

The Klamath News

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IT'S A BIT
PERPLEXING

There isn't anything very important about the somewhat nauseating court case in Los Angeles that involves Clara Bow. There isn't any particular reason why anyone should get terribly excited about it. Nevertheless, the thing is worth examining, if for no other reason than the fact that it sheds such a revealing light on the current American civilization. And if it is a bit perplexing—well, so are a lot of things in modern life.

The perplexity arises at the outset. According to the wire dispatches from Los Angeles, this Miss Daisy DeVoe was taken to court to answer to a charge of misappropriating certain funds belonging to Miss Bow. But unless you looked closely you'd never notice it. Almost from the beginning, we have had a long, exceedingly wearisome series of attacks on Miss Bow. Love letters have been read in court. Tall tales have been told about gay parties, cocktails, and the like. One would suppose, from the day-by-day accounts of proceedings, that it was Clara Bow who was on trial—accused, apparently, of moral turpitude.

The perplexity deepens as one goes on. Apparently Miss DeVoe started out by trying to shake Clara down for upwards of \$100,000, threatening to tell all that she knew if the money wasn't forthcoming. The young actress had the good sense and courage to tell the lady to go chase herself; and then the court proceeds to give Miss DeVoe a chance to do all the damage she can by letting her spread all of these yarns of hers on the court record, in infinite detail.

The intellectual giants who control the movie world now proceed to make the perplexity deeper than ever by getting highly shocked at Clara. Her part in a forthcoming film is taken away from her, and it is darkly rumored that her whole film career is in danger. And why? Apparently because she had her former secretary arrested for embezzling her money.

Our American civilization provides that certain people shall be given great fame, great wealth and great public adulation because of their positions in moving pictures. Why should we get so worked up when it develops that one of these people has received many love-letters, has had many boy friends and has occasionally acted without a great deal of discretion? What of it? Are we so hypocritical that we must pretend that all of this makes the actress an unfit person to appear on the screen?

It looks very much as if Clara Bow has simply had a lot of tough luck. She has been a good actress and she has provided some millions of people with a lot

Today

By ARTHUR BRISBANE
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HODGE, Mojave Desert, Calif., Jan. 25.—Interesting place this desert with marvellously fertile soil when water is added. The writer has 5,000 acres here, raises alfalfa, seven to nine tons to the acre per season. Loses money at it and does not advise anybody to buy land here unless he wants to lose money or work the land himself.

BUT for climate, beautiful hills and mountains, strange animals, jackrabbits, coyotes, lynx and horned toads, giant desert turtles, armored cactus and for contemplation in solitude of "life, death and the vast eternity," no better place could be found.

AMOS AND ANDY penetrate the solitude, competing with Walter Hamrosch's concert and the carefree words of "Happy Days are Here Again" if you care to tune in. In Homesteaders cottages the supper hour is arranged to fit the eastern time of the household radio favorites.

And through the day, while the man irrigates, the wife listens to all the news, about fashions, prices of eggs, weather, politics, crime, etc.

Insanity among farmers' wives has fallen off more than 60 per cent thanks to five great services.

RURAL MAIL DELIVERY, AUTOMOBILE, TELEPHONE, TALKING MACHINE AND ABOVE ALL, RADIO.

GERALD SWOPE, president of General Electric, now in Los Angeles, is invited to meet at luncheon, everybody that is anybody. He will be asked for further details of the automatic self-controlling flying machine which the laboratories at Schenectady have been working in connection with the Sperry Gyroscope company. It hopes are realized that self protecting plane will be safe from crashing in fog.

ARE, picks up the beacon light of a landing field, even in fog, three miles farther away than the pilot can see it, letting him know that it is there, and indicates to him a straight line to that beacon. What men are determined to do, they can do. And they are determined to fly safely, through all adverse, financed and encouraged by giant corporations, with resources unlimited, they will do it.

COMPLAINT is heard here and elsewhere, of "favoritism in hiring Mexicans." There is no

Slants of Wisdom

By CLARK WOOD
Editor of Weston, Oregon, Leader

In the Latin-American political race, he who runs last runs best.

Chicago gangsters will never be sure of "getting" the right men until their machine guns shoot backward.

We apprehend that if congress is given control of liquor it will be stimulated by more than its sense of duty.

The fact that the soviet is aiming at world revolution need disturb nobody, as it has never yet been able to make a hit.

A Cincinnati bomber is found to be making \$50 a day, but there's danger of this profession becoming overdone.

Democratic congressmen are demanding a change in the home rules, but it is only with slight hope of its adoption that we suggest the Golden Rule.

of entertainment. Why try to make her the goat now? Why sacrifice her to maintain Hollywood's theory that every movie actress is an innocent home-girl of 16?

Lloyd George blames too much coal as being responsible for unemployment. Or, as the British might say, "Old King Coal is a merry old dole."

The wrong kind of furniture, an expert says, produces tiredness and irritability. Naturally, this sets us to wondering about those seats in Congress.

On Cape Cod, where 100 additional men have been hired to eradicate the mosquito, business is said to be humming.

In this respect, says the office sage, a New York judge and park idler are the same: they're chased off the bench.

Harvard is to give a series of 39 radio talks on dentistry. Talk about your boring programs!

You'd Like the Desert.

Self Flying Airplane.

Hiring Mexicans.

Mild Climate Factories.

such favoritism, but Mexicans are hired, in some cases, exclusively on work that the United States-born cannot or will not do. They do not care, for instance, to lug heavy rails, in relaying railroad tracks. And in Arizona, cotton growers find that "Americans" will not pick cotton at prevailing prices of three cents a pound, made necessary by the selling price of cotton. Mexicans and colored men do pick it.

IT IS not unusual to see Americans asking for "the price of a cup of coffee," close to a cotton field where they could earn the price of many cups. Specialized work for certain races is not new in America. At one time, immigrants from Ireland did the hard work, "beyond the old railway." Italians took that work from the Irish and laid most of the railroad tracks in the United States where there were no Chinese to compete. New Mexicans do the work that Irish and Italians did formerly, and it is fortunate that they can and will do the work, for the nation's welfare demands that it be done. To prevent it would simply mean forcing and hastening labor saving machinery, that would mean cutting down employment.

A quarter of a mile from this spot on the Mojave desert, rails are laid by an inexpensive machine, with crane attached, that eliminates 25 men on each job, and does the work with absolute accuracy.

THIS country is asked to join the league of nations in a fight against slavery in Liberia. Cynics suggest that the sudden excitement about Liberian slavery, is based on a desire to discourage rubber plantations started in Liberia by Americans, to compete with British rubber and other production. Slave labor, which can be bought or hired in Liberia is cheaper than any.

However, Harvey Firestone, biggest American rubber grower, in Liberia with a million acres now planting, has also urged the American government to fight Liberian slavery. American manufacturers depend on industrial proficiency and modern machinery, not on slave labor.

IN Los Angeles, over the mountains, west of here, new factories are constantly starting, and those planning new manufacturing units should consider the possibilities of promoting the possibilities of climate conditions. This applies to the Pacific coast, the Gulf coast Florida, Georgia, and other places. The worker is happy in such a climate, he buys no fuel, his living costs are low, intelligent labor is plentiful, and the constant influx of those that have accumulated money elsewhere and come to spend it creates a steadily growing local market. The local buyer naturally gives preference to goods that employ labor in his own territory.

EVERY manufacturing corporation should have an all year round mild climate plant, and some might well have half a dozen. Probably Mr. Swope has come here, this time, to expand General Electric activities. Myron Taylor and Mr. Farrell of United States Steel already are on this coast in a big way now, having purchased the largest Pacific steel concern. If steel manufactured by electric process which U. S. Steel is developing comes up to expectations making available refineries and unlimited supplies of iron near the sands, on the Pacific shore, California may rank with Pennsylvania as an iron state, using hydro-electric power or oil, instead of coal.

A TEXAS jury has convicted Mrs. Clara Bow of murder, and she will be executed, unless Texas says no. There is nothing to be said in the woman's behalf, except that she is a woman.

A soldier, Leslie Jones, of Fort Sam Houston, swore that Mrs. Bow paid him \$500 to prepare her husband, and left an axe where he could get it. The unfortunate man was murdered, as he lay bedridden by a stroke of paralysis. But Texas in all its history has never executed a woman. Many believe that public opinion will refuse to change that record.

Eighteen Years Ago In Klamath

In order to assist the development of the Klamath project by the introduction of the proper kind of livestock, Project Engineer W. W. Patch is preparing to discuss with farmers owning land under the ditch the advisability of forming a cooperative syndicate for the purpose of the proper kind of cattle and sheep.

A second victory was scored for the school board of Fort Klamath today when Judge Benson rendered a decision sustaining the demurrer to the amended alternative writ of mandamus requiring the board of directors of school district No. 2 of Klamath county to admit William Crawford's children to the public schools of the district.

W. O. Smith, joint representative of this city, has been made a member of the committee appointed to probe conditions in the state penitentiary. This committee, according to the Portland papers, is considered the most important of the different probe bodies.

The ladies of the Christian church will hold a silver tea at the home of Mrs. Bolter on Fourth street on Wednesday afternoon.

BE SURE YOU'RE RIGHT—



YOU DON'T ACTUALLY HEAR THE VOICE OF THE SINGER BROADCAST. YOUR RADIO CONVERTS INTO SOUND THE ETHER WAVES PRODUCED BY THE BROADCASTING STATION.

DOOF HITLER, A LEADING POLITICAL FIGURE IN GERMANY, IS NOT EVEN A GERMAN CITIZEN. HE IS AUSTRIAN.

KLAMATH'S ALBUM IS
ADDED TO, OLD DAYS
RECALLED BY PICTURES

The display of old pictures being shown in the window of the Klamath chamber of commerce has turned into an old-time album with a large collection of photographs taken years ago, which was added by Judge A. L. Leavitt yesterday.

One which will probably attract much attention was taken at the corner of Third and Main streets in February, 1895, showing members of a bicycle club, who used Third street for their cycling.

BICYCLE DAYS
In the group, each member of which is attired in the costume of the bicycle days and each standing beside his wheel, is Charles Moore, Mrs. Hale, Judge Hale, Mrs. Charles Moore, Will Worden, Alexander Martin, Jr., A. L. Leavitt, Howard Van Valkenburg, Guy Hamaker, A. L. Parrish and Dr. William Martin.

Another photo should be seen by those people who believe that Klamath Falls never gets any snow. The scene was taken by Judge Benson in front of the old court house, which was then surrounded by a picket fence, in February, 1895. There is at least three feet of snow piled on the sidewalk, and a small foot-path had been shoveled along the walk.

"Believe it or not," but another picture was taken on Klamath avenue where Troop B of the Oregon National Guard is drawn up, waiting orders to charge. Each man has a moustache and the suits are similar to those of the Civil War days.

GROUP PICTURES
There is an interesting interior view of the sheriff's office during the administration of Silas Oberlin, sheriff. Besides the sheriff, R. C. Grigsby, Bureau Mason and several others whose names are not known are shown in the photograph.

There is another group picture of city officials taken on the steps of the present city hall in 1915 during the administration of Mayor Mason, which will prove interesting to those who have called Klamath Falls their home for at least 25 years.

The group includes Judge Leavitt, city clerk; Mayor Mason, Councilmen Sheets, Doty and Matthews, Captain Siemens, city treasurer; Fred Stahman, street commissioner; Bob Baldwin, chief of police; Dr. L. L. Traut, health officer; R. C. Grigsby, city attorney; Ed Wankfield, fire chief; George Tugnot and Mr. Terwilliger, firemen; Oliver Dews, policeman; Mr. Rabourn, city treasurer, and Miss Rose Reed, assistant city clerk.

daily, and that reports both from New York, where the killing occurred, and from Washington, where the Canadian legation is investigating, would be awaited.

W. P. TO ENTER SAN FRANCISCO
(Continued from Page One)

late a trackage agreement with the Southern Pacific over the Humboldt bridge before April 1. If negotiations should fail, the Western Pacific must build a bridge of its own. The road also was authorized to buy a one-third interest in the Quint street line, or obtain trackage rights over it.

Medford Station Gets Frequency Control Permit
WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 27. (U.S.) — The federal radio commission has granted station WPMK of Medford, permission to install automatic frequency control, according to an announcement here today.

C. J. ROBERTS DIES
SANTA FE, N. M., Jan. 27. (U.S.) — C. J. Roberts, prominent republican leader and the first chief justice of the New Mexico supreme court, died suddenly here tonight of acute indigestion. He was a former law partner of J. G. Northcutt, of Denver.

OTTAWA, Ont., Jan. 27. (UP) — A total lack of excitement, and a determination to defer diplomatic correspondence until the legal position is clarified, marked the government's attitude today toward developments resulting from the killing by coast guard men of Captain William Cluett, of the Canadian schooner Josephine K.

It was emphasized that the incident would be dealt with judicially, and that reports both from New York, where the killing occurred, and from Washington, where the Canadian legation is investigating, would be awaited.

For GINGER'S SAKE

OF ETHEL HUESTON
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SYNOPSIS
Because life was so slow in the little town of Red Thrush, Iowa, Ginger Ella Tolliver conceived the idea of a Junior Country club to save the younger set from utter boredom. It was to be exclusive—no parents allowed, no babies. Accordingly, she arranged for the purchase of Mill Rush farm, a 10-acre tract with an old house on it, and proceeded with the assistance of her friends, to overhaul and furnish it.

Ginger was the daughter of a minister and the step-daughter of a very wealthy woman, the former Phil Van Doorn, who was a tolerant person and crazy about Ginger.

One day, while the rehabilitation of the club house was going on, an artist called at the kitchen of the Tolliver home and offered to do a portrait in exchange for a meal. After he had shaved off his beard Ginger turned to her surprise that he was good looking. He had studied in Paris and his name was Hard Hueston.

Ginger, who was never at a loss for ideas, thought it would be a good one if Hard remained for a while in Red Thrush, instead of wandering about the country like a hobo. He could pick up some money painting portraits. And he could do the mural decorations in the new club house, for Ginger was bound it would be a success.

So Ginger got her stepmother, Phil, to invite him to stay with the Tollivers, but the artist demurred. He is a stranger, he says; he would be taking advantage. But Phil makes him accept.

CHAPTER XII
"Oh, no," said Phil warmly. "You mustn't leave them here. You must take them in. We'll have a big tea some afternoon and show them—since Ginger feels that Red Thrush should have its portrait done. Be very careful with these Hamill, at them in the library and see that they do not get scratched in any way."

At Ginger's smirk of triumph she smiled kindly.

"You mustn't leave them here. You must take them in. We'll have a big tea some afternoon and show them—since Ginger feels that Red Thrush should have its portrait done. Be very careful with these Hamill, at them in the library and see that they do not get scratched in any way."

"I hope all your hoboes turn out as well, you naughty thing," she whispered to me.

"I'm terribly happy," interrupted Bard with a pleased laugh. "I don't know why—but I seem to have—sort of—got some places, if you know what I mean. As if I had found someone who belonged to me."

Ginger nodded her bright head. "I know just what you mean," she said. "I feel as if someone had just come home after a long and dangerous journey."

Phil cleared her throat deprecatingly. "You might just run out over there in the corner of the way," she said dryly. "Ginger has her own roadster, and can probably be persuaded to chauffeur you about while you are here."

"I hope so," he said. "I'm nearly out of gas."

When they followed Hamill to the house, with the last load, Phil, with Ginger at her heels, conducted him to the room designated for his use.

"I suggested this room," she explained. "I know the furniture in the best room is simply priceless and all that. But this view is better and a good artist should prefer view to value."

"This is just great," said Bard. "You are awfully good to me. You know, Mrs. Tolliver, I think I must have been very lonely. I didn't realize it, but I am sure I was because how I don't feel that way at all. I'll try not to stay too long—and I'll be so very best behavior every minute. I won't wipe paint on the guest towels, nor smudge crayon on the table linens—that sort of thing."

Phil smiled at him. "You're a nice boy," she said. "If you will just help me keep Ginger from being too bored for a while I shall be really grateful to you."

"Bored?" he repeated. "Here? With you? Oh, she couldn't be."

"As soon as you are ready," Ginger interrupted briskly. "You hurry right down. I want to take you out to Mill Rush to show you what I want done. We're in a great hurry to get it in shape."

When they had left him and were alone together, Phil's voice, though kind, was gently firm. "You must take Patty with you, Ginger," she said.

"Oh, Phil. Then some one will have to sit in the rumble seat—and it's bound to be—"

"He a nice Ginger and don't argue with your stepmama," said Phil. "Remember that he has lived abroad and is used to the Paris brand of conventions for nice women."

"He must be conventional! Latin Quarter and the Bohemia of Greenwich Village."

"If he has found the Latin

Quarter any more Bohemian than a Methodist parsonage, he is an abandoned creature and would best be on his way. Just to please me, Ginger. For a day or two—long enough to confirm his good impression of us—and ours of him."

Ginger pretended to pout, but she could not hide the satisfaction in her voice when she put in a telephone call for Patty.

The rehabilitation of Mill Rush proceeded at a rate that was no less than miraculous, considering that all hired labor was paid by the hour. It was the superabundance of extra and free hands that worked the miracle—hands that were not amenable to union rules and regulations.

If a workman left his job, or let his tools out of his hands for as much as 10 minutes, his place was filled with a dozen scabs aching under his back was turned. If a painter abandoned paint and brush at the usual union hour of five, inevitably upon his return to work the next morning he found the paint emptied of paint and the work—for which he was to have been paid by the hour—completed.

In the presence of 10 solid acres of ardent volunteers, the only way for an honest man to make a living wage was to work from daylight until dark and to eat with his instruments of labor under his belt. There was no waiting for the sun to shine at Mill Rush. Every time a paid laborer laid off, a dozen free substitutes leaped into the breach with a cry of joy.

The result was that when Ginger—who found that three congenial spirits could ride very comfortably indeed in the front seat of the Dido—introduced Bard to Mill Rush she had good reason to be proud of her ownership.

The grounds were entirely cleared of dead brushwood, weeds and windblown picnic debris. The wood lane was a pleasant winding drive quite free of treacherous ruts and tire-bruising stones. Early spring wild flowers and hardy grasses were sprouting up and every bush was curling into leaf.

The porches had been enlarged and reinforced and were decked out like stage settings in a variety of porch furniture gathered from a hundred homes, freshly stained a rustic brown, and upholstered in cretonne in orange and red.

The broken windows had been repaired, the shutters in a variety of painted deep ivory; the tennis court was ready for the net; swings were suspended from the hardest trees; chains were hung for hammocks.

Three small garden plots had been spaded up and sown with seeds for early vegetables, each tract carefully lined and marked. Chickens were strutting cheerfully.

DAY or NIGHT

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