old, is sentenced to the reformatory for fifteen years. He will be released at twenty-one. A new trial is asked. The boy committed murder. Not a trial, but an examination by competent authorities is needed.

IF the boy, at large, would menace others, restraint is necessary. But 15 years is a reformatory would surely turn him out more dangerous to society than any boy could be at six years of age. It seems outrageous to imprison for 15 years a boy of that age. But civilization hangs many men with minds not more than seven years old. An unconscious longing for revenge has something to do with that.

THE young Prince of Sagan, nineteen years old, son of Jay Gould's daughter, Anna, has shot himself and will probably die.

His unfortunate mother announced the tragedy, saying it was caused by parental objection to the boy's marrying a young girl with whom he was violently in love, and that the only cause for objecting was the boy's extreme wealth.

In the newer country where the Princess of Sagan was born, a boy that age would simply run off and get married, the modern motto being "We do not ask parents, we tell them."

THOSE who have been annoyed by "wrong numbers" forgetting that the marvelous young telephone women are always right, will learn now, that wrong numbers may be useful. In Brooklyn, a family of eight rapidly filling with gas. A wrong number call aroused the sleeping father. Almost overcome by the gas, he opened windows and doors in time to save his family.

Danger from escaping gas might be minimized by mixing with all gas distributed to families, a low percentage "sneezing gas," the family beginning to sneeze would look for the leak. Women often work in kitchens, with gas escaping. From an unlighted vent, without knowing it. The sneezing gas would prevent that.

VALUABLE suggestion for one senate. The Turkish parliament, in secret session, admits only members. But man can not live by discussion alone, and one servant is admitted to serve coffee and light the members' cigarettes. This reliable official is deaf and dumb, cannot hear what is said, and could not repeat it, if he heard.

OUR heavy old earth, as rigid as though made of solid steel, has not quite settled down although it has been turning round for more than 1,000 million years. Earthquakes in Denmark yesterday prove that everywhere there is still something to be adjusted.

MCTIGUE KAYOED
NEW YORK, May 27, (UP)—Mike McTigue, former light-heavyweight champion, was stopped in the second round of his most recent comeback campaign when George Hoffman of New York knocked him out after 42 seconds of fighting in the second round at St. Nicholas arena tonight. A right to the jaw ended the fight. Hoffman weighed 190 pounds, McTigue 175.

PROHIBITION SUCCESS?
LOS ANGELES, May 27, (UP)—The number of "drunk" arrests here over the week-end, starting after midnight Saturday, exceeded even the most optimistic predictions of police. There were 173 arrests made. A mechanical man who talks

Thoughts We've Been Thinking

Governor Patterson's Analysis of Peppermint Oil Market Was Correct; It Proved to Be a Fancy Crop. Railroads Provide Farm Relief.

—By BRUCE DENNIS—

MARION TALLEY, the great opera singer, has bought a wheat ranch in Kansas. Farm relief is now needed with all its force to make Marion's income from the ranch look anything like Marion's income from the stage.

ANOTHER case of over-production, Peppermint oil is now a drug on the market. A short time ago Willamette valley farmers went strong for peppermint because the price of oil was good. Neighbors of Governor Patterson urged him to put his land into mint, but he hesitated, arguing that peppermint is a fancy crop and that it was a question in his mind relative to the price remaining high. He was right.

INDICATIONS are that the wheat farmer is up a creek. A hard year. Not that nature will not yield bountifully in this western country but the surplus of wheat on hand is very heavy. Railroads of the east bent congress to "farm relief" for they voluntarily lowered the freight rates to tide water in order to move the heavy crop. This means they are furnishing transportation for the surplus wheat stock at a loss to the railroads, and that is a farm relief movement that counts.

Canada has followed that practice for a long time. Her railroads have frequently taken losses in order to clean up a crop surplus. This country is learning how, but the strange thing is that the railroads took the initiative while congress mumbled.

WHERE will we find the next thrill? Linda did his staff and thrilled the country. Citizens followed him with lesser thrills.

We have had Zeppelins plying back and forth and the thrill of that game is exhausted. What will be next? We must have a thrill—either pending or in progress.

Will the time ever come again when people will be content to work at their daily tasks and live in a regular manner? It is doubtful.

SEVERAL believe John Carlin, of Jackson county, becomes indelible to a member of the new tax commission because he was a legislator who helped pass the law creating the board.

"His ruling would prevent a very useful man and a very sincere man from serving the state. John Carlin's hobby is taxes. It is an important hobby and one that would benefit the state if John were a member of the new board. He studied taxes—alms and how they are applied in other cases. This is a far better posted than most anyone else in the state."

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE
"Soul and Body" was the subject of the season-sermon in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, on Sunday, May 26.

The Golden Text was, "My out longeth, yes, even faitheth for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God" (Psalms 84:2).

Among the citations which comprised the season-sermon was the following from the Bible: "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord; and the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance" (Psalm 133:12).

The Lesson-Sermon also included the following passage from the Christian Science text-book, "Science and Health" by Mary Baker Eddy: "When we realize that Life is Spirit, never in nor of matter, this understanding will expand to the fullness of God, and finding all in God, good, and needing no other consciousness" (p. 244).

JUDGE C. M. THOMAS VISITS KLAMATH FALLS
Judge C. M. Thomas, former circuit judge of Jackson county, and now practicing law in Medford, arrived in Klamath Falls yesterday with a client to transact business.

Several years ago Judge Thomas conducted court in Klamath county for one month.

RIVAL WIVES

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Synopsis

Nan Carroll is secretary to John Curtis Morgan, who is winning the title of the "greatest criminal lawyer in the state." Morgan is defending a young girl, formerly switchboard operator of a fashionable country club, who has been indicted on a charge of blackmailing the members of the club. Nan gives Morgan valuable suggestions which he accepts. While they are hard at work an impatient rap sounds on the door.

Iris Morgan, beautiful wife of the lawyer, enters, accompanied by her frail but handsome son, little Curtis, who demands a check which she accepts condescendingly from Nan's fingers and then departs for a shopping tour, leaving the child for Nan to care for. When Willis Todd calls Nan at 5:30, she is almost hysterical from the strain of the afternoon. He tells her he has a question to ask her. As she leaves the phone, she tells herself she knows what the question is and if her answer is "yes" she need never again be nursemaid to Iris Morgan, need never suffer her insolence again.

CHAPTER II
"Whew, I'm tired," Nan Carroll groaned as she banked the cushions upon one end of the big couch which would later serve as her bed, and curled her small body into the nest. "Half past ten, and this is the first deep breath I've had time to take today. Be an angel, Willis, and just sit. I want to do that famous relaxing stunt I'm always reading about. I think the general idea is to close your eyes, make your mind a perfect blank, turn loose of everything, and let every nerve unkink. It is

or a run in my stocking. Nice boy!" And she rubbed her cheek jollily against his hand.

"Just another good reason why you must marry me then," Willis retorted no less sternly. "You're killing yourself in that fool job of yours, honey, and I'm not going to stand for it another week. Playing nursemaid to Morgan's little hellion, running errands for his selfish life, doing all your own work in the office and half of Morgan's—"

"That's enough, Willis!" Nan interrupted sharply, dropping his hand as if it burned her cheek. "I'll meekly agree to anything you say about Iris and Curtis Morgan, but you can't say anything against Mr. Morgan. He's the greatest criminal lawyer in the state, the finest gentleman the most considerate employer and—"

"And that's enough from you, Nan," Willis dared to interrupt her. "I believe we were discussing you and I, not John Curtis Morgan. I'm sick of the curtness of your conversation is about him."

"Because I love my work and couldn't be happy a minute if I gave it up!" Nan caught him passionately. "That's the reason I won't marry you, Willis. You've said time and again that I had to stop work when I married you, and I simply won't—that's final! I've spent three years in that office, every working day in my life since I graduated from college, and I'm

and I'll never hint at such a thing again."

"Just what do you mean—just what isn't true?" she challenged him furiously, shrugging her shoulders to rid them of his hands, but not succeeding.

"Are you in love with John Curtis Morgan?" Willis asked bluntly, but his voice quivered and a muscle jerked in his suddenly pale cheek.

Childishness and the red tide of anger fled from Nan Carroll's face as if they had been stricken old and ill in that instant. Her eyes were like great black disks of pain and horror as they clung to his face, unable to tear themselves away. "I stood quite still, her shoulders no longer aware of the hurting pressure of his hands."

"You see!" Willis turned sharply away and like an intemperately wounded small boy he flung up an arm bowed his head upon the crook of it.

That gesture of his awoke Nan out of her trance of horror did something to her heart. Taking a quick, jerky step toward him, she put her arms gently about him, laid her cheek against his bowed head.

"Nan's sorry," she crooned in a pathetic, breaking, but comforting little voice. "Please Willis, you said we weren't to quarrel. And—if you want me to very much, I'll marry you, dear."

His head came up with a jerk; his gray eyes swept over her face hungrily, incredulously. She smiled through her tears nodding slowly like a child that



"You know darn well what it is, and I'm not going to let you kid me out if it this time! When are you going to marry me, Nan? Next Saturday or Sunday?"

tens swell, doesn't it?" She grinned crookedly at the man who had settled as near her on the couch as she dared.

"Don't go to sleep, honey," Willis warned her, his gray eyes grave and tender as they searched the relaxed, weary little face that was euddled childishly against the black satin cushion. "I told you I had something to say to you and that you'd better make up your mind to listen. You can't escape me now as you did at dinner."

"Nice old bully," she gibed drowsily. "But don't talk for just a few minutes, or I will scream and tear my hair—that would be a pity since I paid a dollar and a quarter for this finger wave just yesterday."

Whew! And she shuddered another sigh of profound fatigue, burrowing still more deeply into her nest of cushions.

The young man who watched her with loving anxiety, looked anything but a bully, but he did not look thoroughly "nice." Sand brown hair, a few freckles that persisted through the remains of a coat of summer tan and a broad mouth that seemed to be trying to offset the boyishness of the cleft chin.

For perhaps five minutes, Nan's eyes were closed, but they flew open to laugh at Willis Todd's intent anxiety. "Old Soberness!" she peered fondly, thrusting out an impudent small foot to kick him unmercifully. "I'm all rested now, able to bear up under anything. What's it going to be—another lecture on the heinous crime of breaking one's dates?"

Defendant pleads guilty to the mercy of the court.

"No, it's not a lecture, but you deserve one," Willis Todd told her gently, as he moved near enough to take her hands. "You know darned well what it is, and I'm not going to let you kid me out of it this time. When are you going to marry me, Nan? Next Saturday or Sunday?"

not going to throw over my career to get married."

"Your career?" Willis was becoming angry. "That's a rather dignified name for a job as private secretary, isn't it?"

"I'm more than a private secretary and you know it, Willis Todd!" Nan's voice broke on a childish sob which made her still more angry. "You know good and well that I studied night after night so that I could become a lawyer. You know I'll be ready to take my examinations to be admitted to the bar by next June."

"Yes, and then what?" Willis interrupted vehemently. "You'll go right on working for Morgan as his private secretary, or at best, as a sort of female Blake at \$20 a week. But please, honey, don't let's quarrel. I love you and I want you to marry me. If you love me, you want a regular old-fashioned family. Don't it sound sane and a little attractive, honey girl? Your own home, instead of a light house-keeping, one-room apartment, and an office where you're treated like a servant by your employer's wife. Your own husband to boss around and inspire and make into a big man—as you're now doing for another woman's husband."

As she listened, Nan's face had grown tender and wistful, but at his last words anger flooded her face with rich color and she sprang to her feet, tearing her hands out of his grasp. "You make me so mad!" she stormed, clenching her hands and blinking at him rapidly, through tears. "Just when you have me all mushy and ready to say 'yes' to anything, you have to spoil it all by saying something hateful—about Mr. Morgan. I don't make fun of you and your boss, accuse you of toadying to him—"

"No," Willis interrupted her quietly, his young mouth very grim. "Because you know I'm not in love with him. The relationship is purely that of buyer and general manager."

"Oh!" Nan gasped, retreating from him slowly, her brown eyes growing enormous with horror. "Oh Willis Todd, how dare you say a thing like that to me?"

has been scolded and longs to be reinstated.

"Then you don't love Morgan?" he blurted out joyfully. "Say it, Nan! Say it darling—oh, b, I see. You can't say it. Then why do you want to marry me?" he demanded violently, because his pain was so great.

"I think," Nan began steadily, "that you can't realize how insulting you are. I should have thought it would suffice for me to say I would marry you."

"And I," Willis told her, not at all steadily, "don't want you to marry me if you love another man. The words have been said between us at last, Nan. I've been in an agony of jealousy for two years, and now that I've admitted it at last, you'll have to answer my question. I'm sorry, Nan, but it would do no good pretending I'd never asked you and you'd evaded the question. We'll be so happy, darling, if you say 'I love you, Willis; I don't love Morgan.' Can you say it Nan?" he insisted, his hands clenched at his sides.

"I refuse to answer a question you have no right to ask me," Nan blazed. "I never dreamed you had such ugly thoughts about me in your mind these two years. I'm lucky to have found out in time."

"Listen Nan," he urged miserably. "Face the truth, no matter how much it hurts. When I proposed tonight for the fifth time you were going to refuse me again—did, in fact, on the score of wanting to keep on with your career. But as soon as I made you realize that we were in love with John Curtis Morgan, a married man, you wanted to hide from the truth run away from it into my arms. You're naturally too fine and too good to bear the thought of being in love with another woman's husband. But—I love you with all my heart, and you've got to love me that way, or we won't ever be married. Am I right, honey? All you've got to do is deny it all—and mean it."

But he could not go on, with those despairing, horror-stricken eyes fixed on him. He turned away from her, lurched like a drunk man to the table upon which he had laid his hat, snatched it up and lurched on toward the door.

Nan watched him go, the back of one trembling hand crushed against her mouth as if to stifle a cry. When the door closed

**by Anne Austin
Author of
The Black Pigeon**

ing, her eyes terrible with fright.
"Oh, Willis, come back! Don't leave me alone! You've always been so sweet to me, Willis! You can't be so cruel as to leave me alone now! If you leave me alone I'll have to think—and I don't dare to think—and I don't want to think! Oh, Willis!" but her voice was only a husky, terrified whisper, that the man who was plunging down the hall could not possibly have heard.
(To Be Continued)

Mueller Finds Stripped Auto

An automobile stolen late last week from Ronald Downs was recovered Sunday by Louis Mueller, federal office, following a search of several days duration. The machine which had been stripped, was located near Stukel mountain.

A. Gibson and J. S. Howard, who have been held on an open charge on the case were charged with theft of an automobile yesterday, Mueller said. They were arrested Saturday when officers found accessories in their possession which are alleged to have been taken from the stolen car.

Start Work on Chiloquin Line

Ground was broken yesterday by the Dunn & Baker Construction company for a two and one-half mile extension of the Chiloquin Lumber company logging line, an extension which will tap a reservation unit of the lumber company near Sprague River.

The construction company has the contract for the extension on the railroad. If present plans mature, the road will be in operation July 4 and the Chiloquin Lumber co. any logging camp will be moved to its new location July 4.

Call Meeting Of Grand Jury

Klamath's grand jury will go into session June 3 to consider a number of criminal cases which have accumulated since the last meeting of the judicial body.

The jury was called yesterday by Judge W. M. Duncan at the request of the district attorney's office. Personnel of the jury includes D. Ellis Young, foreman, E. H. Lawren, Levi McDonald, W. T. Garrett, S. P. Dehlinger, Earl B. Brown.

Don't forget the old adage about "All work and no play." A good constitution is worth more than a good bank account.

THE DANGERS OF DIET FADS

Serious Loss in the Tissues May Result

Leading medical authorities are emphatic in stating that over-emphasis on slimness frequently results in permanent injury to the tissues. This is especially true with women and young girls.

"What is a normal weight for one person is an abnormal weight for another," one famous authority stated recently. "The proper weight for anyone is that at which he or she is most capable and productive."

The reduction of fat in the tissues, brought about by foolish dieting, increases the danger of numerous diseases. It lowers the vitality and general well-being of the individual to a point which may be lastingly harmful.

One mistaken idea about dieting, which is being rapidly corrected, is that sugar is largely to blame for overweight. Intelligent use of sugar as a flavoring for making almost all other foods more enjoyable is one of the most necessary steps in arranging a healthful balanced diet.

Serve healthful fruits and vegetables with the addition of flavoring sugar. Use sugar with cereals, milk desserts, and as a seasoning for most vegetables. Most foods are more delicious and nourishing with sugar. The Sugar Institute.

DENTISTS
Dr. E. G. WISECARVER
Dr. D. J. GILLILAND
Phone 645
7th and Main over Underwood's Pharmacy

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